This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

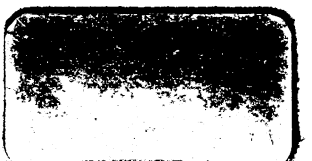
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08173898 5

Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

R.Ro.ad sc.

His Royal Highness
Prince Augustus Frederick
DUKE of SUSSEX,
&c. &c.

Augustus Frederick

Digitized by Google

THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

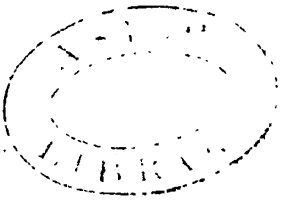
POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS,

&c. &c. &c.



VOL. XXIII.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND,
(Near Somerset House.)

1834.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS,

&c. &c. &c.

ASTOR LIBRARY

VOL. XXIII.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND,
(Near Somerset House.)

1834.

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

If our wits were as bright as the summer's day upon which we have the happiness to complete this volume, we should not despair of adding novelty to its infinite variety, in the form of a Preface. As it is, we must request the reader to accept our best-graced thanks, and allow us to maintain our position in his favour.

The Engravings in the present volume have been, we hope, considered characteristic of the spirit of amusement and instruction which it has ever been our object to combine in the pages of this Miscellany.

In glancing at these Illustrations will be found a few memorials of men of genius and celebrity; as the tombs of Koërner, the soldier-poet; Chaucer, one of the venerable fathers of our literature; Columbus, who "brought the ends of the earth into communication with each other;" of the heroic Gustavus Adolphus, who needs no monument; and of the gallant Lord Exmouth, whose name ranks high in the national records of British worth. Most of these subjects have an original interest, as they have not been derived from any other work.

Among the tributes to the enterprise of our countrymen are portraits of Captain Ross, and of the lamented Richard Lander; the latter accompanied by the most interesting details of his eventful life.

Among other novelties are a representation of the Alburkha iron steam-boat, in which Lander last sailed; an explanation of the Time Ball at Greenwich Observatory; and the elevation of a Satin-wood Bridge in the island of Ceylon.

In Architectural Novelties are Chatsworth, with the recent additions, and a brief but complete description of that

Digitized by Google

superb palatial mansion; the Church lately built at Stratford; and the Custom House now building at Liverpool.

The curiosities in Natural History are too numerous to particularize; but, among them, we may be permitted to point attention to a faithful portraiture of the young Rhinoceros at the Surrey Zoological Gardens; with a detailed description and illustration of other species of the Rhinoceros, of whose natural history comparatively little was hitherto to be found in a popular form.

In Architectural Antiquities, not the least attractive and characteristic division of the *Mirror*, will be found the restored Altar Screen of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark; an illustrated description of the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry; the magnificent Pagoda of Conjeveram; a collection of ancient Musical Instruments; the enriched Tomb of the Three Kings of Cologne; the almost forgotten Gresham College; the Westminster School-room, associated with many illustrious names; and the crumbling castles of Dunluce, Dunnottar, and Dieppe, with their memorable histories.

The majority of these subjects have been engraved from original sketches and drawings, obligingly furnished by Correspondents and Friends, who have adopted this handsome manner of evincing their interest in the success of our Miscellany.

We can scarcely close this volume without reference to the opinions of our Contemporaries of the station which the *Mirror* maintains amidst the present *pecus* of periodicals. We take these opinions in sincere part, as we know that neither of their writers can have been influenced by any but the right feeling. We neither possess friends at the critical courts, nor hold out any exchange of indulgences; but are satisfied with the award of impartiality and fair comparison.

Our exertions for the gratification of the reader will be renewed in the ensuing volume, the first page of which will be an earnest of this profession; and thus, we stand upon the threshold of a promise.

London, June 24, 1834.

Digitized by Google

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK,
DUKE OF SUSSEX, K. G., &c.

His Royal Highness is the sixth, but third surviving, son of George the Third and his Queen Charlotte; and was born at Buckingham House, on Wednesday, January 27, 1773. He received the rudiments of education from tutors appointed by his royal father, and having been created a Knight of the Garter, June 2, 1786, he accompanied his brothers Ernest and Adolphus, (now dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge,) to the university of Gottingen.* The princes were here taught the German language, by Professor Mayer; Latin, by the celebrated Heyne; theology, by Less; and morality, by Feder; each of which masters was rewarded by an extraordinary appointment of 1,000 crowns per annum. His Royal Highness remained at Gottingen for a longer season than several of his elder brethren: he proportionally stored his mind with classical learning; and thus qualified for appreciating the advantages of travel, he made the tour of Germany at an early age. He next visited Italy, and settled at Rome, where he lived upon terms of intimacy with Pope Pius VI.

At Rome, when he had just completed his twentieth year, His Royal Highness married the Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of John, the fifth Earl of Dunmore, on April 4, 1793. On their return to this country, they were again married by banns, at St. George's church, Hanover square, on the 5th of December, in the same year; and the prince proposed to resign whatever claims he might possess as a member of the royal family, on condition that his marriage should not be disturbed. It was, however, in August, 1794, declared illegal and invalid, being contrary to the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act, 12 Geo. III. c. 2., which enacts that no descendant of King George II. (other than the issue of princes married into foreign countries,) is capable of contracting matrimony, without the previous consent of the king, signified under the great seal. No sooner was the marriage dissolved than Lady Augusta separated from His Royal Highness, and the remainder of her life was passed in dignified retirement; her ladyship, in 1806, assuming, by royal permission, the title of Countess de Ameland, which she bore to the period of her death, at Rome, in 1830. The issue of this marriage were, the present Sir Augustus Frederic d'Este, K. C. H., colonel in the army, and equerry to his present Majesty; and a daughter Augusta, whose name, Mlle. d'Este, is frequently to be seen in the records of the court movements, as an attendant to the Queen.

His Royal Highness afterwards visited Naples, Venice, Turin, &c. and went thence to Switzerland, where he made a considerable stay. He next proceeded to Berlin, where he resided about two years, during which time he received marked attention from the Prussian court. His Royal Highness now returned to England, whence, after a short stay, he embarked for Lisbon in 1800, and resided there until the following year, when, on the 7th of November, His Royal Highness was created a peer of the realm, by the titles of Earl of Inverness, in North Britain; Baron Arklow, in Ireland; and Duke of Sussex, with a parliamentary grant of 12,000*l.* per annum, to which a yearly addition of 9,000*l.* was subsequently made. Upon taking his seat, the Duke espoused the side of the most liberal of the Whigs; and with this party, through good and evil report, he has acted frankly and consistently to the present hour.

As a parliamentary speaker, His Royal Highness is characterized by impressive fluency: he rises rarely in the House of Lords, but always speaks to the purpose, and fixes the attention of his hearers. In two debates on the Regency Question, December 27th, 1810, and January 28th, 1811, the speeches of His Royal Highness excited considerable attention throughout the country, as replete with sound constitutional knowledge, force of reason, and comprehensive, statesmanlike views. In 1812, upon the subject of Catholic Emancipation, His Royal Highness spoke with equal decision, in seconding the motion of the Earl of Donoughmore, for referring the petitions of the Catholics to a committee; and the philosophical reasoning with which His Royal Highness enforced his opinion upon this vital question, will be read with interest:—

"These sentiments are the consequence of long and serious inquiries, and have been greatly influenced by deep and religious meditations. Since the last time I ventured to intrude myself upon the attention of this House, domestic calamities and serious indisposition have almost constantly visited me: it is in such moments as those, my Lords, when it appears as if a few instants would separate me for ever from this mortal life, and the hopes of a better, console me in the hour of anguish and sorrow, that all prejudices cease, and that man views human events, unbiassed by prepossessions, in their true light, inspired with Christian charity, and calmed by a confident reliance on the mercy of the Omnipotent: at those times, when one may be said almost to stand face to face with one's Creator, I have frequently asked myself, what preference I could urge in my favour to my Redeemer, over my fellow-creatures, in whose sight all well-intentioned and well-inclined men have an equal claim to his mercy. The answer of my conscience always was—follow the directions of your Divine Master, love one another, and do not to others what you would not have them do unto you. And upon this doctrine I am acting. The present life cannot be the boundary of our destination. It is but the first stage: the infancy of our existence: it is a minority, during which we are to prepare for more noble occupations; and the more faithfully we discharge our duties here below, the more exalted will be the degree of protection and felicity that we may hope to attain hereafter. How should I feel, if I were excluded from those civil rights which are denied my fellow-creatures? This is a question that, in my opinion, can be answered but in one way; especially, convinced as I am, that civil immunities, guarded by mild and secure boundaries, cannot endanger either Church or State."

Seventeen years subsequent to the period at which the Duke of Sussex delivered this argumentative speech, his Royal Highness spoke with renewed fervour upon the memorable measure of Catholic Emancipation. In the debate upon the second reading of the Catholic Relief Bill, in 1829, his Royal Highness in reviewing the arguments against the measure, maintained that Mr. Pitt was not an enemy to the Catholic claims, upon the authority of a letter from that minister to George III., enforcing the policy of admitting Roman Catholics into Parliament and the high offices of state, adding that he must tender his resignation in case he should fail in obtaining his Majesty's sanction for the measure. His Royal Highness then proceeded to combat the objections to the concession, especially that which stated the bill to be an infringement upon the constitution of 1688; observing, that as a member of the Royal Family, he claimed credit as much for entertaining no desire to encroach on the prerogatives of the Crown, as he did, in his character of a Peer of Parliament, claim credit for entertaining no design for violating the rights and liberties of the people; also asserting, that the measure was as little injurious to the constitution as it was consistent with the great principles on which that constitution was founded; and that the English and Irish Roman Catholics were as ready to take the oath of allegiance, and had proved it under as trying circumstances, as any other portion of his Majesty's subjects. His Royal Highness then adverted to the distinction between the temporal and spiritual supremacy of the church, and the changes introduced into the discipline of the Establishment, "as an argument for the extension to others of that indulgence which we claim for ourselves." His Royal Highness admitted himself not indifferent to apprehensions of danger and difficulty that were likely to arise out of this measure, but he felt them the less because he was convinced that real Christianity and true religion would be better served by the measure then proposed than by any other course that could be pursued; and he concluded by trusting that when the Bill should be passed, he should be enabled to say: "Now is the time when the real union shall impart its benefits to poor Ireland—an union full, real, and permanent—an union which until then only existed in name; but which, when actually effected, would unite the hopes and prayers of the people of that country for the common welfare of the empire—an union which would consolidate the powers, resources, and councils of the country, and introduce the blessings of domestic peace and universal happiness." Upon the third reading, his Royal Highness once more recorded his approbation of the Bill, emphatically adding that the very language of Magna Charta, "*Nulli vendimus,*

Digitized by Google

nulli negabimus, nulli differamus justitiam," demanded this measure, which was one of tardy justice to the Roman Catholics.

In the same patriotic spirit, his Royal Highness advocated with unflinching consistency, the sweeping measure of Parliamentary Reform, in 1831; when the Duke observed in the House of Lords, that if, unfortunately, the present bill should not be carried, he trusted that the people would see that there was much goodwill felt towards them, and that they would wait with patience until a similar measure were carried, which, eventually, it must be. He felt thoroughly convinced that his vote, both as a member of the Royal Family, and as a Peer of England, was of vital importance. Lord Lyndhurst had stated his 'apprehension that the bill would subvert the constitution and destroy all the benefits of the Revolution: that his Royal Highness denied. One of the principles of the Revolution which placed the present family on the throne, was the establishment of a free and full representation of the people: on that principle he took his stand. His Royal Highness concluded by saying, "I always was a Reformer, I am a Reformer, and I shall always be a Reformer, until this bill, or some other measure of equal efficiency, be passed."

We have adverted to these memorable epochs in the parliamentary life of the Duke of Sussex, to remind the reader that, although not filling any political office, his Royal Highness has shown himself to possess a heart overflowing with generous sympathy for the rights of the people, and above all, for the enjoyment of "liberty of conscience," a doctrine which is yearly becoming more and more engrafted upon the constitution of our country, and consequently, more popular than such views were two-and-twenty years since, when the Duke of Sussex made his noble declaration in favour of religious liberty. His Royal Highness' opinions too are highly influential from the extensive and superior knowledge which he brings to bear upon questions of this nature; while heretofore, as upon the changes now contemplated in the ecclesiastical government of this kingdom, his Royal Highness has repudiated the charge of any other motive than seeking to repair its best and wisest institutions.

Of equal efficiency have been his Royal Highness' exertions in the spirit of social improvement, which happily distinguishes the present from any preceding age. For many years, the Duke of Sussex has presided over the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, with honour to himself and high advantage to the public. Under the able presidentship of his Royal Highness, the success of this institution has been of beneficial example; it has cultivated and brought to maturity many germs of invention and ingenuity; and there is not a more gratifying sight than the annual distribution of the Society's premiums, usually superintended by His Royal Highness. The scene is one of patriarchal interest: a patriotic Prince distinguishing the merit and rewarding the industry of his people. In the establishment of the Mechanics' Institution and the London University, his Royal Highness has evinced a kindred interest; and the Duke is an official trustee of the Hunterian Museum, purchased by Government for 15,000*l.*, and transferred to the Royal College of Surgeons, for the use of the public. His Royal Highness is also a Doctor of Civil Law.

In 1830, his Royal Highness was elected to the chair of the Royal Society, vacated by the resignation of Davies Gilbert, Esq. The election was not unattended with angry and uneasy feelings, which subsided within a few weeks; when the Duke's warmest opponents acknowledged the ability, and gentlemanlike and conciliatory bearing of their new President. In his Royal Highness' first anniversary address, Nov. 1831, he thus delicately referred to the circumstances attending his election, after enumerating the ostensible duties of the office:

"For many of those functions I feel myself to be somewhat prepared by my habits of life, as well as by my public occupations; and, for some of them more especially, if I may be permitted to say so, by that very rank in which Providence has placed me as a member of the Royal Family of this country; for, though it would be most repugnant to my principles and my wishes, that the weight of my station should in any way influence the success of an application which it was either improper to ask or inexpedient to grant, I should feel it to be equally due to the dignity of this Society and to my own, that the expression of your opinions and of your wishes should experience both the respect and the prompt

attention to which it is so justly entitled. But, while I should consider it my duty to exert the just authority of an English Prince in the assertion of your rights, and in the promotion of the success of those objects which you may intrust to my advocacy without these walls, yet within them I trust that I never have made, and that I never shall make, use of it, either for the promotion of party purposes, or for the suppression of the candid, free, and unbiassed expression of your opinions. In this chair I appear as the official head of a Society comprising a great majority of the most distinguished men in science and literature within the three kingdoms, and in this character alone I wish to be recognised; and it is my most anxious desire to witness around me the free expression and interchange of opinions, subject to no restraints but such as are requisite for the regularity and well-government of every numerous and mixed society."

To promote these desirable views, His Royal Highness has, during each season of his presidentship, thrown open his splendid suite of apartments at Kensington Palace, for a series of evening parties for the friendly interchange of opinions, and communications on various interesting subjects in science, art, and literature; to which are invited noble individuals distinguished by their talents and taste; the presidents and eminent members of our principal national institutions, the Royal Academy, the Antiquaries', the Asiatic, the Royal Society of Literature, the Geographical, the Geological, the Astronomical, &c. and numerous authors, and persons of high scientific attainments, besides eminent foreigners visiting this country. Upon such occasions, the library and other tables are covered with curious MSS., illuminated volumes, and specimens of art. His Royal Highness always provides some extra objects, new and curious inventions, &c. to vary the tone of these entertainments, and the company enjoy that "unembarrassed intercourse, so rare in English society, and so delightful where it can be enjoyed; and no where more delightful than in this country, whose intellect is as ready as it is solid, and whose talent is as sportive as it is sterling, when called into play without effort, and without ambition."*

The active benevolence of His Royal Highness is felt and appreciated throughout this country; for his name stands enrolled as patron or vice-patron, president or vice-president, of many excellent institutions for the relief of human suffering, and the religious and moral improvement, the enlightenment and social happiness, of the people. In the chair at the meetings of these societies, His Royal Highness is distinguished by his urbane manner, his companionable accomplishments, and the sterling and persuasive sense with which he advocates the cause which he patronizes. "Whether to provide for the orphans of poor publicans—for the solace of the sick and the afflicted, in the hospitals of Jew or Christian—for the relief of the unfortunate artist and literary labourer, their widows and helpless children—for the encouragement of industry—for the distinction of talent, and the reward of ingenuity—in short, for the alleviation of misery wheresoever it existed, and the crowning of merit wheresoever it appeared—the one in the darkest recesses of wretchedness, the other in the humblest walks of society: the unwearied exertions of the Duke of Sussex have justly attracted to his head the blessings of tens of thousands; to his heart, the affectionate sympathies of all."†

Akin to this princely warm-heartedness may be mentioned the sedulous attention paid by His Royal Highness to the interests of Free-masonry. While at Berlin, in early life, the Duke formed a valuable connexion between the Royal York Lodge in that city, and the Grand Lodge of England. His Royal Highness, on the demise of Sir Peter Parker, was appointed Deputy Grand Master of England; and upon the late King resigning, the Duke of Sussex was installed in, the Grand Mastership.

It is now but for us to notice the remaining principal appointments of the Duke of Sussex. His Royal Highness is a member of His Majesty's Privy Council; High Steward of Plymouth; Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company; and Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks.

His Royal Highness is now in his sixty second year: he is afflicted with a distressing asthma: that he may yet be spared many years in his unvarying course of benevolence must be the heartfelt prayer of tens of thousands who have experienced the alleviating sympathies of his excellent heart.

* Literary Gazette. † National Portrait Gallery. Memoir by W. Jerdan, Esq. &c.

Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 642.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1834. [Price 2*d.*

THE GRAVE OF KOERNER.

The death of Charles Theodore Koerner, the German soldier-poet, is a romantic incident in the records of our unchivalric—unimaginative age. He was severely wounded in the head, at the battle of Kitzen, but recovered during the armistice. On the 26th of August, 1813, fell on the field of battle, pierced by a ball. An hour before, he had finished his famous song, the Address of his Sword, and read it to his comrades. How fraught with the enthusiasm of patriotism and poetry was his departure from this world of strife! The Germans hold his memory dear: his songs have been set to music by Weber—another master-mind; and over Koerner's remains has been placed the monument represented in the above Engraving; the following minute description of which appears in the journal of a recent tourist:*—

At the southern extremity of the sweet village of Wöbbelin, lie the mortal remains of Charles Theodore Koerner. The cemetery, comprehending a considerable portion of a large field, occupies an angle formed by the

* The Rev. Mr. Downes, in Letters from the Continent. For a Memoir of Koerner, see *Mirror*, vol. x.

Digitized by Google

junction of a by-way with the high-road between Ludwizlust and Schwerin. After passing through the village, we beheld the gate of the inclosure, and the lofty oak, which, standing at a considerable distance from the entrance, marks the immediate spot of sepulture. The sun was shining in meridian brightness; and yet I experienced feelings of a deeper dye than if our pilgrimage had been performed at midnight. I have ever felt thus on approaching in the day-time the lonely residence of the dead, from contrasting the cheerful beams of heaven with the cheerless and desolate scene they irradiated.

The keys of the cemetery are lodged at the residence of the *Schultre*—(a kind of rural magistrate)—on the opposite side of the way. It is approached under an arched gate, painted yellow, with some of the mouldings brown. The following line from Koerner himself is inscribed, in large letters, over the entrance:

"Vergisst die treuen Todten nicht."
FORGET NOT THE FAITHFUL DEAD.

A long avenue of black poplars, intersecting an oblong grass-plot, leads to the cemetery, which is inclosed by brick walls, lined with a shrubbery inside. A short turn at the end of the avenue conducts to an iron gate, the upper part of which is wrought into a helmet, while two plates in the lower part are severally distinguished by a cross, encircled with a wreath of ivy. On the centre of a circular grassy space within, encompassed by a gravel walk, stands the monument. It is of cast iron, and the upper part of it is wrought into a lyre and sword—a favourite emblem of the deceased, which furnished the title of one of his works. Some pious hand has adorned the lyre with two wreaths of oak—the one of which was fresh, the other withered. Placed at right angles with the grave of the poet is that of his affectionate sister, who died of grief for his loss in the second year after he was killed, having just survived long enough to finish a portrait of her beloved brother.

On the front of the monument, facing the entrance, is the following inscription, in German, which is here translated: "Charles Theodore Koerner was here consigned to the earth, by his companions in arms, with reverence and love."

On the opposite side: "Charles Theodore Koerner, born at Dresden, the 23rd of September, 1791, devoted himself first to mining, next to poetry, finally to warfare, for the deliverance of Germany. To this vocation he consecrated sword and lyre, and sacrificed to it the fairest joys and hopes of happy youth. While lieutenant and adjutant in Lützow's free corps, he was suddenly killed by a hostile ball, on the 26th of August, 1813, in an engagement which took place between Schwerin and Gadebush."

On the right: "Fatherland! for thee will we die, as thy mighty word commands. Our beloved may inherit what we have redeemed with our blood. Grow, thou liberty of the German oaks—grow up above our corses.

"TH. KOERNER."

On the left: "Hail to the minstrel—if he only achieve for himself with the sword a sepulchre in a land of freedom."

On a tombstone laid horizontally upon the grave of the poet's sister, the following epitaph is cut: "Among the survivors of Theodore Koerner, his sympathizing sister, Emma Sophia Louisa, was the first that followed him. She was born at Dresden, the 19th of April, 1788. By character, genius, and talents, she adorned the days of her friends, and gladdened all that approached her. She mourned her beloved brother as became a German maid: but while she elevated her soul to him, her body became gradually enfeebled. A nervous fever terminated her earthly existence at Dresden, the 15th of May, 1815.

"This spot was due to her as a place of rest."

But the most affecting of the numerous sepulchral details which claimed our sympathy, was the natural monument that originally indicated the resting-place of Koerner. This is the fine oak above mentioned, which has two trunks, on one of which the following simple memorial is rudely carved, within a circular space, stripped of the bark for the purpose:—

TH. KŒRNER,
26 Aug.
1813.

In a recess of this tree the poet used to deposit the verses he composed while campaigning in the neighbourhood; and he once expressed a wish to be interred beneath it, should he die of a wound with which he was at the time afflicted. Over the inscription is a rusty sheathed sword, which had belonged to a friend of Koerner's, fastened to the two trunks with cramps of iron. From the hilt, a faded wreath of white and red roses depends; and the point passes under a tablet, exhibiting the lodge of a Prussian order, and a star, with these three dates, attached:

"1813—1814—1815."

Between these devices are the following lines (in German) in gilt letters:—"This sword of iron, strong and good, was wielded with iron courage, by one whose name is named with honour—Gottlieb Schnelle, of the land of Mecklenburgh. He successfully completed three campaigns: he then fell in a combat of heroes, who were slain in the good hour; and it is called the combat of the fair alliance."

A second tablet, under the former, bears these lines: "As the pilgrim, full of pious devotion, and silent, draws towards the holy sepulchre, and, supported upon his travelling staff, earnestly and silently looks upon the

Digitized by Google

grave—thus was I seized with thrilling emotion, and commanded to approach nearer to the ashes of the minstrel: and sable melancholy seized my heart. The wind rustled softly in the mighty oak, and coolness breathed around the holy corse: gradually did my grief also become mute. German tree! thou favourite of his strains—thou now overshadowest his silent grave, and lookest proudly down upon Germany's son, and bendest forward to him like a friend! Inviolably in the refreshing shade let the wife swear fidelity to her husband—fidelity to the youth his loving bride—this is to thee of higher value than funeral pomp—of higher value than hymns and dirges: then thy spirit with blessing looks down upon them."

"Need I add," says Mr. Downes, "that it was with considerable emotion I dwelt upon the various particulars I have been detailing? I had visited Klopstock's grave with sentiments of awe and veneration—unmixed, however, with any tender feeling. He died 'old and well stricken in age;' but Koerner fell 'as a young oak,' with all 'his branches round him.' Klopstock was *removed*—Koerner reft from the earth."

The entire area is a grant of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh—Schweric, who was desirous of honouring the remains of the poet with a more sumptuous interment elsewhere.

[The reader will find some exquisite lines by Mrs. Hemans, on the grave of Koerner, in vol. iv. of this Miscellany.]

"WHAT YOU WILL!"—SHAKSPEARE.

It was a drear December evening: the sleet pattered against the pane, and the wind swept along with a wild and wintry song. We drew the curtains closer, mechanically stirred the fire—thought of "English comfort," and sat down to peruse Mr. Hook's new novel of *Love and Pride*. About an hour passed away; our attention was becoming fixed by the novelist, when suddenly a thought struck us. It was the twenty-sixth of the month, and we had promised our "right worthie" friend, the editor of that renowned publication the *Mirror*, an article for his Number one for eighteen hundred and thirty-four. Oh! "to-morrow" will do, thought we,—so we again plunged—or attempted to plunge—into the pages of *Love and Pride*. But—this—article sat like an incubus upon our ideas; till, at last, we remembered that "to-morrow" we were engaged.

We tossed aside Hook; unlocked our desk; brought forth a virgin "double-patent Perryian," and fixed our eyes upon a fair sheet of foolscap. What was the article to be about? this very material point we had wholly overlooked. A quarter of an hour passed away; we courted our thoughts in vain, but finally caught the idea of "to-morrow." The subject, if well treated, was capital; and surely, if the colossal Johnson could write an essay on a broomstick, even the humblest of essay-writers might make something of "to-morrow." But, alas! we remembered Miss Edgeworth's admirable tale on the evils of procrastination, and a weariness came over our soul at attempting to follow her footsteps. We had, however, started game; other ideas, unsubstantial as the creations of a magic-lantern, followed and were dismissed, one by one in succession. First in the throng came, "Captain Ross," but we remembered that the editor had himself taken that gallant sailor's adventures in hand. Next succeeded the "Cheap Mania"—the subject was somewhat musty. "The Poets of the Day"—*Fraser* had recently served up several batches. "Railways"—dry. "Watering Places,"—out of season. "Ireland, and her ills"—political. "Thoughts on the New Year"—the subject was *new*, but the idea *old*;—and so we ran on till we absolutely stuck fast at "Steam," in sheer despair.

We fell into a sort of uneasy slumber. We fancied ourselves surrounded by a host of "devils" all clamorous for "copy;" and then a change came o'er the spirit of our dream, though not an unnatural change: we were in a printing office, lone and deserted; suddenly the presses, cases, frames, chases, &c.—like the furniture of Mynheer Woodenblock, in *Tales of a Traveller*—became possessed with a strange mania for locomotion; our old tormentors rushed in, and in another instant the place was in a state of wild confusion. No sooner had the yell of "copy" again been raised, than the furniture, which, as we have stated, had already manifested strong symptoms of agitation, began to move from their several places, and close around us with a fearful effect. The very type rose in the cases, and glared upon us with a leaden look—we awoke in the imagined horrors of an encounter with a huge Albion press.

The candles were flickering in their sockets; the fire was dead; and nothing disturbed the silence and gloom of the hour—for the wind had died away—but the ticking of a watch on the chimney-piece. Our ears still rung with the cry for copy; we sat for some time in a state of utter helplessness; and when at last we were aroused by the chilling coldness of the night, we observed that we had unconsciously blotted the page of foolscap whilst reflecting on a subject, and therefore we resolved to send these notes as our best *apology for an article*.

VYVYAN.

HISSING AT THEATRES.

(*To the Editor.*)

Allow me to offer some remarks on an article headed "Drama" in your 635th Number. The

Digitized by Google

author there says, speaking of the practice of hissing, which he rightly concludes to be very ancient, "that it did not, in all probability, exist in the time of the Romans." He adduces a passage from Juvenal, and alludes to another in Horace, (without giving the reference,) "by which," he says, "the reader will find this mode of censure was expressed by turning the thumbs upwards, and the reverse was understood by their compressure."

The passage quoted from Juvenal only proves the existence of the practice he alludes to in the case of the gladiatorial combats; and, if I am right in the conjecture that Horace's Epistle i. 18, 66, is the other passage he refers to, I beg to observe that it is purely metaphorical, and that the metaphor is derived from the custom above alluded to.

That it was the practice of the Romans to express their approbation or disapprobation by clapping and hissing, is evident by the cursory way in which both are mentioned by the same author, who is adduced in the support of a contrary opinion. See Hor. Ep. 2. 1. 205. and Sat. 1. 10. 77.

I should not have ventured these observations, had not your Correspondent stated a fact which I had never heard mentioned before. If I am wrong in what I have advanced, I shall feel obliged by having the above passages explained away, so as to admit the correctness of your Correspondent's statement.

H. S. D.

CORPORATION CHARITIES.

It formed a primary part of the Romish faith that an evil life might be atoned for, and the souls of offenders redeemed from purgatory, by the performance of certain solemnities for the special benefit of the deceased, their relatives, and friends. With the view of profiting by this mode of salvation, it was common, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, for pious persons to bequeath a part of their possessions for the maintenance of some religious observance after their death—such as the endowing of a chapel, or charity for the perpetual singing of masses, the establishment of an obit or anniversary of a person's death, the constant burning of a lamp or light in a chapel or cathedral. The trusts were confided to individuals, to chapters, and collegiate churches; also, to the different corporations, guilds, and fraternity of crafts, which then existed in the community. At the Reformation, their revenues, on two several occasions, were seized by the crown. The first act for this purpose was the 37th of Henry VIII., cap. 4: it was subsequent to the suppression of the lesser and greater monasteries. In the preamble to this act, the reason alleged for this spoliation is the perversion of the revenues by the priests and others entrusted with their management; but, in the subsequent statute of Edward VI. a different and more Protestant reason is assigned. The following is the preamble of the last act:—"Considering that a great part of the superstitions and errors in the Christian religion hath been brought into the minds and estimations of men by reason of their ignorance of their very true and perfect salvation through the death of Jesus Christ, and by devising and fantazying vain opinions of purgatory and masses satisfactory to be done for them which be departed; the which doctrine and vain opinion by nothing more is maintained and upholden than by the abuse of trentals, (the celebration of thirty masses for the dead,) charities, and other provisions made for the continuance of the said blindness and ignorance; and, further, considering that the alteration, change, and amendment of the same, and converting to good and godly uses, as in erecting of grammar-schools to the education of youth in virtue and godliness, and the further augmenting the universities, and better provision for the poor and needy, cannot, in this present parliament, be provided and conveniently done," &c. Under this statute, all the lands and possessions, for the maintenance of charity priests, were seized by the king; and the rent-charges appropriated to superstitious uses were paid by the companies into the exchequer. "This," says Stow, "was a great blow to the corporations of London; which were extremely weakened in their incomes and revenues by thus taking so much from them, and it brought their charitable donations to an end. Nor was there any other way for them but to purchase and buy off these rent-charges, and get as good pennyworths as they could of the king. And this they did, 3rd of Edward VI., by selling other of their lands to enable them to make these purchases: this cost them 18,700*l.* Which possessions, when they had thus cleared again, they employed them to good uses, according to the first intent of them, abating the superstitions. But, although the sum paid by the companies to purchase back these possessions, was so considerable, we learn from the same industrious chronicler, that the companies contrived, to a considerable extent, to evade the operation of the statute, either by concealing their estates and revenues, or giving them in much below their real value; and at which undervalue they afterwards repurchased them of the crown. This appears from a statement presented to Queen Elizabeth and her council, in 1587, upon an occasion of a new inquiry then about to be instituted into such collegiate and charity foundations as had eluded the former investigation. In order to avert this second inquisition, which had been set on foot by Sir Edward Stafford and other "prying fellows," as Stow terms them, they alleged their revenues were all expended on the poor, in the support of scholars, and other good uses, without em-

Digitized by Google

ploying any one penny thereof in their dinners, or other like charges; but the same were wholly borne out of their quarterages, and the wardens' charges out of their own purses. The language of the statute we have quoted affords some light for interpreting the uses of grammar-schools. It seems they were not erected, as some contend, simply for teaching the dead languages, but for "the education of youth in virtue and godliness." This is a point of some importance, as a large proportion of them were established in the reign of Edward VI. It may also be remarked, in favour of appropriating these foundations to the use of the poor, that many of them were endowed out of the revenues of suppressed religious houses, and were probably intended as some compensation to the poor for the injury they were supposed to have sustained by that measure. W. G. C.

KENILWORTH.

——"When all-devouring Time
Is sitting on his throne of ruin's hour,"
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason—Melancholy!" DYER

Grey memory of centuries past,
Proud Kenilworth!—how dear
The charm that mellowing time hath cast
Over thy portals drear!
Thy battlements are crumbling now,
And ivy decks thy faded brow.

The harp is silent in thy halls,
Hush'd is the lute within thy bowers;
And echoing from thy lofty walls
No gladness charms the lingering hours;
Only the winds, wild minstrels there,
Are murmuring of the days that were!

Tell us, ye unseen whisperers, say,
In times far off and old,
In long past ages, dim and grey,
What did these walls unfold?
And pour in fancy's musing ear
The tales of old she loves to hear.

Once there was tilt and tournament
Around these princely halls array'd;
The towers to many a siege have bent;
Here warriors stern their sojourn made,
Chivalric knights—a glorious band!
Bound for the war in Holy Land.

One hundred knights in armour dight,
One hundred dames of beauty rare,
Whose lustrous eyes gave cheering light
To deeds of valour acted there;
While glancing helm, and waving plume,
And blazing lights, the walls illume!

Years roll'd along; an armed band
Of exiled lords for refuge came;
Rebellion wav'd a flaming brand,
Abjuring hapless Edward's name:
Poor captive! Berkeley's walls could tell
What horrors on thy death-pangs fell!

The bright abode of all that's fair,
These mouldering walls have been,
With courtly masque and pageant rare,
When England's maiden queen
Assembled round her lord and page,
Their feats of wit and arms to wage.

With rare device and antique song,
The glassy lake with islands crown'd,
Floating its sparkling breast along,
From whence soft strains of music sound
A welcome to the gracious fair,
Who gave her regal presence there.

Of the swift hours they took no thought;
They led the dance in graceful measure;
Sweet poesy her offering brought,
And tuned her lyre to mirth and pleasure:
At Dudley's court all things combine
To hide the flowery steps of time.

The lights are quench'd, the music gone,
All pomp and state are banished;—
The raven's note is heard alone,
All other sounds have vanished;—
No courtiers wait for royal smile,
With bended knee and artful wile.

Green grows the moss, where banners told
Ambitious Leicester's hour of pride;
Years their all-changing course have roll'd—
All tenantless the chambers wide!
Rank weeds upon the portals grow,
Noble and knight, where are ye now!

Kirton Lindsey. ANNE R.

THE HOUSE OF PERCY.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE NOBLE HOUSE OF PERCY, EARLS AND DUKES OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

This illustrious house flourished 200 years antecedent to the Norman Conquest. Mainfred, a Danish chieftain, made irruptions into Normandy about the year 886, the sixth in descent from whom was Geoffrey de Percy, a name derived from fiefs which he enjoyed in Normandy; his son, William de Percy is mentioned in the Harleian MSS. as a companion of the Conqueror. He obtained large grants of land from King William, and was distinguished by the surname of "Alsgernons," or, "Will with the Whiskers." He is said to have married Emma de Port, a Saxon lady, reputed to have been the daughter of Gospatrick, the deprived Earl of Northumberland, whose lands having been bestowed upon him, "*he wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience;*" he died in the first crusade, at Mount Joy, near Jerusalem, *anno* 1096. Henry de Percy, the seventh in descent from him, was summoned by writ, as Baron Percy, Feb. 6, 1299; he died 1315.

Henry, fourth Baron Percy, K. G., father of the famous Hotspur, was created on the coronation day of King Richard II., in 1377, Earl of Northumberland, a title descendible, it appears, according to the terms of the patent still among the Records in the Tower, to his heirs general, in the nature of a barony in fee. The Earl, who with his son, the gallant Hotspur, mainly contributed to the elevation of King Henry IV., meeting with a reverse in the royal favour, similar to that he had formerly received from King Richard, urged his brother and son to take part in the battle of Shrewsbury, in which both were defeated. He was, however, pardoned and restored; but upon another fancied slight, he rushed again into rebellion, and was slain at Bramhan Moor, near Haslewood, Feb. 29th, 1408.

Henry, second earl, son of Hotspur, and grandson of the first earl, on his father's

Digitized by Google

death, was carried by his grandfather into Scotland, where he remained till the time of King Henry V., when he was restored, 1414, at the intercession of the Countess of Westmoreland, John of Gaunt's daughter, whose daughter, as is said, he had married on coming to England. The Earl took part in the battle of Agincourt, and his border fray at the Cheviot Hills with Earl William Douglas, gave rise to the ballad of Chevy Chase. He was slain at the battle of St. Alban's, May 20, 1455.

It would be tedious to your readers to follow the fortunes of the Percys down to the present time: suffice it, however, for my purpose, to touch upon the leading incidents in the lives of the most illustrious. I shall, therefore, pass over the third and fourth earls, and proceed to Henry Algernon, fifth earl, K. G. "This nobleman," observes Mr. Sharpe in his Peerage, "is well known to the antiquarian reader for his systematic arrangement of magnificence and economy. The Earl appears to have been a man of literature and great refinement. He encouraged Skelton, the only professed poet of that age, who wrote an elegy upon the death of his father.—*Percy's Relics of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. book 1. 9." It is a remarkable fact, that this earl was the first who had borne the title who had died in his bed.

Henry Algernon, sixth earl, K. G. appears to have been attached to the lovely, but unfortunate Anne Boleyn; but Cardinal Wolsey rudely effected a separation on the eve of their marriage, at the instigation of King Henry VIII. He afterwards married Mary, daughter of George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, but his marriage proving unhappy, he is said to have died of a broken heart in the same month that his brother was executed for having been unfortunately involved in Ask's rebellion, 1536. The hereditary honours became extinct with him. But Queen Mary, on April 30, 1551, was induced to create the eldest son of Sir Thomas Percy, who had been attainted, Baron Percy, of Cockermouth and Petworth, Baron Poynings, Lucy, Bryan, and Fitz Poyne; and on the next day, Earl of Northumberland, with limitation, both of the earldom and baronies, to his heirs male, and to Henry, his brother, and his heirs male; and also to restore to him all the lands of his ancestors remaining in her hands. The Earl, who like his father, was a zealous Catholic, conspiring, together with the Earl of Westmoreland, against Queen Elizabeth, was beheaded at York, August 22, 1572, having been attainted 1571. His brother Henry succeeded as eighth earl, notwithstanding the attainder, in consequence of the special entail to him in the patent. He was discovered in the Tower, (in which he had been imprisoned under suspicion of favouring the liberty of Mary, Queen of Scots,) shot through the heart, the pistol in the chamber, the door being barred inside. Henry, ninth earl of Northumberland, his son and heir, succeeded. A misunderstanding arising between him and James I., in consequence of the gunpowder plot, (for he was true to the religious faith of his ancestors,) he was sentenced by the court of Star Chamber to pay a fine of 50,000*l.*, and to be imprisoned in the Tower of London during the remainder of his lifetime. The earl continued to procrastinate for some years the payment of this enormous fine, but at length his estates were seized and 20,000*l.* having been levied, they were, together with himself, released. The venerable old nobleman, whose attachment to literature and science, delight in the study of mathematics, and fondness for philosophic society, were very remarkable, and which he cultivated as far as he was able during his tedious imprisonment in the Tower of London, passed the remainder of his life in dignified retirement at Petworth, where he died November 5, 1632.

On the death of Joscelin, eleventh earl of Northumberland, May 21, 1670, at the age of twenty-six, all the titles of the family became extinct. Lady Elizabeth Percy, daughter and sole heiress, married Charles Seymour, sixth duke of Somerset, who, by the marriage articles, was to assume the arms and name of Percy, a contract from which he was released upon the lady's coming of age. She left issue, Algernon Percy, summoned by writ as Baron Percy, upon the death of his mother, Nov. 23, 1722, succeeding as Duke of Somerset, fourteen months before his demise; he was created, Oct. 2, 1749, Baron Warkworth and Earl of Northumberland, with remainder to his son-in-law, Sir Hugh Smithson; and the next day, Baron Cockermouth and Earl of Egremont, with remainder to the sons of his sister, Lady Katharine Wyndham. Dying four months afterwards, the dukedom of Somerset descended to the heir male, and the earldoms of Northumberland and Egremont according to their respective limitations. Sir Hugh Smithson succeeded, on the death of his father-in-law, as Earl of Northumberland and Baron Warkworth, and assumed by act of parliament the name and arms of Percy. He was created, 1766, Duke of Northumberland and Earl Percy, and in 1780, Baron Lovaine of Alnwick, with remainder to his second son, Algernon. He died June 6, 1786, and was succeeded by his son, Hugh, second duke, who dying July 10, 1817, was succeeded by his son, Hugh, third and present duke.

J. N. B. Y.

A man, who cannot mind his own business, is not to be trusted with the king's.—*State Maxim, by Saville.*

Digitized by Google

Manners and Customs.

EXECUTION OF CRIMINALS IN SWEDEN.

[The criminal laws are mild in Sweden; crimes of a capital nature are very uncommon, and perhaps not more than six or eight persons, on an average, are put to death throughout Sweden and Norway in a year. The extreme penalty of the law is generally inflicted by decapitation, and its terrors increased by *post mortem* exhibition of the bodies of the criminals, which, in some respects, resembles hanging in chains, and the barbarous custom of exposing heads in public places, both which practices were common a few years ago in Great Britain.

One of the Swedish places of execution in Wermerland, is specially described and figured in Mr. Lloyd's *Field Sports of the North of Europe;* and with its description are connected some circumstances of a terrific, though not on that account less interesting, character.]

In the course of my fishing excursions, (says Mr. Lloyd,) I not unfrequently directed my steps past the place appropriated to the execution of criminals for the surrounding district. This, which was situated at two or three miles to the northward of Stjern, formed an open area of some little extent, the trees having been cleared from that part of the forest for the purpose.

Here, a few years previously, two men had been decapitated, the usual manner of putting criminals to death in Sweden; and their carcasses were subsequently left a prey to the birds and beasts of the field.

The remains of each culprit were nailed to the stumps of three several trees of about seven feet in height. The head was fastened to the first; the body, after being placed over a wheel, to the second; and the right hand, which had been chopped off at the same time as the head, to the third. Beneath lay the blocks on which they had been decapitated, as well as the ladder that had subsequently been made use of in affixing their dissevered members to the trees.

In this situation, as the accompanying sketch will show, their remains were then bleaching in the wind.

The place of execution, which was in a rather picturesque situation, was at the side of the road, from which the carcasses were only removed a few paces. The odour arising from them, therefore, for some time after they had been exposed, must have been intolerable. This must have been a great evil, though the *spectacle* might probably have had a very good effect upon the minds of the passers-by.

The criminals, of whose remains I am now speaking, bore, when alive, the relative situations to each other of master and servant. Both were quite young men; and they were executed for one of the most cold-blooded crimes I ever remember to have heard of.

The master, who was a peasant, owed another person, in the same rank of life with himself, thirty rix-dollars, or as many shillings: not having the wherewithal, or perhaps the inclination, to repay it, he one evening, after it was dark, took his servant along with him, and proceeded to the house of his creditor, with the deliberate intention of committing both murder and arson. On entering the house, he exclaimed, "Here are your thirty rix-dollars!" and, at the same instant, he fell upon the poor man, who was in bed, and quickly despatched him.

The wife, who was in the same bed, succeeded, in the confusion that naturally took place, in making her escape from the house. It was only for a few moments, however, that she was enabled to elude her bloodthirsty pursuers, for they quickly came up with her, and cut her down with their axes.

A well-grown boy also slept in the same room with the poor peasant and his wife: during the commencement of the butchery, however, he managed to slip out of his bed unperceived, and crept under it; and when the murderers were in pursuit of the woman, he took advantage of their absence, and made his escape from the house. This was well for him, as, had he remained, he would doubtless have shared the dreadful fate of the others; for, on the villains returning to the room, and knowing he ought to be there, they searched, as they subsequently confessed, every hole and corner, in the hopes of finding him.

Their search, however, proving ineffectual, they robbed the house of whatever valuables it contained, and then set it on fire. This, being composed of combustible materials, was soon burnt to the ground.

Though for a time their crime escaped detection, suspicion soon fell upon them. This was in consequence of the expression the master had made use of when entering the house, "Here are your thirty rix-dollars!" which the boy had fortunately overheard: they were then taken up, tried, condemned, and executed.

This horrible crime took place in the parish of Gustaf Adolf, situated at a few miles to the north-east of Stjern, where also the murderers resided.

When I first saw the remains of these criminals, the features were in a most perfect state of preservation, the skin having dried upon them in much the same manner as upon a mummy. The countenance of the master was one of the very handsomest I ever saw in my life; but it resembled that of a woman rather than of a man. It was a perfect Grecian face; and the long hair, such as the peasants usually wear in Sweden, flowing over it in the wind, rendered it still more

Digitized by Google

(Execution of Criminals in Sweden.)

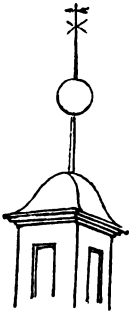
interesting. Though there was an innocent and pleasing expression depicted in the face of this man, he appears to have been as hardened a villain as ever lived; for, if report said truly, he confessed to the clergyman who attended upon him in his last moments, that he had, on different occasions, robbed and murdered several other persons besides those for whom he suffered.

To show still farther his hardened character, the very day after he committed the murders for which he was decapitated, he actually stood godfather in the church to a neighbour's child. His servant, indeed, seems to have been as bad as himself; for he officiated as fiddler at a dance that was given the same evening, on occasion of that ceremony taking place.

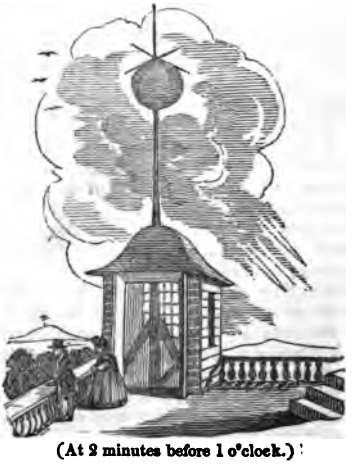
TIME BALL,

ON THE GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

This useful apparatus has lately been placed on the cupola of the eastern turret of the royal observatory, at Greenwich, a view of which building will be found in the *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 401. The apparatus consists of a ball, about five feet diameter, which is perforated by a pole about sixteen feet high, at the top of which are four arms with letters, set to the cardinal points; the N bearing exactly on the stone pillar which has been erected for the observatory, on Hawk Hill, Chingford, Essex. The whole is surmounted by an arrow vane. At five minutes before one o'clock, P. M. every day, the ball is drawn half way up the pole, as in the first cut. At two minutes before one, it is raised to the top close under the arms; and at one o'clock, mean solar time, it falls to the bottom of the pole, where it remains twenty-four hours. The ball is dropped by one of the gentlemen of the observatory touching a spring which



(At 5 minutes before 1 o'clock.)



(At 2 minutes before 1 o'clock.)

Digitized by Google

acts instantaneously. The injury likely to occur from the sudden fall of the ball is counteracted by means of the compression of air in an iron piston. The whole contrivance is stated in the *Nautical Magazine*, to be the proposal of Captain Wauchope, R.N.

(At 1 o'clock.)

The following is the official notice, issued from the Admiralty, respecting the operation of the apparatus:—

"The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty hereby give notice, that a ball will henceforward be dropped every day from the top of a pole of the eastern turret of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, at the moment of one o'clock, P.M. solar time. By observing the first instant of its downward movements all vessels in the adjacent reaches of the river, as well as in most docks, will thereby have an opportunity of regulating and rating their chronometers. The ball will be hoisted half way up the pole at five minutes before one o'clock as a preparatory signal, and close up at two minutes before one."

New Books.

SKETCHES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT.

[THIS book is beyond all criticism, even were it our duty to show prowess in that ungentle craft. However, the opinion of the writer of "would-be critics—self-constituted judges of modern days" is not likely to diminish their number: he says their "mere dictum creates a literary vassalage—beneath whose blighting influence, the finest specimens of genius, when linked with poverty, wither and die—and whose sole duty if is to blazon forth the fame of some one, whom public opinion has placed above them; or, to puff into notice another, who has money—not mind—enough to carry him along." Probably there is as much truth as abuse in these censures.

Colonel Crockett is a veritable American backwoodsman, and the original Colonel Wildfire, admirably personated by Mr. Hackett, at the Haymarket Theatre last season. The author has a twofold object in writing Crockett's adventures; not only to amuse his readers with their eccentricities, but to correct certain erroneous ideas of the character of a backwoodsman, which are too generally received, not only in England, but in his native country. Thus, in the Preface, he observes:]

At this time, when, in every ephemeral tale, a red hunter must be treacherous, brutal, savage, and accompanied with the tomahawk and scalping knife, I should perhaps offer some apology for speaking of them in a different light, in my introduction; but my apology is—it was my pleasure to do so.

Gentle reader, I can promise you, in no part of this volume, the wild rhodomontades of "Bushfield;" nor can I regale you with the still more delicate repast of a constant repetition of the terms *bodyaciously*, *tetotaciously*, *obfisticated*, &c. Though I have had much intercourse with the West, I have never met with a man who used such terms unless they were alluded to, as merely occupying a space in some printed work. They have, however, thus been made to enter, as a component part, into the character of every backwoodsman; and, perhaps, I hazard something in leaving the common path; but my duty commands it—and though the following memoir may wear an air of levity, it is, nevertheless, strictly true.

In describing backwoodsmen, it has become customary to clothe their most common ideas in high-sounding, unintelligible coinage—while my observation induces me to believe that their most striking feature is the fact, that they clothe the most extravagant ideas in the simplest language, and amuse us by their quaintness of expression, and originality of comparison.

[David Crockett is a resident of the "far off West," or that section of country which lies between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains, in the western district of Tenessee. He was born in Greene County, East Tenessee, of poor and respectable parentage. He was the ninth child. "The extreme indigence of his father rendered him unable to educate his children, and at a very early age David was put to work. No one, at this early age, could have foretold that he was ever to ride upon a streak of lightning, receive a commission to quiet the fears of the world, by wringing off the tail of a comet, or perform several other wonderful acts, for which he has received due credit, and which will serve to give him a reputation as lasting as that of the hero of Orleans. But he was always a

Digitized by Google

quirky boy, and many and sage were the prophecies made of his future greatness. Every species of fortune-telling was exhausted to find out in what particular department he was to figure; but this was for ever shrouded in mystery. No seer could say more than that David was to be great." Crockett leaves home, and in the backwoods' phrase, *knocks about*, a mere sport for fortune, but returns to his father after two years' wanderings. He then works his parents out of debt, and picks up a little learning by labouring in the field two days for being allowed to go to school three, for some five or six months, this being the only schooling he ever received. His courtships are next described by his biographer: he is rejected by his first love, but succeeds in his second; for, "he could love more in a given time than any other man." He marries, and settles upon Elk River, and becomes the father of a fine family. He serves as a volunteer in the army, and acquires reputation as a brave man: while fighting for his country, his wife dies: he marries again, and removes to Laurens county, where he becomes justice of the peace, is elected colonel, and finally a representative in the state legislature. He serves for one term only, when the wheel of fortune turns again.]

Colonel Crockett had vested the scrapings of his industry in a mill, which was scarcely completed, before a freshet swept it off, and left no trace of its existence. Retiring to bed, comfortably situated, he awoke next morning flat without a dollar: so that, ever was he mere sport for fortune. But he had been schooled too deeply in *misfortune* to murmur at his luck, or spend his time in idle regret. He saw that, without capital, where he was, he could scarcely support himself. So, winding up his business, a short time found a little family, with a couple of pack horses heavily laden, travelling on deeper into the "far off West." In advance of this party, humming a song, walked a cheerful, light-hearted backwoodsman, with a child on one arm and a rifle on the other, followed by half a dozen dogs.

When Colonel Crockett was next heard from, he had settled himself about one hundred and fifty miles from his former residence, in Gibson county, Western District; and was hard at work, putting up log cabins. His children were all too young to be of any service to him, so that all the labour requisite for forming a new settlement was performed by himself. His cabins were built; a well was dug; a little patch was cleared for corn; and the Colonel found himself in the bosom of our western forest, forty miles from any settlement.

Here he became wedded to hunting, and the great quantity of game was well calculated to have fascinated any one. Being cut off from all society, his rifle and dogs were ever his companions. Even the face of the country he had chosen to dwell in, seemed, in some measure, the counterpart of his mind. It was wild and irregular, and, like himself, subject to no restraint. Here, one moment, all nature was hushed into silence: the next, the earth seemed rocking to its centre. He had chosen to settle in that section of country where the earthquake of 1812 was most sensibly felt, east of the Mississippi river. That country has been subject to slight shocks ever since, and the Colonel remarked to me, that frequently, while at work, he has had his clothes or hat shaken down, but would merely hang them up and continue his labour. This section of country is termed the *Shakes*, and is never alluded to in common conversation by any other title.

Innumerable are the anecdotes that daily occured, while with no other companion save his favourite *Betsy*, (his rifle,) or with his son and dogs sometimes added, he roved the forest.

His favourite, *Betsy*, as he termed her, I had the pleasure of shooting. She is a large, coarse, common rifle, with a flint lock, and, from appearance, has been much used. In her breech there is a wire hole or two with feathers in them, and several parts of her may be found wrapped with a wax thread, for the purpose of healing up wounds which she has received in her passage through life.

To bear hunting, Colonel Crockett has ever been most wedded; first, because it is profitable; secondly, because there is danger in it, and consequently great excitement. It requires a *man* to be a bear hunter; for he is frequently thrown into situations which require as much coolness and determined purpose of mind as though he were in a regular battle. All hunters agree in saying that its meat is superior to that of any other wild game. You may drink, from its peculiar sweetness, (and it will never be attended with the slightest inconvenience,) a pint of pure bear oil at a draught.

Elk-hunting.

I was amused at the simplicity with which he told me the following story: "I hadn't been a hunter long in these backwoods, when I had an occasion to send my little son a short distance from home; he soon came galloping back, and told me he saw two large elks cross the road just before him. I gathered up my rifle and accoutrements, jumped upon the horse, took up my son behind me, to show where they were, and rode off. I did not think it advisable to carry my dogs; for they would at once have run them out of my hearing. The sun was something like two hours high, and the evening was calm and still. I had never at this time killed an elk, and was very anxious to do so. I found where they had crossed the road, left my

Digitized by Google

little boy the horse to go home on, and followed after them. The ground was rather hard, and their tracks almost imperceptible; but I noticed where the grass was bruised by their treading, and sometimes I could see where they had bit a bush; in this way I followed after them. I went, I s'pose, about a mile, when I seed *my* elk feeding in a little prairie; there were no trees near me; so I got down, and tried to root my way to 'em, but they had got a notion of me, for they would feed a while, and then turn their heads back and look for me, and then run off a little. We soon got into the woods agin, and I begun to work 'em right badly. When they were feeding, I'd git a tree 'tween me and them, and run as hard as I could, then peep round to see 'em, and get down, root myself behind another tree, and then run agin. The woods were mighty open, and I could see 'em a long way, and I'd have got a shot, but as I was creeping 'long after 'em, I see'd five deer coming towards me. I stopped right still, and they come feeding 'long close to me: when they got in about twenty yards of me, I raised old Betsy, levelled her, and down dropped the largest; the others raised their heads and looked astonished; went up to the one which was down and smelt him, but didn't seem afraid of me. I spoke not, and the report of the rifle was the only noise. Having loaded, I raised old Bet again, and down came another; the others only looked more astonished. I shot down a third, and the remainder still kept looking on. Coming off in a hurry, I brought but few balls, and my fourth load contained the last. I thought I must have *my elk;* so I wouldn't shoot another deer. I have never seen anything like that since, in all my hunting. I don't believe they had ever seen a man before; for they wasn't the least afraid of me. Well, as I was saying, I thought I must have my elk; so I just left the deer lying there, and I was sorry I'd killed 'em, and off I started. I found their tracks, and followed on till I agin see'd 'em; 'twas gitting late in the evening when I come in sight of 'em; they had somewhat forgotten me, tho' they were still a little shy; so, pursuing my former plan, I gained on 'em, but they still had a notion of me, and I couldn't git a close shoot. The sun was down, and it was growing a little dim, and I found I must either shoot or lose 'em; so I resolved to take the first chance. Again getting a tree 'tween me and them, I run as hard as I could up to it; and upon peeping round, there stood my elk about one hundred and forty yards distant, in a tolerably clear place, with their heads turned back looking for me. This was my only chance; so raising up old Betsy, I fired at the one which was nearest to me: at the report of the gun, it run off, passing the one which was before it about twenty yards, and then tumbled over. The other ran on and stopped with it. The ball, as I found afterward, had entered just behind the shoulder and ranged forward. I felt a little afraid, because they were so large; but I went up: when I got in about twenty yards of 'em, the one which was standing up began to paw the ground very violently and shake his head at me; his horns were about six feet long, and he looked very formidable. I had nothing to shoot him with, and he seemed, from his actions, determined for battle. I tried to frighten him, but I was not able to do so till I gave a shrill call, when off he run; so great is the effect of the human voice upon all animals. I then went rather nearer to the one which was lying down, walked round him several times, and kept throwing chunks, to find whether he was alive or not; but he did not move, so I went up to him, and sure enough he was as dead as could be. By this time it was dark—I'd wandered off about four miles, and had nothing with me but my knife: however, I set to work and butchered him on the ground, and then set off for home. I felt mighty proud of this act, because the elk was the first I had ever killed, and he was so large. Next morning, with the aid of pack horses, I got him home.

The chief thing which struck me in the above anecdote was, that the colonel should term them *his elk*, while they were running in the woods; it shows the great confidence he has in his gun; and I believe, from what I have seen, that Colonel Crockett feels as certain of a deer or elk which he may find in the woods, if he can get within one hundred and fifty yards of it, as if he had it in his chimney, smoking, and would be as much offended were any one to frighten it, as he would be were the same individual to take one of his hogs.

[We pass over several pages of sporting anecdotes to vary our extracts with the following characteristic story of]

Clock Pedlars,

An itinerant class of gentry, now identified with every new country, whose adventures are as amusing as they are annoying to its inhabitants. The term *Clock Pedlars* implies shrewdness, intelligence, and cunning. A pedlar, in disposing of a clock, feels the same anxiety that a general does on the eve of a battle; and displays as much mind in bringing arguments to support his wishes, as Bonaparte did on the plains of Waterloo in the disposition of his forces. Their perseverance is so untiring, and it has been so often crowned with success, that a yankee clock now graces every cabin throughout the west; and the backwoodsmen, even the half-horse, half-alligator breed, when boasting of their exploits, always add, "I can stand any thing but a clock pedlar."

Digitized by Google

Reader, did you ever know a full-blooded yankee clock pedlar? If not, imagine a tall lank fellow, with a thin visage, and small dark grey eyes, looking through you at every glance, and having the word *trade* written in his every action, and you will then have an idea of Mr. Slim. But to make it clearer, imagine the same individual, with a pedlar's wagon, and what he would call *a good cretur*, riding where the roads are smooth, and always walking up hill: and, if you will then fill up his wagon with yankee clocks, throw in a package or two of horn combs, and give him a box of counterfeit jewellery, he will be ready for a trip. Ay, not only ready for a trip, but rich. And every article he parts with, will carry with it a lasting impression of the "clock pedlar."

Slim never travelled as if bound to any particular place, for he had business with every man he met, and had an excuse for calling at every house. So that, after passing through a neighbourhood, he was perfectly familiar with the pecuniary concerns of every man in it.

The sun was getting low, when Slim, who was travelling the high road, with a perfect knowledge that there was a tavern about a mile ahead of him, left it to seek a cabin, which, with a modest but retiring aspect, showed itself in the woods at some short distance. The smoke floating off from a dirt chimney, was mingling with the blue ether; and the children with loud, laughing voices, were playing in the yard. But no sooner did they see the clock pedlar, than there was a race, each striving to be the first bearer of the news, that a gentleman with a carriage was coming.

Slim driving up, halted—and there walked out the proprietor of the cabin.

"Friend, can't you give a stranger in these parts some directions?"

"'Bout what, or where?"

"Wuh—my horse is tired, and I should like myself to get a pallet."

"If you had kept the road about a mile further, you would have found a tavern: but if you can rough it here, do so. My house is always open to a stranger."

Slim accepts the invitation, draws the wagon into the yard, and while rubbing his "cretur" down, chuckles to himself, "I've got that fellow."

They go to the house, take a little whiskey and water, eat supper, and draw around the fire.

Slim then makes a dead set to get rid of one of his clocks.

"Stranger, what's your name?"

"Baines."

"An' what's yours?"

"Slim."

"Mr. Baines, I hav'n't shown you my articles yet."

"What sort of articles?"

"I have a fine clock that I could spare, and some jewellery, and a few combs. They would suit your daughter there, if they ar'n't too fine—but as I got a great bargain in 'em, I can sell 'em cheap."

"Jewellery in these backwoods! 'Twould be as much out of place on my gal here, as my leather hunting shirt would be on you. And as for a clock, I have a good one—you see it there."

Slim finds a thousand faults with it, knows the maker—never did see one of that make worth a four pence ha'-penny—and winds up with, "Now let me sell you a clock worth having."

"No. I have one that answers my purpose."

"Not so bad a beginning," said Slim to himself. Slim then brings out his horn, or as he calls them, his *tortoise shell* combs, and his counterfeit jewellery, all of which he warrants to be *genuine*—overwhelms the young lady with compliments upon her present appearance, and enlarges upon the many additional charms his articles would give her—wishes to sell a comb to her mother, who thinks one for her daughrer will be sufficient. "Your daughter, madam!" Slim would never have suspected her of being old enough to have a daughter grown. The mother and daughter begin to see new beauties in the pedlar's wares. They select such articles as they would like to have, and joining with the pedlar, they pour forth on old Baines one continued volley of sound argument, setting forth the advantages to be derived from the purchase. The old man seeing the storm that is about to burst, collects within himself all his resources, and for a long time parries, with the skill of an expert swordsman, the various deadly thrusts which are made against him. But his opponents return to the charge, in no wise discomfited. They redouble their energies. With the pedlar in front, they pour into the old man volley after volley. No breathing time is allowed. He wavers—falters. Flesh and blood can't stand every thing. And, as a wall before some well-directed battery, his resolution grows weak—for a moment totters—then falls, leaving a clear breach. Through this the pedlar enters; and having disposed of two *tortoise-shell combs*, and a little *double refined jewellery*, the women retire from the field of action, and the pedlar, taking advantage of the prostrate condition of his adversary, again reiterates the defects in his clock, and concludes with, "Now let me sell you one cheap."

"No, I'll be ——— if you do," says Baines.

(Reader, the only apology for this oath is, would you not have sworn under the same circumstances?)

Slim disappears, but soon returns bearing

Digitized by Google

in his arms a yankee wooden clock. Baines looks thunderstruck.

"Let me put it up."

"No, it's no use."

"I know that, I don't want you to buy it. I only want to put it up."

Still asking permission, yet having it denied, Slim is seen bustling about the room, until, at the end of the dialogue, his wooden clock having encroached upon the dominions of an old family timepiece, is seen suspended with all the beauty, yet bold effrontery, of a yankee notion; while the old family timepiece, with a retiring yet conscious dignity, is heard to cry out, "*Oh tempora! Oh mores!* and concludes her ejaculations by thundering anathemas against this modern irruption of the Goths.

Slim having accomplished so much, draws around the fire, and soothes the old man by discussing the quality of his farm. Baines begins to go into the minutiæ of his farming operations, and the clocks strike nine.

"Now just notice the tone of my clock. Don't you see the difference?"

"A man may buy land here at a dollar an acre."

"I like always to see in a house a good timepiece; it tells us how the day passes."

"Wife, hadn't we better kill that beef in the morning."

"Didn't you notice that clock of mine had a looking-glass in it?"

Baines proposes to go to bed. Slim always likes to retire early, and going to his apartment, cries out, "Well now, old man, buy that clock. You can have it upon your own terms. Think about it, and give me an answer in the morning."

"What do I want with the clock?"

"Oh, you can have it upon your own terms. Besides a man of your appearance ought to have a good clock. I wouldn't have that rotten thing of yours. Did you notice the difference when they were striking?"

Baines going to his room, says, "No, I'll be shot if I buy it."

Soon the house becomes quiet. Slim collects his scattered forces, and makes preparation for a renewal of the attack in the morning. The daughter dreams of tortoise-shell combs and jewellery. The mother, from Slim's compliment, believes herself both young and beautiful; and the old man never turns over but the corners of a clock prick him in the side.

Morning comes, and with its first light Slim rises, feeds his "cretur," and meeting with Mr. Baines, makes many inquiries after his health, &c., professes to be in a hurry, and concludes with, "Well, as I must now leave, what say you about the clock?"

"Why, that I don't want it."

Slim bolts into the chamber, where the ladies are scarcely dressed, after whom he makes many inquiries; then jumps into a chair, and sets both clocks to striking, ridicules the sound of the old man's, and commences the well-formed attack of the last night, which he keeps up for nearly an hour, only interrupted by the repeated striking of the clocks.

They then take a fog-cutter, eat breakfast, and Slim returns to the charge. The old man is utterly confounded. Slim sees his advantage, follows him over his farm, every part of which he admires, and which only supports his argument that a man so well fixed ought to have a good clock. They return to the house, take a little more whiskey and water, and Slim is struck with the improved appearance of the room. His clock sets it off.

Slim, clapping Baines by the shoulder, "Well now, old gentleman, let me sell you the clock."

"But what shall I do with mine?"

"Oh, I'll buy that. What do you ask for it?"

"It ought to be worth ten dollars."

"Mine cost me forty dollars—but give me thirty to boot, and it's a trade."

"Well, I believe—no, I won't have it."

"My dear fellow, my clock is fastened up now. Besides, you have made me waste all day here—you ought to take it."

Baines does not exactly see how that is—hesitates—and Slim proceeds to take down the old clock. It is all over now, the money is paid, and Slim is soon ready to leave—but before going out, he remarks, "It would be as well to leave the old clock here, as I shall be back in a day or two." Slim then mounts his wagon and drives off: and methinks I can see the rueful countenance of Baines, while gazing at the wagon until it disappears. His thoughts I leave to the imagination of my reader.

About three years after the happening of this event, in passing along I chanced to call upon Mr. Baines. After being seated a few minutes, said I, "Stranger, how came you with a yankee clock in these wild woods?"

"Oh, confound the clock," said he, and narrated the above story, showing at the same time his old clock, which, as yet, had never been called for.

The Naturalist.

THE JACKDAW AND THE ROOK.

(*To the Editor.*)

In No. 625 of the *Mirror* is an interesting paper by C. Waterton, Esq. on the natural propensity of the jackdaw to associate with the rook. If you do not consider the following facts on the same subject of too trifling a nature, you will perhaps oblige me by inserting them in a future Number for the infor-

Digitized by Google

mation of the above intelligent naturalist. In a fine tole of trees, principally beech, situated a short distance from that ancient and noble mansion, Summer Hill, at Tunbridge, in Kent, now the property of J. Alexander, Esq., about sixty years since, the rooks had become so numerous that the trees scarcely afforded room for the whole of them to build their nests. Several of the trees, from the repeated repairs, from year to year, of the old nests, and the numerous additions of new ones close to the others, contained a mass of them several feet in circumference, and in some places upwards of two feet in thickness. In the sides of these masses of nests, several pairs of jackdaws contrived to make holes and lay their eggs, and although they were immediately under, yet they were never observed, while rearing their young ones, to be in the least molested by their neighbours the rooks, whose dwellings they had thus so unceremoniously undermined. I have heard this circumstance related many times by an aged relative who has long since ceased to exist, and consider that it tends greatly to confirm the opinion entertained by Mr. Waterton, that "the jackdaw would remain with the rook throughout the year if it only had that particular kind of convenience for incubation which its nature, for reasons totally unknown to us, seems to require."

B. S.

P.S. I have taken the *Mirror* several years, principally for the amusement it contains, but partly with the secret hope of some time seeing its front page embellished with a view of St. Peter's Port, Guernsey. If at the end of five years from this time my hopes should be realized (which, perhaps, is unreasonable to suppose,) I should feel amply rewarded for my perseverance.—[If our anxious Correspondent will send a sketch of St. Peter's Port, or direct us to the ready means of obtaining it, the desired engraving shall appear, probably in five weeks.]

THE MASON-SPIDER.

MAN, by the habitual admiration of the monuments of his own ingenuity, is prone to overlook the labours of lesser creatures. Yet, with what feelings of delight must the proudest architect that ever raised pyramid or temple first read such details as these of the labours of one of the least embellished of the spider tribe.

The mason-spider (*mygale cementaria*) is found in the neighbourhood of Montpellier. —Almost all spiders have the two upper hooks of their tarsi pectinated, or formed like a comb; we may easily conceive that, from this arrangement of these parts, they find the means proper for the execution of their labours. But the hooks of this spider, from their simplicity, seem but little adapted for working, though its industry yields in nothing to that of the other araneides, but even exceeds it. It was necessary, therefore, that nature should supply it with other instruments. These reflections led M. Latreille to a very attentive examination of the organs of these animals, and he discovered, above their mandibles, some hard, corneous points, the anterior of which, ranged in a transverse series, resemble a sort of rake. Without seeing these animals in the performance of their operations, it could scarcely admit of doubt that this peculiar instrument must be very useful to them for the formation of their nest.

In so carefully concealing their retreat, in preparing and constructing it with so much art, these spiders have less in view their own preservation than that of their offspring. Rossi has found in the nest of that species, which he names *Aranea Sauvagesii*, its numerous family. These two species (*cementaria* and *Sauvagesii*) excavate, in argillaceous soils, a burrow, or cylindrical trench, having the same diameter throughout. Its relative dimensions may vary according to the species and the age of the animal. It usually chooses soils in declivity, or cut vertically, so that it may not be stopped by the rains, and which besides are arid, and composed of a strong earth, without any mixture of pebbles or small stones. It takes care to unite the interior walls of its habitation, and to line them with a silken pellicle, so as to consolidate them, and prevent any fallings in. This web may also contribute to the facility of its movements, and advertise it, by the motions which it undergoes, of what is passing at the entrance. A door, or sort of flat trap, but tolerably thick, circular, composed of different beds of earth, moistened and bound together with silk, smooth, a little convex, covered with very strong threads, forming a very close tissue underneath, closes the aperture of this burrow. The threads with which the interior surface of this door is lined are prolonged from the side of the most elevated edge of the entrance, fasten there, and attach the cover-lid, forming a sort of hinge; so that being inclined in the direction of the soil, it falls back by its own proper weight and the entrance of the habitation is always naturally closed. The contour of the door corresponds so well with that of the aperture that it does not out-edge it in any place—that there is not the least vacancy in the joinings, and that the proportions could not have been better observed had they been taken by the compass. When this door, therefore, falls, it seals the entrance hermetically. The posterior convexity of the door also contributes to the precision of the closure.

The Abbé Sauvages, from whom these observations are taken, was unable to discover the manner in which this animal proceeds in the formation of this nest, or its mode of sub-

Digitized by Google

sistence and propagation. The individuals which he took alive all perished, in spite of the care which he employed for their preservation.

This spider employs a singular degree of strength and address, when an attempt is made to open the door of its domicile. The observer just quoted, being desirous to raise it by means of a pin, experienced a resistance which he by no means expected. He saw the animal in a reversed attitude, hooked by the legs, on one side against the walls of the entrance of the hole, on the other at the web, which covers the hinder part of its door, dragging the door to itself, so that in this struggle it opened and closed alternately. The spider did not give way until the trap was entirely raised. It then precipitated itself to the bottom of the hole. Every time, when similar attempts were made, even at the slightest movement, the animal runs forward immediately to hinder its door from being opened, and never ceases to keep guard there. If it be closed, one may work at the clay all about, and excavate it to carry off the habitation, without the peril with which it is menaced causing it to desert its post. But as soon as it has been expelled from its dwelling, one would believe that it had lost all its vigour. It appears languid, benumbed, and if it makes some steps, it is only in a tottering manner. It is never seen of itself to issue forth from its habitation, and the light of day appears to be injurious to it. Olivier tells us that the *mygale ariana*, which belongs to the island of Naxos, remains constantly in its nest during the day, and never leaves it but at night.

The Abbé Sauvages discovered the mason-spider in the neighbourhood of Montpellier, on the edges of the roads, and the high banks of the small river of Lez. But the description which he has given of it is very insufficient. This defect, however, has been supplied by Dorthès, in a memoir in the second volume of the *Linnæan Transactions*.

Dorthès has added some observations to those of Sauvages. If the lid which closes the entrance be fixed with a pin, or if it be taken away, a new one is found to the aperture on the following day. It appears certain that it is only by night that this animal plunders, and works at the construction of its abode. The bottom of this often contains debris of various insects. In August this spider attains its full growth, is disposed for coupling, and is most timid. Fecundity appears to change the character of the female; become a mother in September, she no longer flees, but grows fierce and more voracious. The threads which she extends over the inequalities of the ground near her dwelling procure her different insects for nutriment. She then lives in society with the male, and Dorthès has found thirty little ones in the nest.

Griffith's Supplement to Cuvier.

THE CHEESE-MITE.

The *Acarus domesticus*, or common mite, is of all the species the best known. It is found in great abundance upon old cheese, on dry or smoked meat, on birds and insects in collections of natural history, on old bread, and dried up confectionary, which have been kept too long. It is for this reason that Degeer has named this species *domestic*. He also observed some of these mites in the flower-pots which he had in his chamber. This insect is almost invisible to the naked eye; its colour is a dirty white, bordering a little on the brown, with two brown spots produced by the internal parts, which appear through the skin, which is transparent. The body is bristling with hairs, thick, oval, a little narrowed in the middle; its anterior part is terminated in a cone, or a sort of muzzle, containing the organs of manducation. The mandibles have been distinguished; the palpi are very short and setaceous; the skin is smooth and tense; the eight feet are rather long, always curved towards the plane of position, terminated by an oval piece, transparent, and swelled like a small bladder with a long neck, having in front a sort of small cleft or separation. The insect can impart to it all kinds of inflexions, swell and contract it. It dilates it when walking, and contracts it, so as to make it disappear, when the foot does not touch the plane of position, and is raised. The vesicle can be folded in two in its length, by reason of the cleft which we have just mentioned. Each moiety is furnished with a small hook, which enables the mite to fix itself on the object upon which it walks. The feet are of equal length, but the two anterior pair are much thicker than the two last.

The numerous hairs with which the body is bristled are barbed on both sides, and what is singular is, that the insect can move them on one side and the other. Each hair, says Degeer, must necessarily be attached to, or have communication with, a muscle, which gives it motion. What marvellous mechanism in so small an object! These sorts of prickles are placed upon the body in regular order: two are observed on the upper part of its anterior extremity, which represent, as it were, two small antennæ. There are some on the feet which are finer, and on which Degeer has observed no barbs.

The females are larger than the males. The female lays some oval eggs, very white, and which appear to be reticulated or spotted with brown.

Leuwenhoëk, who has particularly observed this species, saw but six feet on the little ones just disclosed.

Digitized by Google

The Gatherer.

Fate of Genius.—Mr. Allan Cunningham concludes his clever history of British literature of the last fifty years, with this paragraph: "Some one has desired me to describe the influence which men of genius have in this land: that can be done in a word—they have none. The editors of two or three leading newspapers have more to say with the country and the government, than all the bards who have breathed for these fifty years. The influence of genius is recorded in its fortunes. Chatterton drank poison, for he could not find bread; Johnson was refused the means of improving his health abroad; Burns, at his death, had neither bread in his house, nor a penny in his pocket; Crabbe died a poor parson—preferment did not find him out; Scott crushed himself in attempting independence, and his country refuses to save his books from the auctioneer; Byron was exiled, and died all but cursing the land his genius adorns; Coleridge has been deprived of his small pension; Wordsworth lives by distributing stamps; Southey has a pint of thin wine a-day from the king; Moore has found verse, like virtue, is its own reward; Hogg picks a mutton bone on Yarrow; and Wilson lives by moral philosophy."—*Athenæum.*

To Poets.—After you have spent your whole age in the service of the muses, you must not expect to have your arrears paid so much as in malt tickets or exchequer notes. They'll put you off to one Mrs. *Tattle*, alias *Fame;* the veriest coquette that ever was; and that prating gossip will sham you with an immortality ticket, forsooth, which is not to become due till you are laid asleep in a churchyard; and neither you nor your heirs will be a farthing the better for it. What is worse, the nine sisters above mentioned, will not only disappoint your expectations as to a reward, but will engross all your favours and suffer no rivals to interfere with them.—*Tom Brown.*

Richard III.'s Cruelty.—Richard's crest was a white boar. Ratcliffe, Catesby, and Lovel, giving the king their advice, gave rise to the following rhyme:

The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our dogge,
Rulen all Engloud under a Hogge.

A gentleman, named Collingborne, was executed on Tower-hill for the above effusion. He was hanged, cut down immediately, and his bowels cast into the fire; which torment was so speedily done, that when the butcher of an executioner pulled out his heart, (to use the words of the historian, Stow,) "he spake, and said, 'Jesus, Jesus!'" I.

Greensilver.—This (says Blount,) is the name of an ancient custom within the manor of Writtle, in the county of Essex; which is, that every tenant, whose fore-door opens to Greenbury, shall pay a halfpenny yearly to the lord, by the name of *greensilver.*

P. T. W.

Old Brighton.—The Rev. William Clarke, rector of Buxted (Sussex) and grandfather to the late celebrated traveller, Dr. E. D. Clarke, thus writes from Brighton to his friend, Mr. Bowyer, July 22, 1736: "But though we may build castles in the air, I assure you we live here under ground almost. I fancy the architects here actually take the altitude of the inhabitants, and lose not an inch between the head and the ceiling, and then dropping a step or two below the surface, the second story is finished something under twelve feet; I suppose this was a necessary precaution against storms, that a man should not be blown out of his bed into New England, Barbary, or God knows where. But as the lodgings are low they are cheap: we have two parlours, two bed chambers, pantry, &c. for five shillings per week, and if you really will come down you need not fear a bed of proper dimensions."

Dulness.—A dull man is so near a dead man, that he is hardly to be ranked in the list of the living, and, as he is not to be buried whilst he is half alive, so he is as little to be employed whilst he is half dead.—*Saville.*

Books.—Plays and romances sell as well as books of devotion; but with this difference: more people read the former than buy them; and more buy the latter, than read them.—*Tom Brown.*

He that hath pity on another man's sorrow, shall be free from it himself; and he that delighteth in and scorneth the misery of another, shall one time or other fall into it himself.—*Sir. W. Raleigh.*

Warning to Drunkards.—Zeno, the Roman emperor of the East, died in the year 495, and was said to have been entombed while he was in one of his drunken fits, and before he was dead. P. T. W.

One day judgeth another, and the last judgeth all. Sto...

CAPTAIN ROSS.

Now publishing,

Vol. XXII. of the Mirror, with a Steel-plate Portrait of Captain Ross, R. N., an outline of his Public Services, upwards of 100 Engravings, and ... closely printed pages, price 5s. 6d.

Part 145, price 8d., and Part 146, price 10d., completing Vol. XXII.

The Supplementary Number, containing the Portrait of Captain Ross, Memoir, Title-page, Index, &c. price 2d.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, *Strand,* (*near Somerset House,*) *London; sold by G. G. BENNIS,* 55, *Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

Digitized by Google

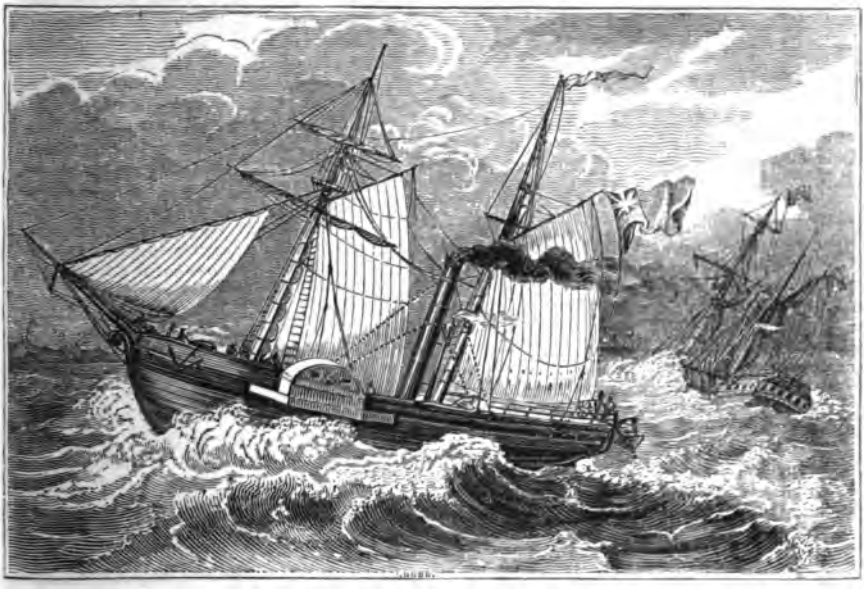
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 643.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1834. [Price 2*d*.

LANDER'S EXPEDITION TO THE NIGER:



THE IRON STEAM-BOAT ALBURKHA.

The history of science in the last century does not afford a more gratifying retrospect than the rise and progress of Steam Navigation. This period embraces the invention from its origin to its present perfection: from the steam-boat experiments of Mr. Hull, in 1736; the Duke of Bridgewater, Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, the Marquis de Jouffroy, in 1781; Lord Stanhope, in 1795; and Mr. Symington, on the Forth and Clyde Canals, in 1801. Still, no practical uses resulted from any of these attempts; for such must be limited to the present century. It was not till the year 1807, when the Americans began to use steam-boats on their rivers, that their safety and utility were first proved. But the whole merit of constructing these boats is due to Great Britain. Mr. Henry Bell, of Glasgow, gave the first model of them to the late Mr. Fulton, and went to America with him to assist in establishing them. Mr. Bell continued to turn his talents to the improvement of steam apparatus, and its application in various manufactures about Glasgow; and, in 1811, constructed the Comet, the first practical steam-boat in Europe, to navigate the Clyde.* Twenty years from this date have wrought innumerable improvements in the machinery of steam-boats; and, from navigating waveless canals and gentle rivers, they have been put forth to plough the world of waters. In the construction of the boats themselves a material change had been made by the substitution of wrought iron for wood; of the advantages of which the vessel above represented furnishes hitherto satisfactory proof.

In vessels constructed for warm climates, the superiority of iron to wood is plainly manifest. In these countries, the timber-work of the best-built ships is liable to destruction from rapid successions of extreme drought and heavy rains. Again, wood being a bad conductor of heat, and the hull of the vessel being of this material, retains whatever heat is generated within the hold by steam-engines, or otherwise, or received from the intensity of the sun through the planks of the deck; which heat is not only injurious to health, but harbours vermin, as scorpions, centipedes, rats,

* From the fifth report of the select committee of the House of Commons, on Steam Navigation.

Digitized by Google

and especially white ants, the destructive operations of which must be well known to the reader. These evils are, however, prevented by the substitution of iron for wood; that metal conducting away the noxious heat, and rendering the temperature within the vessel no higher than the river in which she is sailing. The ravages of the ship-worm, which spares neither the hardest and soundest oak or teak timber, are likewise defeated by the metal bottom, since, in salt water, it is soon covered with a strong coating of rust, impenetrable to these animals.

These results have been shown in iron steam-vessels on the Ganges;* and this success induced the company of Liverpool merchants, in fitting out the expedition, under Mr. Richard Lander, to explore the Niger and the Quorra, to give a metal steam-boat a trial. The vessels, composing the expedition, consist of two steamers and a brig. The largest of the steam-vessels is named the Quorra. "The second steam-vessel is formed of wrought iron; her draught of water is three hundred inches, and burden fifty-five tons. This vessel is named the Alburkha, signifying 'blessing,' and is intended to explore the small streams flowing into the Niger, and to proceed higher up the river than the Quorra can penetrate, in consequence of her draught of water. The brig Columbine accompanies the two steam-vessels, laden with articles of trade, provisions, and fuel, and is intended to proceed up the river as far as possible with them."†

The Alburkha was built at Liverpool by Messrs. M'Gregor, Laird and Co. Her dimensions are—"Length, 70 feet; beam, 13 feet; depth, 6 feet 6 inches; tonnage, including engine-room, 56; draught of water, with engine, coals, and water in boiler, 2 feet 9 inches; with provisions, water, &c., for her voyage to the Niger, 4 feet 6 inches. The bottom and sides of this vessel are composed of iron plates, the former, five-sixteenths of an inch thick, the latter, a quarter of an inch: engine, fifteen horse power. All accounts that have been received from this vessel agree in stating that she is much *cooler* and *drier*, and, of course, more healthy, than a vessel built of wood; that she is an excellent *sea* boat; and, although exposed on her voyage to very severe weather, never had made a drop of water from the time she left Liverpool up to the date of the last accounts received from her."‡

A competent writer in the *Nautical Magazine* aptly observes, that "a new era in the annals of maritime enterprise will be dated from the departure of this expedition, in the circumstance of a vessel constructed of iron first going to sea. An iron ship involves certain difficulties relating to the compass which are yet to be investigated; but, provided these be overcome, there appears to be no reason why iron should not be applied to the formation of ships. The subject is one of vast importance in many points of view, and there seems every appearance of success in the present experiment, as the Alburkha is found to be more buoyant and free from leakage, while at the same time she can be easily repaired, and is safer, in case of getting aground, than a vessel built of wood."

The Alburkha, as was stated in our last volume, has been found completely to resist the effects of lightning, which falls harmless on it, though it is productive of mischief on other boats. "This," observes Mr. Murray, "results from the extreme conducting surface exposed to the meteor, and its consequent attenuation from its distribution and diffusion."§

The Quorra vessel, in the distance of the engraving, is about a hundred and forty-five tons burthen, and is propelled by an engine of fifty horse power. Her sides are fortified with eight six-pounders; in addition to which she mounts a twenty-four-pound swivel gun forward, and an eighteen-pound carronade astern. She is also armed with additional protection outside to prevent her from being taken by surprise, and is well provided with small arms, &c. Her crew consists of forty persons. Her draught of water is not more than four feet, which, for river navigation, is a great advantage. She is schooner-rigged, and can remove her paddles, so as to economize her fuel, whenever it may be necessary.

For the original of the cut our acknowledgments are due to the proprietors of the *Nautical Magazine*.

While writing the preceding page, intelligence reached us of the return of the Columbine brig; and that Mr. Lander was, on July 20th, in good health, and about to proceed up the Niger in the Alburkha.

THE WARRIOR'S HYMN.

(To the Editor.)

As an interesting appendage to the sketch and description of the grave of Koerner, in your last number, I send you a translation of one of his sublimest pieces. The poem presents us with a fine picture of that gallant youth's patriotic and chivalrous spirit. The love of fame, of life, in short, the strongest feelings peculiar to ordinary minds, are lost in the great-ruling passion. The Deity is invoked in a strain of deep and solemn piety, which, by a sudden transition, imparts empha-

* The Lord William Bentinck iron steam vessel, built by Messrs. Maudslay, was launched in July, 1832. This vessel is 125 feet long, with 22 feet beam, and when launched, her draught of water was eleven inches. She is one of a series to be constructed for the East India Company, destined for the navigation of the Ganges. The thickness of the iron varies from one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch.

† Nautical Magazine, vol. i. p. 364.

‡ Nautical Magazine, vol. ii. p. 678.

§ Mr. Murray's pamphlet on the Thunderstorm, wherein the Quorra instead of the Alburkha is stated to be the iron vessel.

Digitized by Google

tic energy to the storm and fury of the battle described in the last stanza. I.

Father of earth and heaven! I call thy name!
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;
Father! sustain an untried soldier's soul;
Or life, or death, whatever be the goal,
That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,
Thou know'st if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer,—'twas that no cloud might lower
On my young fame! O hear! God of eternal power.

God! thou art merciful,—the wintry storm,
The clouds that pour the thunder from its womb,
But show the sterner grandeur of thy form;
The lightnings glancing through the midnight gloom
To faith's rais'd eye as calm, as lovely come,
As splendours of th' autumnal evening star,
As roses shaken by the breezy plume,
When, like cool incense, comes the dewy air,
And on the golden wave the sunset burns afar.

God! thou art mighty—at thy footstool bound,
Lie gazing on thee, Chance, and Life, and Death,
Nor in the angel-circle flaming round,
Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,
Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath,
Who is thy frown,—in thy smile victory!
Hear my last prayer!—I ask no mortal wreath;
Let but those eyes my rescued country see,
Then, take my spirit all-omnipotent to thee!

Now for the fight, now for the cannon peal,
Forward, through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire;
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire;
They shake, like broken waves their squares retire!
On them, hussars! now give the rein and heel;—
Think of the orphan child, the murder'd sire,
Earth cries for blood,—in thunder on them wheel;
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph seal.

APOLOGUES.

When the heavens and the earth had been summoned into being, and man had been called to taste the joys and glories of the celestial Eden, every living thing was brought unto Adam, that it might inherit from him its befiting name. And flowers of every varied hue were among the lovely objects that his eye did rest upon; and as he named each of them, according to its own peculiar form, or fragrance, or colour, he added, "Be ye mindful of the name by which the image of your Maker hath called you." And it was yet but a short time afterwards, that a floweret, arrayed in the meek azure of the firmament, spake unto Adam, saying, "Lord! by what name didst thou call me? Of a truth, it shameth me that I did not heed it." And the first man answered, saying, "Forget-me-not!" Then the floweret drooped its head, and went and hid itself in the lonely shade, beneath the bough that waveth over the murmuring brook; and there it bideth, mourning. And when the gentle hand of friendship, or the eager finger of love, stoopeth to pluck it in its lowliness, it still doth whisper softly, "Forget-me-not!"

When Heli and his brother Antar were wayfaring in the desert, the hot wind blew, and the angel of death which rode on the blast smote them to the earth. "Why tremblest thou, my brother?" said the spirit of Heli, as he spread his radiant wings for flight. "Alas! I fear," said Antar, "because I know not whither I go. Would I could tarry with the body wherein I have dwelt so long. But the sun grows dark, and I can no more feel the ground. I must depart, though, not like thee, rejoicing. Whence is thy joy?" "Because," answered Heli, "I shall now see more clearly the light that I have loved, and hear more perfectly the music which my soul hath been intent to hear." "My brother," said Antar, "bring me whither thou hast been wont to go, that my peace may be as thine." Then Heli brought his brother to the ruins of a mighty city, which were scattered over the plain. No living man abode there, but the echoes called one to another among the tombs, saying, "The sons of men, where are they?" Antar drooped his head as he listened, but a light shone forth from the eyes of Heli. Then they pierced the depths of a forest, where the tree of a thousand years was wont to flourish in its verdure; where the field-flower had blossomed, and bees had murmured around. The tree was now bare before the north wind; the bees were benumbed within the stem; and the flowers lay hid beneath the snow. Again Antar mourned; Heli smiled, as he pointed where summer gales came from afar. Afterwards Heli hovered over the deep; and when he saw that his brother followed, he clave the waters, and sought the lowest caves of the sea, where no sunbeam had ever shone, nor had silence entered since the world began. The roaring of the waves was more fearful to Antar than the thunders of the sky, though to Heli it was as the music of glad voices; and he sang with the chorus of the waters, saying, "Come and hearken to the voice of God, how his voice is mightier than the waves of the deep." Then they ascended to light and silence. There, in the utmost part of the heaven, stood the eternal altar, whereon was kindled an unconsuming fire, where spirits went to and fro to fill their golden urns, and shed radiance through the universe; suns shone everlastingly around; and planets rolled swiftly beneath. Antar saw none of these things, for his wings were spread before his face; but Heli drew nigh to the altar, and mingled with the young spirits which thronged around: he knew that they were brethren, yet, while he ministered with them, he was not unmindful of Antar. After awhile he again led the way, and brought his brother where he might repose. It was nigh to the regions of darkness, and a deep shadow spread over the firmament. "I now know," said Antar, "that thy joy is because thou hast found thy home. How knowest thou the way?" "Because," answered Heli, "it hath been my wont to come often whither I

Digitized by Google

have but now brought thee." "Nay, my brother," said Antar, "but who brought thee?" "The spirit of a man, Antar," answered Heli, "can wander afar, even while the earth is its abode: thus was it with me. I saw the smile of God in the light of the calm sunset, and heard his voice in the music of the morning: whither he called me I went forth, and where he pointed, I sought out his glories; I found them when I mounted the sloping sunbeam, and trod the path of the moonlight over the deep; when the lark flew up from her dewy nest, I arose with her; and when night came on, I wandered to and fro among the stars: then I knew that the earth was not my home. Neither have I yet brought thee to my true abode, because thou art already faint with wonder and fear. I can show thee greater things than these." "Not yet," murmured Antar, trembling the more as his brother spoke, "leave me, and when I am as thou art, I will follow thee to thy home." W. G. C.

THOUGHTS UPON LAUGHTER.

BATCH FIRST.

A LITTLE book with this title was published not many months since, but as our knowledge of its publication is derived from the bookseller's advertisement, we are unacquainted with the contents of the volume. The author, a Chancery barrister, must not, therefore, suspect us of piracy, or of borrowing any more than the title of his little book; especially as we feel more disposed to respect the opinions of our forefathers on this ticklish subject, than those of our contemporaries. These are not laughing times;—wherefore the ideas of the present generation have not the air of experience to recommend them.

Grave philosophers have attempted to define what laughter is. Bacon illustrates laughter in connexion with tickling. He tells us that "tickling is most in the soles of the feet, and under the arm-holes, and on the sides. The cause is the thinness of the skin in those parts, joined with the rareness of being touched there. The palm of the hand, though it hath as thin a skin as the other parts, yet it is not ticklish, because it is accustomed to be touched." Perhaps a bank-note would most effectually tickle the hand: indeed, the wonderful effect of money upon the hand, generally, has caused it to be called "the oil of palms,"—a piece of elegant patter which Mr. Bulwer has enshrined in the brilliant pages of *Paul Clifford*.

Bacon continues: "Laughing causeth a continued expulsion of the breath, with the loud noise, which maketh the interjection of laughing—shaking of the breast and sides, running of the eyes with water, if it be water." This is commonly termed, "to laugh till you cry;" and, as "the joy of grief" is one of the sublimities of epic poetry, we see no reason why every-day life should not have its tears of joy.

Hobbes, the sceptic, is more positive on laughter than his habit of doubt would lead us to expect. He says—"The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory, arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour." Hobbes's opinion is, however, controverted by Dr. Campbell, who maintains that laughter "doth not arise from the contempt, but solely from the perception of oddity, with which the passion is occasionally unnecessarily combined."

Dryden thinks laughter, "indeed, the propriety of a man, but just enough to distinguish him from his elder brother with four legs." Our credulous forefathers, from the idea of the hyæna being able to imitate the human voice, termed that animal "laughing." Dryden has a contemptuous opinion of laughter; for he considers it "a kind of bastard pleasure, taken in at the eyes of the vulgar gazers, and at the ears of the beastly audience. Church-painters use it to divert the honest countryman at public prayers, and keep his eyes open at a heavy sermon; and farce-scribblers make use of the same noble invention, to entertain citizens, country gentlemen, and Covent-garden fops." Alas! the farce-writers of our day sadly neglect this quality in their productions; though a farce without laughter is like *Hamlet* with the omission of the principal character, or a Christmas pudding without sweets.

The old comedians did not overlook the means of exciting laughter in their audiences; but Sir Philip Sidney points to an error in their judgment, when he says—"Our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed two together." Yet, surely, laughter at the theatre almost comes under the term of a scheme of merriment, than which Dr. Johnson thinks nothing more hopeless; yet it directly applies to a party where "wits and humorists are brought together from different quarters by preconcerted invitations;—they come attended by their admirers, prepared to laugh and to applaud: they gaze awhile on each other, ashamed to be silent, and afraid to speak: every man is discontented with himself, grows angry with those that give him pain, and resolves that he will contribute nothing to the merriment of such worthless company."

Digitized by Google

This cause of failure to produce laughter reminds us of Steele's idea, that laughter is "a vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make use of this metaphor when they would describe nature in her richest dress, for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the smile; and conversation never sits easier upon us, than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter—which may not improperly be called the chorus of conversation."

Addison says—"Man is the merriest species of the creation, all above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that perhaps cause something like pity and displeasure in higher natures." Perhaps, in some feeling of this kind originated the fable of the ancients, that Democritus laughed continually at the follies of mankind, which might not be expected from the founder of a school of philosophy, unless we termed him the laughing philosopher. Addison continues: "Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoise to the spleen; and it seems but reasonble that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil." Dryden is more explicit, when he says: "It is a good thing to laugh at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness:" ay, and of greater happiness than Pope intends to convey in his biting line:

Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

Sterne goes so far as to assert, that laughter adds to our existence. In his dedication to *Tristram Shandy*, he notes, (though we almost doubt the sincerity of part of the passage,) "I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth, being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, he adds something to this fragment of life." If this position hold good, would it not be worth while for our Life Assurance Companies constantly to supply the insurers with a stock of laughing gas.

Of the naturalness (to use a clumsy phrase) of laughter, Steele appears to be sensible, in his observations just quoted; and we find that Addison has amplified Steele's idea very felicitously. "The metaphor of laughing," he says, "applied to fields and meadows, when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages, which I have not observed of any other metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to love. This shows that we naturally regard laughter as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful. For this reason, Venus has gained the title of 'the laughter-loving dame,' and is represented by Horace as the goddess who delights in laughter." This brings us to a few poetical illustrations of extreme beauty. Thus, who, in reading the Fairy Queen, can have overlooked Spencer's apostrophe to Venus, radiant with joy, and beaming with the imagery of fervid fancy:

Great Venus, queen of beauty and of grace,
The joy of gods and men, that under sky
Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place,
That with thy smiling look dost pacify
The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly:
Thee, goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do fear,
And when thou spread'st thy mantle forth on high,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
And heaven laughs, and all the world shows joyous cheer.

* * * * * * *

All the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou dost the same repair:
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fair,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare.
Thou art the root of all that joyous is,
Great god of men and women, queen of th' air,
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,
O grant that of my love at last I may not miss.

Even after these gemmy stanzas how sweetly sounds, from Milton:

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hung on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.

Shakspeare is racy with illustrations of laughter: how his luxurious fancy runs riot in these lines:

Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish.

Ben Jonson, in one of his Prologues, makes the speaker say:

Now, gentlemen, I go
To turn an actor, and a humorist,
Where, ere I do resume my present person,
We hope to make the circle of your eyes
Flow with distilled laughter.

There is somewhat of the poet's exuberant embellishment in this expression; yet, how true to nature. The relationship of humour and laughter appears, however, to be viewed by Addison differently from Jonson. After giving his own notions of humour, in Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, Addison proceeds to guard his reader against a counterfeit, called False Humour, who is to be distinguished by "a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join him. For, as True Humour generally looks serious while every body laughs about him, False Humour is always laughing while every body about him looks serious." The

Digitized by Google

polished essayist then elaborates into a genealogical table of False and True Humour, in which Laughter has but a low place: thus—

Falsehood	Truth.
Nousense.	Goodsense,
Frenzy—Laughter.	Wit—Mirth.
False Humour.	True Humour.

We must quote one more opinion on the philosophy of laughter, before we come to the classification of laughers. This is from no less grave an author than Kant, the celebrated German metaphysician; but it is as entertaining as it is logical:

"In every thing capable of exciting hearty laughter, there must be absurdity. *Laughter is an affection from the sudden change of a strained imagination into nothing.* This change, which certainly is by no means grateful to the understanding, indirectly, and for a moment, produces very lively gratification. The cause must, therefore, consist in an influence, exerted upon the body, and in the reaction of this upon the mind. The idea presented is not, in itself, an object of pleasure, as it is in the case of a person who receives tidings of a successful stroke in trade. How, in fact, can mere balked expectations be pleasing. But a play of ideas takes place, and this excites a play of the powers of life.

"An Indian, at table with an Englishman, at Surat, expressed his surprise, by loud exclamations, on seeing a vast quantity of froth ooze out of a bottle of porter as soon as the cork was drawn. Being asked, *What surprised him so? Nay*, said he, *don't suppose I wonder it comes out; but how did you ever contrive to squeeze it in?* We do not laugh at this story because we find ourselves wiser than the poor Indian, or because the understanding finds in it any thing satisfactory, but our expectation was strained, and suddenly vanishes. A rich man's heir is desirous to celebrate his funeral with all solemnity, but he complains that he cannot accomplish his purpose; *for*, says he, *the more I give my mourners to look sorrowful, the more cheerful do these fellows appear.* The reason why we laugh aloud at this, is the sudden vanishing of expectation. Let a person of humour, by way of reply, seriously and circumstantially relate how a merchant, on his return home with all his whole fortune in goods, was obliged to throw them all overboard during a violent storm, and that the loss affected him so, that the very same night his periwig turned grey; and we shall laugh aloud. For we feel pleasure in striking to and fro the idea we are catching at, as if it were a ball.

"Assuming that, with all our thought, corporeal movements are harmonically connected, we can pretty well conceive how the sudden removal of the mind, from station to station, in order to consider its object, is answered by a reciprocating contraction and dilation of the elastic parts of our viscera. These are communicated to the diaphragm, which (as from tickling) throws the air out by sudden jerks, and occasions a healthy concussion. This alone, and not what passes in the mind, is the true cause of the pleasure derived from a thought, which in reality contains nothing. Voltaire says, that Providence has given us *hope* and *sleep*, as a compensation for the many cares of life. He might have added *laughter*, if the wit and originallity of humour, necessary to excite it among rational people, were not so rare."

LAMENT OF A MOORISH KING.

BOABDIL was the last monarch of the Moorish dynasty in Spain, and his expulsion from the throne of his ancestors has been vividly portrayed by the pen of Washington Irving, in his *Chronicle of the Siege and Conquest of Granada.*

The festal song of triumph old Granada's palace fills,
And the shouts of thousands roll along like thunder from the hills;
The silver cross of Ferdinand is gleaming in the sun,
The Moorish throne is in the dust—the Moorish sceptre won!

Yes—sounds of exultation die upon the passing breeze;
But Boabdil has other thoughts that will not yield to these;
And as he casts a parting look on Zenil's golden tide,
His scornful eye betrays the fire which marks the spirit's pride.

He sees the sky reflected on the gorgeous domes around,
And hears sent up from crowded streets the cymbal's ringing sound;
The mingled voices to his ear a mournful cadence bring,
And bid him leave his native halls—a conquer'd Moorish king!

His lips express'd indignantly the feelings of his mind,
As the shouts that hail'd the conqueror rose proudly on the wind;
Nor to the captives in his train was sympathy unknown—
The plaintive sorrows of their hearts responded to his own.

"Thou city of my sires!" he said, "thy halls are bright and fair,
Although the Moorish maids have ceased to touch their lute-strings there:
Can I survey thy fallen state with calm and tearless eye,
Or hear unmoved the victor's shouts resounding through the sky?

No—still the life-pulse of the heart is throbbing in my breast,
I feel its language on my lips which cannot be suppress'd;
Oh! would that I had found a grave where other warriors fell,
By the foaming chargers trampled down, and none to say farewell.

Thou birthplace of the Moorish kings! thy sister Zenil's tide
Reflects, all fair and beautiful, thy palaces of pride;
We part—but if the exile roams beyond the farthest sea,
His spirit, whom no grief can blight, shall fondly cling to thee!"

Digitized by Google

The cannon's last and longest peal responded as he spoke,
Announcing that Granada bow'd beneath the Christian's yoke;
It smote the heart of Boabdil with pangs unfelt before,
And still the spot is call'd in song "The last sigh of the Moor?" C.

Manners and Customs.

BEGINNING OF THE YEAR IN VARIOUS NATIONS.

The Chaldeans and Egyptians' years were dated from the autumnal equinox. The ecclesiastical year of the Jews began in the spring; but in civil affairs they retain the epoch of the Egyptian year. The ancient Chinese reckoned from the new moon, nearest the middle of Aquarius. The year of Romulus commenced in March, and that of Numa in January. The Turks and Arabs date the year from the 16th of July. Dremschid, or Gemschid, King of Persia, observed on the day of his public entry into Persepolis, that the sun entered into Aries; and in commemoration of this fortunate event, he ordained the beginning of the year to be removed from the autumnal to the vernal equinox. The Brachmans begin their year with the new moon in April. The Mexicans begin it in February, when the leaves begin to grow green; their year consists of eighteen months, having twenty days each; the last five days are spent in mirth, and no business is suffered to be done, nor even any service at the temples. The Abyssinians have five idle days at the end of their year, which commences on the 26th of August. The American Indians reckon from the first appearance of the new moon at the vernal equinox. The Mahomedans begin their year the minute in which the sun enters Aries. The Venetians, Florentines, and the Pisans in Italy, began the year at the vernal equinox. The French year, during the reign of the Merovingian race, began on the day on which the troops were reviewed; which was the first day of March. Under the Carlovingians it began on Christmas day, and under the Capetians, on Easter day. The ecclesiastical year begins on the first Sunday in Advent. Charles IX. appointed, in 1564, that for the future the civil year should commence on the 1st of January. The Julian calendar, which was so called from Julius Cæsar,* and is the old account of the year, was reformed by Pope Gregory, in 1582, which plan was suggested by Lewis Lilio, a Calabrian astronomer. The Dutch and the Protestants in Germany introduced the new style, in 1700. The ancient clergy reckoned from the 25th of March, and the method was observed in Britain until the introduction of the new style, A. D. 1752, after which our year commenced on the 1st of January:

See the minutes, how they run,
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
Shakspeare.

When the style was altered many persons thought they had been *cheated*, and the cry was "*Give us back our eleven days.*"—See Hogarth's Election Print. P. T. W.

* Sosigenes, the Egyptian astronomer, assisted Julius Cæsar in the calendar.

TWELFTH DAY.

In former days, (says a recent writer), when good housekeeping was in fashion amongst the English nobility, they used either to begin or conclude their entertainments on Twelfth day, and divert their guests with such devices as the following; namely:—A castle made of pasteboard, with gates, drawbridges, battlements, and portcullises, all done over with paste, was set upon the table in a large charger, with salt laid round about it, as if it were the ground, in which were stuck egg-shells full of rose or other sweet waters; the meat of the egg having been taken out by a great pin. Upon the battlements of the castle were planted kexes, covered over with paste, in the form of cannons, and made to look like brass, by covering them with Dutch leaf-gold. These cannons being charged with gunpowder, and trains laid, so that you might fire as many of them as you pleased at one touch; this castle was set at one end of the table. Then in the middle of the table they would set a stag made of paste, but hollow, and filled with claret wine, and a broad arrow stuck in its side; this was also set in a large charger with a ground made of salt, having egg-shells filled with perfumed water set in it as before. Then, at the other end of the table, they would have a ship made of pasteboard and covered all over with paste, with masts, flags, and streamers, and guns, made of kexes, covered with paste, and charged with gunpowder, with a train as in the castle; this being placed in a charger, was set upright as it were a sea, in which were also stuck egg-shells filled with perfumed waters. Then between the stag and castle, and the stag and ship, were placed two pies made of coarse paste, filled with bran and washed over with saffron and white of eggs; when these were baked, the bran was taken out, a hole cut in the bottom of each, and live birds put into the one, and frogs into the other; then the holes were closed up with paste, and the lids neatly cut so that they might be easily taken off. Being thus prepared, and placed in order upon the table, one of the ladies was persuaded to draw the arrow out of the body of the stag, which being done, the claret issued forth like blood from a wound, and caused great admiration

Digitized by Google

in the spectators; which being over, after a little pause, all the guns on one side of the castle were discharged by a train against the ship, and afterwards the guns on one side of the ship were discharged against the castle; then having turned the chargers, the other sides were fired off, as in a battle; this causing a great smell of powder, the ladies or gentlemen took up the egg-shells of perfumed water and threw them at one another. This pleasant disorder being pretty well laughed over, and the two great pies remaining uncut, some one or other would have the curiosity to lift up the lid, and in doing so out would jump the frogs, which would make the ladies skip and scamper; and on lifting up the lid of the other out would fly the birds, which would naturally make at the light, and so put out the candles; and so with the leaping of the frogs below, and the flying of the birds above, would cause a surprising and diverting hurly-burly among the guests in the dark; after which, the candles being again lighted, the banquet would be brought in, the music sound, and the particulars of each person's surprise and adventures furnish matter for diverting discourse.

The following account of card playing at the court of Charles II., on Twelfth night, 1662, is given by Mr. Evelyn in his Diary: "This evening, according to custom, his Majesty opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the Privy Chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his 100*l.* (The year before he won 1,500*l.*) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about 1,000*l.*, and left them still at passage, cards, &c. at other tables: both there and at the groom porter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers; sorry I am that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a court which ought to be an example to the rest of the kingdom."

W. G. C.

MALLARD NIGHT.

THERE was long preserved a curious, though unconsequential custom, in the College of All Souls, Oxford—that of celebrating the festival of the *mallard* every year, on the 14th of January, in remembrance of a huge mallard, or drake, found, according to tradition, in a drain under ground, on digging the foundation of the college. On the recurrence of this festival, an ancient and humorous song was regularly sung. When Pointer wrote his *Oxoniensis Academia*, he committed offence by insinuating that this immortalized mallard was no other than a *goose*. The insinuation produced a reply from Dr. Buckler, replete with irresistible irony; but Pointer met a partisan in Mr. Bilson, chaplain of All Souls, who issued a folio sheet, intituled, "Proposals for printing by subscription the History of the Mallardians;" with the figure of a cat prefixed, said to have been found starved in the college *library*. The festival has now been for some years discontinued.—*Brewer's England and Wales — Oxon.* *

ANCIENT MONEY IN SCOTLAND.

SOME time since, in ploughing a field at Tegs, Inverness, the ploughman found a rod of pure gold, about fifteen inches long, with three sides, each about half an inch in depth. In the middle it was twisted and terminated by a bend similar to a shepherd's crook, in very rude workmanship. This relic was presented to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, and several opinions were given regarding its probable use. The question, however, lay over till Dr. Hibbert advanced a theory founded on the Welch laws of Howel Dha, which tend to prove, beyond doubt, that the said rod of gold indicated nothing more than the form of current money of many northern countries.

W. G. C.

* See also *Mirror*, vol. xii. p. 392.

Fine Arts.

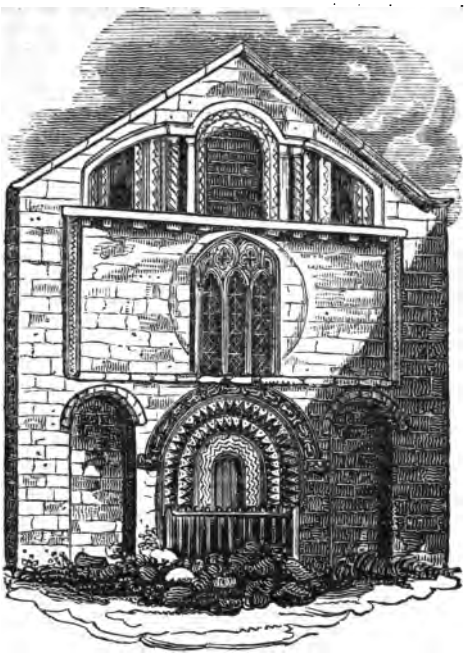
SAXON ARCHITECTURE.

LITTLE as we are disposed or prepared to enter the lists with all the disputants on the origin of Saxon architecture, we are by no means inclined to disparage its merits—as the bold and simple character of its outline, and the massive richness of its details.

Dr. Milner's opinion appears to be the stronghold of all those writers who consider the semicircular arch to be the true Saxon, which has been unnecessarily classed with Pointed architecture, the graceful peculiarities of which are totally independent of the Gothic, to which the Saxon and Norman styles more properly belong.

In the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, lately published, we find a lucid explanation of the very common error of attributing the erection of buildings with massive columns and semicircular arches to the Saxons. The writer observes—"According to the best authorities, there are very few specimens of architecture now in existence in this country which can properly be called Saxon—that is, of a date anterior to the Conquest, and not of Roman origin; and those few are of the rudest and most inferior description. Saxon, therefore, as far as the architecture of this country is concerned, is an improper term. All the ancient structures, which are distinguished by the semicircular arch, may be called Anglo, or Anglo-Norman, Gothic. It consists principally of massive columnar piers, supporting semicircular arches, similarly arched doors and windows, and arches on

Digitized by Google



(West Front of Ifley Church.)

small columns in relief, against a dead wall, to ornament it. The pier, when rounded, has a rude foliate, or rounded capital, and generally a moulded base, and is variously ornamented on the surface; being altogether a rude resemblance of the columns of Roman architecture: it is at times polygonal; and sometimes piers consist of clusters of small round shafts. In doors and windows, thin columns, with rude capitals and bases, frequently receive the mouldings of the arch; and, when the opening is divided, they are placed like mullions to support the inner arches. There are examples of this style which are quite plain in every particular; but it is generally enriched by deep congeries of mouldings on the arches, and, when there are no columns, running down the jambs of doors. These are again frequently carved, and mostly with the zig-zag or chevron ornament: grotesque marks and rude representations of animals, foliage, and flowers, form also common enrichments in Anglo-Gothic architecture."

The Encyclopædist continues—"This style prevailed down to the reign of Henry II. of England, when the pointed arch made its appearance. A degree of impressive grandeur pervades its productions, notwithstanding their clumsiness, arising from the great simplicity of manner and massiveness of proportion by which it is distinguished." In London we have some fine existing specimens—as the vestibule of the Inner Temple Church, which, moreover, exemplifies the transition. The White Tower in the Tower of London is also a characteristic external example of the Anglo-Gothic style. The nave of St. Alban's Abbey, figured in our last volume, has likewise some fine specimens of this arch. The Conventual Church of Ely, and Waltham Abbey Church have also some arches in this style, which are ornamented with zig-zag, which at Waltham is extended to the columns; but a more enriched exemplification than either of these will be found in the north, south, and west doors of Ifley Church, about two miles from Oxford, on a bank of the Isis, and on the road to Henley. As the western is the most embellished of these examples, we select it for illustration. It is in a remarkably perfect state: the only material injury it has sustained for centuries being a slight depression in one of the mouldings of the arch. The door is surmounted by a chain, beautifully sculptured, each link of which is conjoined by a grotesque head, and encircles an animal, bird, or other device. Next, is a large cable moulding, supported as it were by a great number of beaks, issuing from grotesque heads. These ornaments are repeated on another moulding of the same description which recedes; and receding

Digitized by Google

again, to a considerable depth, is the wavy chevron: the whole producing a richness of effect not surpassed by any building in this style of architecture. This door has long been disused, and is, as the cut shows, encumbered with a wooden railing, &c. Above the door was a large circular window, now stopped up; one of the fourteenth century being inserted in its space. Over this are placed three richly-ornamented arches, which formed a superb pediment before they were injured by the lowering of the roof.

The south door is likewise exquisitely ornamented, but differs from the west in its arch being supported by four columns, the two outer ones having plain shafts, those within being carved with diamond work and zig-zag. The capitals represent, on the left side, two centaurs in combat; and on the right, an encounter of horsemen. The inner moulding has foliated enrichments of great beauty. The north door contains less of ornamental sculpture than the south.

This church is of date anterior to the Conquest, and Anglo-Gothic. Of its history it may be sufficient to state that, according to one of the MSS. of Anthony Wood, preserved at Oxford, Ifley Church, with its appurtenances, was given by Jeffrey de Clinton to the canons of Kenilworth, in Warwickshire; this Jeffrey being described as one of the attendants of William the Conqueror.

The Public Journals.

ORIGINAL POEM BY LORD BYRON.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

In the dome of my Sires, as the clear moonbeam falls
Through silence and shade o'er its desolate walls,
It shines from afar, like the glories of old,
It gilds, but it warms not—'tis dazzling, but cold.

Let the sunbeam be bright for the younger of days—
'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays;
When the stars are on high and the dews on the ground,
And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

And the step that o'er-echoes the grey floor of stone,
Falls sullenly now—for 'tis only my own;
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblet, and dreary the hearth.

And vain was each effort to raise and recall
The brightness of old to illumine our hall;
And vain was the hope to avert our decline—
And the fate of my father's has faded to mine.

And theirs was the wealth and the fulness of fame,
And mine to inherit too haughty a name;
And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore,
And mine to regret—but renew them no more.

And Ruin is fix'd on my tower and my wall,
Too hoary to fade, and too massy to fall;
It tells not of Time's or the tempest's decay,
But the wreck of the line that have held it in sway.

Communicated by Mr. Galt to the
Monthly Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AT ST. HELENA.

By a Lady.

My first introduction to Bonaparte was in the island of St. Helena, at the place called the Briers, in the month of December, 1815, about six weeks after his arrival at the island.

This introduction was by chance, and through the means of two young and lively English ladies, who had lately returned from a boarding-school in England, daughters of the proprietor of the Briers.

We went, by invitation, to dine at the Briers, where Bonaparte resided for some weeks after his arrival, until the house at Longwood was put in order and prepared for his reception. I was walking with my little daughter (eight years of age), and the two young ladies before mentioned, in the garden before the Briers, when Bonaparte came forth from his tent (which was pitched on one side of the house), accompanied by his secretary Count Las Casas.

Bonaparte was a little man, stout and corpulent, of a dark olive complexion, fine features, eyes of a light bluish grey, and, when not speaking or animated, of an abstracted, heavy countenance. But when lighted up and interested, his expression was very fine, and the benevolence of his smile I never saw surpassed. He was particularly vain of a *small* and *beautiful hand*, and handsome little feet; as vain nearly (I dare say) as having conquered half the universe. Bonaparte laid a great stress on the beauty of hands in ladies, and frequently inquired of me, during our residence in St. Helena, respecting the hands of the ladies he had not seen; and seemed to think a pretty and delicate hand the *ne plus ultra* of beauty and gentility.

Napoleon was dressed, on the day of my first introduction to him, in a green coat, silk stockings, small shoes, large square gold buckles, and a cocked hat, with a ribbon of some order, seen through the button-hole of his coat.

The two young ladies, who were respectively about thirteen and fifteen years of age, were quite familiar with the Ex-Emperor, ran playfully towards him, dragging me forward by the hand, and saying to him, "This lady is the mother of the little girl who pleased you the other day by singing Italian canzonets."

Upon this he made me a bow, which I returned by a low and reverential curtsy, feeling, at the same time, a little confused at this sudden and unceremonious introduction.

"Madame," said he, "you have a sprightly little daughter; where did she learn to sing Italian songs?"

On my replying that I had taught her myself, he said "*Bon.*" He then asked me what countrywoman I was? "English?"

Digitized by Google

—"Where were you educated?"—"In London."—"What ship did you come out in to St. Helena? What regiment is your husband in? And what rank has he in the army?" And a variety of like questions, as quick as possible, did Bonaparte make to me, and all in Italian. I then ventured to request he would speak to me in French, as I was more conversant with that language than with Italian. All this time the two young ladies and my little daughter were running to and fro around us, and chattering to the Great Hero, who seemed to delight much in their lively and unsophisticated manners. After walking some time in the garden, Bonaparte requested me to go into the house at the Briers, where a pianoforte stood open, to sing some Italian songs. Accordingly, we all entered the drawing-room, which was on the ground floor, when my playful little daughter, perceiving me agitated and trembling at the idea of singing before so great a personage, whispered to me,—"Why are you so much afraid, dear mamma? he is *only a man*."

The little creature had seen him at the Briers a few days before with some young friends, and had pleased and surprised him by singing several of Milico's Italian canzonets, and had accompanied herself on the pianoforte, although her little hands were scarcely able to reach the octaves; she had been always *accustomed* to play and sing whenever she was *ordered* or *requested* so to do; and she was not old enough to comprehend the prowess and renown of Napoleon Bonaparte, and to judge of the awe and agitation his name was likely to produce, and had produced even on kings and queens.

Behold me now seated at the pianoforte with the Conqueror of the World standing behind my chair. What an indefinable, indescribable sensation! I forgot my fears in my astonishment, and got through the song of "Ah che nel Petto," tolerably well. —"*Bien*," cried Bonaparte: "*C'est de Paësiello*," which showed he was well acquainted with the style of the composers. "Ah," said he, "in my youth I could also perform a little on the pianoforte." He then ran over the keys of the instrument in tolerable style, to show that he was not boasting of what he could not perform.

"The Italians," said he, "have certainly the first taste for music and composition in the world; then the Germans; then the Portuguese and Spaniards; then the French; and, lastly, the English; but really I do not know which of these two last have the *worst* taste in composition. But stay, I had nearly forgotten the *Scotch*. Yes; they have composed some fine airs." All this he said in French, with his usual rapidity. "Madame," said he, "you no doubt delight in performing musical pieces and in singing?" I bowed affirmatively. "I was certain of it," said he; "we all delight to do what we know we do well." With this flattering speech he made a sliding bow and departed.

I was sitting one morning in our tent at Deadwood Camp, when the Countess Bertrand came in, accompanied by Captain M——y of the 53rd regiment (the officer at that period in surveillance of Bonaparte) with an invitation from the Ex-Emperor for me to dine *that* day with him at Longwood House.

"The Emperor," said the Countess Bertrand, "will invite your husband on another day; for he makes it a sort of rule never to invite husband and wife on the same day; so you can, if you wish, go with me and the Grand Maréchale Bertrand"———

I then replied, "I shall be exceedingly happy to accept the invitation, provided my husband shall have no objection to it. He is not at present within; but as soon as he comes, I will ask if he likes me to go."

"What!" exclaimed the Countess, "are the English wives in such subjection, that they cannot accept an invitation, even from an emperor, without leave of their husbands?"

"Yes," replied I; "nor can I give an answer until mine returns." And at this answer she looked surprised, and rather offended. But Captain M——y looked highly delighted, and proud of the superior power of English over French husbands. The Countess Bertrand, however, soon resumed her charming and amiable manner, and said she would remain with me until my lord and master returned, which, as he did not do so for some time, she was obliged to depart. When he at length came home, he did not much approve of my going without him; for how was I to return to the camp alone? But on hearing that our Colonel, Sir George Bingham, was also invited to dine at Longwood, and would bring me safe to my tent, he consented to my going; and away I went to dress myself for the occasion with no small delight.

I went to the Countess Bertrand's house first, and found her splendidly arrayed; for the ladies were dressed every day the same as at Paris, although they dined every day at Longwood. Bonaparte's carriage and four horses came to fetch General and Countess Bertrand from Hutts Gate, where they then resided, and I accompanied them.

When we arrived at Longwood, we found Count and Countess Montholon, Baron Gourgaud, and Count Las Casas, and Sir George Bingham, assembled in the drawing-room. Bonaparte soon after entered, and sat down at the chess-table, for he always played a game at chess before dinner. He asked me to play with him, which I declined, saying I was a bad player. He then asked

Digitized by Google

me if I could play at backgammon. "You must teach me," said he, "for I know but little of the game." So down he sat. I was in considerable agitation at the idea of giving instructions to the great Conqueror. But luckily, as soon as he had placed the backgammon men, a servant entered, saying, "Le diner de sa Majesté est servi."

Madame Bertrand then whispered to me, "You are to sit in the Empress's seat. It has been so ordered." I accordingly was led to it by the Grand Maréchale Bertrand. The instant Bonaparte was seated, a servant came behind him and presented him with a glass of wine, which he drank off before he began to eat. This, it seems, was his invariable custom. The dinner was served on superb gold and silver plate, and beautiful china. The meat was served on the side-tables by several smart servants in magnificent liveries of green and gold. There was a vast variety of dishes and vegetables, cooked in the most delicate manner. Bonaparte ate of a number of dishes with great appetite; he several times offered things to me—an honour, I was told by Las Casas, he never condescended to do even to queens. Napoleon talked a great deal to me; his conversation was chiefly questions respecting India, and the manners and dress of the natives there, and I must not forget to inform my female friends that he admired my dress, which consisted of a silver worked muslin in stripes. He asked me how much I gave a yard for it in India. He also admired, or *pretended* to admire, my bracelets, which were of beautiful pearls. Be that as it may, *I believed* it all, and began to feel *tolerably* conceited and much at my ease.

"Your English gentlemen," said he, "sit an intolerable time at dinner—and afterwards drink for hours together, when the ladies have left them. As for me, I never allow more than *twenty minutes* for dinner, and five minutes additional for General Bertrand, who is very fond of *bonbons*."

Saying this he started up, and we all followed him into the drawing-room, when each of the Generals taking a *chapeau-bras* under his arm, formed a circle round Bonaparte; all continuing standing. Coffee was presently brought, and the cups and saucers were the most splendidly beautiful I ever beheld. Napoleon now conversed with all around most agreeably. I admired the china; upon which he took a coffee-cup and saucer to the light to point out its beauties,—each saucer contained a portrait of some Egyptian chief; and each cup some landscape or views of different parts of Egypt.

"This set of china," said he, "was given me by the city of Paris after my return from Egypt."

He afterwards made a present of one of these beautiful coffee-cups to Lady Malcolm, wife of Admiral Sir Pultney Malcolm, on her departure from St. Helena. Sir Pultney had shown Bonaparte much kindness and consideration.

Napoleon then requested me to sing, and I sang a few Italian airs. The Countess Montholon then performed some little French songs, and he joined in humming the tune.

A party of reversis was then formed for him by his Generals, and I sat down to a round game with the two Countesses and Sir G. Bingham.

Napoleon was now in high spirits; he was winning at reversis, and he always liked to win at cards; he began to sing merry French songs. About ten o'clock he retired, making a sliding bow, to his private apartments, attended by Count Las Casas.

The second time I dined with Bonaparte at Longwood, the invitation was by chance, and from his own mouth.

I went with my husband and little daughter to pay a visit to Countess Bertrand, who at this period had removed from Hutts Gate to a house built by Government for General Bertrand, close to Longwood House. After having paid our visits to her and to Countess Montholon, we met Bonaparte walking in the garden with General Bertrand; he walked up to us, and talked a long time to us, and told little E—y she had a "Spanish countenance."

When we were about to take leave to return to camp, Napoleon, in a most polite and easy manner, requested we would all stay and dine with him, and in this instance broke through the rule he usually made of inviting husbands and wives separately; and as for "La Petite," pointing to K—y, "she will like to stay and dine with the children of Madame Bertrand.

His barouche, drawn by four fiery horses, now drew up to the door, and he invited Madame Bertrand and myself to get into it with him, and accompany him in a drive round Longwood, saying, that while the *Capitaine* returned to camp, *pour faire sa toilette*, and to *faire apporter la toilette de madame* to the ladies' apartments, we would take the air. Behold me then seated in the barouche next to the Ex-Emperor, the great Bonaparte. The three French Generals, Bertrand, Montholon, and Gourgaud, were in splendid uniforms; the horses went like fury, and the road being extremely rough, I thought it not improbable that I should have my neck broken in company with the Conqueror of the World. Bonaparte was rather abstracted during this drive, but he talked a little of the singular appearance of the gumwood trees, which compose the heads of Longwood and Deadwood camp. At dinner he conversed a great deal about different ladies of St. Helena. The young ladies born in that island are extremely pretty. One of them he had named

Digitized by Google

the Rose Bud, and another "La Nymphe;" this last was a Miss R——n, a very beautiful young lady, who shortly after married a captain of an Indiaman.

He then asked me if I understood housekeeping: "For example," said he, "do you know how to make a pudding yourself?"

I told him that since I had been encamped at St. Helena I had learned to make a pudding and a pie; also, that having no servant but a soldier's wife, and she not always able to attend on us, I was obliged to learn to do a number of things myself. When the dessert came on the table, Bonaparte took a large plateful of glittering sugar-plums and crystallized sweetmeats—and calling to a servant, said, "Take these to the young lady who sings so well." When E—y got them, she wrapped them carefully up; and after she got back to camp, put them into a small tin box, and preserved them safely for some years.

On that evening Bonaparte played several games at chess with his Generals; and after he retired, they amused themselves with making a large bowl of excellent punch, of which all the ladies tasted; we then walked back to our camp, which was very near and within sight of Longwood House.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Spirit of Discovery.

PHRENOLOGY.—DETECTION OF CHARACTER FROM THE SKULL.

At a recent meeting of the Phrenological Society, Mr. Symes read a communication which he had received from a friend, not a member of the Society, respecting an individual whose skull had been discoursed upon by Mr. Drew at the preceding meeting. The subject of the remarks was a lad residing at Bridgewater, only fourteen years of age, who murdered his mistress, of whom he had been supposed to be extremely fond. He had received great kindness from her, and, having borne an excellent character, was not at first suspected of the murder, although he had been absent ever since; and the less suspicion attached to him, because the husband bore a bad character, and was not on terms with his wife. The boy's countenance was one of the mildest and most innocent in appearance—one which no person could connect with an evil thought. The man, however, having proved an *alibi*, people directed their thoughts to the boy, who, it was now remembered, had been seen about the house not long before the murder. He was found at the house of a relative a few miles off, and when told of the circumstance expressed a calm sorrow, protested his innocence, and said his mistress had given him leave to visit his relatives. He was taken to the house, and evinced no particular emotion when he saw the body. Indeed, when desired to touch it, he kissed it. From various circumstances the jury convicted him in spite of his protestations of innocence, and it was only just before his execution that he confessed the crime. He stated that he had no motive for it—that he loved his mistress, and had never thought of injuring her, till, going into the room where she was sitting at the fire with her back to him, he, having a hatchet in his hand, suddenly thought now nicely he could kill her, and without a moment's consideration did so.

The President remarked that the case appeared to be one of those in which a certain propensity is suddenly and impetuously excited for a moment; hundreds of which are upon record, and few of which have occurred without the corresponding organ being very greatly developed. He conceived that Mr. Drew had acquitted himself satisfactorily in his account of the head, for that gentleman professed himself to be unable to assign any motive for the crime which had been committed, and declared that the subject might have been a murderer, but could not have been one of those depraved wretches in whom the crime which brings them to an untimely end is but the last act of a bad life.—*The Lancet.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

[The two subsequent papers are from "the Diary of a Lover of Literature," in the first Number of a New Series of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, just commenced with the year. We need scarcely add, that the Proprietors of this long-established Journal have our best wishes for the success of their renovated exertions to enrich the most valuable departments of English literature.]

DEBARKATION OF THE CORPSE OF LORD BYRON.

The circumstances related in the following letter, addressed to the late H. Smedley, Esq., by a gentleman in an important magisterial office, were witnessed by very few; but the description, which was written on the very day of their occurrence, when the impression was fresh on the writer's mind, will be interesting to all:—

"I know that you are curious in such matters, and I therefore send you an account of the melancholy sight which I have seen to-day. As I was proceeding down the river this morning, I saw at about five minutes A.M., a brig lying at the London Dock Buoy. She was about 250 tons burthen, in mourning (black, with a broad, blue streak), and carried at the main, half-mast high, a broad pendent, or more strictly speaking, a silk banner of dark blue or purple, charged with a baron's coronet proper. Her ensign was hoisted in the same mournful way. Her

Digitized by Google

name 'the Florida, of London.' On my return (about ten minutes or a quarter past four P.M.) I saw one of Searle's barges lying alongside, a tackle was lowered from the main yard, and a coffin wrapped in black cloth come over the larboard side of the brig nearly amidships, and was received by some attendants in the barge. That coffin contained the body of Lord Byron. There were a few straggling boats about the ship; and after I had seen the remains which lately contained the most towering spirit in Europe placed in the barge, and had directed my people to preserve order and decency, in the event of a crowd of boats following it, I departed. When I left the brig she was just swinging with the flood tide, and I afterwards learned that the barge proceeded up the river entirely alone. Some of my people followed it to London Bridge; but when my galleymen returned after landing me at the Temple, they met the barge, quite unattended, just below Blackfriars Bridge.

"A leaden coffin was brought to the brig in the course of the morning, and my people who were on duty smelt a strong scent of spirits, arising as they suppose from the people in the brig starting the vessel which contained the body, and pouring the contents overboard. One of my men saw some staves and hoops put into the boat; and these I conjecture to have formed the cask in which the body was preserved. Great care seemed to be taken that no one but the proper attendants should come on board; on the starboard side was chalked, 'No admittance.' The quarter deck was shrouded from view by a main sail, and the stern ports were not above a quarter raised. I suppose the friends of the deceased had issued orders for the greatest privacy to be observed; but I could not help feeling that there was an air of desertion about the scene which added to the melancholy of it. On my return to the office this evening, I saw the brig working into the London Docks; the banner was gone, and her ensign streamed gaily from the Peak."

"Monday Evening, 5th July, 1824."

LETTER OF DR. FRANKLIN.

JAN. 1, 1801. In looking over some papers this morning, I met with the following curious and *unpublished letter of Dr. Franklin*, discussing some topics of considerable interest with admirable good sense and sagacity, characteristic of its author. It is dated Philadelphia, May 9, 1753, and is addressed to his friend Peter Collinson, Esq.

"SIR, I thank you for the kind and judicious remarks you have made on my little piece. I have often observed with wonder that temper of the poorer English labourers which you mention, and acknowledge it to be pretty general. When any of them happen to come here, where labour is much better paid than in England, their industry seems to diminish in equal proportion. But it is not so with the German labourers: they retain the habitual industry and frugality they bring with them, and receiving higher wages, an accumulation arises that makes them all rich. When I consider that the English are the offspring of Germans, that the climate they live in is much of the same temperature, when I see nothing in nature that should create this difference, I am tempted to suspect it must arise from constitution; and I have sometimes doubted whether the laws peculiar to England, which *compel the rich to maintain the poor*, have not given the latter a dependance that very much lessens the care of providing against the wants of old age.

"I have heard it remarked that the *poor* in *Protestant* countries, on the continent of Europe, are generally more industrious than those of *Popish* countries. May not the more numerous foundations in the latter for relief of the poor, have some effect towards rendering them less provident? To relieve the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures is concurring with the Deity,—it is godlike; but if we provide encouragement for laziness, and supports for folly, may it not be found fighting against the order of God and Nature, which, perhaps, has appointed want and misery as the proper punishments for, and cautions against, as well as necessary consequences of, idleness and extravagance? Whenever we attempt to amend the scheme of Providence, and to interfere with the government of the world, we had need be very circumspect, lest we do more harm than good. In New England they once thought *blackbirds* useless, and mischievous to the corn. They made efforts to destroy them. The consequence was, the blackbirds were diminished; but a kind of worm which devoured their grass, and which the blackbirds used to feed on, increased prodigiously; then, finding their loss in grass much greater than their saving in corn, they wished again for their blackbirds.

"We had here some years since a Transylvanian Tartar, who had travelled much in the East, and came hither merely to see the West, intending to go home through the Spanish West Indies, China, &c. He asked me one day, what I thought might be the reason that so many and such numerous nations, as the Tartars in Europe and Asia, the Indians in America, and the Negroes in Africa, continued a wandering, careless life, and refused to live in cities, and cultivate the arts they saw practised by the civilized parts of mankind? While I was considering what answer to make him, he said, in his broken English, "God make man for Paradise. He make him for live lazy. Man make God

Digitized by Google

angry. God turn him out of Paradise, and bid workee. Man no love workee; he want to go to Paradise again; he want to live lazy. So all mankind love lazy." However this may be, it seems certain that the hope of becoming at some time of life free from the necessity of care and labour, together with fear of penury, are the mainsprings of most people's industry. To those, indeed, who have been educated in elegant plenty, even the provision made for the poor may appear misery; but to those who have scarce ever been better provided for, such provision may seem quite good and sufficient. These latter then have nothing to fear worse than their present condition, and scarce hope for anything better than a parish maintenance. So that there is only the difficulty of getting that maintenance allowed while they are able to work, or a little shame they suppose attending it, that can induce them to work at all; and what they do will only be from hand to mouth.

"The proneness of human nature to a life of ease, of freedom from care and labour, appear strongly in the little success that has hitherto attended every attempt to civilize our American Indians. In their present way of living, almost all their wants are supplied by the spontaneous productions of nature, with the addition of very little labour, if hunting and fishing may indeed be called labour, where game is so plenty. They visit us frequently, and see the advantages that arts, sciences, and compact societies procure us. They are not deficient in natural understanding; and yet they have never shown any inclination to change their manner of life for ours, or to learn any of our arts. When an Indian child has been brought up among us, taught our language, and habituated to our customs, yet if he goes to see his relatives, and makes one Indian ramble with them, there is no persuading him ever to return. And that this is not natural to them merely as Indians, but as men, is plain from this, that when white persons, of either sex, have been taken prisoners by the Indians, and lived awhile with them, though ransomed by their friends, and treated with all imaginable tenderness to prevail with them to stay among the English, yet in a short time they become disgusted with our manner of life, and the care and pains that are necessary to support it, and take the first opportunity of escaping again into the woods, from whence there is no redeeming them. One instance I remember to have heard, where the person was brought home to possess a good estate; but finding some care necessary to keep it together, he relinquished it to a younger brother, reserving to himself nothing but a gun and a watch-coat, with which he took his way again into the wilderness.

* * * * *

"So that I am apt to imagine that close Societies subsisting by labour and art, arose first not from choice but from necessity, when numbers being driven by war from their hunting-grounds, and prevented by seas, or by other nations, from obtaining other hunting-grounds, were crowded together into some narrow territories, which without labour could not afford them food. However, as matters now stand with us, care and industry seem absolutely necessary to our well-being. They should therefore have every encouragement we can invent, and not one motive to diligence be subtracted, and the support of the poor should not be by maintaining them in idleness, but by employing them in some kind of labour suited to their abilities of body, &c. as I am informed begins to be of late the practice in many parts of England, where workhouses are erected for that purpose. If these were general, I should think the poor would be more careful, and work voluntarily to lay up something for themselves against a rainy day, rather than run the risk of being obliged to work at the pleasure of others for a bare subsistence, and that too under confinement. The little value *Indians* set on what we prize so highly, under the name of learning, appears from a pleasant passage that happened some years since, at a treaty between some colonies and the Six Nations. When everything had been settled to the satisfaction of both sides, and nothing remained but a mutual exchange of civilities, the English Commissioners told the Indians that they had in their country a college for the instruction of youth, who were there taught various languages, arts, and sciences; that there was a particular foundation in favour of the Indians to defray the expense of the education of any of their sons, who should desire to take the benefit of it: and said, if the Indians would accept the offer, the English would take half a dozen of their brightest lads, and bring them up in the best manner. The Indians, after consulting on the proposals, replied, that it was remembered that some of their youths had formerly been educated at that college, but that it had been observed that for a long time after they returned to their friends, *they were absolutely good for nothing;* being neither acquainted with the true methods of killing deer, catching beavers, or surprising an enemy. The proposition they looked on, however, as a mark of kindness and good will of the English, to the Indian nations which merited a grateful return: and, therefore, if the English gentlemen would send a dozen or two of their children to Opondago, the Great Council would take care of their education, bring them up in what was really the best manner, and make men of them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Digitized by Google

The Gatherer.

THE DOUBLE MEANING.

THIS is one of Mr. Hood's *Comic* tail-pieces. It requires not explanation: old age and childhood, each has its cunning—and here are both: it is like coaxing with sugar a dose of wormwood, which folks do hourly, in some shape or other. If a moral be allowed as a tail to this tail-piece, we should say the trickery of the old lady in the cut is an indirect mode of teaching children to tell untruths.

New Bread.—Few things are of more difficult digestion than new bread. Every thing, as may be inferred from what is known of the process of digestion, which by mastication forms a tenacious paste, is difficult of digestion, being slowly pervaded by the gastric juice. So difficult of digestion is such a paste, that I have known more than one dyspeptic whose stomach could only digest new bread when soaked in melted butter. Here one of the articles most difficult of digestion was more easily digested than the tenacious paste which its presence promoted. Even bread sufficiently old, which it never is till it is quite dry, is frequently oppressive if taken alone and in considerable quantity. It still forms a mass not very readily pervaded. The sailor's biscuit or bread toasted very hard often agrees better with a weak stomach than bread in other states.—*Dr. Philip, on Indigestion.*

St. Stephen's Day, Dec. 27.—Our forefathers had a notion that it was good to gallop horses and then to bleed them on this day, to prevent their having any disorders in the ensuing year. Mr. Douce says this practice appears to have been brought into this country by the Danes. Among the Finns, upon St. Stephen's day, a piece of money, or a bit of silver, must be thrown into the trough, out of which the horses drink, by every one that wishes to prosper.

The Sidney Oak.—Sir Philip Sidney was born at Penshurst Castle, Kent, the 24th of November, 1554. In the Park stands the famous oak, said to have been planted at the birth of Sidney, and now (says Brayley) upwards of twenty-two feet in girth. Ben Jonson and Waller have both celebrated this tree; and in the poem called "Penshurst," by E. Coventry, are these lines, in reference to its connexion with the natal day of Sidney:

"What genius points to yonder oak?
What rapture does my soul provoke?
There let me hang a garland high,
There let my muse her accents try:
Be there my earliest homage paid,
Be there my latest vigils made;
For thou wast planted in the earth
The day that shone on Sydney's birth."

P. T. W.

It is calculated, by Dr. Arnott, that the waves of the ocean, (or rather the particular form which they assume,) travel at the rate of 40 miles an hour.

CAPTAIN ROSS.

Now publishing,

VOL. XXII. of the MIRROR, with a Steel-plate Portrait of Captain Ross, R. N., an outline of his Public Services, upwards of 100 Engravings, and 450 closely printed pages, price 5s. 6d.

Part 145, price 8d., and Part 146, price 10d., completing Vol. XXII.

The SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER, containing the Portrait of Captain Ross, Memoir, Title-page, Index, &c. price 2d.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 644.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1834. [Price 2*d*.

CAPTAIN ROSS,

IN HIS POLAR DRESS.

(*From* Mr. Burford's *Panorama of Boothia.*)

All who have read Captain Ross' Outline, will feel anxious to witness the gallant officer's *filling in*, of his recent discoveries. The Panorama just completed by Mr. Burford will gratify this curiosity; for, independently of its attractions as a picture, (and these are of first-rate merit and interest,) the Panorama bears the highest recommendation in authenticity of detail. The reader may imagine that so desolate a country as the scenes of these discoveries could furnish but few, if any, picturesque features which might recommend them to the painter. Such an erroneous inference will, however, be removed by a single glance at this picture, which presents a changeful assemblage of the sublimities of creation. Here we have not merely thrilling regions of thick-ribbed

Digitized by Google

ice below, but a display of splendid phenomena above. The enterprise of the navigators relieves the desolation of the country: the spectator will not exclaim

"clear, but, oh! how cold;"

for the splendour of the stars and the brilliant coruscations of the Aurora, will raise his thoughts and affections from earth to the silent contemplation of the majesty of Heaven. Such, however, will be but a few impressions on viewing this sublime scene, than which it is difficult to conceive a more awe-inspiring subject for art to accomplish, or the ingenuity of man to represent.

A few passages from Mr. Burford's explanatory pamphlet will best bespeak the interest of the details.

"The present Panorama, taken from drawings made by Captain Ross, has been painted under his immediate inspection. It represents the winter quarters of the Victory, in 1830, in latitude 70° north, longitude 92° west; and the spectators are placed in the actual tent in which the gallant Captain passed the nights during his long and dreary journey of nearly 500 miles from Victory Harbour to Batty Bay. The dismantled vessel firmly beset by the ice in Felix Harbour, every part of her masts, yards, and shrouds, on which it could lodge, covered with snow, forms a conspicuous object, and gives cheerfulness to the scene, by affording certain indications of the presence of human beings. The sea around presents one continued field of ice—towering icebergs of gigantic size and singularly fantastic form—immense masses thrown up by pressure, called hummocks, pyramids, cavities, and an endless variety of forms, heaped together in wild disorder, from some huge stalactitæ, are gracefully pendant; others are surrounded by sparry crystals and brilliant icicles, the prominent surfaces tinged with the most vivid emerald and violet tints, and the most intense blue shades lurking in the recesses, presenting a splendid exhibition of icy grandeur.

"The continent, called by Captain Ross, Boothia, and some small islands, present nearly the same appearance, and are only distinguishable from the ocean, by the bare sides of steep and precipitous rocks, which occasionally rise to a great height, presenting horizontal and perpendicular strata of primitive granite; in some places vast masses are piled with extreme regularity, in others so confused, that they evidently mark some violent convulsion of nature. These dark and frowning precipices, without the least marks of vegetation, form a singular contrast with the pinnacles of ice, and the sparkling whiteness of the surrounding snow. At a short distance, an Esquimaux village rears the dome-shaped tops of its snow-built huts, and a party of these interesting people are represented on their way to pay their first visit to the ship, whose extraordinary appearance and dress, and grotesque manners, considerably relieve the scene. Beyond, on every side, the eye stretches over one interminable field of ice and snow, whose very barrenness is beautiful, but which conveys a feeling of total privation and utter desolation. Towards the south the horizon is overspread by an arch of bright and splendid crimson light, which was always visible about noon, even when the sun was at its greatest southern declination; indeed, the return of what might be considered day, was always marked by so considerable a twilight, that by turning a book towards the south, the smallest print might be read without difficulty; and the brightness of the moon and stars, together with the reflection from the snow, rendered anything approaching a deep or positive gloom of rare occurrence. The opposite portion of the hemisphere is splendidly illumined by that extraordinary and beautiful phenomenon, the Aurora Borealis, vividly darting its brilliant coruscations towards the zenith in endless variety, and tinging the ice and snow with its pale and mellow light; the remaining portions of the sky are clear, dark, and unclouded, thickly studded with numberless stars, shining with peculiar lustre; the whole forming a striking and romantic scene, difficult to conceive, and impossible to describe; the awful grandeur and sublimity of which, cannot be contemplated but with the most intense interest, and enthusiastic admiration."

The following account, from the pen of Captain Ross himself, will not be deemed supererogatory:

"The situation of this Panorama, is half a mile northward of Felix Harbour, in the newly discovered country, named by Captain Ross 'Boothia Felix,' and is in latitude 70° north, and longitude 92° west, the land is entirely of primitive formation, the rocks being composed of various kinds of granite, and destitute of vegetation, except in the valleys, in some of which are lakes of a considerable size, but frozen over, excepting a part of July, August, and September. Reindeer, hares, and foxes, were seen here, and two kinds of grouse, and bears were also constantly ranging along the coast. The time at which this view was taken, was the 9th of January, 1830, at noon, after having communicated with an interesting tribe of natives, Captain Ross and his officers having obtained their confidence, by giving them presents, persuaded them to accompany his party to the Victory, which is represented frozen in at Felix Harbour, with her colours and flags flying. The ship is housed in, or, in other words, covered over with a roof of canvass, the bow is exposed to view, but the starboard, or gangway side, is protected by a

Digitized by Google

wall of snow, within which the men usually exercised, when too stormy to walk on shore, or at a distance. The island to the left of her forms the Harbour, and on it the Observatory was erected, and contained a three feet transit instrument, and a six feet telescope, at which an officer is represented looking at the planet Venus; this is decorated with flags, as well as the magnetic Observatory at a more distant point. Beyond, at a great distance, is seen King William's Land, which, since Captain Ross's return, has been so named with his Majesty's gracious permission, as well as the position of the magnetic pole, which is behind the high land to the right of the ship, which is named Boothia Felix, in honour of Felix Booth, Esq. the patriotic friend of Captain Ross, and on the point of which, near a gun, is planted his flag. Going on again to the right, will be seen the village of the natives, consisting of eighteen huts, built entirely of snow; and round the point is Sheriff's Harbour, where the expedition passed the second and most severe winter on this side of the most distant point, called Cape Margaret, is Victory Harbour, distant fifteen miles, where the third winter was spent, and where the ship was left in May, 1832. The next to the right is Isabella Louisa, or Lady Parry's Island, which being nearest to Sir E. Parry's discoveries, is so named in compliment to that distinguished officer; and the lands which close in with that first mentioned, are those visited, after much peril and labour, by Mr. Thom and Dr. M'Diarmid, in March, 1830. In the foreground are seen the officers and the natives proceeding to the ship. Illicta, the old man, which had been placed in the front of the natives, when formed into a body, is seen on a sledge drawn by Captain Ross and his party of sailors. Tullooachiu, the man who had lost a leg, is seen on another sledge, drawn by Commander James Ross and another party, the rest of the natives are following, and, by signs and gestures, expressing their surprise at every object which is new and wonderful to them.

"To the South, looking towards the Victory, is seen the horizon, as it is illuminated at noon, as the sun passes some degrees below the horizon, Venus is seen to the left, and the fixed stars are everywhere shining as seen at noon, in opposition, or in the north, is seen the Aurora Borealis, as it generally appears, shooting its pencil rays upwards, or towards the zenith. The tints which these phenomena give the surrounding hills are also given with striking effect."

The Cut represents Captain Ross in his Polar dress: to his right is the position of the magnetic pole denoted by the Royal Standard of England; and on the opposite side is the Victory, walled in with frozen snow.

Of the beautiful execution of the Panorama, description would impart but an unequal idea. The stars are cleverly managed by the aid of tinsel, and their effect is strikingly exquisite.

After viewing Boothia, we mounted, *en haut, en verité*, to the Panorama of the Falls of Niagara, where the autumnal luxuriance of the wood scenery, and the successful vastness of the cataract astonished and delighted us.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

"Ignorance is the curse of God;
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."

The human mind, without education or instruction, is, as Addison has observed, like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud-spot and vein that run through its body. Knowledge, in the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every perfection: the advantage we derive from it makes us superior to each other.

Among the numerous advantages for the acquisition of knowledge which the present age possesses, none appears more conspicuous than that derived from the great diffusion of periodical literature. The press, daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly, pours out a flood at which all who thirst for knowledge or amusement may have that thirst slaked. The stores of learning, which in the days of our forefathers were only accessible to few, have been ransacked and plundered of all that is valuable, which is now placed within the reach of almost every aspirant to wisdom. The essence of huge folios is now concentrated in the pages of cheap publications, &c., from which, by their poverty, none can be debarred. The era, which was predicted by a great author, has arrived: "when no writer will be read by the great majority, save and except those who can effect that for bales of manuscript, which the hydrostatic screw performs for bales of cotton, by condensing that matter into a period that before occupied a page." That which at the same time pleases and instructs will be generally read; and immense as the number of periodicals may already be, room is still found for the accession which every year brings. It is evident, from the prodigious sale of the various periodicals of the present day, and the favourable countenance which they nearly all receive, that the republic of letters can hardly be overstocked with this species of literature; and it is an infallible sign of their great utility that they are universally spread, and appreciated by all classes from the throne to the cottage. The learned read them for relaxation, the ignorant for instruction, the idle because they require no intensity of thought, and the poor

Digitized by Google

for their cheapness. It is an undoubted fact, that newspapers, magazines, and publications of the same kind, have contributed more to enlighten the majority of the people than any other cause; and the high degree of intelligence possessed by the middle, and even the lower classes of society in this nation, when contrasted with that of neighbouring countries, may wholly be attributed to the influence which these publications have had over their minds. The great Tully cried out in raptures—"What is there, O ye gods! more desirable than knowledge?—what more excellent and lovely?—what more useful to man?—what brings so much quiet and satisfaction?" How would he have rejoiced, had he beheld the present intellectual state of society in England.

In nothing, however, have periodicals been of more advantage than in affording authors in embryo an opportunity of first trying their powers in composition; like the young fledgling which first essays its powers of flight by hopping among the branches of its natal bush, he sends his first attempts at authorship to the editor of a periodical, and judges of his talents by their reception. In the columns of a magazine the immortal Johnson first appeared before the public.* In the numbers of a periodical, the elegant Hawksworth originally tried his exquisite talents. Had no magazine then existed, it is extremely probable that the Adventurer, and the exquisite oriental tale of Almoran and Hamet would not have graced our literature; and to speak of later times, it is well known that the genius of Henry Kirke White was, by his boyish productions being thought worthy of insertion in a periodical, principally excited to attempt that which, had he lived to execute, would have placed him among the greatest men of the age. In short, were the motives which have induced most authors to commence writing traced to their source, they would be found to arise from their earliest efforts appearing in periodical publications. They are a kind of nursery for authors; they have rendered almost every soil productive,—even the most sterile has been made to yield something worthy of culture; the various powers of the mind have, through their medium, been brought into action; and the seeds of wit, which, but for their vivifying power, would probably for ever have remained dormant, have been made to shoot into luxuriant and fascinating foliage. I. J.

[A sense which need not be explained to our Correspondent induces us to omit his last paragraph; though we agree with the remark, "that praise which is deserved, no man should be deterred from giving by the fear of its being thought to emanate from a desire to flatter." Although we omit his commendation, we do not on that account question his sincerity, or singleness of heart and purpose.]

* At Birmingham.

Manners and Customs.

A CURIOUS NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Sir John Harington, of Bath, sent to James VI. king of Scotland, at Christmas, 1602, for a new year's gift, a dark lantern. The top was a crown of pure gold, serving also to cover a perfume pan; within it was a shield of silver, embossed, to reflect the light; on one side of which were the sun, moon, and planets, and on the other side, the story of the birth and passion of Christ, as it was engraved by David II., king of Scotland, who was a prisoner in Nottingham. On this present, the following passage was inscribed, in Latin—"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." W. G. C.

The following particulars, relating to the winding-up of Mr. Pepys's accounts, on New Year's Eve, 1666, are given by him in his Diary:—"To my accounts, wherein at last I find them clear and right; but, to my great discontent, do find that my gettings this year have been 574*l.* less than my last, it being this year in all but 2,986*l.*, whereas the last I got 3,560*l.*; and then, again, my spendings this year have exceeded my spendings the last by 645*l.*, my whole spendings last year being but 509*l.*, whereas this year it appears that I have spent 1,154*l.*, which is a sum not fit to be said that ever I should spend in one year, before I am master of a better estate than I am. Yet, blessed be God, and I pray God make me thankful for it, I do find myself worth, in money, all good, above 6,200*l.*, which is above 1,800*l.* more than I was the last year. Thus ends this year of public wonder and mischief to this nation. Public matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed; nor, as matters are now, can any fleet go out next year. Our enemies, French and Dutch, great, and grow more by our poverty. The Parliament, backward in raising, became jealous of the spending, of the money. The city less and less likely to be built again; everybody settling elsewhere; and nobody encouraged to trade. A sad, vicious, negligent court, and all sober men there fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year, from which God deliver us. One thing I reckon remarkable in my own condition is, that I am come to abound in good plate, so as at all entertainments to be served wholly with silver plates, having two dozen and a half."

The subsequent account of New Year's Eve 1662, at the court of Charles II., is also from Mr. Pepys's Diary:—"Mr. Povy and I to Whitehall, he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the

Digitized by Google

king. He brought me first to the duke's chamber, where I saw him and the duchess at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the court. By and by come the king and queen, the duke and duchess, and all the great ones; and, after seating themselves, the king takes out the Duchess of York, and the duke, the Duchess of Buckingham, the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine; and so other lords other ladies; and they dance the brantle. After that, the king led a lady a single covanto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances, the king leading the first, which he called for, which was "Cuckolds all away," the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vicke, were the best. The manner was, when the king danced, all the ladies in the room, and the queen herself, stood up; and, indeed, he danced rarely, and much better than the Duke of York. Having staid here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at court, I went home, leaving them dancing."

W. G. C.

CURIOUS BEQUESTS.

Charitable Memory.—Thomas Talbot Gorsuch gave 9*l.* per annum for ever to the minister and churchwardens of the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, to keep the grave and grave-stone of his friend, John Olney, in good condition; and yearly, on the 24th of March, the anniversary day of his friend's death, to distribute the residue on his grave, in sums of not less than 10*s.* each, to such poor deserving persons as shall be most constant in their attendance on divine service in the parish church.—The same person gave the like sum for ever to the minister and churchwardens of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, in relation to his mother's grave; the residue to be distributed on her grave, and in manner as above described.

Christmas.—In the parish of Great Barr, in the county of Stafford, a custom was formerly prevalent for the rector, on every Christmas day, to give to every person, great and small, of his parish, that would then come to his house, as much bread, beef, mustard, and vinegar, as they could eat; which custom is now commuted for a money payment. The rector of Aldridge now gives to every housekeeper who demands it—in Aldridge, 6*d.*; in Barr, 8*d.*—which is called custom-money. The origin is unknown.

Fire-wood.—William Cawley gave moneys to the Drapers' Company, for the purpose of buying yearly, for ever, 3,000 tall woods, for the poor of the city of Winchester; and to pay 3*s.* 4*d.* to him that should provide the wood and distribute it.

Executions.—In 1630, Richard Budd, Esq. gave to the dean and chapter of Winchester 40*l.*, that they should cause a prayer annexed to his will to be read by a minister over night to condemned prisoners, before their execution; and an admonition, thereto annexed, to be also read to them as they were going to execution; and to cause the great bell in the tower of the cathedral church to be tolled before such execution.

Bell-ringing.—In 1701, the Rev. Richard Ells, rector of Finmere, in Oxfordshire, devised a close of land, called Rickyard Close, upon trust, to pay out of the profits thereof a yearly sum for ringing the eight o'clock bell in Finmere; the residue of the rent to be applied in putting forth one of the poor boys or girls of that parish as an apprentice.—The parish of Stanbridge, in the county of Bedford, holds one acre and two poles of land (given by a donor unknown), which is called Bell-rope Land, the rent of which is annually applied in the purchase of bell-ropes for the church.

Good Servants.—In 1811, Timothy Stevens, of Clifton, in the county of Gloucester, who had lived forty-one years in one family, gave the interest on 143*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*, to be distributed for ever, yearly, on the 21st of February, amongst such male and female servants, being members of the Church of England, resident in Clifton, who should have lived seven years in their places, and could be well recommended.

Bread.—At Tainton, in Oxfordshire, a quarter of *barley meal* is provided annually, at the expense of Lord Dynevor, the lord of the manor, and made into loaves called *cobbs*. These used to be given away in Tainton Church, to such of the poor children of the parish of Burford as attended. A sermon is preached on St. Thomas's day, according to directions supposed to be contained in the will of Edmund Harman—the sum of 6*s.* 8*d.* being also paid out of Lord Dynevor's estate to the preacher. The children used to make so much riot and disturbance in the church, that about twenty-one or twenty-two years ago, it was thought better to distribute the cobbs in a stable belonging to one of the churchwardens, and this course has been adopted ever since.

P. Q.

The Naturalist.

STRAY FACTS.—ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS. BY M. L. B.

Memory in a Dog.

A VERY sagacious water-spaniel, the property of a poor labourer, had an inveterate enemy in a gamekeeper on a neighbouring estate,

Digitized by Google

who one day unmercifully beat the animal for little or no offence. About three months afterwards, the keeper in going his rounds was slyly followed by this dog, who took an opportunity of biting his heel so severely that he was for some time lame in consequence. This revenge, however, it is but too probable, cost the spaniel his life; the labourer, his master, having, shortly afterwards, the sorrow to find him dead in the very path he had occasion to take from his own village to the next: somebody had poisoned him.

Poison of Toads.

I am happy now to be able to corroborate the statement of *S. H.* in vol. xix. of the *Mirror*, p. 426, respecting the poison of toads. A Somersetshire lad, known to my informant, put his hand into what he supposed to be a rabbit burrow, but which, if it ever was one, had been deserted, and become the domicile of a large toad, by whom he was bitten for the intrusion, and in consequence of which the boy's arm was, for above a week, much swollen and inflamed, and fomentations, wrappings, and a sling, were necessary to restore it. I have, however, met with naturalists who deny that any poison exists in the bite, or corrosive qualities in the spittle, of the toad, though many facts I believe exist to justify these suppositions; but they readily admit that the reptile is dangerous to handle, as its skin secretes a viscous liquid highly deleterious, if not venomous.

On this subject, a near and lamented relative, not long since related to me the following anecdote, which she assured me was well authenticated; whether it was ever published she knew not, but if so, it will bear repetition.

Some years since, it was noticed in Paris, that a number of people sickened and died of a disorder, which, in name and nature, defied the knowledge of the physicians. By and by, it was observed that this mortality only attacked those who, it could be proved, were in the habit of recreating themselves in a certain square, or garden, open to the public, and much frequented; but as the malady did not seize all these, it also became in time noticed that only those individuals suffered who had, for shade or repose, seated themselves, and, in some instances, fallen asleep, beneath a remarkably fine, old tree. Now this tree was not literally a Upas, though it had proved such to many unfortunates; but there was at any rate something about it so mortally extraordinary, as to induce particular investigation. It was then discovered, that the tree being old and decayed, in a large hollow near the base of its trunk, a toad of extraordinary size had taken up its abode; and it was thence conjectured that the pestiferous effluvia exhaled from the body of this huge and bloated reptile, had, by tainting the air for some feet around, caused the death, by poison, of all who had sat beneath the tree, or slept under it, possibly, with their faces close to its hole. The unseemly monster was destroyed, the hole filled up, and no more deaths occurred amongst those who subsequently sat under the tree.

The Blind, or Slow, Worm.

Respecting the venomous bite of this reptile, much difference of opinion prevails: ask the man of science, and ten to one he will say its poisonous nature has no other existence than what it derives from popular prejudice; but ask the rural labourer who, in the course of his occupations, frequently meets with it, and he will tell a very different tale. Residing at present in a part of the country where the smooth, silvery-coppery slow worm is often met with, I have taken some pains to ascertain from individuals of all ranks, and of either sex, the truth of the matter; and the result of my inquiries has led me to decide, in my own mind, that the creature is certainly venomous. I have, in fact, heard too many well attested cases of persons being bitten by the blind worm, and suffering severely, any longer to doubt it.

Tame Snakes.

A few years since there resided in Cambridge, and, like "the old woman under the hill," if "he isn't gone, he lives there still," an old man, well known as the Duke of York; how he obtained this *soubriquet*, I know not, but his profession was to sell snakes, and he might constantly be seen about the walks, with his cargo in baskets covered with a cloth. On fine sunny days, he would sometimes seat himself on the steps of King's College Chapel, or on the raised grass just under Clare Hall, (on the side which helps to form the quadrangle of King's Lawn,) and taking his snakes from the baskets, suffer them, being perfectly tame and innocuous, to twine about his person, to the wonder and terror of sundry infantine spectators. These creatures were taken by the "Duke of York" himself, and trained to catch mice, &c. for which purpose he sold them to the collegians; and the writer's brother has seen, gliding about the store-closets in the rooms of some of his friends, tame snakes, purchased of this man. The snake merchant, also, kept by him a dried snake-skin or two, which he, or others for him, asserted to be, when bound round the head, a sovereign remedy for headach.

Acquired Taste.

Even animals may acquire a taste,—gastronomic, I mean, foreign to their native habits. That a pampered cat will not catch rats and mice, is a fact well known to every prudent housekeeper, not, as she will tell you, that the animal grows "fat and lazy," but because it absolutely acquires a taste for dressed pro-

Digitized by Google

vision and butcher's meat; we have known a cat who, killing these vermin, could never be persuaded to eat them; another, who when ravenously hungry, never touches a morsel of fat, nor a drop of gravy. A third we have seen eat bread, and drink water, food very contrary to the natural tastes of the animal; a fourth has delighted in raisins; and a kitten has eaten honeysuckles with avidity. A friend taught her cat to sip water from a wine-glass in the most delicate and ladylike manner imaginable, and puss was fond of performing the feat. That a pony should eat apples with as great a gusto as a schoolboy, may be natural, but we should scarcely have credited the fact, had we not beheld it.

Rats.

A large, high hamper of very fine apples stood in the attic of a house, where often, during the night, a tremendous and unaccountable noise was heard. The fruit being at length visited, because wanted for winter use, to the astonishment of every one it was gone, and not a vestige of it remained, save a small heap of cores and peel, in one corner of the chamber. It was then recollected that this old room was infested by rats, and that to them was solely to be attributed the disappearance of the fruit, and the ghostly uproar. The ingenious creatures had, in fact, contrived (though they must latterly have worked, as the tall hamper gradually emptied, from a considerable depth) to stow away every apple to their hole, and the dropping and rolling of the fruit (a large sort) upon the floor, was undoubtedly the sound heard by some of the family, and was probably exaggerated by the silence of night, echoes, and reverberations.

A Cockatoo.

A family of first respectability had long kept a cockatoo, a pet bird, who was occasionally allowed to quit its cage, and range about the drawing-room, but, as far as I ever heard, never went farther, or had companionship with any other bird, though poultry was kept on the premises. One day, the cockatoo, having, as usual, been let out of its cage, was lost; no one could find,—no one had seen, it, but it was supposed it might have wandered into the sleeping rooms, and would return to its cage when hungry. No one had thought of looking under the sofa, but from thence, after awhile, was cockatoo seen to emerge, and it was subsequently discovered that thither it had retired to deposit an egg. How it happened so to do, is, I fancy, all circumstances considered, a question not satisfactorily resolved to this day; by the family, the egg was, I believe, regarded as a sort of *lusus naturæ*, and what became of it and the bird, who never laid again, I know not.

Wild Swans.

There is at Weymouth a small lake lying beside the sea, and divided from it by a band of about fifty yards. This is the peculiar residence of wild swans, of which a gentleman told me he there saw above 400, and put into flight about a hundred, which was a very noble sight. Here, then, the naturalist might study their habits.

Fighting Nightingales.

A haymaker, at work in a field, heard a great noise of birds, which attracted his attention, and looking towards the hedge whence it proceeded, he beheld a couple of nightingales "pecking away a cat," as he expressed it, who had stolen, with murderous intent, towards the poor birds and their nests. Puss "was having the worst of it," when the man decided the battle by driving her away.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SEA-DEVIL.

We find the following translation of Le Vaillant's entertaining description of this extraordinary creature in a recent number of Mr. Rennie's popular *Field Naturalists' Magazine.*

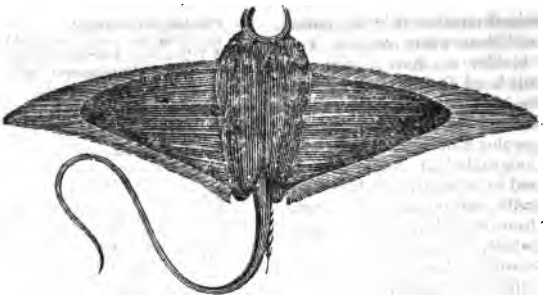
In the latitude 10° 15′ north, longitude 355°, we met with a calm that delayed us several days, and in the interval I witnessed a phenomenon, which, though known to our ship's crew, was to me perfectly novel.

An enormous flat fish, of the ray genus, came and swam round our vessel. It differed from the common ray, however, in the shape of its head, which, instead of being pointed, formed a crescent, and from the extremities of the semicircle issued two arms, as it were, which the sailors called horns. They were two feet wide at the base, and only five inches at the extremity. This monster, they told me, was called the sea-devil.

A few hours after we saw two others with this, one of which was so extremely large, that it was computed by the crew to be fifty or sixty feet wide. Each swam separately, and was surrounded by those small fish which usually precede the shark, and which are therefore called by seamen pilot fish; lastly, all three carried on each of their horns a white fish, about the size of a man's arm, and half a yard long, which appeared to be stationed there on duty.

You would have said they were two sentinels placed to keep watch for the safety of the animal, to inform him of any approaching danger, and to guide his movements. If he approached too near the vessel they quitted their posts, and swimming briskly before led him away. If he rose too high above the water, they passed backward and forward over his back, till he had descended deeper; if, on the contrary, he swam too low, they disappeared and we saw no more of them, because, no doubt, they were passing underneath, as in the preceding instance they had

Digitized by Google



(The Sea-Devil.)

passed above him. Accordingly we found him re-ascend towards the surface, and then the two sentinels reassumed their posts, each on his horn.

During the three days that the calm continued, and we remained motionless for want of wind, these manœuvres were many times repeated before our eyes as to each of the three monsters.

I was desirous of catching one of them, in order to examine it at my leisure. But when I proposed it to the crew they treated it as impossible. However, on my promising a dozen bottles of wine to any one who should accomplish it, their ardour was roused; and the attempt, which was before deemed impracticable, was now only difficult.

They all ran to their harpoons, and posted themselves here and there by the ship's side in readiness to strike. A sailor standing near the bowsprit, more fortunate than the rest, struck one of these fish on the back, then, letting out his line that he might have room to beat about and tire himself, he at last towed him gradually to the surface of the water. The animal lay perfectly motionless, and we made no doubt of easily drawing him on deck. One harpoon, however, being insufficient to support him, particularly as it had penetrated but a little way, twelve or fifteen more were struck into him at once, so as to fix him completely; several hawsers were passed round his body, and he was thus hoisted on board.

This was the least of the three, being only eight-and-twenty feet in its extreme breadth, and one-and-twenty in length from the extremity of its horns to that of the tail. The tail, which was thick in proportion to the body, was twenty-two inches long.

The mouth, placed exactly like that of the ray, was wide enough to swallow a man with ease. The skin was white under the belly, and brown on the back, like that of the ray.

We reckoned the animal to weigh not less, certainly, than a ton.

About twenty small sucking fish were fastened to different parts of his body so firmly, that they did not drop off when he was hoisted on board, but were taken with him.

Some naturalists have said, that the head of the sucking fish is viscous on the lower part, and furnished with rough points, similar to the teeth of a file: and, according to them, it is by means of these two qualities, its roughness and viscosity, that it is enabled to adhere to other fish.

"Figure to yourself," says one of them, "a row of nineteen sharp-edged and dentated laminæ, placed cross-wise, and issuing immediately from the rim of the lower jaw, and you will have a just idea of the part with which the remora makes itself fast."

This description is exact as far as relates to the figure and number of the dentated laminæ; but it places them on the lower part of the head, whereas they are, in reality, on the upper. Accordingly, when the remora fixes itself, it is obliged to turn upon its back, with its belly upward.

I am ignorant whether the two white fish that post themselves on the arms of the sea-devil, and appeared to serve him as pilots, were also of the remora kind. But this at least I can assert, that they appeared to stick firmly to the extremities of the arms I have mentioned, notwithstanding the arms were in continual motion. I must observe, however, that if these white fish had a flat surface, like that by which the remora adheres to other fish, it must have been on the lower part of the body, and not on the upper, since the animal continued in its natural position, and had no occasion to turn over to fix itself at its post.

It would have been highly gratifying to me, if these fish had remained at their stations, and allowed themselves to be taken with the sea-devil, as I should then have had an opportunity of examining them; but the moment the first harpoon was thrown, they let go their hold and disappeared.

I hoped, however, that we might perchance catch one of those that served as sentinels to the other two monsters, which, by all the noise we had made, had not been driven away. Different baits were tried for them, but to no purpose; when the bait was thrown into the water, they came and examined it, and immediately returned to their posts.

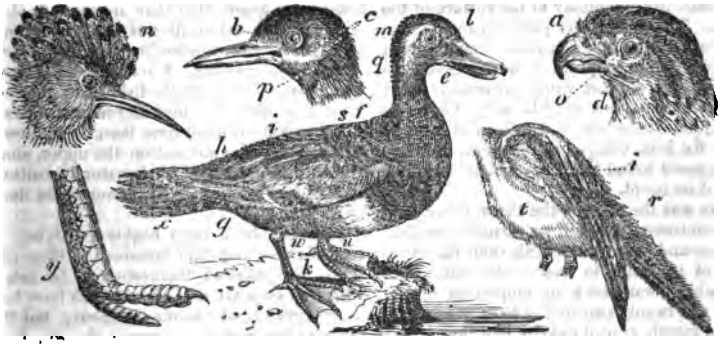
Digitized by Google

I do not at present recollect that any naturalist has spoken of these white remoras. Yet other travellers besides me have seen them. I shall cite on this head Dubadier, known in natural history for his rare and ample collections of the Crustacea of the Carribbee Islands. In his last voyage this naturalist saw, in latitude 45° north, longitude 333°, a similar ray, which he supposed to be about twenty-five or thirty feet in breadth, accompanied by its two white pilots. He made a drawing of it, as I did of the rays which I saw, and on comparing these drawings, the fish evidently appears to be of the same species.

TERMINOLOGY OF BIRDS.

YOUNG persons and adults to whom the terms used in Ornithology are not familiar, will find useful the following illustrated list of technicalities used in that delightful branch of natural science. They may be applied to any bird in a cage, or stuffed in the Museum; and as such terms are by no means uncommon in catalogues of Menageries and Museums, and are of daily occurrence in general writing, the reader who stores this list in his memory will soon be convinced of the utility of its contents. For the original of the Cut we are indebted to the first volume of the *Magazine of Natural History*:—

Caput, the head.
Rostrum, the bill.
Nares, the nostrils.
Cera, wax (on the bill)—(*fig.* 55, *a*).
Lingua, the tongue.
Capústrum, the face.
Lorum, the lore (*b*).
Tempora, the temples (*c*).
Barba, the beard, (*d*).
Gula, the chin (*e*).
Humeri, the shoulders (*f*).
Crissum, the vent (*g*).
Tectrices, the wing coverts (*h*).
A lula spúria, bastard wing (*v*).
Spéculum, the wing-spot (*w*).
Scapulares, scapulars (*i*).
Cauda, the tail.
Tectrices caúdæ, the tail coverts (*s*).
Crura, the legs (*k*).
Femora, the thighs.
Tridáctyli, three-toed.
Didáctyli, two-toed (*y*).
Pes, the foot.
Natatórius, palmated feet (*z*).
Frons, the forehead (*l*).
Vértex, the crown.
Occiput, the hind head (*m*).
Crista, the crest (*n*).
Oculi, the eyes.
Supercília, the eyebrows.
Orbitæ, the orbits (*o*).
Genæ, the cheeks.
Aures, the ears (*p*).
Collum, the neck.
Nucha, the nape (*q*).
Jugulum, the throat.
Uropygium, the rump (*r*).
Interscápulum, between shoulders (*s*).
Axillæ, axillaries (*t*).
Hypocóndriæ, hypochondres (*u*).
Corpus, the body.
Dorsum, the back.
Pectus, the breast.
Abdomen, the belly.
Ambulatórii, walking.
Scansórii, climbing.
Alæ, the wings.
Rectrices, the tail feathers.
Armillæ, bracelets.
Digiti, the toes.
Gressorii, leaping.
Prehensilis, grasping.
Lobatus, lobed feet.
Pinnatus, pinnated.
Calcaria, the spurs.
Carúnculæ, wattles.
Ingluvies, the crop.
Semipalmatus, semipalmated feet.
Ungues, the claws.
Cornua, the horns.
Saccus jugularis, the pouch.



The Public Journals.

SKETCHES OF IRISH FOOLS.
By T. C. Grattan, Esq.

IRELAND has the reputation of having produced a great number of shrewd fellows, and occasionally a knave or two. I can vouch for the quantity of fools to which it gives birth, or at least used to do in my boyish days, and the good old times before me. I do not mean those ninnies, who, believing well of human nature, trust to those whom they have served, and are deceived the more deeply in proportion to their confidence and kindness; nor yet those swaggering, rollicking, foolish fellows who get drunk and swear—

Digitized by Google

"Who kiss the girls and court them,
And spend their money free;"

and thus end by ruining themselves, as they had previously ruined others; but those lamentable abortions of intellect, by courtesy called "innocents" or "naturals," but in plain speaking designated "born idiots," varying in degree, from the slavering baby, propped in a rush-bottomed chair, to the aged and mind-palsied object, stretched on straw by the road side, to disgust and pain the traveller—to fill his eyes and drain his pockets.

It is incontestable that Ireland is more fertile than any other country in what is generally called folly; folly in all its Proteus forms, but specially of that humiliating sort I have just alluded to. I am almost inclined to think that it is quite a matter of chance whether any given Irish infant turn out a wise or a foolish man. And in the majority of adults it is hard to say to which category they belong. They, almost without exception, seem to hover through life between the two attractions; and in nine cases out of ten a feather would turn the beam. It is this uncertainty which gives such a racy flavour to Irish humour, and such picturesqueness to Irish conduct. Other nations scarcely know how to estimate us. Our fools perpetually say the shrewdest things; our wise men constantly do the most foolish.

In the whole neighbourhood of my early life there was scarcely a gentleman's house that had not attached to it a semi-intelligent, half-witted *omadhaun*, who was the knife-cleaner, yard-sweeper, cow-caller, pig-feeder—the servant of the servants, the link between the men and beasts of the establishment. These beings did not hold their tenures, like the court-jesters of former days, by forcing jokes for the amusement of those who should have been their betters; or by pandering to the licentiousness of those whose knavery was in a direct ratio with *their* folly;—but merely by doing the dirty work of the house, not the court; and sometimes, perhaps, being the medium of a platonic intercourse between the butler and the cook, or other friends and *loveyers*, as the case might be. They always fed on the leavings of the kitchen-table, slept in an out-house, went bare-legged and bare-headed; and whether young, old, or middle-aged, were respectively called "the *b'y*." Of all those *boys* whom I can now call to memory, I scarcely recollect an exception that exceeded five feet in height, or that had not flaxen-coloured hair, and light-blue eyes. I now speak of the "born" animals, who "wore motley in their brain," by some unfathomable secret of nature. Those who gained enrolment into the corps by the palpable agencies of whiskey, shillelah, or love-powders, were of all sizes and complexions.

It was curious to mark the accuracy with which the poor stunted *omadhauns* did the duties of their respective stations. These were limited, no doubt; but they required the certain exercise of faculties, the exact definition of which I leave to those more deeply learned in "discourse of reason." The turn-spit could tell to a minute when the joint was properly roasted; the cow-boy knew to a nicety the moment for milking; the somewhat higher grade of being intrusted with the letter-bag never missed the mail as it passed the avenue gate, or was after time at the post-office in the village, to which he cut across through bog and brake, by twists and turnings that would have puzzled the very hares he used to kick up from their forms as he scudded along.

I have heard of affecting instances of fidelity in these poor creatures. A wealthy and better sort of farmer was for three days missing in the ruthless times that succeeded the Rebellion of 1798. Mat, his half-witted cow-boy, or, more technically speaking, "the b'y," had been missing at the same time, and was absurdly suspected of having made away with his master. But, on the fourth morning of the search, the poor *omadhaun* was found stretched beside the farmer's murdered body, in a lonely island in the bog of Allan, actually dying of starvation from his long watch by the corpse, which he would not quit, from the moment he stumbled on it in one of his wanderings, and did not attempt to remove from excessive sorrow acting on want of sense.

Several touching instances of this kind are strong in my memory.

An idiot in our neighbourhood, who bore the curious cognomen of "Godsham," having, in one of the deadly visitations of "the faver," lost his mother, by whom he had been reared in all the bleak indulgences of beggary, carried to her narrow bed, on every day for many months after her death, his snatched and scanty meal, and, dividing it into equal parts, made holes in the turf, and obtruded the food into them, that she might, as when living, partake of his repast. I have seen him, when the rain poured down in torrents, strip off his coat to cover the grave, and have heard him address the most affectionate complaints to her, whom he supposed to be listening to them, for her obstinacy in not speaking to him. The sublime and the ridiculous had here no step between them.

"Arrah, then, mother dear, why won't you come back home wid me agin? Why, then, sure the divil is busy wid you, to be lying out here, ketching your death of could in the open air! It's yourself that did not use to be such an ould runt of a fool; whatever's comed over you of late? Arrah! swop a word wid me, mother jew'l, if it's only to call me a 'madthaun,' as you used to do; and more shame for you, when I'm a nate, clane, sinsible b'y. Here's a pinch of snuff I've brought

Digitized by Google

you, any how, and a drop o' the crathur this could evening, and much good may it do you wid it, mother avich!" * * *

And as he spoke he made holes at the head of the mound, putting in the snuff and pouring the whisky from his little phial into that part where he judged the face to be; and, though much addicted to that treacherous comforter of the wretched and the poor, he would not even taste what he had appropriated to his mother, while all his plaints, lamentations, and reproaches were thus poured into "the cold, dull ear of death."

And now, in illustration of the beautiful lines on Irish character, by Ireland's best poet —I need not quote his name, and I grieve to say that I forget the verses—let us, "like the bird that sings in the sunshine, shaking the cold shower from its wings," turn from this sad strain of recollection into one of a less painful kind.

The housekeeper of the parish priest had a son, who was one of these debatable examples of semi-rationality. His head never had room for more than one idea at a time; nor could his memory well retain more than one sentence, and that a short one, and he found even that of very difficult utterance. He was, nevertheless, frequently employed by his mother to go on errands. She was one day making hog's puddings; and, wanting pepper and allspice to season the ingredients, she desired her son to go to the grocer's, in the neighbouring village, and bring her back a supply of both. "Be sure you don't forget," said she; and not being skilled in calligraphy, she had no means left for security but to make him repeat the words over and over again, and to desire him to continue to do so unceasingly until he arrived at the grocer's. Poor Thady accordingly set off at a brisk trot, repeating to himself, as he went along, "pepper and allspice—pepper and allspice—pepper and allspice," until, having overlooked a stone which lay in his path, he tripped against it, lost his equilibrium, and measured his length on the ground. He arose in a minute; but the shock had been enough to dislodge the recollection of his commission. Scratching his head, he tried to recall the words; but there was no clue to the dark and dismal labyrinth within. Everything there was at random; but a shake of the mental kaleidoscope brought a new formation to life, and "pitch and rosin" were the two words that suggested themselves. These he continued to repeat as industriously as he had done the others, until he entered the grocer's shop, where he muttered, by way of explanation, "Mammy—hog's pudding—pitch and rosin." The grocer, with marvellous perception for matter-of-fact, and knowing the freaks of poor Thady's fancy, guessed what he wanted, and sent back the articles at haphazard. In a short time after, the priest's shepherd was about to mark his fleecy flock, and he desired Thady to go to the same shop, in search of pitch and rosin for the operation. And sure enough Thady trotted off, repeating the two words, until, having met a person who detained him a moment on the road in conversation, he, of course, forgot them; and, by the occult trickeries of idiot association, he now began repeating "pepper and allspice—pepper and allspice," which he demanded at the shop, in conjunction with some imperfect mention of the priest's sheep. And here again his mistake was rectified by the intelligent shopman, who sent back the requisite materials; but so completely was the confusion of hogs and sheep established in poor Thady's cranium, that from that day he could never comprehend the distinction between black puddings and mutton chops.

An idea prevails in Ireland that the real swinish multitude, like many of their too-resembling biped brethren, by analogy so called, are much benefited by immersion in the sea; and when the "salt water," as it is poetically called in our country, cannot be conveniently reached, the river is held to be "*convanient*." The pigs of the priest aforesaid were one day driven forth by the housekeeper, faithfully assisted by Thady, and, albeit unwilling to encounter the liquid element, were, *nolentes volentes*, driven into the gently-flowing Barrow. But one of the most rotund and sleek was selected by Madame Mère as a fit sacrifice to her cupidity, and she ordered Thady to keep its head under water, until suffocation ensued, telling him it was to make the pig sleep. In a short time after, Thady entered a cottage by the river's bank, and the good wife having to prepare her husband's dinner, requested Thady to rock the cradle of her crying child. He obeyed her orders for some time, but finding the urchin inconveniently insomnolent, he ran to the mother, and, by a mixture of words and signs, contrived to tell her that he knew of a certain mode of making it quiet, which was to dip it in the river, and hold its head under water; and, added he, with a knowing wink, "Salt it and eat it—salt it and eat it—like mammy and me—mammy and me—with the priest's pig—with the priest's pig." This led to a discovery of the trick and the theft practised by the housekeeper, who was in consequence discharged from the Priory, and who, ever after, declared "there was no one so 'cute as a fool."

The fools of a country town are widely different from the pastoral idiots of the mere champaign. Even the domestic *omadthauns* of "the hall," or "the park," or "the lodge," formerly spoken of, had a singleness of character, if we may call it so, that marked them to be truly genuine unsophisticated asses. But the very instinct which leads a fool to live in a town proves him to be tainted with the corruption of good sense; not one of the

Digitized by Google

"*innocents*" could breathe in the atmosphere of a city. Who ever saw a genuine fool within the bills of mortality? Civilization is the very Herod of our days. There was a queer look, a half-open leer, a glance of business, about all the creatures I now treat of, which seemed to say, as plainly as the exquisite animal of "The Twelfth Night," "Well, God gives them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools let them use their talents." And when their object was gained, when the piece of money fell into the ready palm, and they turned away with a grin, or a stare, or a scowl, of downright covetousness, every feature seemed to express, "Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty—*till I come again!*"

Chief among the crowd of these beings were some half-dozen, who bore the following names and titles:—Brodigan the Pump-borer, Copper-nosed Jack, Dancing Denny, Bill Woods, and John King.

The first of these was a fellow who had his leg broken and his skull cracked in a row with the faction of the Tuomys, when a young man, and who carried lameness and that spurious sort of idiotcy I have endeavoured to describe, far into middle life, at which stage of his existence I first saw him. He was an awful object to look at—squalid, hairy, and wild, with a vacant gaze of desperation, as if the memory of the fight still haunted, like a spectre, the ruins of the mind it had destroyed. He did nothing from morn till night but swagger up and down the middle of the street, throwing his curved leg out as if in defiance, growling and cursing, and brandishing a blackthorn stick over his head with one hand, while with the other he swept up the ragged tail of the loose great-coat which floated round him—his only *rational* words being, "Five pound for a Tuomy! Tin pound for a Tuomy! Brodigan a boo! Whoop!" Every penny he received was immediately expended in whiskey; but the great quantity he drank seemed to do him neither good nor harm.

How Copper-nosed Jack acquired his nickname I really do not know. The particular feature in question was an eagle-beak, and the eyes above it were of a glassy consistency, but they had no need to be transparent, as there was nothing to be seen within them. This was a biped of most extraordinary activity, a harmless fellow, who either had no more lungs than a fish, or as much as would have filled a church organ; for he would set off at full speed for Dublin, of a summer's morning, with a letter that required haste, and, beating the mail to the capital, (thirty-two Irish miles,) bring back the answer the same night. This activity and industry showed nothing of absolute folly to a common observer; but a keen one could see it to be plainly such, when he marked poor Jack's fellow-fools thrive even better than he did, in the ample indulgence of sloth.

Dancing Denny was a mere automaton, who comprehended but one word besides his own name; and if it were not spoken *beside* it, even that, perhaps, would have been beyond his capacity. "Dance Dinny!" was all his best friends ever said to him. And no sooner were the words said, than away he went, like a puppet on wires, but less naturally, pattering in the same spot with his splay feet, frowning at you all the while from a bushy pair of white eyebrows, and matted hair falling thick over his face. His countenance never changed from its lubberly inexpressiveness. He held one hand out *for the money*. He would dance (as it was called) till he dropped, ever until he felt the coin on his palm. Then, "like Mimosa at the touch of mortality," he shrank into himself, wheeled away, and went off in whatever direction chance pointed to, till some fresh amateur called out "Dance Dinny!" when he began again, and so worked away from dawn till dusk, nourished on whatever scraps were offered him, and going off to his father and mother, who lived in a cabin by the river's side, and who, drinking whiskey to the whole amount of Denny's receipts, drove him adrift again in the morning to earn his title to the next night's lodging.

Bill Woods was certainly intended by Nature for a hero. He was a perfect block in point of feeling. All his tastes were military, and he delighted in destruction. He was of a good size, had tolerable features, and would have been good-looking, but for his air of folly. His teeth were brilliantly white; but his most disagreeable peculiarity was an everlasting chuckle and simper, which would have been an absolute grin, had he had understanding enough to enjoy a laugh. He had an undefinable look of feline cruelty—an air of human mousing, if it may be so expressed; was constant in his attendance on all the picketings, floggings, and executions that took place. He always marched at the head of the yeomanry corps, dressed in a tattered military suit, with an old cocked hat, streaming with faded orange ribbons, a huge cavalry sabre in his hand, and the iron scabbard trailing along the pavement beside him. I have been told that wretches whose torture he witnessed have declared that "they could bear the cat-o'-nine tails better nor Bill Woods's grin;"—and I can understand the feeling.

But that living libel upon mirth or enjoyment was destined to a scene of more revolting exhibition. With a hideous violation of all decency, which I hope could find no parallel out of Ireland, or even there, except in those degrading days, which, for the honour of human nature, are gone by, Bill Woods, the fool, was actually appointed to the office of hangman, in a neighbouring county town. Public feeling, however, could not stand the outrage of this miserable being performing openly the last offices to the victims of offended

Digitized by Google

law and gross misgovernment; and, in the way usual in Ireland when the executioner needs concealment, Bill Woods was enveloped in a blanket whenever he appeared on the scaffold.

Two holes for seeing and one for breathing were cut in this covering; and I can well imagine the horror excited in the dying man, by the sight of those twinkling eyes and that simpering mouth, while his senseless chuckle mixed with their death-prayer, as if some fiend was mowing and chattering, in mockery of their agony.

The many instances of that mixture of madness and folly depending on the influence of drink, and to be judged of by the phases of the whiskey-bottle, cannot be noticed legitimately here. These natural offsprings of Irish excess would fill a large volume of detail. How I could increase and multiply these, from the recollections of my own experience! From Brennan, the house-painter and poet, who used to reel about as the draggle-tailed blackguards pursued him, volleying forth, with a horse laugh, such couplets as—

Rin, ye spalpeens! or 'tis Brinnin 'll scather ye,
An larn ye the differ 'twixt 'salt and batthery!

down to Sam Long, the slater, a *lineal* descendant from one of Cromwell's trumpeters, (most of the intervening ancestors having been hanged,) who roared at times through the streets, in the red-hot fervour of Orangeism, "A Papish! a Papish! my hod and trowel for a Papish! Let me teer him an' ait him! an' bile him, an brile him! a Papish, that I may swally him, body an' bones!"

Poor John King, whom I have reserved for the last of these sketches, because I think his portrait may form a relief to the others, was the most amiable, and, I may say, the most interesting of fools. He was a young man of middle size, regular features, and dark complexion; and the expression of his countenance was so unequivocally good that he won one's pity and sympathy at once. The glazed look of timid kindliness, which his face always wore, seemed to have been, as it were, frozen on it by some sudden chill, that had fixed, but could not ruffle, the sentiment it had stolen on by surprise. Poor John King's story was a sad and painful one. Many persons used to take a pleasure in leading him on to tell it himself. This used to be done by a regular train of questions, put by rule and answered by rote: and, when I call to mind the unmoved listlessness with which he performed his part of the colloquy, I am satisfied there was no wanton sporting with sensibility in putting him on this trial. He repeated his oft-rehearsed task as coldly as a trained witness, pocketed the donation of the curious or the charitable, without another word—and walked away.* — *Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

* His story was told, under the title of "The Love Draught," in the "Literary Souvenir" for 1830.

THE RIO VERDE SONG.

[The name of the Rio Verde (the "Gentle River" of Percy's ballad) will be familiar to every Spanish reader, as associated in song and story with the old romantic wars of the Peninsula.]

Flow, Rio Verde!
In melody flow;
Win her that weepeth
To slumber from woe!
Bid thy wave's music
Roll through her dreams;
Grief ever loveth
The kind voice of streams.

Bear her lone spirit
Afar on the sound,
Back to her childhood,
Her life's fairy ground;
Pass like the whisper
Of love that is gone.—
Flow, Rio Verde,
Softly flow on!

Dark glassy waters,
So crimson'd of yore,
Love, Death, and Sorrow,
Know thy green shore.
Thou should'st have Echoes
For Grief's deepest tone.—
Flow, Rio Verde!
Softly flow on!

New Monthly Magazine.

Retrospective Gleanings.

LETTER OF DR. FRANKLIN.

(*Concluded from page* 31.)

"I am perfectly of your mind that measures of great temper are necessary with the *Germans;* and am not without apprehensions that, through their indiscretion, or ours, or both, great disorders may one day arise among us. Those who come hither are generally the most stupid of their own nation, and as ignorance is often attended with credulity, when knavery would mislead it, and with suspicion when honesty would set it right; and as few of the English understand the German language, and so cannot address them either from the press or the pulpit, 'tis almost impossible to remove any prejudices they may entertain. Their clergy have very little influence on the people, who seem to take a pleasure in abusing and discharging the minister on every trivial occasion. Not being used to liberty, they know not how to make a modest use of it. And as Kolben says of the young Hottentots, that they are not esteemed men until they have shown their manhood by *beating their mothers*, so these seem not to think themselves free, till they can feel their liberty in abusing and insulting their teachers. Thus they are under no restraint from ecclesiastical government; they behave, however, submissively enough, at present, to the *civil* government, which I wish they may continue to do, for I remember when they modestly declined intermeddling in our *elections*, but now they come in droves and carry all before them, except in one or two counties. Few of their children in the country know English. They import

Digitized by Google

many books from Germany; and of the six printing-houses in the provinces, two are entirely German, two half German, half English, and but two entirely English. They have one German newspaper, and one half German. Advertisements intended to be general, are now printed in Dutch and English. The signs in our streets have inscriptions in both languages, and in some places only German. They begin of late to make all their bonds, and other legal instruments in their own language, which (though, I think, it ought not to be) are allowed good in our courts, where the German business so increases, that there is continued need of interpreters; and, I suppose, in a few years, they will also be necessary in the Assembly to tell one half of our legislators what the other half say. In short, unless the stream of their importation could be turned from this to other colonies, as you very judiciously propose, they will soon so outnumber us, that all the advantages we have, will, in my opinion, be not able to preserve our language, and even our government will become precarious. The French, who watch all advantages, are now themselves making a German settlement, back of us in the Illinois country, and by means of these Germans they may, in time, come to an understanding with ours; and, indeed, in the last war, our Germans showed a general disposition that seemed to bode us no good. For when the English, who were not Quakers, alarmed by the danger arising from the defenceless state of our country, entered unanimously into an association, and within this government and the low countries, raised, armed, and disciplined near ten thousand men, the Germans, except a very few in proportion to their number, refused to engage in it: giving out, one amongst another, and even in print, that if they were quiet, the French, should they take the country, would not molest them; at the same time abusing the Philadelphians for fitting out privateers against the enemy: and representing the trouble, hazard, and expense of defending the province, as a greater inconvenience than any that might be expected from a change of government. Yet I am not for refusing to admit them entirely into our colonies. All that seems to me necessary is, to distribute them more equally, mix them with the English, establish English schools, where they are now too thick settled: and take some care to prevent the practice lately fallen into by some of the ship-owners of sweeping the German gaols to make up the number of their passengers. I say I am not against the admission of Germans in general, for they have their virtues;—their industry and frugality is exemplary. They are excellent husbandmen; and contribute greatly to the improvement of a country.

"I pray God to preserve long to Great Britain the English laws, manners, liberties, and religion. Notwithstanding the complaints so frequent in your public papers, of the prevailing corruption and degeneracy of the people, I know you have a great deal of virtue still subsisting among you; and I hope the Constitution is not so near a dissolution, as some seem to apprehend. I do not think you are generally become such slaves to your vices as to draw down the *justice* Milton speaks of, when he says, that" * * *

[Here most unfortunately at this critical juncture, when the imagination is worked up to the highest pitch, to hear, upon our future destinies, the apprehensions of Franklin, in the words of Milton, the *manuscript* breaks off abruptly, nor will the remainder, it is probable, be ever recovered. What is the passage, curiosity eagerly inquires, which Franklin was about to quote? I take it, beyond all question, to be this:

Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward lost. *P. Lost*, xii. 97.

Franklin, at the date of this letter, must have been in the full vigour of his powers, and forty-seven years old.]

A HINT TO SUPPRESS GIN DRINKING.

In the year 1736, there was written, "An Heroic-comic-tragical Farce," called "The Deposing and Death of Queen Gin."

"This little burlesque piece, which is not (says Baker) devoid of humour, was acted at the New Theatre in the Haymarket. The design of it is founded on an Act of Parliament, whereby an additional duty was laid on malt spirits, and the retailing of spirituous liquors of any kind prohibited to the distillers; by which means the pernicious practice that the commonality of England, and more particularly of this great metropolis, had been for some time infatuated with, of drinking great quantities of the worst and most pernicious kind of spirit distilled from malt, under the name of gin, was at once greatly checked; and at length, by means of different acts, entirely put an end to. The principal characters in the piece are—Queen Gin, the Duke of Rum, the Marquis of Nantz, and Lord Sugar Cane."—Author anonymous.

P. T. W.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

[The intelligence of Lander, at the close of the description of the Alburkha, in the last number of the *Mirror*, is correct, as will be seen by the following extract from a letter of Richard Lander to his brother, in the *Literary Gazette*, of last Saturday.]

You know that when we were here toge-

Digitized by Google

ther, Abucco, chief of Damuggoo, had been at variance for several years with his brother, the ruler of Attà. On arriving at the former place from the coast, I was sorry to find the brothers, with their respective subjects, still engaged in that petty but obstinate and ferocious warfare which had distinguished the quarrel at its commencement. Determined, if possible, to effect a reconciliation between them, I prevailed on our old friend Abucco to accompany me to Attà, promising to introduce him to his brother, and pledging my life for his safety. The meeting took place on the 22nd of November, and a highly interesting one it was, I assure you. Our party, preceded by Jowdie and a few drummers, were introduced into a large square inclosure. The chief, seated on a kind of throne, was surrounded by all his mallame, and a multitude of his attendants. His wives were seated under a veranda, from which were suspended several handsome Turkey carpets, which served them for a screen. Abucco instinctively drew back as he approached the throne, but, taking him by the hand, I led, or rather pulled, him towards his brother. At this moment his confidence seemed to have forsaken him entirely; his head hung down on his breast, and I could feel him tremble violently. Whilst I was displaying my presents to the chief of Attà, I perceived him several times bestow a hasty and displeased look on his brother, who had disengaged himself from my hand, and was sitting on the ground. Though seven years had elapsed since their last meeting, neither of the rulers uttered a word. The curiosity of the chief of Attà having in some measure been gratified, I immediately introduced his brother to his notice, by paying him a high compliment, which Abucco had certainly deserved. I then expressed the regret I felt on witnessing the bad effects of the misunderstanding which had existed between them for so many years; insisted on the necessity of brothers living together in harmony; and said, I was determined not to quit the spot until I had established a perfect reconciliation between them. The chief was extremely disconcerted, but he made no reply. I then desired Abucco to rise, and leading him to his brother, I took the right hand of each, and pressing both hands together, made them shake hands heartily, observing—"You are now friends, and may God keep you so." The brothers were deeply affected, and neither of them could utter a syllable for several seconds afterwards. Every countenance beamed with delight at the happy termination of the interview, and the multitude gave vent to their feelings in a loud, long, and general shout. For my part, I need not say, I cannot tell the heartfelt gratification I felt at that moment. But this is not the most important good that I have been the humble means of effecting at this place. From time immemorial it has been a custom with the rulers of Attà to sacrifice human beings on rejoicing days, and on all public occasions. At the interview which I have just described to you, two poor creatures were brought before us to be slain, in order that their blood might be sprinkled about the yard. I shuddered at the proposal, and begged with earnestness that nothing of the kind might be done. I assured the chief, he would one day have to give an account to God of every life he might wantonly destroy; and also made him sensible, that though after death his body would moulder into dust, his soul would live for ever, and that it would be happy or miserable in proportion to the good or bad actions he had performed, or might yet perform, in this world. The chief was evidently much affected at my words, and desired his followers to unbind the intended victims, and remove them from the yard. He then made a solemn promise to put an end to the custom of sacrificing human beings. As soon as this declaration was made known to the mallams, and the crowd of attendants in the yard, they all held up their hands in token of approbation, and shouted for joy. It is now seven or eight months since this promise was made, and I am happy to say that it has been religiously kept.

The Gatherer.

Bishop Ruthall.—Ruthall was bishop of Durham in the reign of Henry VIII., and was in great favour with that monarch, who made him a privy counsellor, and employed him in important business, both at home and abroad. He was ordered by that prince to draw up an account of the royal revenues, which he accordingly did. At the same time, he took an estimate of his own riches, and, binding them in vellum, he laid up both together. Unfortunately for him, when Henry sent Cardinal Wolsey for the royal estimate, the servant, by mistake, delivered the bishop's—which the cardinal (though he was apprized of the mistake, being jealous of the bishop) presented to the king, telling him it would inform him where to apply when he wanted money, for the bishop was the richest subject in the kingdom, it appearing by this account that he was worth 100,000*l.*—a vast sum for a private person to possess at that time. When the bishop discovered the error his servant had committed, it had so great an effect upon him, that his uneasiness threw him into a disorder which put a period to his life. He died at London, Feb. 4, 1522; and is buried in St. John's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey.

W. G. C.

Digitized by Google

Sagittarius.—This is one of the twelve signs of the zodiac, and was borne by King Stephen of England, on account of his entering the kingdom when the sun was in that sign, when he obtained a great victory by the help of his archers; he accordingly took for his arms the said sign, and left off bearing both the arms of his father, Stephen, Earl of Champaine, and his grandfather, William the Conqueror.

White Elephants.—In many of the eastern countries, white elephants are regarded as the living *manes* of the Indian emperors. Each of these animals has a palace, a number of domestics, golden vessels filled with the choicest food, magnificent garments, and they are absolved from all labour and servitude. The Emperor is the only personage before whom they bow the knee, and their salute is returned by the monarch.

Amongst the ancient Persians, when they went to war, every man cast an arrow into a chest provided for the purpose, and placed before the throne of their king; and at their return, every one took his own shaft, that so by the number of arrows remaining, the number of the deceased might be known.

Refusing to kiss the Pope's toe.—Harrington, the celebrated political writer, when at Rome, refused at a public ceremony, to kiss the Pope's toe; and when blamed, in the presence of his own king, for this want of attention to foreign customs, he replied, that having had the honour of kissing his majesty's *hand*, he thought it beneath him to kiss the *toe* of any other sovereign.

Ancient name for Tailor.—Snyde, in the ancient Saxon language, signified to cut; *snydee*, a cutter, being our ancient name for a tailor, till we took the name *tailleur* from the French, having the same signification.

Tartars and the Owl.—Chingis Khan, the first Tartarian emperor, being defeated in an engagement, and seeing himself closely pursued, crept into a bush to hide himself, where he was no sooner laid, than an owl perched upon the top of it; which when the pursuers saw, they neglected the search of that bush, supposing no man was there where so timorous a bird sat securely; by which means Chingis preserved his life, in memory thereof, the Tartars hold an owl in great veneration.

Cardinal's Hat.—Pope Innocent IV. ordained that cardinals should wear red hats, whereby he would signify that those who entered into that order ought to expose themselves even to the shedding of their blood and hazard of their lives, in the defence of ecclesiastical liberty.

Ermine.—Ermine, in heraldry, is black spots on a white field. Sir George Mackenzie says, the first user of this fur in arms was Brutus, the son of Silvius, who having by accident killed his father, left that unhappy ground, and travelling in Bretaigne, in France, fell asleep, and when he awoke, he found this little beast upon his shield, and from that time wore a shield *ermine*.

Egyptian Year.—Volney tells us:—"The Egyptians represented the year by a palm-tree, and the month by one of its branches; because it is the nature of the tree to produce a branch every month."

Hiastaotomtehom.—This is the name of a Chinese plant, the root of which is said to change, at a certain time, into a worm. M. Reaumur has given it the name of *plante ver* in the French, but he discovered the error of supposing such a transformation; the whole truth of the case being, that a certain caterpillar, when about to change into the chrysalis state, so nicely joins itself to the root of this plant, as to appear a part of it.

Origin of the Spread Eagle.—The spread eagle signifies an eagle with two heads. Porney tells us the reason why the Emperor of Germany bears an eagle with two heads, viz. "On the union of the kingdom of Romania, its arms, which were an eagle displayed sable, being the same as those of the Emperor, were united into one body, leaving it two necks as they are now. Charlemagne was the first Emperor of Germany, and added the second head to the eagle for his arms."

P. T. W.

It appears that of 18,300 independent schools in the United Kingdom, free of the control of ancient Statutes or Committees, Latin or Greek is professed in 3,100; French, in 5,720; Phillips's Interrogative System, 6,150, and partially in about 5,400: the Monitor system of Bell and Lancaster, in 1,450; mathematics in 1,200; German or Italian, in 1,800; drawing, in 2,200; and the Hamiltonian System, in 430.—*Morning Herald.*

The following remarkable inscription, carved in very rude characters, a little resembling the church text upon a monumental stone, was discovered a few years since, buried in the ruins of Llanbedder Castle, in Radnorshire: "Theire is butte oune Godde, and he is universaile; Godde is Godde, howevrre you worshippe himme; and he is a true worshipperre who auctethe kindlie in the eie of the Lordde, who reignethe bove the skie."

W. G. C.

ERRATUM.—In the *Supplement* Sketch of Captain Ross it is stated that the Captain proceeded to Rotterdam in the Isabella, whereas he was taken on board the steamer, when the Isabella was within twelve miles of the port of Hull.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 645.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1834. [Price 2*d*.

Illustrations of Scott:

KENILWORTH.

THE INN AT CUMNOR.

Cumnor is a small, neat village, on the borders of Berkshire, about five miles from Abingdon, and within three or four of Oxford. The immediate neighbourhood has little to interest the traveller. The entrance to the village on the Abingdon side is rather picturesque: the church on one hand, and the parsonage-house nestled among the trees on the other, are the first objects which attract attention. Next, on the latter side, stands "the Bear and Ragged Staff," the "bonny Black Bear," where lies scene i. chap. i. of *Kenilworth*. The present landlord has his name duly announced on the sign-board, with the addition of "late Giles Gosling." Adjoining the church, on the opposite side, stood Cumnor Place, where the unfortunate Amy met her fate. The ruins of this mansion will be found in vol. iv. of the *Mirror*, with Mickle's touching Ballad. The Place is now demolished; but a pond is shown, where the gossips say the body of Amy was thrown. The legend tells that she was actually drowned.

The Lambournes are still inhabitants of the village, and they are said to inherit many of the qualities of the renowned "Michael." The Varneys are quiet, respectable farmers in the neighbourhood; and our informant thinks the tomb of Amy Robsart is in Cumnor Church, as also that of Varney.

Who among the many thousand readers of the Waverley Novels, all over the civilized world, can forget the first glowing pages of Kenilworth, where "the scene is laid during the old days of merry England, when the guests of an inn were in some sort not merely the inmates, but the messmates and temporary companions of mine host, who was usually a personage of privileged freedom, comely presence, and good humour. Patronized by him, the characters of the company were placed in ready contrast; and they seldom failed, during the emptying of a six-hooped pot, to throw off reserve, and present themselves to each other, and to their landlord, with the freedom of old acquaintance."

Then comes the richly-drawn portrait of the host, rivalling even the Boniface and Cherry of Congreve. "Cumnor boasted, during the eighteenth of Queen Elizabeth, an excellent inn of the old stamp, conducted, or rather ruled, by Giles Gosling, a man of a goodly person, and of somewhat a round belly, fifty years of age and upwards, moderate in his reckonings, prompt in his pay-

Digitized by Google

ments, having a cellar of sound liquor, a ready wit, and a pretty daughter. Since the days of old Harry Baillie, of the Tabard, in Southwark, no one had excelled Giles Gosling in the power of pleasing his guests of every description; and so great was his fame, that, to have been in Cumnor without wetting a cup at the bonny Black Bear, would have been to avouch one's self utterly indifferent to reputation as a traveller. A country fellow might as well return from London, without looking in the face of majesty. The men of Cumnor were proud of their host, and their host was proud of his house, his liquor, his daughter, and himself."

May no starvelling beer-shop ever displace the hospitable "Bear and Ragged Staff" of Cumnor.

EXTRACT FROM A NEW YEAR ADDRESS.

Come to my soul, thou Spirit of the Lyre!
'Tis the deep, cloudy midnight; and the wail
Of the cold wind is on its strings of fire,
And on the far hills, rising, dimly pale!
Ah! wake thy murmurs on the troubled gale—
Pour the sad requiem o'er the dying year—
Give to man's thoughtful eye a passing tale
Of days departed, bright as beauty's tear,
Or summer's festal sky, ere autumn clouds draw near!

From the dark sepulchre of years gone by,
A deeply mournful voice is murmuring.
"Where are the dreams of old!—the spirit high
Mounting like eagles on the fearless wing?
Where is the pride of that luxuriant spring,
Which pour'd its light on Rome—on Babylon?
—The wreaths of Time around their temples cling—
Their halls are dust!—the gold of Chaldee won—
Where sails the bittern's wing, when the bright day is done!

Even thus with the past year;—its morn was gay—
Sweet flowers were on the earth's green bosom springing—
And streaming sunlight bless'd the sky of May,
Where early birds their joyous way were winging,
A dream of love to youth's fresh spirit bringing;
And all was gladness o'er the laughing earth:—
To the tall oak the sunny vine was clinging—
And sending echoes, e'en to home and hearth,
The sweet blue streams, set free, pour'd out a voice of mirth!

Then came the summer's prime—its long, bright day—
With garniture of wood, and field, and stream—
The golden sun outpour'd his gladdening ray,
And the blue sea danced in his boundless gleam;—
When like a soft, and faint-heard song, would seem
The cheerful murmur of the drowsy bee,
About the full grown flowers—and like a dream
Spread out for man's blest eye the scene might be,
While, as soft, breezy chant, was in the greenwood tree!

Then frown'd the autumnal cloud; the shrouded sky
Its multitude of gleams and stars withdrew;
The flowers grew pale; and summer-brooks were high,
And imaged back no more a heaven of blue;—
No moon smiled out upon the evening dew—
The squirrel's footstep rustled in the glen—
The red leaves fell, and fitful night-winds blew;
And to the bright south-west, away from men,
Far, on their glancing plumes, roam'd the wild birds again!

But man is changing in the changing year—
Shadows o'ersweep the day-spring of the heart;
When gazing back upon Time's dim career,
He marks youth's cheerful images depart!
Then will lone *Memory* her tales impart
Of early buds, all ashes in the urn:—
Mournful and sweet her reveries!—but we start—
And from lost years unto the present turn—
Closing from mind's deep cell, the voiceless thoughts that burn!

How many dreams have to the dust gone down—
Witness thou fading and departed year!
Since last thy spring enwreathed her flowery crown,—
Lo! gentle forms have lain upon the bier,
Where thoughtful sorrow pour'd the pensive tear!
Genius and beauty gather'd to their rest—
Death, in all climes, is on his way of fear—
His arrow trembles in Youth's budding breast—
Oh! were his power decay'd, how might Earth's love be bless'd!

WILLIS G. CLARK.—(*New York.*)

THOUGHTS ON LAUGHTER.

BATCH SECOND.

SHAFTESBURY has a fine-spun essay on the freedom of wit and humour, wherein he defends raillery, as "a serious study, to learn and temper and regulate that humour which nature has given us, as a more lenitive remedy against vice, and a kind of specific against superstition and melancholy delusion;" thus, we every day see more persons will be laughed than lectured out of their follies. Shaftesbury too observes, that gravity is the very essence of imposture; but he also remarks: "there is a great difference between seeking how to raise a laugh from every thing, and seeking, in every thing, what justly may be laughed at. For nothing is ridiculous except what is deformed; nor is any thing proof against raillery, except what is handsome and just." His corollary from this passage is: "therefore, 'tis the hardest thing in the world to deny fair honesty the use of this weapon, which can never bear an edge against herself, and bears against every thing contrary."

It is now time to leave these air-drawn theories, and turn to the practical details of the subject; to these Steele has paid especial attention, and probably neither of the writers whom we have quoted can strengthen his argument with a greater share of experience. According to the witty essayist, we may range the several kinds of laughers under the following heads:—

The dimplers,	The laughers,	The horse-laughers.
The smilers,	The grinners,	

"The dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover. This was called by the ancients, the Chian laugh.

"The smile is for the most part confined to the fair sex, and their male retinue. It expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, doth not too much disorder the features, and is practised by lovers of the

Digitized by Google

most elegant address. This tender motion of physiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

"The laugh among us is the common *risus* of the ancients.

"The grin, by writers of antiquity, is called the Syncrusian; and was then, as it is at this time, made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth.

"The horse-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made use of with great success in all kinds of disputation. The proficients in this kind, by a well-timed augh, will baffle the most solid arguments. This upon all occasions supplies the want of reason, and is always received with great applause in coffee-house disputes; and that side the laugh joins with is generally observed to gain the better of his antagonist." Human nature has altered in so few shades since Steele's time, that his portraits are to be seen every where in our day. Steele has, however, omitted to notice a very numerous class of laughers at their own wit, whom Lavater lashes in the remark that "he who always prefaces his tale with laughter is poisoned between impertinence and folly;" and Cumberland refers to this class in observing that "garrulity, attended with immoderate fits of laughing, is no uncommon case, when the provocation thereunto springs from jokes of a man's own making."

Swift has somewhere explained the anatomical cause of laughter; but no better definition has appeared than that by Abernethy, who explains laughing to be an action of the diaphragm, or muscle dividing the chest from the belly: it consists of a quick succession of short expirations, which, when powerful, combine the motion of the chest and abdominal muscles. Thus, when a jolly fellow laughs, we may see his chest and abdomen move powerfully; and to stay this exhausting action, we see the poet's "laughter holding both his sides."

The cause of laughter, Abernethy explains to be physical and moral: physical, when caused by tickling the soles of the feet, the palms of the hands, the axillæ, or arm-pits, &c., as described by Bacon; yet, Abernethy adds, the cause is not altogether physical, as the effect depends on the tickler; and we can never laugh at some persons, tickle they never so wisely. Some tickling operations on board ship, probably, caused a bay on the coast of Darien to be named, "Tickle me quickly."

The healthiness of laughter has never been disputed, even by the most snarling cynic. Yet we read of its fatal excess in the death of a clergyman's widow, in the year 1782—the good old times. On the Wednesday evening before her death, this lady went to Drury Lane theatre, to see the Beggars' Opera travestied, in which Bannister played Polly; and by his grotesque humour threw the lady into a fit of laughter, succeeded by hysterics which continued until Friday morning, when she expired.

Dr. Radcliffe's cure by laughter may lend a pleasant light to this shadow:—"The doctor was remarkable for his expediency in all extraordinary cases. He was once sent for into the country, to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsey; and perceiving that no application, external or internal, would be of any service, he desired the lady of the house to order the cook to make a large hasty-pudding; and when it was done, to let his own servants bring it up. While the cook was getting the pudding ready, he took his men aside and instructed them what to do. In a short time up came the pudding, piping hot, and was set upon the table in full view of the patient. 'Come, John and Dick,' said the doctor, 'you love hasty-pudding, eat this as quick as possible, for I believe you both came out this morning without your breakfasts.' Both then commenced operations with their spoons; but John's dipping twice for Dick's once, Dick took occasion to quarrel with him, and threw a spoonful of the hot hasty-pudding in his face. This John immediately resented by returning the compliment in nearly a double dose, which almost blinded Dick, and so exasperated him, that he took the pudding by handfuls and pelted his fellow servant, who battled him again in the same manner. The patient, who had been an eye-witness to this hasty rencontre between Radcliffe's men, could not refrain from the most hearty burst of laughter: so much, in fine, was his fancy tickled, that the quinsey burst and discharged its contents. Radcliffe completed the cure; and both the servants were amply rewarded after the joke had had its effect."

Dr. Franklin, who wrote a paper on paying too dear for a whistle, might have spared a line for the expense of a laugh; for one has been known to cost a king four crowns—we mean twenty shillings. Thus Edward II., upon the grave authority of the Antiquarian Repository, is stated to have paid twenty shillings for laughing at the awkwardness of his clerk of the kitchen, who so often fell from his horse in hunting with the king. Although clerk of the kitchen, he would have made but a poor clerk of the course.

As laughing is a characteristic of poetry, so it has been beautifully illustrated by painting and sculpture. The gems of the ancients abound with representations of laughter—as do the pictures of the moderns. Laughing girls, sylphs, and swains are not uncommon among their portraitures; yet we are not sure that they are the most successful, for it is easier to catch the hard lines of grief than the radiant joy—the bright flood—of laughter: though, as Dryden oddly remarks—"nothing but nature can give a sin-

Digitized by Google

cere pleasure: where that is not imitated, 'tis grotesque painting; the fine woman ends in a fishes's tail." Hogarth, probably, from the fact so well expressed by Hume, (that every movement of the theatre by a skilful poet, is communicated by magic to the spectators), was accustomed to sketch laughing faces upon his thumb-nail; and thus he grouped his well-known print of the Laughing Audience, which is a finer illustration than all that has been said or sung upon the subject. Hood attempts something of the kind in one of his Comic Annual prints; but his faces want the heartiness of Hogarth. As nothing is more beautiful than graceful laughter, Sir Thomas Lawrence was accustomed to invite his sitters to dine with him, that he might, unknown to them, catch their best looks during the flow of soul, which he transferred next day to canvass. None but a master-mind could, however, succeed in such a labour.

Laughing to note and measure has employed the genius of great musical composers. Arne's song in Milton's masque of Comus is a splendid example; as is the Laughing Chorus of Weber, in Der Freischutz;—both which productions remind us of Steele's "symphony of laughter," and "chorus of conversation."

Artificial laughter is one of the curiosities of chemical philosophy in the last century, and its production is characteristic of the artificial character of our age. The agent is nitrous oxide; or, as it is popularly termed, "laughing gas,"—from its inhalation producing pleasurable excitement, often accompanied by laughter. It is procured from nitrate of ammonia, in a glass retort, over the flame of a lamp, and was discovered by Dr. Priestley, in 1772, but was first accurately investigated by Sir Humphry Davy, in 1779. Sir Humphry having previously closed his nostrils, and exhausted his lungs, breathed four quarts of this gas from and into a silk bag. He at first felt giddy; but in less than half a minute, the respiration being continued, the giddiness diminished, and was succeeded by a sensation analagous to gentle pressure on all the muscles, attended by pleasurable thrilling in the chest and extremities. His sight became dazzled, and his hearing more acute. Towards the last inspiration, the thrilling increased; and at last an irresistible propensity to action was indulged in. He recollected but indistinctly what followed: he knew that his motions were various and violent; but these ceased very soon after respiration. In ten minutes he recovered his natural state of mind; the thrilling having continued longer than the other sensations.

Almost every one who has breathed this gas, has experienced the same effects. On some few it has no effect whatever, and on others the results are always painful. The experiment cannot be made with impunity, especially by those who are liable to a determination of blood to the head. This is, therefore, a mere scientific bungle—"the counterfeit presentment of humanity;" and we heartily recommend all hypochondriacs to abstain from the trial.

BRITISH ICONOCLASTS.

(From a Correspondent.)

We are apt to refer to the days of the Goths and the Vandals for instances to show how utterly opposed are ignorance and barbarism to science and the fine arts; but we need not turn back to the pages of history beyond the latter part of the year 1833, to prove that Englishmen are at the present *enlightened* period, capable of acts of deliberate spoliation of the sacred remains of antiquity, that would have disgraced even an Attila or an Omar. Some elegant and interesting remains at Athens, which had survived the lapse of ages, and the destroying hands of merciless and savage invaders and robbers, and which were just restored from the protecting bosom of the earth, to adorn the repositories of science and learning, have been saved to afford certain British midshipmen an opportunity of displaying their utter want of taste and capability for appreciating the value of such relics of the splendid labours of antiquity.

An antiquary employed by Otho's government has been for some time clearing away the rubbish which had accumulated in and around the magnificent Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva. In the progress of his labour, he discovered a stone in high preservation, on which were—"Two priests leading two oxen to be sacrificed;" and another, equally well preserved, descriptive of "The Water Carriers." These were exhibited freely to the officers from the English fleet, lying off the coast, who would often visit the excavations; but while one day the artist had left the spot for a short time, a party of midshipmen succeeded in mutilating and destroying the figures on the first-mentioned stone.

The admiral, on the depredation being made known to him, ordered the young men on board their vessel, sentenced them to pay sixty dollars, the expense the antiquary had incurred, and directed that while on that station they should never again quit their own ship. Two other midshipmen being afterwards proved to have defaced a centaur, and stolen the parts broken off, and refusing to own their share in the wanton proceedings, were sent home in disgrace.

It is a sad reflection, that Englishmen should be, of all people in the world, the most inimical to works of art; but that they cannot be trusted near monuments and archi-

Digitized by Google

tectural objects, ancient or modern, is obvious, from the care that is taken in this country to erect railings round every public work worthy of preservation.

While we are holding up the above disgraceful outrage to the world, let it be also recorded, that the exquisite frieze on the Demosthenes's Lantern, at Athens, was also disfigured by an English midshipman.

Lothbury. C. R. S.

SONNET TO HOPE.

Sweeter than cooling spring in Arab waste,
To the lone traveller, fainting as he goes;
And sweeter far, than nectar to the taste,
Or to the smell, the fragrance of the rose;
Lovelier than aught that in the garden grows;
Fairer than lilies bath'd in morning dew;
Softer than zephyr, when he gently blows,
Sporting with Halcyon on the billows blue:
So soft, so sweet, so lovely didst thou seem,
Enchantress Hope! to charm my youthful views.
Yet were thy whispers but a passing dream:
A fairy scene, that Fancy's pencil drew,
Like beauteous frost-work in the solar beam,
Where all is evanescent and untrue. C.

HISSING AT THEATRES.

(*To the Editor.*)

Your Correspondent *H. S. D.* very properly alludes to a palpable mistake by a former correspondent (H. B. Andrews), who has certainly taken a wrong view of the subject. It is well known to every schoolboy even, that in the games of the circus, when a gladiator was overthrown, the spectators expressed by means of elevating or compressing the thumb, whether or not the conqueror was to spare the vanquished. Had he not known this, the note in the Delphin Edition to the passage of Juvenal Sat. iii. 36.—

> Munera nunc edunt et verso pollice vulgi
> Quemlibet occidunt populariter—

would have explained the custom—Conversus retro pollex signum erat occidendi gladiatoris qui succubuerat, &c.

There cannot be the least doubt that the Romans expressed their applause or disapprobation much in the same way that we do. In the first satire of Horace, lib. i. verse 66, the following expressions occur, which, though not employed concerning the theatre, evidently prove this assertion—

> Populus me *sibilat*, et mihi *plaudo*
> Ipse domi, &c.

Here is the word *sibilat* (*hiss*) at all events, and *plaudo* seems to convey also the act of applause, which was no doubt expressed by clapping. However, as to hissing, *sibilat* is, I should say, conclusive. George.

THE REALMS OF AIR.

The realms of air are beautiful
In the fairy light of morn;
When a purple tint is on the clouds,
And the glorious sun is born;
When the flow'rs unclose their sapphire eyes
To greet a heaven as fair,
And the skylark soars with joyful song
Amid the realms of air.

The realms of air are beautiful
When the wings of light unfold,
And the gorgeous monarch of the sky
Displays his crown of gold.
How welcome to the mourner's heart,
Depress'd with grief or care,
Is every sunbeam which illumes
The silent realms of air.

The realms of air are beautiful—
They charm the gazer's sight
When wreaths of crystal stars adorn
The diadem of night;
The moon reveals her silver brow
In cloudless splendour there,
And like a fairy spirit glides
Amid the realms of air.

When sunset fades upon the hills,
And tinges them with fire,
What recollections of the past
Its parting gleams inspire!
The billows sleep in serpent coils,
Or seem awak'd to pray'r,
And hues and forms magnificent
Are blended in the air.

Those viewless halls—the early lost
Received a home therein,
Ere earth destroyed the spirit's bloom,
Or stain'd the heart with sin.
Oh! may the beatific dawn
Soon light this world of care,
And guide us to eternal rest
Amid the realms of air! C.

ANCIENT ROYAL SIGNET.

In the Hotel Soubise, at Paris, is a document of the date of 1404, to which is appended the public seal of the renowned Welsh prince and warrior, Owen Glyndwr. Casts of both the obverse and reverse, taken by Mr. Doubleday, were exhibited by Sir Henry Ellis, at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, on the 12th of December last, together with a cast of Glyndwr's private seal. Until this discovery was made, it was not known, I believe, that this prince had assumed the sovereign style of using the royal signet. I. P.

THE SEA.

Calm and beautiful art thou,
When the moon is gliding o'er thee,
Like a spirit on the brow
Of heaven suspended—to adore thee.

Playful—when the summer breeze
O'er thy broad expanse is breathing,
With the scatter'd leaves of trees,
Every silver wavelet wreathing.

Like a giant roused from sleep,
When thy billows peal like thunder,
Rending in thy trackless deep,
Oak leviathans asunder.

Such thou art, immortal sea!
Man and earth's sublime dictator!
But the voice which swells from thee
Is the *voice* of thy Creator! C.

Digitized by Google

Manners and Customs.

JUS DIVINUM—THIRTIETH OF JANUARY.

Mr. Coleridge deduces the doctrine of the divine right from the Hebrew scriptures: see his lay sermon. We shall neither attempt to prove it, nor to disprove it, leaving it *in statu quo*, but giving some notices of what others have said upon the subject. We have an expression among us—Prince of the blood—the common acceptation of which does not favour us with the etymology or genealogy of his most gracious majesty THE: the doctrine of *jus divinum* however may, and so that point is settled. When the bill was moved to abolish the episcopal government of the church, one of the advocates for that measure gravely urged—"That archbishops are not *jure divino* is no question; *ergo*, whether archbishosp, who are certainly not *jure divino*, should suspend ministers, who are certainly *jure divino*, I leave to you, Mr. Speaker." Upon which the learned Selden immediately rose and replied—"That parliaments are not *jure divino* is out of the question; that religion is *jure divino* is past dispute; whether parliaments, which without doubt are not *jure divino*, should meddle with religion, which without doubt is *jure divino*, I leave to you, Mr. Speaker!" Caligula not only fell into the idea of a *jus divinum*, but usurped it all to himself, as of himself.—Standing between Castor and Pollux, he caused himself to be worshipped;—then erected a temple to himself, and instituted priests and sacrifices to his godship. His statue of gold was set up, and peacocks, bustards, turkeys, and pheasants, were daily offered to him.—(*Suetonius.*)

Some of Alexander's courtiers, expostulating one day on the absurdity of his claim to divinity, he replied—"I know the truth of what you say; but these (pointing to a crowd of Persians), these know no better." The magi of India, according to Arrianus, lib. 7, honestly told Alexander, on his pretensions to divinity, that in every thing he was like other men, except that he took less rest and did more mischief. And the Scythians observed to Alexander—If thou art a god, thou must do good to men, and not take from them the goods that are their own. Still Alexander had really some pretensions to the *jus divinum*, according to the Jewish historian Josephus, in his following remark upon Alexander. He is speaking of the miraculous passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea. "Nobody," he says, "ought to look upon it as an impossible thing, that men, who lived an innocent and simple life in those first times, should have found a passage through the sea to make their escape, whether it opened of itself, or whether it was by the will of God, since the same thing happened a long time after to the Macedonians, when they went through the sea of Pamphylia, under the conduct of Alexander, *God being willing to make use of that nation to destroy the Persian empire*, as it is reported by all the historians who wrote the life of that prince. However, I leave to every body the liberty of judging of it as he thinks fit," (*lib. 2. sub. fin.*) With submission to Josephus, neither Plutarch, nor Alexander himself, mentions this as miraculous, which the latter would have certainly done, if the thought had but struck him. The plain story is, according to Strabo, that Mount climax lies so near the sea of Pamphylia, that it is only parted from it by a narrow way, which one may go a-foot when that sea is calm; but it is covered with water when that sea is rough. Alexander, trusting his good fortune, ordered his army to go through that place, without waiting for the time of year when the waters go off; the soldiers went over, having the water to their bellies; this is all the miracle! We beg Josephus's pardon in decrying his judgment, when comparing the passage through the Red Sea with the passage through the sea of Pamphylia; and he ought to have been the more cautious in abstaining from the parallel, because there was every reason to fear that the Greek philosophers would take advantage of it. So much as to the *jus divinum* of the Macedonian.

Louis XIV. seemed to have had some early impressions of the *jus divinum;* for, talking one day with some noblemen, when he was only eleven years old, of the despotic powers of the emperors of Turkey, the young prince exclaimed—"Ay, this may be called reigning, indeed!" The Marshal d'Estrees, hard by, hearing this, properly observed—"Perhaps your majesty does not know that, during *my* own time, four of these great emperors have been put to death by the bowstring."

After all, we know of no better illustration of a *jus divinum* than the instance of King James, who used to say that "to scratch that part of the body which itched was a pleasure *too great for a subject.*" We have no doubt his most gracious majesty believed what he said, and at the same time lamented that he could not graciously monopolize all that pleasure.

Montaigne instances a very ungrateful return for the *jus divinum*, in a story, which he remembered to be current when he was a boy, of a neighbouring king, who, having received a blow by the hand of God, swore he would be revenged; and, in order to it, made proclamation that for ten years to come no one should pray to him, or so much as mention him, throughout his dominions. "By which," says he, "we are not so much to take measure of the folly, as the vain glory,

Digitized by Google

of the nation (Spain) of which this tale was told."

Captain Nicholas Tettersal, through whose means Charles II. was safely conveyed to France, and therefore an auxiliary to the *jus divinum*, or restoration of that monarch, had 100*l.* a year granted to him and his heirs for ever for his loyalty, "*which for a considerable time past has been discontinued!*"—(*Pennant's Dover.*)

Cromwell was termed an usurper; but did not the Court of France go into public mourning on the death of that usurper?

Who can fail to be struck at the peculiar aptitude of Voltaire's reflections (Age of Louis) on the termination of the contest between Charles I. and the parliament of England, when considering the effects of the French revolution. "Charles I., a good father, a good husband, a good master, and an honest man, but an ill-advised monarch, engaged in a civil war, which deprived him of his throne, and occasioned his death on the scaffold, by a revolution that is almost without example. This war for some time prevented England from interfering with the concerns of her neighbours. She lost her consequence with her happiness. Her commerce was interrupted. The other nations of Europe thought her buried under her ruins, till she rose up all on a sudden more formidable than ever." Let us hear Hume: "After many pious consolations and advices, the king, Charles I., gave in charge to the princess Elizabeth to tell the queen, that during the whole course of his life he had never once, even in thought, failed in his fidelity towards her; and that his conjugal tenderness and his life should have an equal duration." Hume, the historian, might have added, that to the influence of a bigotted queen over this uxorious king, the Stuarts owed all their misfortunes.

To celebrate the execution of King Charles I., was instituted the Calf's-head Club. Mr. Brand, editor of *Bourne's Antiquities*, says, "Our bells (at Newcastle) are muffled on the 30th of January, for which I find no precedent." The practice of having a calf's head for dinner on this day, Mr. Brand calls "an inhuman insult offered to the memory of the unhappy Charles;" and adds, "it is unnecessary to observe, that it is equally mean and cowardly to pluck a dead lion by the beard." Political parties, however, for a long time, turned this temporary insult into a custom, like a similar one of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter, which is still kept up in many parts of England, and which was founded on this, viz.—to show their abhorrence to Judaism at their solemn commemoration of our Lord's resurrection."—(*Aubrey's MSS.*)

On the 30th of January, 1730, the anniversary of Charles's martyrdom, Dr. Croxall preached a sermon before the House of Commons, from the following text: "Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness." This sermon gave such offence to Sir Robert Walpole, that he prevented the thanks of the house being presented to the preacher. Orator Henley, who then figured away, availed himself of this, and at his next lecture the following motto appeased:—

> Away with the wicked before the king,
> And away with the wicked behind him;
> His throne it will bless
> With righteousness,
> And we shall know where to find him.

Quin used to say, that every king in Europe would rise with a crick in his neck on this day.—A person disputing with Quin concerning the execution of Charles I., triumphantly asked, "But by what law was he put to death?" Quin replied, "By all the laws he had left them."

Howell wrote some *curious* lines on the death of Charles I.—they present a pure specimen of the bathos:—

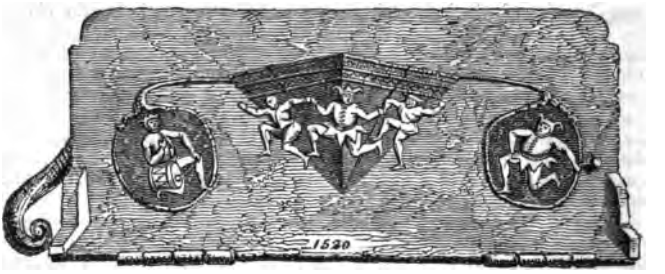
> So fell the royal oak by a wild crew
> Of mongrel shrubs, which underneath him grew;
> So fell the lion by a pack of curs;
> So the rose wither'd 'twixt a knot of burs;
> So fell the eagle by a swarm of gnats;
> So the whale perish'd by a shoal of sprats.

After all, the divine right of beauty is the only one an Englishman ought to acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.—(*Junius.*)

THE FEAST OF FOOLS.

Selden asserts that the whimsical transpositions of dignity which were common in the sports and pastimes of our ancestors are derived from the ancient Saturnalia, or Feasts of Saturn, when the masters waited upon their servants, who were honoured with mock titles, and permitted to assume the state and deportment of their lords. These fooleries were exceedingly popular long after the establishment of Christianity, and the clergy finding it impossible to repress them, changed the primitive object of devotion; so that the same unhallowed orgies, which had disgraced the worship of a heathen deity, were dedicated, as it was called, to the service of the true God, and sanctioned by the appellation of a Christian institution. To the above class of extravagances belonged the Feast of Fools, in which the most sacred rites and ceremonies of the church were turned into ridicule, and the ecclesiastics themselves participated in the abominable profanations. Of this absurd diversion Strutt gives the following outline: in each of the cathedral churches there was a bishop or an archbishop of fools elected; and, in the churches immediately dependent upon the papal see, a pope of fools. These mock pontiffs had usually a proper suite of ecclesiastics who attended upon them, and

Digitized by Google



(The Feast of Fools, from an old carving.)

assisted at the divine service, most of them attired in ridiculous dresses resembling pantomimical players and buffoons; they were accompanied by large crowds of the laity, some masked, and others with their faces smutted, to frighten the beholders, or to excite their laughter; and some again assumed the habits of females. During divine service this motley crowd not only sang indecent songs in the choir, but ate, drank, and played at dice upon the altar by the side of the priest who celebrated the mass. After the service they ran riot in all sorts of foolery. Another part of these ridiculous ceremonies was to shave the precentor of fools, upon a stage erected before the church, in the presence of the populace. The bishop, or the pope of fools, performed the divine service habited in the pontifical garments, and gave his benediction to the people before they quitted the church. He was afterwards drawn about the town in an open carriage, attended by a large train of ecclesiastics and laymen, many of the most profligate of the latter assuming clerical habits, in order to give their impious folly the greater effect. These spectacles were always exhibited at Christmas time, or near to it, but not confined to one particular day. It was sometimes on Christmas day, and on the feasts of St. Stephen, St. John, the Innocents, the Circumcision, the Epiphany, &c. When on St. Stephen's day, a burlesque, called the Prose of the Ass, or the Fool's Prose, was sung as part of the mass. It was performed by a double choir, and at intervals, in place of a burden, they imitated the braying of an ass. Upon the festival of St. John they had another arrangement of ludicrous sentences, denominated the Prose of the Ox.

Mr. Douce notes in the *Archæologia*, that our Lord of Misrule took its rise from the Feast of Fools. Mr. Douce has, in his museum, a girdle reported to have been worn by the Abbot of Fools. It consists of thirty-five square pieces of wood, contrived to let into each other, upon which are carved ludicrous and grotesque figures of fools, tumblers, huntsmen, animals, &c.

The figures in the subjoined cut will give the reader an idea of the vagaries of those who enacted the Feast of Fools. According to Mr. Douce the subject is part of the ceremony. It is copied from a carving in Beverley Minster, date 1520.

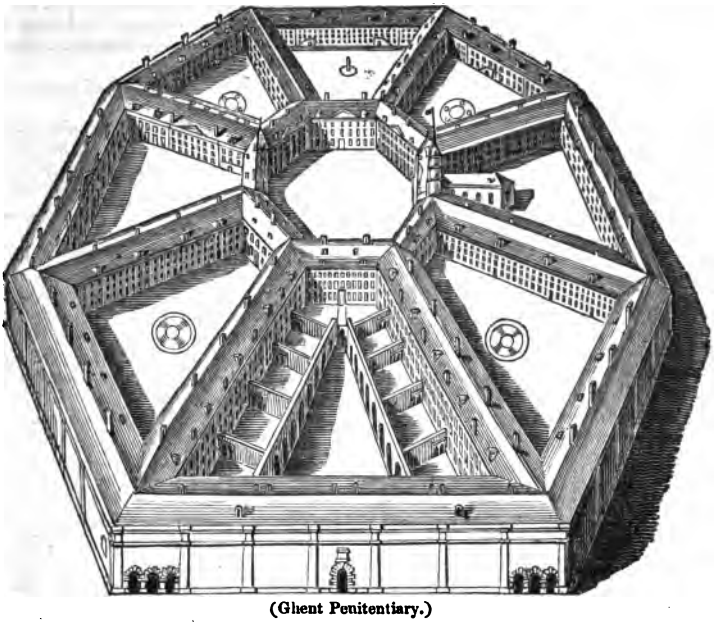
WINDOW-LIGHT.

In the London Corporation Inquiry, a few days since, Mr. Woodthorpe, the Town Clerk, mentioned the following ancient custom of the City, with respect to the taking away of a light (window). If a man had a window in his house looking into an open space, in which there never had been any building in his memory, and that another erected a wall which obstructed the light from that window, the person so erecting it would be justified, if he could show that a building had at any time within the memory of man stood there. All that the party erecting had to do was to get the Recorder to appear in the Court of King's Bench, and (on proof of the fact of the previous building) to plead "the custom of the City of London," and the right of the party erecting the building would be admitted; or, in other words, the action of the party opposing the obstruction would be barred.—*Times Report.*

THE PENITENTIARY AT GHENT.

Ghent (in French, *Gand*—in German, *Gent*) was the ancient capital of Flanders, and is now the chief city of the province of East Flanders. It occupies a great extent of ground, at the confluence of the rivers, Lys, Lievre, and More, with the Scheldt, and is divided by rivers and canals into twenty-six islands, connected by eighty-five bridges. The streets are narrow, intricate, and crooked, such as are common in ancient cities; but Ghent has many recent improvements which must not be overlooked amidst the inconveniences of its antiquity. Among these are the public walks in the suburbs, regularly planted with trees, and running by the side of the rivers and canals. About the middle of one of them, on the north-east side of the town, and on the *Coupure* canal, which has a double row of fine trees, stands the above remarkable build-

Digitized by Google



(Ghent Penitentiary.)

ing, known as the Central House of Correction, and understood to have furnished the plan of our Penitentiary, at Millbank.

Dr. Granville considers the Ghent Penitentiary especially worthy of the traveller's attention; and, accordingly, he has minutely described this establishment in his *St. Petersburg*, which is certainly one of the best journals of travels in our time. The Doctor inspected the Penitentiary in 1819, accompanied by the governor; since which time many additions have been made to it; and two Latin inscriptions have been placed on the right angle of the building. One of these commemorates the foundation of the house, under the auspices of the Empress Maria Theresa; the other records the part which the King of Holland took in its completion. It now presents a whole, of which the subjoined vignette is an exact plan.

The building is in the form of a perfect octagon, in the centre of which is a spacious court, communicating with the different quadrangles of the establishment: each of these quadrangles has a yard; and in the centre of that of the female quadrangle, or ward, there is a large basin full of water, in which the female prisoners wash the linen of all the rest. Each prisoner sleeps alone in a small cell, a number of which are ranged along a wide and well-lighted corridor. These cells are kept very clean, and are regularly aired every day, as the prisoners quit them early in the morning not to return till night. There are a certain number of *ateliers*, or workshops, which are occupied the whole day by the prisoners, except on Sundays and during the hours of recreation; on which occasions, the prisoners are expected to walk in the yards of their respective wards. Spinning, weaving, woolcarding, shoe and stocking making by machinery, and other branches of industry, equally useful, are the principal occupations to which all the prisoners are expected to apply themselves daily. To the refractory and the unwilling, solitary confinement in dark cells on the ground floor is assigned, agreeably to the rules of the house. This species of punishment has been found to have the speediest effect. The articles manufactured by the prisoners are generally intended for the army, the navy, and the colonies, or for the general service of the prisoners in the kingdom; and the price of the labour, which is fixed according to a printed scale, is paid to them by the Treasury. Of the total sum, Government retains five-tenths in respect to prisoners condemned to what is called correctional punishment; six-tenths in respect to those condemned *à la reclusion*, or imprisoned under martial law; and seven-tenths in regard to those sentenced to the *travaux forcés*. The remainder is divided into two equal parts;—one of which is allowed to the prisoners weekly for their pocket-money (*zag-geld*), and the other goes to form a fund, which is delivered to the prisoners on their being discharged, in order that they may have the means to settle

Digitized by Google

themselves, once more, and respectably in the world.

Religious service is performed daily, at which all the prisoners attend. For this purpose, a church is erected in one of the wards. Instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as on subjects of religion and morality, is given to the prisoners of both sexes by an *Instituteur* and *Institutrice*. The Canteens, at which the prisoners are allowed to buy refreshments under strict regulations, are kept by the officers of the establishment; and the profit arising therefrom is reserved for rewards to the industrious and the intelligent. The number of the prisoners, at the time of Dr. Granville's visiting the establishment some years ago, was 1,300, of whom 1,100 were constantly employed in the different manufactories, or in the duties of the prison. The different wards serve to keep separate the prisoners guilty of heinous offences, from those who are committed for misdemeanours only. The women, the children, and those advanced in years, have likewise distinct quarters. For a great number of years this establishment cost annually to government 50,000 florins; but by the present arrangement such expense has been saved. That portion of the building which was last completed cost the sum of 438,247 florins (about 41,000*l.* sterling). There is one great objection to this universal system of prison discipline, which has been obviated, Dr. Granville believes, in the Penitentiary at Millbank, by a judicious selection of prisoners. The objection in question is, that the system has been equally applied as a punishment for the most atrocious crimes, as well as for the most venial offences. Although these several classes are kept separate, and so far the plan is worthy of imitation in all prisons; the knowledge of the fact that the same system of coercion and punishment is adopted for the graver crimes, as well as for those of a lighter cast, disposes those guilty of the latter to, and easily reconciles the former with their criminal habits. Besides which, there is in such a system a *primâ facie* act of injustice. Probably some alteration has taken place in it since, at which the friends of prison discipline would not fail to rejoice.

ANCIENT CITY POET.

"Will you prepare for this *masque* to night."
SHAKSPEARE.

ACCORDING to Baker—"It was the custom of the City of London to maintain a poet upon salary, whose business it was to write the masques and other pieces necessary for the public shows of the city, of which the greatest stated one, being that on the Lord Mayor's day; it appearing to have been usual for some one of the twelve Companies (most probably that to which the mayor elect peculiarly belonged) to exhibit some pageant or slight dramatic entertainment, at their own proper costs and charges, in honour of the day, and of the newly invested sovereign of the city."

The following is a list of some of these pieces: viz.—

London's Triumph—by John Tateham, 1657. This was celebrated the 29th* of October, 1657, in honour of the truly deserving Richard Chiverton, Lord Mayor of London, at the costs and charges of the right worshipful company of Skinners.

London's Glory—represented by Truth, Time, and Fame, in the magnificent triumphs and entertainments of his most sacred majesty Charles II., at Guildhall, the 5th day of July, 1660—by J. Tateham. This was a masque, or interlude, written by this author *ex-officio*, as *City-poet*, on occasion of the entertainment made for King Charles II. by the City, the year of his Restoration.

The Royal Oak—by J. Tateham, 1660, with other various and delightful scenes, presented on the water and the land; celebrated in honour of the deservedly-honoured Sir Richard Brown, Lord Mayor of the city of London, October the 29th, 1660; and performed at the costs and charges of the right worshipful the company of Merchant Tailors.

London's Anniversary Festival—by M. Taubman, 1688. This was performed on Monday, the 29th of October, 1688, for the entertainment of the Right Honourable Sir John Chapman, Knight, Lord Mayor of the city of London; being their great year of Jubilee; with a panegyric upon the restoration of the charter, and a sonnet, provided for the entertainment of the King.

The Triumphs of London—by Elkana Settle, 1692; performed October the 29th, 1692, for the entertainment of the Right Honourable Sir John Fleet, Knight, Lord Mayor of the city of London; set forth at the proper costs and charges of the worshipful company of Grocers.

There were three other *Triumphs of London* by Settle, for the years 1693, 1694, and 1695. To the last was added a new song, upon his Majesty's return. P. T. W.

* Lord Mayor's Day.

The Public Journals.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF A LATE UNREPORTED MEETING.—THE MEETING OF THE BUILDINGS.

(*House and Window Tax.*)

A MEETING took place on Tuesday night, in Copenhagen Fields, to take into consideration the house and window tax, as it pressed upon *those most affected by it*. Several public buildings had declared, at a private meeting, that, as the inhabitants seemed apathetic, it

Digitized by Google

became imperative on the buildings suffering so much to look to their windows; it was unanimously agreed to call the meeting at night, as the crowded state of the metropolis would render it inconvenient for such large bodies to move in the day. By eleven o'clock, at least five thousand streets and buildings were upon the ground. At a quarter after, the Queen's Head came with the King's Arms; the White Horse came in a cab; Shoe and Leather Lanes on foot; the Blind School unfortunately lost its way in the fog, whilst the Three Tuns were taking a glass together with the Cheshire Cheese at the Glo'ster Coffee House; the Green Dragon and Blue Boar came with the Spotted Dog; the Swan with Two Necks arm-in-arm with the Windmill; the Sun Fire Office, being very old, was carried by the Atlas; the Norwich Union (Life and Fire) came separately, and the Hand in Hand one after another. By twelve o'clock all the principal buildings were present (except the East India House, which said though *itself* in the habit of *going out after tea* it would *not* do so if *others* went).

St. Paul's Cathedral was unanimously called to the chair.

The venerable Chairman said there was scarcely a building in London that was not disordered in its *lights* under a paltry pretence of decreasing its *panes;* the very cesspools paid assessed taxes; these evils existed in Bishopsgate-street Within, without comparison; the taxes too were unequally levied; at St. Giles's they did not pay one shilling in the pound.

(A shabby old fellow, who we understood to be St. Giles's Pound, complained of this as personal.)

St. Paul's proceeded: he had reason particularly to complain of his *doom;* he had no peace for the *railing* around him; those only who dwelt at a dancing school could imagine the annoyance of having continually a *ball* over one's head; and it couldn't excite surprise if he (St. Paul's) showed a little *cross* upon it. A tax on light was a heavy calamity, it was equivalent to putting out the eyes of the buildings; it was peculiarly dreadful in his case from the complaints of his neighbours, for the great bell, if unmuffled, would, by its tone, break all the windows in the Churchyard, which, in times of taxation, would make it the most expensive of all the City bells.

("No, no, *not* of *all* the *City bells*," from the Mansion House.)

The Great Bell of St. Paul's was asked whether *he* vouched for this, but said he didn't *know*, he was only *toll'd*.

The Chairman spoke at great length, but in so low a tone as to be frequently inaudible where we stood (close by Highgate Archway); and concluded by proposing an appeal to Parliament by petition, and to the public through the press.

Smithfield said it would employ some able *pens* for the latter purpose; but represented the anomaly of a petition from the *streets* and *buildings*, being sent to the two *houses*. Why—(said the Market energetically)—why is not "the Commons here?"

The Broadway (Westminster) remarked, the Commons being untaxed was not affected by the question.

Smithfield was astonished to find the Broadway taking this narrow view of the subject. The Commons *was* interested if it wished to preserve its credit or consistency, which it really appeared regardless of in this case. The other House might be excused, as the meeting was not called on the Lord's day. The eloquent Market concluded by negativing the proposition of petitioning.

The Old Bailey, on the contrary, was willing to give the thing a *trial*.

The Monument was wholly uninterested in the question; but if an appeal was made to the newspapers, he would supply a *long column*.

Here the meeting was disturbed by a quarrel between the Old and New Post Offices, which was fermented by the Three Cups, the Cross Keys, and Wapping. The Green Man and Still was particularly noisy, and there was much muttering between the Hummums. In the confusion, the Mansion House and Bank left the meeting.

The Jews' *Benevolent* Society wished the Bank would *stop*. It behoved it, and, indeed, all Threadneedle-street, to have an eye to the proceedings of that evening. He (the Society) was sorry to observe any dissension between the Post Offices: such conduct was derogatory to persons of letters. ("Hear, hear!" from the Office in Gerrard-street.) He could have wished to have seen a larger assembly. One speaker had asked why the Commons did not attend? (A voice answered that *Commons* wouldn't come to *crowded* meetings, as they *dreaded* being *inclosed*.) The Speaker continued. He meant the *House* of Commons. He would ask where were the Bridges—Blackfriars, Waterloo, and Westminster? He excused New London Bridge, which was too young to know any better; and Southwark, which was not a legitimate building.

The Bricklayers' Arms said that was mere irony; it *had* been *built,—ergo*, it was a building.

The White Horse couldn't draw such a conclusion. Southwark and the other bridges should have attended.

The Bricklayers' Arms suggested that had the Bridges left their places, he and his eloquent friends, New Bedlam and the Elephant and Castle, couldn't have crossed the water to the meeting. It was time to bestir

Digitized by Google

themselves, once more, and respectably in the world.

Religious service is performed daily, at which all the prisoners attend. For this purpose, a church is erected in one of the wards. Instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as on subjects of religion and morality, is given to the prisoners of both sexes by an *Instituteur* and *Institutrice*. The Canteens, at which the prisoners are allowed to buy refreshments under strict regulations, are kept by the officers of the establishment; and the profit arising therefrom is reserved for rewards to the industrious and the intelligent. The number of the prisoners, at the time of Dr. Granville's visiting the establishment some years ago, was 1,200, of whom 1,100 were constantly employed in the different manufactories, or in the duties of the prison. The different wards serve to keep separate the prisoners guilty of heinous offences, from those who are committed for misdemeanours only. The women, the children, and those advanced in years, have likewise distinct quarters. For a great number of years this establishment cost annually to government 50,000 florins; but by the present arrangement such expense has been saved. That portion of the building which was last completed cost the sum of 438,247 florins (about 41,000*l.* sterling). There is one great objection to this universal system of prison discipline, which has been obviated, Dr. Granville believes, in the Penitentiary at Millbank, by a judicious selection of prisoners. The objection in question is, that the system has been equally applied as a punishment for the most atrocious crimes, as well as for the most venial offences. Although these several classes are kept separate, and so far the plan is worthy of imitation in all prisons; the knowledge of the fact that the same system of coercion and punishment is adopted for the graver crimes, as well as for those of a lighter cast, disposes those guilty of the latter to, and easily reconciles the former with their criminal habits. Besides which, there is in such a system a gratuitous *finale* act of injustice. Probably some alteration has taken place in it since, at which the friends of prison discipline would not fail to rejoice.

ANCIENT CITY POET.

"Will you prepare for this masque to night
Some

According to Baker—"It was the
of the City of London to maintain
upon salary, whose business it was
the masques and other
the public shows
greatest stated
Mayor's day; it
for some one of
probably that to
lately belonged)

slight dram
paper cost
day, and of
the city."

The follow
pieces: viz.
London's
1657. This
October, 165
serving Rich
London, at t
worshipful
London's
Time, and P
and entertai
jesty Charl
of July, 166
masque, or
ex-officio,
entertainm
the City, th
The R
with othe
presented
brated in
Sir Richa
of Lon
perform
night w
Tailors.
Lond
Taubm
Mond
entert
John
city o
Jubil
tion o
for th
Sett
16
H
Digitized by Google

conveyed to me a perfect resemblance of his Lordship, with the exception of a marble bust, which was in the drawing-room of the late Honourable Douglas Kinnaird, executed, I think, by Thordwaldson. It struck me as being very like him.

Lord Byron was habited in a round nankeen embroidered jacket, white Marseilles vest, buttoned a very little way up; he wore extremely fine linen, and his shirt collar was thrown over in such a way as almost to uncover his neck; very long wide nankeen trousers, fastened below, short buff laced boots, and sometimes gaiters, with a chip Tuscan straw hat, completed his personal equipment. He invariably paid the most scrupulous attention to cleanliness, and had a certain fastidiousness in his dress, strongly savouring of dandyism, of which he was far from disapproving; at least he infinitely preferred it to a slovenly disregard for dress. His Lordship, who had just dined, instantly ordered some hock and claret to be brought under the awning where he was sitting, which he invited me to partake of. Whilst discussing our wine, he plied me with questions relative to the Ionian Islands, and my opinion with regard to the posture of affairs in Greece; frequently observing that he did not imagine that he could render any essential service to the cause, but that as the Committee seemed to think otherwise, he was going thither in obedience to their commands. He then, as we could not avoid discerning both Corsica and Elba from the deck, changed the conversation to the subject of the life of Napoleon, exclaiming that he had been wofully deceived in his estimate of the character of that wonderful man; repeating the pain and mortification which he endured whenever he chanced to glance his eye on either of these islands, as they recalled to his recollection the humbling conviction of the weakness of human nature. "I at one period," he said, "almost idolized that man, although I could not approve of many of his actions: regarding other potentates as mere pigmies when weighed in the balance against him. When his fortune deserted him, and all appeared lost, he ought at once to have rushed into the thick of the fight at Leipzig or Waterloo, and nobly perished, instead of dying by inches in confinement, and affording to the world the degrading spectacle of his petty bilious contentions with the governors to whose custody he was confided at St. Helena. Even if he had maintained a dignified silence amid the persecutions to which in his latter days he complained of being subjected, I could almost have forgiven him; yet this man's fame will descend to, and be revered by posterity, when that of numbers more deserving of immortality shall have ceased to be remembered."

Byron had just received communications

Digitized by Google

when the windows were vanishing before the innovating hands of the bricklayer and tiler.

"*What Tiler?*" from Smithfield, who had been talking to the East India *Docks*.

"If," resumed the Bricklayers' Arms, "the tax continues, we shall be reduced to the Cimmerian darkness of a primitive state; the gloom of bricked-up windows will make the metropolis resemble 'Lethe's dismal strand.'"

The Strand and Pickett Place rose at the same instant. St. Paul's said the latter caught his eye first: however, the Strand proceeded. He complained of the ungentlemanly allusion of the Bricklayers' Arms. The term "*dismal* strand" was exceedingly inapplicable, when so much had been lately done in the way of improvement that he (the Strand) actually didn't know himself. It was true, Exeter 'Change had been removed; but an arcade for a menagerie made the *change* no loss. *Cat*eaton-street complained of the destruction of the *Mews*, (King's Mews,) and it might make the *quondam* village of Charing *cross;* but St. Martin's Church would bear testimony to the utility of that alteration. All the neighbourhood concurred in the improvements. ("No, no!" from the *lower* part of St. Martin's-lane; on which Northumberland House said he would *conclude* for the Strand. St. Martin's Lane —"*You* say so *now;* but the *lion* has a different tale.")

When the confusion had subsided, a wretched-looking foreigner (in old Italian garments, which had evidently *once* been gorgeous) stepped forward. As well as we could understand, for he spoke English very imperfectly, he described himself as a refugee of the name of Herculaneum; said he could speak as to a deprivation of light, having been nearly 2000 years underground. ("Question, question." Was it by taxation?) "No, by lava," which was an intolerable burthen, and so was the tax. (Hisses, during which the old gentleman requested the Hercules (Leadenhall-street) to intercede for him, but the learned Coach Office denied all knowledge of Herculaneum; he had no such name in his books.)

A question arose as to who should report the meeting. Johnson's Court (Fleet-street) offered his services; but the Temple said there was a *bar* to Fleet-street. Paternoster-row suggested the author of *Lights and Shadows;* but it was ultimately settled that the report should be made by Cannon-street.

On the question of drawing up the petition, the Inner Temple offered his *gratuitous* services. (Bravo from Chancery-lane. "I wish you may get it," from Furnival's Inn.)

Lincoln's Inn Old Square said, the flippancy of Furnival's Inn (a mere boy) was unworthy of reply. The venerable parent of the present Furnival's Inn, whom many must recollect with awe and adoration. (Hear! hear! from Staple and Barnard's Inn); *that* venerable building never descended to ribaldry. The offer of the Inner Temple was *peculiarly* liberal. ("Werry pekooliar," was here *whistled* by Furnival's Inn; a disturbance ensued, and the Opera House knocked Furnival's Inn down. "Bravo," from the Ancient Concert Rooms.) Many had offered their services to prepare the petition. The Elephant said, he could *draw* anything; the offer from Drury Lane and Covent Garden he treated as ridiculous, as it was well known *they* had long ceased to *draw* altogether; it could not be in better hands, for the Temple had itself existed in very dark ages.

The Late Equitable Loan Office spoke in favour of *pledges;* and, after a short speech from Long Acre, the resolutions were passed.

Aldgate Pump moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman for his impartial conduct. (Carried.)

St. Paul's returned thanks in a neat speech, and the meeting broke up.

[We are truly sorry to add that much confusion occurred in returning. The Adelphi behaved in a most unbrotherly manner to the theatre of that name. Petticoat-lane got tipsy with Holywell-street (the latter, by the by, said his home was in a street near the Strand, yet he didn't know *which street!*) Smithfield, being dreadfully intoxicated, talked in a very revolutionary manner. Skinner-street kindly undertook to see the Market safe, as far as the corner of King-street (alias Cow-lane), then Long-lane took charge of it (Smithfield), but ultimately left it and *ran* into Barbican and Aldersgate. St. Paul's *School* missed its way, and got to Birchin-lane. The Wheatsheaf wandered to Cornhill; and Old St. James's Palace was so frolicsome that he said he "didn't care whether he got home or not," and actually talked of an excursion to Windsor and Brighton. By six o'clock, however, all were at home and in their proper places, with the exception of the English Opera House, which has not yet appeared, and considerable doubts are entertained whether it will ever be seen again.]—*New Monthly Magazine.*

LORD BYRON.

(From a Narrative of a Voyage from Leghorn to Cephalonia, with Lord Byron. By James Hamilton Browne, Esq., in Blackwood's Magazine.)

My first personal introduction to Lord Byron took place at Leghorn, on board of the Hercules, which vessel he had caused to be chartered at Genoa, for the purpose of conveying himself and suite to the Ionian Islands, or, perhaps, direct to Greece.

He had kindly promised to touch off the port and take me on board, it being understood between us, that if he did not intend to communicate with Leghorn, certain signals

Digitized by Google

should be displayed, when I was to lose no time in joining him.

I was accompanied to the ship, riding at anchor in the Roads, by Messrs. Jackson and Lloyd, who departed immediately after seeing me safe on board, as I was apprehensive that Lord Byron might have conceived that they had come for the purpose of catching a glimpse of him. He put to me some interrogatory relative to them, regretting that I had hurried them off. On my informing him that the former gentleman was son to the Rev. Dr. Jackson—who, so unfortunately for his family, rashly engaged in the Irish Rebellion, and would have suffered the death of a traitor; only escaping so disgraceful an end, by having anticipated the sentence of the law, in terminating his existence by poison, conveyed to him, it was alleged, by his lady, a very high-spirited woman, who afterwards, with her family, retired to France, where Bonaparte conferred a small pension on her —Lord Byron appeared quite conversant with the particulars of this unhappy affair, and said he should have felt a great interest in conversing with young Jackson.

His Lordship's mode of address was peculiarly fascinating and insinuating—"au premier abord" it was next to impossible for a stranger to refrain from liking him.

The contour of his countenance was noble and striking; the forehead, particularly so, was nearly white as alabaster. His delicately formed features were cast rather in an effeminate mould, but their soft expression was in some degree relieved by the mustaches of a light chestnut, and small tuft "à la houssard," which he at that time sported. His eyes were rather prominent and full, of a dark blue, having that melting character which I have frequently observed in females, said to be a proof of extreme sensibility. The texture of his skin was so fine and transparent, that the blue veins, rising like small threads around his temples, were clearly discernible. All who ever saw Byron have borne testimony to the irresistible sweetness of his smile, which was generally, however, succeeded by a sudden pouting of the lips, such as is practised sometimes by a pretty coquette, or by a spoiled child. His hair was partially grizzled, but curled naturally. In conversation, owing to a habit he had contracted of clenching his teeth close together, it was sometimes difficult to comprehend him distinctly; towards the conclusion of a sentence, the syllables rolled in his mouth, and became a sort of indistinct murmur.

It must have been almost impossible, I apprehend, for any artist to seize fully the expression of Byron's countenance, which was varying at every moment, as different ideas suggested themselves to his powerful mind. I have never seen any likeness that conveyed to me a perfect resemblance of his Lordship, with the exception of a marble bust, which was in the drawing-room of the late Honourable Douglas Kinnaird, executed, I think, by Thordwaldson. It struck me as being very like him.

Lord Byron was habited in a round nankeen embroidered jacket, white Marseilles vest, buttoned a very little way up; he wore extremely fine linen, and his shirt collar was thrown over in such a way as almost to uncover his neck; very long wide nankeen trousers, fastened below, short buff laced boots, and sometimes gaiters, with a chip Tuscan straw hat, completed his personal equipment. He invariably paid the most scrupulous attention to cleanliness, and had a certain fastidiousness in his dress, strongly savouring of dandyism, of which he was far from disapproving; at least he infinitely preferred it to a slovenly disregard for dress. His Lordship, who had just dined, instantly ordered some hock and claret to be brought under the awning where he was sitting, which he invited me to partake of. Whilst discussing our wine, he plied me with questions relative to the Ionian Islands, and my opinion with regard to the posture of affairs in Greece; frequently observing that he did not imagine that he could render any essential service to the cause, but that as the Committee seemed to think otherwise, he was going thither in obedience to their commands. He then, as we could not avoid discerning both Corsica and Elba from the deck, changed the conversation to the subject of the life of Napoleon, exclaiming that he had been wofully deceived in his estimate of the character of that wonderful man; repeating the pain and mortification which he endured whenever he chanced to glance his eye on either of these islands, as they recalled to his recollection the humbling conviction of the weakness of human nature. "I at one period," he said, "almost idolized that man, although I could not approve of many of his actions: regarding other potentates as mere pigmies when weighed in the balance against him. When his fortune deserted him, and all appeared lost, he ought at once to have rushed into the thick of the fight at Leipzig or Waterloo, and nobly perished, instead of dying by inches in confinement, and affording to the world the degrading spectacle of his petty bilious contentions with the governors to whose custody he was confided at St. Helena. Even if he had maintained a dignified silence amid the persecutions to which in his latter days he complained of being subjected, I could almost have forgiven him; yet this man's fame will descend to, and be revered by posterity, when that of numbers more deserving of immortality shall have ceased to be remembered."

Byron had just received communications

Digitized by Google

from Moore and Goëthe; he read to me the letter of the former, who, he said, was the most humorous and witty of all his correspondents. He appeared to estimate, at its just value, the flattering and distinguished homage rendered to his inimitable poetic talent by the veteran German Bard, who, with the most profuse and enthusiastic eulogiums, panegyrized the wonderful productions of his genius.

Lord Byron expressed the extreme regret which he experienced at not being able to return the compliment by a perusal of Goëthe's works in their native garb, instead of through the cold medium of a translation; but nothing, he said, would induce him to learn the language of the Barbarians, by which epithet he constantly designated the Austrians.

On my arrival on board, the majority of Lord Byron's suite were on shore, but the wind coming fair, they returned towards the afternoon, when the anchor was weighed, and we made sail, every one assisting at the capstan and ropes, no one being more active than Byron himself. I had been but a short time on board until I perceived that the others, instead of addressing him with a prolonged emphasis on the first syllable of his name, pronounced it short, as if it had been "Byrne," that of Byron seeming distasteful to him, so I adopted the same.

His suite consisted of Count Pietro Gamba, brother to his *chère amie;* Mr. Edward Trelawny; a young man who had been engaged as his medical attendant, named Bruno, who was a native of Alessandria Della Paglia; a Constantinopolitan Greek, calling himself Prince Schiliszi, and a Greek Captain, Vitali. He had, besides, five domestics, and the same number of horses, together with a Newfoundland and a bull dog; so that our small vessel, which did not much exceed a hundred tons burden, was sufficiently crowded. On the passage to Cephalonia, Byron chiefly read the writings of Dean Swift, taking occasional notes, with the view possibly of gleaning from that humorous writer something towards a future Canto of *Don Juan.* He also made it a constant rule to peruse every day one or more of the Essays of Montaigne. This practice, he said, he had pursued for a long time; adding his decided conviction, that more useful general knowledge and varied information were to be derived by an intimate acquaintance with the writings of that diverting author, than by a long and continuous course of study. This was relieved sometimes by dipping into Voltaire's *Essai sur les Mœurs,* and his *Dictionnaire Philosophique—De Grimm's Correspondence,* and *Les Maximes de Rochefoucault,* were also frequently referred to by his Lordship; all, I should say, as connected with the composition of *Don Juan,* in which he was then deeply engaged.

A heavy tome on the War of Independence in South America, written by a *soi-disant* Colonel, named Hippisley, I think, who had taken service with Bolivar, as an officer of cavalry, but quickly retired in disgust, on not finding port wine and beef-steaks to be always procurable in the other hemisphere, (at least good fare seemed to him an indispensable requisite in campaigning,) was invariably asked for by Byron at dinner, and at length, Fletcher, his valet, brought it regularly with the table-cloth. Its soporific qualities, he amusingly remarked, were truly astonishing, surpassing those of any ordinary narcotic; the perusal of a few pages sufficed to lull him asleep, and obtained him a comfortable siesta, even when ill disposed, or in bad humour with himself.

Dinner was the only regular meal which he partook of in the twenty-four hours. He usually ate it by himself on deck. His diet was very singular, and, in my opinion, almost nothing could have been devised more prejudicial to health in the intense heat of summer, under a blazing Italian sun. It consisted of a considerable quantity of decayed Cheshire cheese, with pickled cucumbers or red cabbage, which he quaffed down by drinking at the same time either a bottle of cider or Burton ale, of which articles he had procured a supply at Genoa. He sometimes drank an infusion of strong tea, but ate nothing with it but a small piece of biscuit; and occasionally his fare at dinner was varied by a little fish, if we succeeded in taking any. When he returned on deck after the siesta, he joined us in drinking wines or other liquors, displaying sometimes the most overflowing spirits; but in the midst of the greatest hilarity and enjoyment, I have observed this jovial mood to be suddenly checked. A cloud would instantaneously come over him, as if arising from some painful and appalling recollection; the tears would bedew his eyes, when he would arise and quit the company, averting his face, in order to conceal his emotion. This strange conduct was probably the effect of reaction from over excitement, in a mind so exquisitely susceptible; at least I have heard it thus accounted for.

I considered Byron to be strongly imbued with a certain religious feeling, although chary of acknowledging it. No one, he said, could be so senseless a brute as to deny the existence of a First Cause, and an omnipotent and incomprehensible Being, whose omnipresence all around us sufficiently evinced. He frequently expressed considerable anxiety about attaching himself to some particular creed, as any fixed belief would, he thought, be preferable to the continued state of uncertainty in which he had hitherto existed. He declared his ready openness to conviction, if the truth could only be rendered

Digitized by Google

evident to his understanding. His glowing and fervent imagination, I feel inclined to believe, would sooner or later have impelled him to attach himself to some particular, and, very possibly, extreme sect.

For the religious tenets or prejudices of others, he invariably testified the most profound respect—professing to entertain much regard for those who were truly and conscientiously devout, believing such individuals to enjoy great worldly felicity. On the contrary, no man more than Byron ridiculed and detested the cant and hypocrisy which are so much in vogue in our times. He spoke frequently of the inane pursuits of mankind, and our limited intelligence, dwelling at some length on a remark once made to him by the late Sir Humphry Davy, with respect to the nothingness of all human intellect, when it engages in the ever endless task of endeavouring to explore or solve the hidden and impenetrable mysteries of nature.

Lord Byron adverted, on many occasions, sometimes in a state of the most bitter excitement, to the unfortunate infirmity of his foot, and the extreme pain and misery it had been productive of to him. He once uttered a very savage observation on his lameness, declaring, that years before he would have caused the recreant limb to be amputated, had he not dreaded thereby to spoil an exercise in which he more especially excelled and delighted.

His Lordship had the strongest aversion to walking, and always performed even the most trivial distance on horseback; from a wish, I apprehend, to conceal as much as possible the slight halt in his gait. The habit of not using pedestrian exercise, without doubt, would contribute in no small degree to increase that tendency to obesity to which he was by constitution inclined; and to counteract which, he adopted the pernicious system of continually drugging himself. This early impaired his digestive organs, although they could not fail to have been also injured by his mode of living and singular diet.

In the use of the pistol, Lord Byron was exceedingly dexterous, and prided himself much on this trivial accomplishment, which, by constant practice, may easily be attained by any person possessed of a calculating eye and steady nerves. In this, as everything else, he wished to carry off the palm; and if he made a shot which he thought could not be surpassed, he declined to share farther in the pastime of that day; and if a bad one, he did not attempt to improve it, but instantly gave up the contest. His nerves were a good deal shattered; and from his firing so well even with that disadvantage, it was evident that, when younger, his aim must have been most unerring.

Trelawny was also an excellent shot; and his Lordship and he occasionally used to kill the ducks for the cabin dinner in this way—a wicker basket was suspended from the main-yard of the mast, containing a poor duck, with his head protruding through it. I have known both of them, from the poop, to kill the bird by hitting its head at the first fire. Lord Byron possessed several cases of excellent pistols; among others, a brace which had been the private property of his old friend, Joe Manton; and I was told he never grudged any expense in procuring those of superior workmanship. He frequently conversed about his former feats of skill at that celebrated maker's pistol gallery in London. He also boasted of having, about the time of his marriage, much to the amazement and discomfiture of Lady Noel, split a walking-stick in the garden at Seaham House, at the distance of twenty paces.

His lordship was within an ace of losing his life during one of these firing-matches on board. Schilizzi, who was unacquainted with the guard on English hair triggers, inadvertently discharged a pistol, the ball from which whizzed close past Lord Byron's temple. He betrayed no tremour, but taking the pistol out of Schilizzi's hand, pointed out to him the mechanism of the lock, and at the same time desired Gamba to take care, that in future he should not be permitted to use any other pistols than those of Italian workmanship.

Lord Byron and Trelawny also often bathed from the ship's side in calm weather; neither of them betrayed any apprehension from sharks, which, however, are by no means of rare occurrence in the Mediterranean, as I remember, in 1817, having been told by a young midshipman, named Hay, then at Corfu, in a sloop of war, that when he was almost in the very act of leaping from the bowsprit of the vessel, which was riding at anchor between that town and the island of Vido, one of these ravenous monsters of the deep was descried close alongside, and an alarm given just in time to prevent him.

The Gatherer.

Resources of Great Britain.—To carry on the commerce of this country with foreign nations and between distant parts of the United Kingdom, there are 20,000 ships in constant employ belonging to our own merchants. To carry on the commerce with ourselves, the total length of our turnpike roads is 25,000 miles, and 3,000 miles of canals. To produce food for the inhabitants of the country, we have 40,000,000 acres under cultivation. To clothe them we have millions of spindles worked by steam, instead of a few thousands turned by hand as they were a century ago. The fixed capital of the country insured in fire offices, that insurance

Digitized by Google

being far short of its real amount, is above 500,000,000*l.* sterling. The fixed capital uninsured, or not represented by this species of insurance, is perhaps as much. The capital expended in improvement in land, is, we should conceive, equal to the capital which is represented by houses, and furniture, and shipping, and stocks of goods. The public capital of the country expended in roads, canals, docks, harbours, and buildings, is equal to, at least, half the private capital. All this capital is the accumulated labour of two thousand years, when the civilization of the country first began. The greater portion of it is the accumulated labour of the last four hundred years, when labour and capital, through the partial abolition of slavery, first began to work together with freedom, and therefore with energy and skill.—*Rights of Industry.*

Childermas, or Holy Innocents' Day. Dec. 28, was, in the calendar of superstition, of most unlucky omen. On this day, none ever married, it was not lucky to put on new clothes, &c. and the coronation of Edward IV. was put off till the Monday, because the preceding Sunday was Childermas Day. To the poor children it was indeed unlucky, for they were whipped on Childermas morning, that the memory of Herod's murder of the Innocents might stick the closer, and in a moderate proportion to act over the cruelty again in kind. But we hope "the Schoolmaster" has whipped such follies out of our happy country.

Real Tragedy.—The history of Sweden records a very extraordinary incident, which took place at the representation of the Mystery of the Passion, under King John II., in 1513. The actor who performed the part of Longinus, the soldier, who was to pierce the Christ on the cross in the side, was so transported with the spirit of his action, that he really killed the man who personated our Lord; who, falling suddenly, and with great violence, overthrew the actress who represented the holy mother. King John, who was present at this spectacle, was so enraged against Longinus, that he leaped on the stage and struck off his head. The spectators, who had been delighted with the too violent actor, became infuriated against their king, fell upon him in a throng, and killed him. W. G. C.

Removal of Great Weights.—Is it not ridiculous that, in spite of our knowledge of the mechanical powers, nations in a semi-barbarous state should perform with ease and alacrity what our engineers fail to do? The famous gun Malik-e-meidan, or Lord of the Field, at Bejapore, 14 feet 9 inches in length, with a bore of the diameter of 2 feet 5 inches, and 14 inches thickness of metal, was originally cast at Ahmednugger, 150 miles from where it now lies, on one of the bastions of the wall of Bejapoor, yet the project of transporting it to England was, on account of its size and weight, given up in despair, as was also the case with the great gun at Agra, which has lately been blown to pieces. A large party of sailors and labourers were employed for a fortnight at Rangoon, in Burma, in transporting the great bell attached to the famous temple a distance of a few yards to the river, in the middle of which they managed to deposit it, instead of in a brig as was intended. Despairing of success, it was delivered over to the Burmese, who, in the course of three days, raised it from the bed of the river to its former situation in the temple.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

Seeing's Believing.—The celebrated Boyle mentions a gentleman, who, during a distemper he had in his eyes, had his organs of sight to be so sensible, that when he waked in the night, he could, for awhile, plainly see and distinguish colours and other objects; and the same author gives an instance of another person, who, after getting half fuddled with claret, if he waked in the night, could see for some time to read moderately-sized print.

Grimaldi tells us, that some women of Megara were able, by their eyes alone, to distinguish between eggs laid by black hens and those by white ones.

In the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 312, there is an account of Dan. Fraser, who continued deaf and dumb from his birth to the 17th year of his age; when, upon recovering from a fever, he perceived an uneasy motion in his brain; after which he began to hear, and, by degrees, to speak.—P. T. W.

Curious Proverb.—

"The calf, the goose, the bee;
The world is ruled by these three."

Meaning—Parchment, pens, and wax.

P. T. W.

The account of the recent opening of a Mummy, at the College of Surgeons, (with additions,) in our next.

Nearly ready, with many Engravings, the Seventh yearly volume of

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART;

or, an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements, Discoveries, and New Facts in Mechanics, Chemistry, Natural History, and Social Economy.

"The marrow of all the scientific journals of Europe. It is the most useful and entertaining book we know. We especially recommend it to our country friends: they will thank us, year by year, for the recommendation."—*Spectator.*

Printing by John Limbird, 143, Strand; of whom may be had similar volumes for the six former years.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

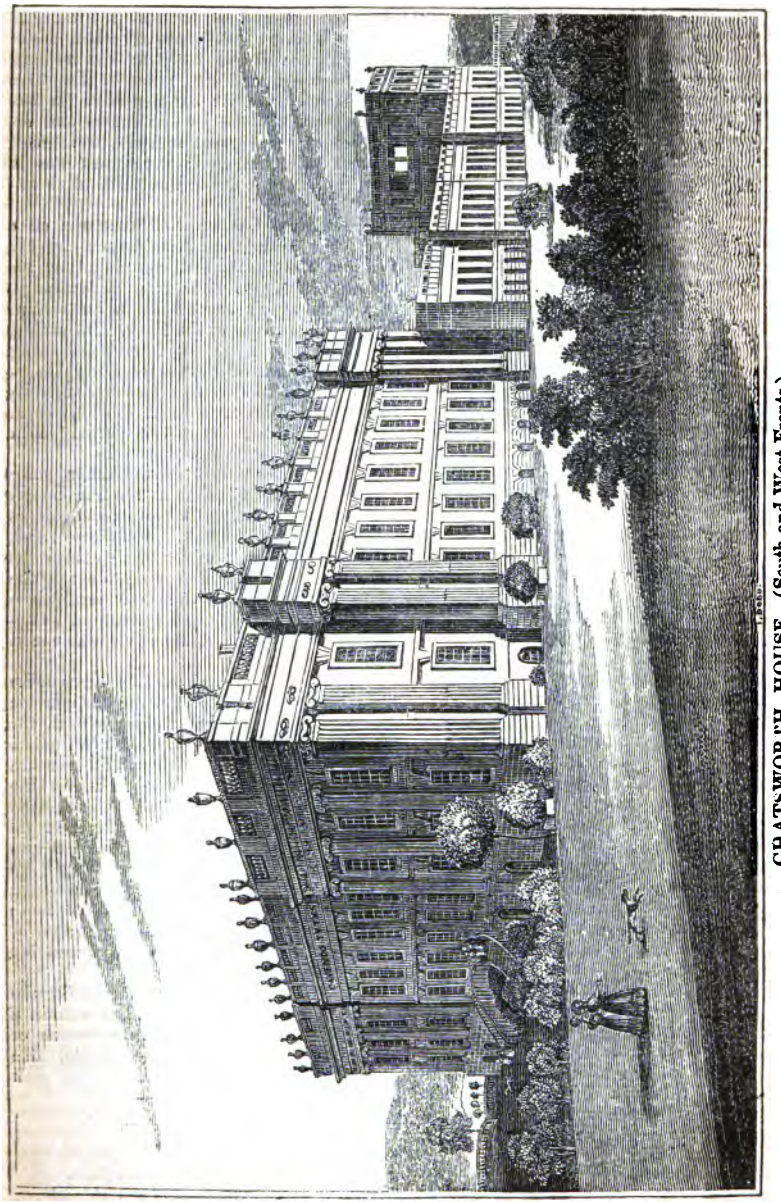
Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 646.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1834. [Price 2*d*.



CHATSWORTH HOUSE.—(South and West Fronts.)
The Seat of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

Digitized by Google

CHATSWORTH.

CHATSWORTH, the most magnificent mansion in England, merits more illustration than can be conveyed in one of our pages. It is one of the few seats in this country that deserves the name of a palace; but, neither of the abodes of the Sovereign (Windsor excepted) approaches Chatsworth in extent, completeness, or splendour. It is popularly called one of the seven wonders of the Peak; and in art, occupies a similar position to that claimed by the other curiosities of the district in the kingdoms of nature.

The superb domain of Chatsworth forms the greater part of the extra-parochial hamlet of the same name in the parishes of Edensor and Bakewell, in the hundred of High Peak, two miles S. of Baslow, two miles N. E. of Rowsley, three and a half miles S. E. from Bakewell, nine miles W. from Chesterfield, twenty-six miles N. N. W. from Derby, and ten miles N. by W. from Matlock. The manor at the Norman Survey belonged to the Crown, and was in the custody of William de Peveril, reputed to have been the natural son of the Conqueror, and to have distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings; for which he received a liberal grant of property in this neighbourhood, where he built for himself a fortress, to this day called "the Castle of the Peak." Chatsworth was for many generations the property of a family named Leche, or Leech;—one of whom, named John, was chirurgeon, or, in the term of the period, *leech*, or medical attendant, on Edward III. By this family, the estate was sold in the sixteenth century to the family of Ayard; of whom it was purchased by Sir William Cavendish; since which it has been the principal country seat of the noble family of Cavendish.

The mansion stands in a park nearly eleven miles in circumference, and beautifully diversified with hill and dale, wood and water; the river Derwent flowing with a serpentine course through the valley. The house rises amid a noble amphitheatre of wood, which is connected with the remote hills by a succession of forest scenery, until it terminates in the rude and barren mountains of the Peak. Many and delightful are the points of view, but perhaps none more exquisite than the following, described by Mr. Rhodes, the native topographer of the district:

"Immediately before us lay the river, across whose stream a stone butment or weir has been erected, which, damming up the water, expands it into breadth; it is thence precipitated over this interruption to its progress, where it forms a magnificent cascade. On a gently ascending ground, about half a mile higher up the river, stands Chatsworth, finely embosomed in

'Majestic woods, of every vigorous green;
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills.'
Thomson.

A little on the left is the bridge, backed with broad and ample foliage; cattle reposing in groups on the brink of the river, or cooling themselves in the stream, adorned the foreground; and the middle and remote distances, which are ornamented with a palace, a bridge, and towers and temples, disclose a scene as rich and as lovely as the fancy of Claude Lorraine ever portrayed when under the influence of his happiest inspirations. Yet the foreground had more of Berghem than Claude about it: the respective features which constitute the peculiar charm and excellence of these great masters, were most harmoniously combined; every part was in character, and the whole was faithful to nature."

The original Chatsworth House was on a much less scale than that begun by Sir William Cavendish, and completed by his widow, (who became Countess of Shrewsbury,) in a style which entitled it to be ranked among the wonders of the Peak. Its earliest celebrity had a melancholy interest—it being one of the prisons of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, who resided here for some months in 1570, and was here in 1573, 1577, 1578, and 1581. The house of this period was a quadrangular building, with turrets.

It shared the fate of many other noble mansions in the civil wars of the Parliament and Charles I., and was by turns occupied as a fortress by both parties. Sad times these, to convert the seat of hospitality into the focus of every bad passion, and to set up the standard of war amidst these scenes of peaceful nature. Such is but an epitome of its fortunes, to whose turns it almost sickens one to recur.

"In 1643, it was garrisoned by forces under Sir John Gell, on the part of the parliament; and in the December of the same year, the Earl of Newcastle, having taken Wingfield manor, made himself master of Chatsworth Hall, and placed a garrison in it for the king, under the command of Colonel Eyre. In September, 1645, it was held for the royal party by Colonel Shalcross, with a fresh garrison from Welbeck, and a skirmishing force of three hundred horse. It was then besieged by Major Mollanus with four hundred foot; but the siege was raised by the command of Colonel Gell, who ordered the major and his forces to return to Derby."

Charles Cotton, the poet of the Peak, who resided in the neighbourhood, has written a quaint, but somewhat tedious description of Chatsworth, in the time of the Stuarts. He concludes thus, after enumerating the park and exterior of the mansion:—

"Cross the court, thro' a fine portico,
Into the body of the house you go;
But here I may not dare to go about,
To give account of every thing throughout.
The lofty hall, staircases, galleries,
Lodgings, apartments, closets, offices,

Digitized by Google

And rooms of state: for should I undertake,
To shew what 'tis doth them so glorious make,
The pictures, sculptures, carving, graving, gilding,
'Twould be as long in writing as in building."

The fourth Earl (afterwards the first Duke) of Devonshire; on his retirement from the court of James II., planned and rebuilt the mansion, as it in part remains. The items of the expense are preserved in the auditor's account book, now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire; from which it appears that the south front was begun to be rebuilt on the 12th of April, 1687, under the direction of Mr. William Talman, an architect of some celebrity, at the latter end of the 17th century. The great hall and staircase were covered in about the middle of April, 1690. In May, 1692, the works were surveyed by Sir Christopher Wren,* at which time upwards of 9,000*l.* appears to have been expended. In 1693, Mr. Talman was paid 600*l.* in advance for building the east front and the north-east corner, which was finished in 1700; in that year also the old west front was pulled down. The whole of the building was completed soon after the year 1706, which was about twenty years from its commencement; Talman having received upwards of 13,000*l.* for his contract.

Among the artists employed in raising this sumptuous pile were, besides Talman and Sir Christopher Wren—painters, Verrio, Laguerre and Ricard, and Sir James Thornhill; carver in stone, Caius Gabriel Cibber; but it seems improbable that the carving in wood was executed by Grinling Gibbons, as is generally supposed. Mr. Lysons says, "the presumption is certainly against it, while there is no proof for it, and the statement rests upon the authority of Horace Walpole." They are, upon better authority, believed to have been executed by Mr. Samuel Watson and his son, natives of Derbyshire; although Mr. Allan Cunningham, in his *Life of Gibbons*, inclines to the belief that the Watsons were merely employed under Gibbons, who furnished the designs.

Before we describe the recent enlargement of the mansion, it may be as well to describe its situation more in detail. Chatsworth House stands on the east bank of the Derwent—having that river on one side, and on the other a lofty hill covered with wood. The approach to the mansion from Edensor is by an elegant bridge, built by Paine, and said to be from a design by Michael Angelo; the niches between the arches have four marble figures, by Cibber. Northward of this bridge is a small tower, encompassed by a moat, and approached by a flight of steps: this is called the tower of Mary Queen of Scots, from a garden having formerly occupied its summit, wherein that unhappy princess passed many hours.

* It is the impression of many that Sir Christopher Wren built two of the fronts of Chatsworth House.

The mansion is in the Ionic style of architecture; and the original design consists of an immense quadrangle, with two principal fronts: the south, 183 ft. 2 in. in length, enriched with Ionic pilasters, resting on a rustic base; and the west front, 172 ft. in length, with similar enrichments, and a pediment supported by Ionic half columns. On this side is the principal entrance, by a flight of steps, to a terrace, which extends the whole length of the building. The south and east sides, in general style and richness of ornament, correspond with the principal fronts. The roof is flat, and crowned with a balustrade, surmounted with vases.

The situation of Chatsworth is not free from objection. Mr. Loudon, in one of his Gardening Tours, in 1831, observes, "Chatsworth has always appeared to us an unsatisfactory place. The house is not situated on a platform of adequate size; and there is great awkwardness in the approach, proceeding abruptly up hill. A square pile of building, too, in such a situation, is less suitable than a lenghtened one."

The latter objection has been removed by the addition of an elegant northern wing to the original design; this portion being chiefly intended for the accommodation of the Duke's numerous and distinguished visiters. This addition was suggested by his Grace: "the chasteness of the design," observes the *Peak Guide*, "the superiority of the masonry, and every other description of work, display talent of the first character. The arrangement of the whole will remain a lasting memorial of the abilities of Sir Jeffry Wyatville, and of the taste and magnificence of the sixth Duke of Devonshire."

Nearly the whole of the numerous rooms and passages in this new wing have groined arches, or arched roofs. The basement rooms and passages are all built of rubbed ashler stone, procured from the Duke's quarries at Beeley Moor. The length of this addition, with the old part, from which it extends, is 557 ft. The finest apartment in this wing is the Banqueting Room, 81 ft. long, 30 ft. wide, and 20½ feet high; and crowned with an open temple, of the richest Corinthian architecture.

We do not attempt a minute description of the several apartments of this palatial mansion, but merely glance at a few of its most magnificent features. The Great Entrance Hall is 60 ft. by 27 ft., and its walls are painted with the life and death of Julius Cæsar. From thence the Staircase, 34 ft. by 24 ft., has a double flight of steps, of rock of amethyst, passing between two rocks of variegated alabaster, and guarded by a richly-gilt balustrade. This part was thought by Kent sufficiently elegant to be borrowed for the princely seat of Holkham. The Gallery, leading to the Chapel contains nearly one thou-

Digitized by Google

sand original sketches by the most eminent Flemish, Venetian, Spanish, and Italian masters. The chapel is wainscotted with cedar, and embellished by Verrio and Laguerre: the altar-piece, the incredulity of St. Thomas, being Verrio's best performance. The carving is said to be the work of Gibbons, and Cibber sculptured the altar, of the fluors and marbles of Derbyshire. The Drawing-room is embellished by Thornhill. The State Apartments, or third story of the south front, are lined with choice woods, costly cabinets, carvings, and old paintings, and fitted up with Gobelin tapestries of the Cartoons of Raphael: the Mosaic floors are of oak, curiously inlaid. Over the door of the Antechamber is a carved pen, as Walpole said, "not distinguishable from real feather." The Second Drawing-room is hung with Gobelin tapestry. The State Bed, or Scarlet Room, contains the bed in which George II. expired; and the chairs and footstools used at the coronation of George III. The Great North Staircase is of oak richly gilt, and has a domical ceiling and lantern, enriched. On its walls are whole-length portraits of the present Emperor and Empress of Russia, painted at Moscow, by Dawe, for 1,000 guineas. The modern common apartments are generally called those of Mary Queen of Scots, which is an error; but they occupy the site of those inhabited by the Queen, and her bed and tapestry are in the apartment which is now called her bedroom. The Bachelor's Gallery contains a drawing of St. Petersburgh, about 46 ft. long.

The Library, about 88 ft. long, 22 ft. wide, and 17 ft. high, contains a fine assemblage of books: here are the chemical collection, manuscripts, and apparatus, of the celebrated Henry Cavendish. Around is an elegant Bronze Gallery, with an ascent by a secret winding staircase in the wall. The Sculpture Gallery is 103 ft. long, 30 ft. wide, and 22 feet high, and lined with Derbyshire marble. Here are Madame Lætitia Bonaparte, Laura, Hebe, Endymion, and the Venus di Medici, by Canova; Mary Queen of Scots, by Westmacott; Venus Genitrix, Two Scenes from Homer, and Cardinal Gonsalvi, by Thorwaldsen.—Among the busts are Canova (colossal), by himself; George IV. by Chantrey; Bonaparte (colossal), by Canova. The stupendous beauties are two Lions, each weighing four tons, carved out of solid blocks of marble, 9 ft. long by 4 ft. high.

The Natural Curiosities are invaluable: as the cabinet of fossils and minerals collected by the late Duchess of Devonshire; the fossils collected by the present Duke; tablets of the stratification of Derbyshire: stalactites from Castleton; felspar from Labrador, &c.; arranged scientifically by White Watson, Esq., F.L.S., of Bakewell.

The Orangery, 170 ft. long, has plate-glass windows, marble bas-reliefs, (among them, the celebrated Night and Morning of Thorwaldsen,) on the walls, a granite vase, 6 ft. diameter, and 30 orange trees from Malmaison.

The Pleasure-grounds are upwards of eight acres in extent, including lawns, shrubberies, and gardens, with fountains and cascades. They are also rich in forest scenery, especially in picturesque beech, chestnuts, and elms. On the east front is the great cascade and natural water-fall 40 ft. over precipitous rocks. The former is a series of 24 steps, or ridges, on the highest of which is a temple: water rushes from the roof, and from lions' heads, dolphins, sea-nymphs, and other figures, and falling into a basin in front of the temple, (from which several fountains issue)—is thence discharged down the steps, and at the foot disappears into the earth. Among the other artificial water-works is a copper tree, representing a decayed weeping willow, the branches of which produce a shower.* The principal fountain throws up water to the height of nearly 100 ft. The walks through the grounds are of some miles in extent, the principal being 30 ft. in width, and embellished with figures and vases. On the crest of the eastern hill is a hunting tower, of square form, with a rounded turret at each angle: its height is 90 ft. The Grounds and Gardens have been laid out with great taste and skill by Mr. Paxton, the head gardener, F.L.S. and H.S., and editor of the *Magazine of Botany*.

The fruit and vegetable Gardens extend over twelve acres, with twenty-two hot-houses and numerous forcing-pits. The flower gardens surround the mansion, and the last addition is in what Mr. Loudon calls "a highly enriched architectural taste," from plans by Sir Jeffry Wyatville. The style of the gardens on the west front is oriental, and they are enriched with eight stone baskets, elegantly sculptured for shrubs and flowers, 32 ft. square each. In the pleasure-grounds is a Spanish chestnut, planted by the Archduke Nicholas, now Emperor of Russia; and a variegated sycamore, planted by his brother, the Archduke Michael; in commemoration of their visit to Chatsworth. In the court, on the north front, also, is a large weeping ash, which for upwards of forty years ornamented a nursery-ground in Derby, and was removed here in 1830.

Entertaining as are these few details of the magnificence of Chatsworth, it is most gratifying to be able to state, from Mr. Loudon's notice, that the Duke of Devonshire allows all persons whatever to see the man-

* This tree was designed and executed by that ingenious workman, Mr. Bower, of Chesterfield, into which town he was the first to introduce, at his own risk and expense, lighting by gas; and whose devotion of genius to his profession has, we fear, but too much impoverished his resources.—*Correspondent.*

Digitized by Google

sion and grounds, every day in the year, Sundays not excepted, from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon. "The humblest individual is not only shown the whole, but the Duke has expressly ordered the waterworks to be played for every one without exception. This is acting in the true spirit of great wealth and enlightened liberality; let us add, also, in the spirit of wisdom. We have never heard of any injury being done to any object at Chatsworth; *every party or person always being accompanied by an attendant.*" Ah! Mr. Loudon, is not the latter a requisite security?

Our second and third engravings exhibit the view of the house, not at the distance described by Mr. Rhodes, and at which it has generally been sketched,—owing to a nearer approach bringing the spectator into a lower position and thus losing the prospect of a great part of the house,—but from the verge of the terrace of the flower gardens. The whole length of the west front being, at this near approach, too extensive to be brought into one view, it has been divided into two portions, the spectator being placed opposite the middle of the whole wing, and the eye directed in the first instance to the centre of one half the wing, as exhibited in our second engraving; in the other to the centre of the other half of the prospect, as shown in our third engraving.—*See page* 72.

The engraving which occupies our first page exhibits, at one view, the connexion of the whole building, including the additions made to the original mansion by the present Duke. The point of view from which it is taken is in the pleasure grounds, on the ascent of the hill, near the termination of the course of the cascade.

The subjoined views of Chatsworth, which give a faithful idea of its architectural character, are engraved from drawings made with a fine camera lucida, on Dr. Wollaston's principle, the property of George Dollond Esq.; and the esteemed Correspondent to whom we are indebted for them, has also furnished us with the following outline of the vicinity of Chatsworth, which has the fidelity of a native hand, and the genuine enthusiasm of a lover of nature:

"That picturesque and interesting portion of our island, the Peak of Derbyshire, has long been an object of attraction to our tourists and lovers of natural scenery: and its romantic hills, with their rugged declivities;—its expanded meadows, with limpid fishing streams winding through them, visited by anglers of every generation, from the days of the venerable Izaak Walton, to those of the illustrious and lamented author of the *Salmonia*;—its moors and woodlands, with the wild situation of the celebrated Buxton;—the secluded and remarkable ravine or picturesque dell of Matlock Baths;—and the varied beauty, in locality, of the ancient Saxon town of Bakewell,—with its fine old Norman church, and the tombs of the Vernons, its Roman bath and ancient intrenchments, situated on the Wye, and in the vale of Haddon Hall:—form a combination of attractions to our countrymen not, we believe, to be found within the same narrow boundaries in any other part of our island. What Switzerland, Scotland, and other mountainous countries possess on a large scale, the Peak of Derbyshire contains in concentrated miniature."

The Naturalist.

STRAY FACTS.—ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.*—BY M. L. B.

The Screech Owl.

A medical gentleman, who had been an army surgeon during the period of the Peninsular War, and who is reckoned a shrewd, intelligent man, as well as professionally clever, lately conversing in the writer's presence on the subject of popular superstitions, thus expressed himself: "I am not an indiscriminate believer in signs and omens, but I do think there is something in the cry of the screech owl; and, for a reason which I have never indeed heard alleged, and which I, therefore, would merely be considered to hazard deferentially to the opinion of future naturalists who may feel inclined to pursue the subject as a matter of inquiry.—I had, during my professional career with our army abroad, abundant opportunities of observing that the screech owl was a very constant attendant upon the dying, and so certain a harbinger of death, that at last if ever a poor fellow laid desperately wounded in sick quarters, I was enabled pretty accurately to determine in my own mind what was to be his fate, from the absence or presence of this bird of ill omen. Repeated observation, I again beg to say, and not superstition, induced this prescience, and I account for the fact thus:—that this owl is, like the raven, vulture, and others, a bird of prey, and gifted, in common with these, with that acute scent which enables it to detect the savour of mortality as wonderfully and unerringly as do they; or, as does the ravenous shark, which, as is well known, will follow a ship for days when it contains an individual sick of a fatal disorder. It is also but fair to presume that many popular superstitions originated in reason and observation, but have since run wild, or been exaggerated, or twisted from their first sense and propriety, or the rational mode of accounting for them forgotten, and of these the screech owl may be one."

Hens.

A residence in the country and an opportunity of narrowly watching the inhabitants

* Continued from page 39.

Digitized by Google

of a poultry yard; will almost inevitably abate that poetic reverence for the virtues of hens with which good little town children are early imbued. There will the "tender mother" be beheld a most quarrelsome bird, apt to forsake her eggs after sitting on them for a day or two; careless about, instead of careful of, her brood; and, above all, she will be caught sometimes in the revolting fact of making a hearty meal off the decaying remains of such chickens as have met their death by accident, or violence (quarrels, perhaps, in which these furious fowls will even peck each other to death,) and whose bodies have not been removed from the yard. But the carnivorous nature of the gallinaceous tribe is no where more singularly displayed than on board ship, where they cannot obtain fresh meat, worms, or insects. They then, peck each other to pieces, but with strict regard, it should seem, to law, justice, and etiquette. A regular council is held, say they who speak from the experience of a voyage, the matter is gravely debated, and one victim selected and commenced upon, by each pecking her in the back until her interior is developed, and she is devoured piecemeal. Satisfied by this taste of animal food, the feathered cannibals wait awhile until nature dictates its necessity, when another council is held, and another victim selected and treated as before. I have been assured, that, though the loss of fowls in a vessel by their eating each other may confidently be reckoned upon, such a thing was never known as an indiscriminate and simultaneous attack amongst them, but they always select their victim and keep to it.

Destructiveness of Birds.

Much has of late years been said concerning the cruelty of destroying birds, robbing nests, &c. and a plea in their favour has been urged, that the little mischief they do amongst our corn and fruit, is a sufficient reason for their preservation. No one sided more warmly with those who took the humane view of the question than myself, but having seen cause to alter my opinion, I will candidly state it. Two whole crops of corn, to say nothing of immense quantities of beans, peas, and fruit, have, during the past summer, (1833,) been devoured by creatures rather resembling locusts in their voracity than birds, in the vicinity of Marlow, for which the cause assigned is this: the parish authorities having hertofore paid a small premium upon dead birds, as twopence a dozen, or something of the kind, which tended beneficially to the extermination of the destructive kinds; this year, economy being the order of the day, they either would not or could not, continue their accustomed gratuity; the effect of which policy has been severely felt, by a most enormous increase, in the well wooded vale of Bucks, of feathered depredators, as daring as voracious. Facts, they say, are stubborn things.

Bees.

In the chimney of an inhabited room, a colony of wild bees has resided for many years, which, it will be observed, is all very well in the summer; but what becomes of these insects, or how do they manage to escape suffocation during winter, when a fire is frequently lighted in the stove of this chamber? It has been suggested that they lie dormant in the crevices of the chimney, or the wood and plaster-work of the wall in its vicinity during the inclement season; but this seems scarcely credible when it is considered that into such crannies as would suffice bees to creep, smoke and heat would also penetrate sufficient to destroy them. If they have the instinct to plaster up these with wax, would not the heat of a fire melt this mortar soon, and render it ineffectual to preserve them? If, on the other hand, their winter habitation is farther removed from the chimney than their summer quarters, how did the little creatures learn thus to avoid an imminent danger? Certain it is, be the question settled as it may, the colony during winter is too quiet to allow the stranger the remotest suspicion of the whereabout of their abode, but no sooner do days become long, bright, and warm, than their murmuring music is heard in the chimney, which literally swarms with bees, and great numbers fall down in a dying state, or dead; perhaps, if weak and sickly, thus turned adrift by the strong.

That bees may be tamed so as not to hurt persons to whom they are accustomed, I have, by many instances, heard exemplified, but most remarkably in the following account:—A gentleman residing at Bury St. Edmund's, could do with impunity anything he liked with his bees; he knew every one of them; could distinguish each bee from its fellow, as a shepherd is said to individualize his sheep by the physiognomy of each; and, if he wanted to show a particular bee to a friend, he would have the hive to which it belonged turned out into a cloth, roll the insects about with his hands, like so many peas, and unharmed select from them the one required! This feat he has often been seen to perform.

Ants.

The following trait, elucidating the instinct and industry of ants, may be relied on:

In a large garden existed an immense colony of ants, whose principal nest, or town, (for it was subsequently discovered that they had, by regularly bored passages, roads, or streets, means of communication with the several dozen towns overspreading the garden,) was opposite the windows of the house, but

Digitized by Google

distant from them a few feet. One room to which these windows belonged, was used as a store-room. and contained a large deal press with folding doors, protecting deep drawers, (always kept locked,) in which were carefully stowed numerous pots of preserves. These, singular to relate, the ants discovered, and, in spite of brown paper and bladder, almost entirely demolished ere their depredations were suspected. In order to effect this feat, the destructive but industrious and ingenious insects had to ascend a flight of stone steps, work their way for many yards beneath the flooring of the room, then penetrate to, and ascend the bricks of the wall, pierce the plaster, &c. and enter the press and preserve drawers from behind, which subsequent attention to their movements proved that they did; and the lady of the house, who often amused herself by watching their proceedings, until they grew so troublesome and numerous as to oblige her to have them extirpated by turning up their towns and immersing them in scalding water, observed, generally, one strong column "of the negro race," proceeding to the spot where they gathered so rich a harvest, whilst another, in most regular order, was returning home.

(To be continued.)

Manners and Customs.

CANDLEMAS DAY.

In the language of Shakspeare we may say—

My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.

What a fertile imagination has the mind of man! It can call forth and ennoble the most insignificant thing, and even make it a mystery; and the gaping multitude, who see tall wax-candles two to the pound, or two pounds weight each, burning with and blushing to the meridian sun—shall wonder and adore! It is really astounding to our ideas, that wax-candles, as long as sergeants' pikes, should be held as necessary in the worship of God. That it is so held, and that by a large class of Christians, every one must allow, for they may have ocular demonstration of the singular fact. The show is, however, extremely imposing.

Philip Melancthon speaks of a Jesuit, who said that "he would not extinguish one taper, though it were to convert all the Huguenots" (Protestants).

In the Formulæ of Marculphus, edited by Jerome Bignon, he tells us, with respect to lights, that the use of them was of great antiquity in the church: that the primitive Christians made use of them in the assemblies, which they held before day, out of necessity; and that afterwards they were retained even in daylight, as tokens of joy, and in honour of the Deity.

This is the day of the purification of the Blessed Virgin, and falls on the second of February. By the most ancient accounts we have of ecclesiastical rites, it appears that this festival was celebrated in the Christian churches with an abundance of lights, in allusion, as was affirmed, to the prophetic words of Simeon, who, when the infant Jesus was brought into the Temple, publicly exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." This feast of the church was originally, and not unappropriately, therefore, called Candlemas Day, as well as the Day of Purification. And thus the lighting of churches arose, and masses actually performed for the candles.

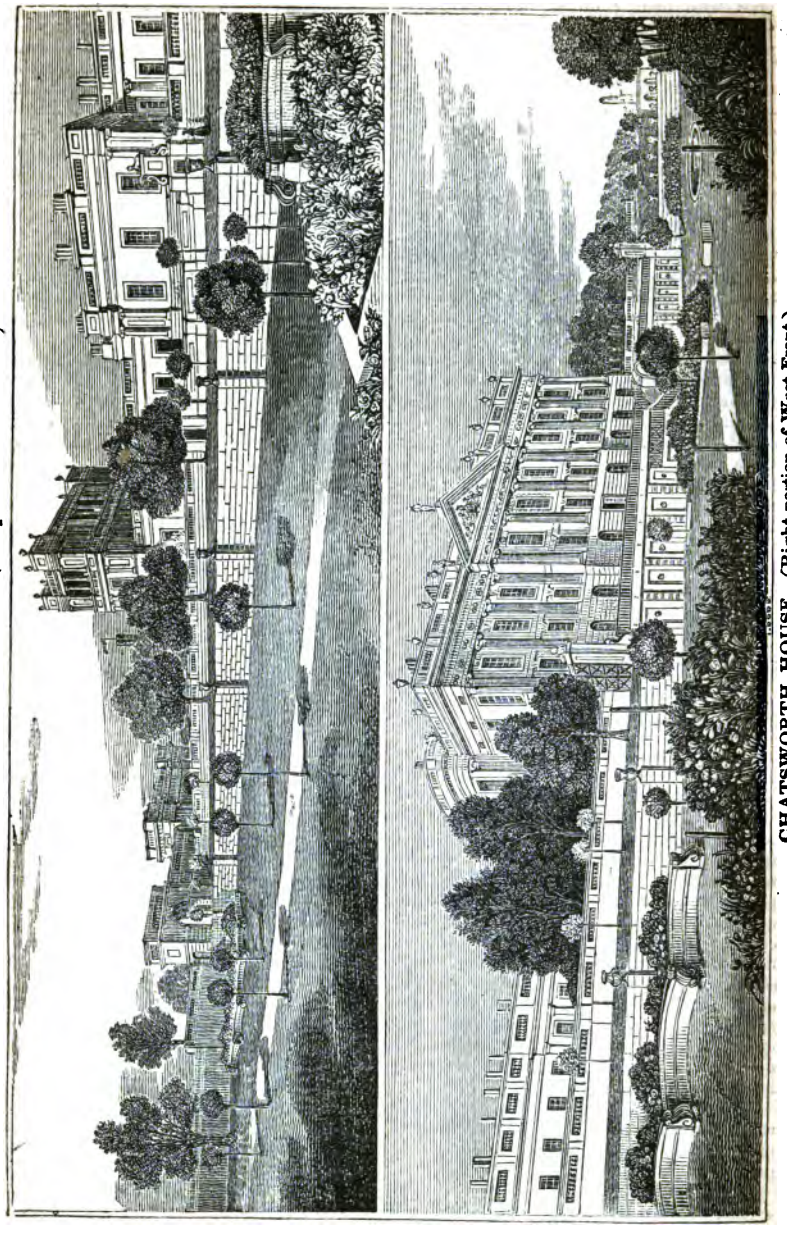
The Candle-mass wasted its thousands of wax-candles, all blessed by the priests, and adjured in these most *solemn* terms, (*Bourne's Antiquities, by Brand,*) "I adjure thee, O waxen creature, that thou repel the devil and his sprights," and so on. As gratitude to saints required a great quantity of lights, the wax-chandlers became a very flourishing company, for, so early as 1478, they were considered as expiatory offerings; and as sin always went on in a flourishing way, so must the demand have been for wax. There was a feast held by these lads of wax, October 28, 1478, and for the temperance and moderation exhibited, it is worthy of being subjoined:

	s.	d.
Two loins of mutton and two loins of veal	1	4
A loin of beef	0	4
A leg of mutton	0	2½
A pig	0	4
A capon	0	6
A coney	0	2
A dozen of pigeons	0	7
A hundred eggs	0	8½
A goose	0	6
A gallon of red wine	0	8
A kilderkin of ale	0	8
Total cost of the feast,	6	0

The wax-chandlers of the present day pay rather more at their entertainments.

Of course the Reformation diminished the consumption of wax-candles, and also the practice of keeping bees. Thirty-five thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds of wax-lights were burned every year for nine hundred masses, said in the Castle of Wittenbergh!—It is said, that Frederic-William, king of Prussia, consumed so many wax-lights in his court, that the servants had the

Digitized by Google



CHATSWORTH HOUSE.—(Left portion of West Front.)

CHATSWORTH HOUSE.—(Right portion of West Front.)

Digitized by Google

opportunity of pilfering them to the annual amount of six thousand dollars. In 1779, fourteen thousand wax-candles were at once lighted at the celebration of a feast, in the Electoral Palace of Dresden, and, in one night, six hundred weight of wax was consumed. The consumption of this article among royal and noble personages, however, forms no part of our subject.

Lactantius says, speaking of the absurdities of the wax-lights in Romish churches, "They light up candles to God, as if he lived in the dark: and do they not deserve to pass for madmen, who offer lamps and candles to the author and giver of light?"

Among old customs, bonfires continued to burn among us, even in summer, notwithstanding the canons against them: but the ecclesiastics thought it as well to prevent their authority being compromised, by avowing that these festal flames were not without their use. The bl ze, they said, scared away the dragons, which flew about at that season and caused plague and pestilence, by poison, ing the water and polluting the air.

During the confinement of King John, the provost of the merchants and sheriffs of Paris made a present to the church of Nôtre Dame, of a wax-candle, (probably rolled up,) of the same length as the circumference of the walls of Paris. (*St. Foix*, vol. i.)

Corpse candles, in Wales, are often imagined to appear, foretelling mortality. Similar to which, among the Scotch, in certain places, the death of people is supposed to be foretold by the cries and shrieks of Benshi, the fairies' wife!

"That candles and lights burn dim and blue at the apparition of spirits, (says Sir Thomas Browne,) may be true, if the ambient air be full of sulphureous spirits, as it ofttimes happens in mines, where damps and acid exhalations are able to extinguish them; and may be also verified when spirits do make themselves visible by bodies of such effluvia. But of lower consideration is the common foretelling of strangers, from the fungous parcels about the wicks of candles, which only signifieth a moist and pluvious air about them, hindering the avolation of the light, and favillous particles: whereupon, they are forced to settle upon the snast!" (*Browne's Vulgar Errors.*)

Du Bartas has very poetically called the sun, *Le Duc des Chandelles.*

SHROVETIDE.

THE following account of Shrove Tuesday, and the Pancake Bell, is given in the works of Taylor, the Water Poet, published in 1630:

"Shrove Tuesday, at whose entrance in the morning all the whole kingdom is in quiet: but by that time the clock strikes eleven, which, by the help of a knavish sexton, is commonly before nine, then there is a bell rung, called 'The Pancake Bell,' the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanity; and then there is a thing called wheaten flour, which the cooks do mingle with water, eggs, spice, and other tragical and magical enchantments; and then they put it by little and little into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused, dismal hissing, like the Lernean snakes in the reeds of Acheron, Styx, or Phlegethon, until at last, by the skill of the cook, it is transformed into the form of a flip-jack, called a pancake, with ominous incantation the ignorant people do devour very greedily." W. G. C.

ON BREAD AND THE ORIGIN OF BAKING.

THE term bread is coeval with the Creation: though we have no certain information of the ingredients of which it was first composed. The earliest mention of it is immediately subsequent to the Fall, and connected with the denunciation pronounced in consequence of it—"*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat* BREAD *till thou return unto the ground.*"—Gen. iii. 19.

We have no information of the description of bread used in Abraham's time; but at the period of his entertaining the three angels, B.C. 1838, it is expressly said that the bread he desired to be made on that occasion should be composed of the finest meal kneaded (see Gen. xviii. 6): here the kind of bread is defined, viz., the finest meal; and the method of baking here alluded to is occasionally adopted to the present day in many parts of this country. Again, in the nineteenth chapter of Genesis, we find Lot entertained two Angels; "*and he made them a feast and did break unleavened bread.*"

From Joseph's dream, recorded in Genesis, xxxvii., we may infer that at that period wheat was the species of corn used for *bread*, as sheaves seem perfectly familiar.

The earliest mention we have in Scripture of the term *baker* occurs in Egypt, in the history of Joseph, Gen. xl.

The greater portion of bread used for the poor in the time of James the First was made of barley. In Iceland, dried cod fish, beaten to powder, made up in small cakes, is eaten for bread. The same description of bread is used among the Laplanders, and among the Crim Tartars, whose countries afford no corn. In Sweden, in times of great scarcity, we are told, that the bark of trees is ground, and made into bread.

The duty of *baker* in former times devolved upon the house-wife—people anciently always being accustomed to bake their own bread.

It is a matter of great uncertainty when baking became a trade, and bakers first introduced. It seems to be the general opinion

Digitized by Google

that they were first known in the East, and that they were supposed to have passed from Greece to Italy, after the war with Pyrrhus, about 270 years before Christ.

H. B. Andrews.

Spirit of Discovery.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

On Thursday the 16th ult. Mr. Pettigrew unrolled a mummy at the Royal College of Surgeons; and the process and illustrative lecture afforded untiring interest to an audience which filled the theatre.

"As we entered," says the report in the *Morning Herald*, "we found the case in which the mummy was contained lying on the lecturer's table, in the area below where he stands. It was a rich specimen of the hieroglyphic art, and was wonderfully fresh compared with the great length of its existence. Suspended in different parts of the same area were copies of some portions of the hieroglyphical passages, beautifully wrought, and intended to display those peculiar characters in a manner which could not well be effected with the case itself. This case, we found, had been already sawn through all round, and was just in a state to have the upper portion, like the lid of a coffin, removed. Another of the interesting group, which were arranged as accessories to the general design, was a mummy which had been long deprived of its cearments, and was seen suspended, like the others: its general aspect was that of a negro, the muscular apparatus and the general bulk of the whole body being preserved. It showed the incision on the flank, through which the intestines had been withdrawn.

"Mr. Pettigrew prefaced his manual operations by an elaborate lecture explanatory of the history of the art of embalming, of the times when it ceased, of the different methods of practising it, and the objects in which the practice originated. The antiquity of the art cannot be traced sufficiently high to estimate the exact period of its origin; but the existence of the process in the earliest times is supported by scriptural authority, although it does not appear that it was at all encouraged amongst the Jews. The belief of the Egyptians was that if the soul could be kept within the body for at least 3,000 years, then it would be entitled to enter the regions of endless felicity; but if it once left the body, then it would wander about, passing continually from one body to another, according to the belief in the doctrine of metempsychosis. The object then of the bandaging seems to be not so much the preserving of the body as the compression of the soul within, so that no aperture should be left by which it could escape; the entrails and brain were, however, removed, on the ground that they were non-essentials, and were, therefore, burned, sometimes thrown into the waters, and sometimes kept, reduced to ashes, in urns. The Egyptians appear to have been the only nation in which the genuine art was practised, and they performed the operation of embalming in three different ways, which Herodotus has very amply described. In the most perfect specimens of their art, they draw the brain though the nostrils, partly with a piece of crooked iron, and partly by the infusion of drugs; they then, with an Æthiopian stone, make an incision in the side, through which they extract the intestines; these they cleanse thoroughly, washing them with palm wine, and afterwards covering them with pounded aromatics; they then fill the body with powder of pure myrrh, cassia, and other perfumes, except frankincense. Having sown up the body, it is covered with nitre for the space of 70 days, which time they may not exceed; at the end of this period it is washed, closely wrapped in bandages of cotton dipped in gum, which the Egyptians use as glue; it is then returned to the relations, who inclose the body in a case of wood made to resemble a human figure, and place it against the wall in the repository of their dead. The second, which is less expensive, is that they neither draw out the intestines, nor make any incision in the dead body, but inject an unguent made from cedar; after taking proper means to secure the injected oil within the body, it is covered with nitre for the time specified; on the last day they withdraw the liquor before introduced, which brings with it all the bowels and intestines; the nitre eats away the flesh, and the skin and bone remain. The body is returned in this state, and no further care taken concerning it. There is also a cheaper way of embalming, which is generally made use of by the poor. A particular kind of ablution is made to pass through the body, which is afterwards left in nitre for the above 70 days, and then returned. The wives of men of rank, and such females as have been distinguished for their beauty or wealth, are not immediately on their decease delivered to the embalmers, but are usually kept for three or four days. With respect to the first mode of performing the operation, the extracting of the brain seems to be a process of extreme delicacy and difficulty. Mr. Pettigrew displayed to the spectators the representations of two metallic instruments, long, thin, and terminating in hooks, which were introduced through the nose, and being passed through the base of the cranium by the grinding effect of their rotatory motion, penetrated into the brain. The original instruments are in a museum at Berlin.

"The embalmers are regarded by Mr. Pet-

Digitized by Google

Pettigrew as having stood in the rank of ecclesiastical functionaries, inferior in rank, and probably subservient, to the Egyptian priesthood. Sometimes the body, after being embalmed, was returned to the friends, but in the case of public individuals, they were placed in cemeteries destined for the purpose. These embalmers were hereditary in Egypt; that is, they derived the mysteries of their art from their immediate parents, and handed them down in the same way to their posterity. One part of the ceremony was very remarkable. The embalmer, in making the necessary incision in the flank, in order to take out the intestines, employed an Æthiopic stone as his cutting instrument, and, having made the incision in the best manner, and in exact accordance with the terms of the law, he immediately fled, otherwise he would have been greatly injured by the violence which all persons who saw him do the act were justified in using. It was a sacred law of the Egyptians that no man should injure his like, and they considered that by throwing stones, insulting and execrating the embalmer, they neutralized, in some respect, the guilt of his crime. Afterwards this embalmer suffered no further inconvenience, and was admitted to the common rights of Egyptians.

"The substances employed in the process of embalming were asphaltum, a species of bituminous pitch, with which the cearcloths forming the bandages were strongly impregnated. Another was natron, (an impure subcarbonate of soda, found crystallized in Egypt,) besides preparations of aromatic ingredients.

"An indescribable sensation pervaded the audience when Mr. Pettigrew lifted off the upper portion of the case or coffin. This is composed, on its external and internal surface, of plaster, and the internal layer is of sycamore wood. The lower division, in which the body rested, was originally in two longitudinal divisions; they were also of sycamore and plaster, but were curiously laced, like a lady's stays, from the head part to the foot. On its under surface no attempt at ornament was observable; the plaster in detached spots had evidently given way, and resembled a ceiling from which one of the thin layers formed by the limewash had dropped. This upper portion being removed, the swathed body presented itself. It is curious that no other coffin or case was contained within the ornamented one, for in the several mummies examined in this country there were always more than one case, and in some instances there were as many as four. The first view on the exposure of the interior showed the upper surface of a complete envelope, in which the body was wrapped. When this cloth was removed, the body was seen to be completely bound up by an immense number of bandages. It was easy to see which were the feet and which the head. The feet were closely in apposition, and the whole of the body was stretched at its utmost length, perfectly straight and stiff; and it fitted its receptacle exactly. The body was then lifted from the under part of the case, and between it and the bottom was a fold of the cearcloth which formed the bandages, on which the body lay, as it were, more comfortably—a circumstance which confirms what has been in other ways demonstrated, namely, that the mummies are laid in a horizontal, not a vertical, position.

"The unrolling of the bandages was a work of much time. These bandages were from four to five inches in width; there was not a single seam in any of them; they were of various lengths, and sometimes the corner of one was tied in our common knot with a corner of another; the whole were clumsily rolled. Almost every species of rolling, technically described in surgery, was combined in this case of swathing; the circular bandage was seen, particularly on the lower limbs, and the spiral bandage on the upper ones; then in numerous places were seen the united roller, the retaining one, and even the creeper. Sometimes the roller was carried from the head down to the lower limbs longitudinally, and upon these were observed longitudinal layers of the cearcloth, which were afterwards crossed and bound together by the circular rollers. In many instances the bandages had at their extremities long fringes, and once or twice a hieroglyphic, which had been placed on this cloth evidently with a view of identifying the body. Along the feet and below the abdomen, and also in other cavities, large folds, very awkwardly formed, were found as compressers. Sometimes it was found extremely difficult to lift the bandage, in consequence of its adhering to the body; and the bandage and all its layers presented the evidence of having been wet, and of the body being heated when the bandage was put on.

"The colour of this cloth is very remarkable. It is of a chestnut brown, and appeared to be of the texture of very coarse linen. From what is known of the preference for colours which obtained amongst the Egyptians, it has been concluded that this chestnut colour was not the object which they sought, but that it is merely the effect of the material which was chosen for its antiseptic qualities.

"The researches of modern chemists, and those of Dr. Granville in particular, have led to the belief that the colour spoken of is the result of a certain vegetable infusion, because the taste of the cloth, and the results which it yields on being treated with the substance called gelatine, have put beyond all doubt the fact that a great deal of that powerfully preserving principle, *tannin*, (which forms leather,) is incorporated with the cloth, by means

Digitized by Google

of the infusion. In fact, there is no denying that the surface of the body of the mummies bears a great affinity to a fully tanned piece of leather.

"If such be the way in which the cearcloth was dyed, and if such be its object, the fact exhibits an immense amount of knowledge of the vegetable world. For it has been shown that in all astringent and slightly bitter infusions the qualities of astringency and bitterness altogether depend on the tannin which they possess.

"The lower extremities of the body were bound together by cross bandages, but on removing those that were external, it was found that pads formed of cearcloth were placed inside, so as to prevent the thighs from coming into contact. At the upper part of one pad was found, wrapped up in cearcloth, an oblong piece of stone, which Mr. Pettigrew had no hesitation in saying, although its surface was considerably decomposed, was an idol placed there by the embalmers. The cearcloth on the head was particularly adherent; and when the part under the eyes came to be scraped, it was found that a hard sandy mass was concreted upon it. Mr. Pettigrew, having cleared all round the eyes, found, in the orbits, instead of the natural remains of those organs, imitations in enamel. They were convex in front, and the shaded part, with the iris form of the eye, was sought to be imitated by a black oval patch on the outer half of the surface.

"On the chest was seen an amulet, which Mr. Pettigrew suspected was suspended by a chain round the neck, and a little below it was the sacred beetle, the scarabæus, the emblem of the restoration of the union of the body and soul. The state of complete adhesion in which the last of the bandages remained, was of a nature to prohibit further attempts to expose any part of the surface of the body. No part, therefore, of the integuments, nor any part of the hair of the head, remained. The upper extremities, which were carefully bandaged, were drawn at full length, the palms of the hands opened on the fore part of the abdomen, and there firmly compressed by bandages.

"In this mummy there was not any papyrus found in either of the hands of the mummy; but Mr. Pettigrew read a prayer supposed to be addressed by the deceased before his death. This prayer apostrophized the sun, the sovereign Lord, and prayed that the gods who gave life to men, would receive his soul, and suffer it to dwell with the eternal gods; it declared that he had continued during his whole life in that worship of the gods which he had been taught by his parents; that he had killed no man, and never embezzled that which was entrusted to him; and that if he had been guilty during his life of doing, or of eating or drinking anything unlawfully, that the guilt ought to fall not on the soul, but on the body now swathed in cearcloth. Neither could be seen on this mummy any of the gilding which is said to be profusely put on the body, and marks of which were seen on the mummy suspended naked in the theatre."*

During the lecture, Mr. Pettigrew exhibited a portrait on thin wood, which he had discovered in the previous week on the breast of a mummy in the British Museum. "This unique representation," says the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, "was, no doubt, a likeness of the deceased, and the most ancient portrait in the world. The eyes are large and dark, the hair black, the countenance fine, the upper part Greek-looking rather than Coptic, and in the distribution of some of the lights there is an artist-feeling which renders this performance still more extraordinary."

Mr. Pettigrew explained the mythological characters painted on the cases, and predicted from such knowledge, that the mummy would turn out to be a male, which, observes the *Literary Gazette*, "is the more worthy of attention, as, from the absence of beard, and other appearances on the case, it was generally affirmed that the body was that of a female. The inscription (in the Phonetic† character) ran round the case from the foot of the right side to that of the left. It stated the deceased to be Horsiesi, the son of Naspihiniegori, an incense-bearing priest in the temple of Ammon at Thebes. This identity cannot, however, be considered as established; for Mr. Pettigrew admitted at starting, that the examination of mummies does not always repay the trouble of stripping them, the Arabs being accustomed to rifle them for the gold and jewels sometimes contained in their vestments. From this circumstance, it frequently happens, Mr. Pettigrew observed, that mummies are found in cases which, from the inscription, it is evident they did not originally occupy.

The mummy appears to have been thirteen years in the museum of the College of Surgeons, and was purchased by the council from the collection of the late Mr. Salt, the Egyptian traveller.

CHINESE PAPER.

THE thanks of the Society of Arts have been voted to John Reeves, Esq., late of Canton, now of Clapham, for the following notes,

* Abridged from the Morning Herald.

† Champollion, who studied and illustrated the science of hieroglyphics to his own distraction, discovered that the Egyptians had a kind of hieroglyphic writing, which was merely phonetic, that is, was composed of a series of signs not having reference to the objects represented, but merely to the sounds of the words expressed.

Digitized by Google

extracted from Chinese authorities, on the Manufacture of Paper in that country. The same gentleman has also presented to the Society a very valuable series of Specimens of Chinese Paper, of various fabrics:—

On the Making of Chinese Paper, translated from the 23rd volume of the Pun Tsaou Kang Muh.

In ancient times, bamboos were connected together, and letters burnt on them, to form books; and hence the several characters employed to denote papers and documents are formed partly with the character for "bamboo."

In the time of the Tsin and the Han dynasties, letters were written upon silk cloth; and hence the characters for silk and cloth are component parts of the character used for paper.

In the time of the Emperor Ho Te (A.D. 100), Tsac Lun began to take the bark of trees, old silk of different kinds, fishing-nets, and hemp, and boil them to rags, and make paper of them, which was used throughout the whole of the empire.

Another authority says, the people of Shuh, on the western side of China, use hemp or linen to make paper; the people of the east, in Fokeen, use tender bamboos; the people of the north, the bark of the mulberry; others use the rattan; some, mosses or lichens; some, the straw of wheat or other grains; some, the corcoon of the silk-worm; and others, the bark of the choo-tree (syn. of *kuh*), the Brousonettia.

Sha Che, or Crape Paper.

This paper is brought from among the mountains of Nanking, in the province of Kwang Se.

In spring, during the first and second moons, they take the bark of a tree called kuh-muh (*Brousonettia papyrifera*), and having pounded it, throw it into a stone reservoir of pure water, where they leave it to steep till it is fit for use. They then take it out with the sediment, and pouring it into cow-skin glue boiled with water, stir all together. Taking up this mixture with a mould of bamboo screen of the size required, they put it out into the sun to dry, and it becomes crape-paper.

The Chinese paper called touch-paper (or paper fuel), is made at the village called Peih Keang, a few miles from Canton, of the variety of bamboo called *lang*.

At the beginning of summer, during the fourth and fifth moons, the young sprouts of the bamboo are cut off just as the leaves are beginning to grow; and, having been beaten flat, are thrown into a lime-pit to steep for about a month. They are then taken out, washed clean, and dried in the sun; after which they are pounded small, passed through a sieve, and laid up. The kernel of the longan fruit (*Dimocarpus longan*) is also used, being pounded small, dried in the sun, and passed like flower through a sieve. When making the paper, this powder is put into clean water, stirred about, then taken up with a mould made of bamboo screen, and the water left to run off. It is afterwards applied to a heated wall to dry, and the paper is then complete.

For coarser or finer paper, a coarser or finer mould is used. The person who made the drawings says, the bamboo is cut into lengths of about three feet, tied up into bundles of seventeen each, and put into running water, where it stays six months. It is then put (in the same bundles) into pits made in the ground, mixed with quick-lime made from the shells of the *Venus sinensis*, pressed down with weights, and left for six months longer. The bundles will have been thus soaked for twelve months; they are then taken out, cut into short lengths, put into one of the usual Chinese pounding-mills, and beaten down into a pulp—being stirred occasionally, so as to present a new surface: about four hours' labour will break it down.

Pits, twelve covids deep and ten long, contain two thousand bundles of seventeen pieces each, weighing about twenty-four catty, or thirty-two pounds. Cisterns are about eight covids long, in two partitions; two and six broad, and two pailfuls of water are used to one of the pulp.

King Yuca Paper.

During the fourth moon, at the close of spring and commencement of summer, the bamboo shoots are cut off at the length of three or four covids (14·625 inches), and the size of six or seven inches, and then thrown into a lime-pit to steep for about a month. They are then taken up, washed clean, and bleached every day, till they are of the purest white; after which they are dried in the sun, pounded small, and passed through a very fine sieve, and the finest and whitest part of the powder taken for use. With this is used also the best white cotton of Loo Chow, ten times bowed (or bolted), and the very light cotton which is uppermost taken for use.

Rice-water, made from the whitest rice, being mixed with these two ingredients, the whole is taken up with a mould made of bamboo screen, of the size required, and then applied to a heated wall to dry. This forms the whitest and finest king yuca paper.

The above notes were accompanied by seven outline drawings, made in China, of the various processes of manufacturing paper from the bamboo; which drawings, by the liberality of Mr. Reeves, have been placed in the Society's library.

Trans. Society of Arts.

Digitized by Google

The Public Journals.

TRAVELLING ECCENTRICITIES.

[The *Quarterly Review* is becoming more and more eloquently communicative upon the *medias res* of this sublunary sphere. The Editor begins to think that social life and its minute comforts are not mere matter of moonshine, but rather sits in his critical chair as the *arbiter elegantiarum*. One quarter he reviews the foibles of a household, from the lady's maid to the groom, and attributes their failings to the vices of their mistresses and masters. In another number, enter Dr. Southey with the lucubrations of some lacrymose footman, with brains as mixed as his parsley shoulder-knot. The Turf and the Road, and their "swell" grooms and coachmen, and the ups and downs of Doncaster, Newmarket, and Melton supply the next literary quarter's revenue. Then the titled and wealthy absentee tourists are passed *in review;* and these and scores of subjects of much less importance are mingled with such grave matters as the Poor Laws, Liturgical Reforms and West Indian Slavery, and the dolorous Life of Crabbe. Such is the admixture in the number (C.) before us, wherein also German Watering Places follows a review of Guizot's edition of Gibbon, introduced by way of preparing the public for another edition of the Decline and Fall, which may already be purchased in eight superb library volumes for less than a guinea and a-half. Nothing can be more sparkling and pleasant than this said watering places paper, which contains the quintessence of a privately printed English volume on the Editor's table. The writer is a garrulous "old man," and the object of his tour "the Brunnens" (or mineral waters) of Nassau. We can only quote a few of the reviewer's extracts, which show the privately-printed book to be richer in entertaining knowledge than scores of volumes published, and very superior to many tourists' journals, whose only publisher should be the trunkmaker.

The Reviewer thus introduces our first quotation:—]

The duchy of Nassau, taken altogether, may fairly be said to contribute more than an average share towards the luxuries and comforts of mankind. Besides noble forests of oak, beech, birch, and fir, there are good crops of corn of every sort, and potatoes which would not be despised in England. Several of the wines (for instance those on the estates of Hockheim and Metternich) are the finest on the Rhine—while there are fruits, such as apples, pears, cherries, apricots, strawberries, raspberries (the two latter growing wild), &c. &c., in the greatest abundance. Not only are there mines of the precious metals and of iron, but there is also coal, which we all know will, when the gigantic powers of steam are developed, become the nucleus of every nation's wealth. In addition to all this—from its hills burst mineral streams of various descriptions, and besides the Seltzer water, which is drunk as a luxury in every quarter of the globe, there are bright sparkling remedies prescribed for almost every disorder under the sun. For instance, should our reader be consumptive, or, what is much more probable, dyspeptic, let him hurry to Ems. If he wishes to instil iron into his system, and to brace up his muscles, let him go to Langenschwalbach; if his brain should require calming, his nerves soothing, and his skin softening, let him glide onwards to Schlangenbad—the serpent's bath; but if he should be rheumatic in his limbs, or if mercury should be running riot in his system, let him hasten, "body and bones," to Wiesbaden, where they say, by being parboiled in the *koch-brunnen* (boiling spring) all his troubles will evaporate. To these different waters of Nassau flock annually thousands and thousands of votaries from all parts of Germany, and so celebrated are they for the cures which they have effected, that not only do people also come from Russia, Poland, Denmark, &c., but a vast quantity of the waters, in stone bottles, is annually sent to these remote countries. Yet although Spa and some other German watering places have been much deserted by foreigners, on account of the multitudes of English who have thronged thither, the number of our countrymen resorting to the mineral springs of Nassau bears no proportion to that of any other nation of Europe; but somehow or other our wandering *John Bulls* are like locusts,—either they are found absolutely eating up a foreign country, or not one of them is to be seen there. We believe we may assert, that not twenty English families have taken up their abode at Langenschwalbach or Schlangenbad, in the course of the last twenty years; and yet there is no country on earth that could turn out annually more consumptive, rheumatic, and dyspeptic patients than old England.

The "Bubbles" say:—"The duke of Nassau is the cacique, king, emperor, or commander-in-chief of the province, and people here are everlastingly talking of the duke, as in England they talk of *the* sun, *the* moon, or any other bauble of which there exists only one in creation. He is certainly the sovereign lord of this lofty country, and travelling along we have observed a certain little bough sticking out of every tenth sheaf of corn, the meaning of which is no doubt perfectly well understood both by him and the peasant. He is also very strict about his game—our worsted-tasselled horn-blowing cicerone has informed us, that the bunches of straw which we observed mysteriously tied

Digitized by Google

to bushes in the woods, are sentinels which forbid any person to enter them."

What follows is particularly lively—and *true*:—"In approaching Langenschwalbach, being of course anxious as early as possible to get a glimpse of a town which I had already determined to inhabit for a few days, I did all in my power to explain this feeling to the dull gaudy fellow who drove me; but whenever I inquired for Langenschwalbach, so often did the mute creature point with a long German whip to the open country, as if it existed directly before him—but no! not a human habitation could I discover. However, as I proceeded onwards, the whip, in reply to my repeated interrogations of its dumb owner, began to show a sort of magnetic dip, until at last it pointed almost perpendicularly into a ravine, which was now immediately beneath us; but though we could see, as I thought, almost to the bottom of it, not a vestige of a town was to be seen. However, the whip was quite right, for in a very few seconds, peeping up from the very bottom of the valley, we perceived, like poplar-trees, a couple of church steeples—then suddenly came in sight a long narrow village of slated roofs, and in a very few seconds I found my carriage rattling and trumpeting along a street, until it stopped at the Goldene Kette, or, as we should call it, the Golden Chain. The master of this hotel appeared to be a most civil, obliging person, and though his house was nearly full, yet he suddenly felt so much respect for the contents of my wallet, which on descending from the carriage, I had placed for a moment in his hands, that he used many arguments to persuade us both to become noble appendages to his fine golden chain; yet there were certain noises, uncertain smells, and a degree of bustle in his house, which did not at all suit me, and, therefore, at once mercifully annihilating his hopes by a grave bow which could not be misinterpreted, I slowly walked into the street to select for myself a private lodging, and for a considerable time very great difficulty did I experience. With hands clasped behind me, in vain did I slowly stroll about looking out for anything at all like a paper or a beard in a window, and I was beginning to fear that there were no lodging-houses in the town, when I at last found out that there were very few which were not."

Our author succeeds at last in securing for himself a den; and the next morning, full of breakfast and curiosity, he sallies forth to see the lions:—

"My first duty, however, was to understand the geography of the town, or rather village of Langenschwalbach, which I found to be in the shape of the letter Y (or throwing, as I wish to do, literature aside), of a long-handled two-pronged fork. The village is fifteen hundred paces in length, that is to say, the prongs are each about five hundred yards, and the handle of the fork is about one thousand yards.

"The buildings themselves are constructed even more irregularly than their roofs. The village is composed of houses of all sizes, shapes, and colours: some, having been lately plastered, and painted yellow, white, or pale green, have a modern appearance, while others wear a dress about as old as the hills which surround them:—of these latter, some are standing with their sides towards the streets—others look at you with their gables; some overhang the passenger as if they intended to crush him; some shrink backwards, as if, like misanthropes, they loathed him, or, like maidens, they feared him; some lean sideways, as if they were suffering from a painful disorder in their hips; many, apparently from curiosity, have advanced; while a few, in disgust, have retired a step or two.

"The *stahl brunnen* (steel spring) is at the head of the town, at the upper extremity of the right prong. Close to the point of the other prong is the *wein brunnen*, (wine spring,) and about six hundred yards up the same valley is situated the fashionable *brunnen* of Pauline. Between these three points, brunnens, or wells, backwards and forwards, "down the middle and up again"—people are seen walking, or rather crawling, with a constancy that is really quite astonishing. Among the number, there may be here and there a Cœlebs in search of a wife, and a very few pairs of much smaller feet may be occasionally seen, "impari passu," pursuing nothing but their mammas; but, generally speaking, the whole troop are chasing one and the same game; they are all searching for the same treasure; in short, the object is health."

The author proceeds to sketch the usual doings of a day in this pleasant watering-place; and, as this department of German life is really new to most English people, we shall quote freely. One great article in its healthfulness is, we have no doubt the earliness of the hours kept by everybody. No one thinks of being in bed much beyond five o'clock. At that time—"Every house was open—the streets already swept—the inhabitants all up—the living world appeared broad awake—and there was nothing to denote the earliness of the hour, but the delicious freshness of the cool mountain air, which, as yet unenfeebled by the sun, was in that pure state in which it had all night long been slumbering in the valley. The face of nature seemed beaming with health; and though there were no larks at Schwalback gently "to carol in the morn," yet immense red German slugs were everywhere in our path, looking wetter, colder, fatter, and happier, than I have words to express; they had evidently been gorging themselves during

Digitized by Google

the night, and were now crawling into shelter to sleep away the day.

"On reaching the brunnen, the first thing I received there was a smile from a very honest, homely, healthy old woman, who, seeing me approaching, had selected from her table a glass as large and globular as ever shone in a Teniers. 'Guten morgen,' she muttered, without at all deranging the hospitality of her smile; and then stooping down she dashed the vessel into the brunnen beneath her feet, and in a sort of civil hurry (lest any of its spirit should escape) presented her *eau médicinale*. Clear as crystal, sparkling with carbonic acid gas, and effervescing quite as much as Champagne, it was nevertheless miserably cold; and the first morning, what with the gas, and what with the low temperature of this iron water, it was about as much as one could do to swallow it; and even then for a few seconds feeling as if it had sluiced the stomach completely by surprise, I stood hardly knowing what was about to happen,— when, instead of the teeth chattering, as I expected, I felt the water suddenly grow warm within my waistcoat, and a slight intoxication, or rather exhilaration, succeeded."

Under the influence of this cordial, which seems to have acted upon him like fuel to a steam-coach, our author and his friend appear to have been in the custom of forthwith ascending one or other of the zigzag paths which are cut in various directions through the woods overhanging the valley of the *brunnens*, but which are so steep that they seldom find favour with the German water-bibbers. After breathing the mountain air for an hour, it was time to descend for glass the second—and another hour's walk prepared them, in like fashion, for beaker the third. By this time all ranks of people had arisen from their beds, and the sun being now warm, the *beau monde* of Langenschwalbach were, from a *gazebo* hut high above them, seen slowly loitering up and down the promenade.

(*To be continued.*)

The Gatherer.

Irish Titles.—There are at present three titles known in Ireland that have been transmitted from time immemorial, and whose origin is lost in the lapse of ages. They are known as the Knight of Kerry, the Knight of Glin, and the White Knight, which last is centered in the Earl of Kingston, who claims the priority in point of antiquity. The other two are in the family of the Fitzeralds, and vary little in the mottoes they assume from that of the Duke of Leinster, which, in the old Milesian phrase of *crom a boo*, is supposed to be an ancient war cry; that of the Knight of Glin is *shanet a boo*, and the others differ in minute particulars. The translation given to the Duke's is *I burn*, and is accounted for in a curious manner. It is said that one of the early progenitors of the family kept in his house at Carton, in Kildare, a monkey of extraordinary docility; and the house one day catching fire, the monkey is said to have rescued a child in its arms from the impending danger, and carried it to a place of safety; the motto of *crom a boo* was afterwards adopted, and continues with monkeys as supporters to the armorial bearings up to the present day.—W. G. C.

City Churches.—Mr. Jones, in the court of Common Council, has stated that the population of the City has within the last hundred years been decreasing until it does not amount to one half. The present number of inhabitants does not exceed 53,000, and for them are sixty-six churches.

Intemperance.—Some cunning enemy to Temperance Societies has started the following paragraph on the newspaper circuit. Mr. Combe mentions a porter who, when drunk, left a parcel at the wrong door; on becoming sober, he was told of his mistake, but could not remember what he had done with it until the next time he got drunk, when he at once called to mind the house, and went and recovered the parcel.

A physician is an unfortunate gentleman who is every day requested to perform a miracle—namely, to reconcile health with intemperance.—*Voltaire.*

White Hare.—A few days ago a hare, perfectly white, was coursed and killed near Benkridge, by a dog belonging to a gentleman of Wolverhampton.—*Herald.*

A Travelling Suite.—A rosy, fresh-coloured French maid, a chocolate-coloured chariot, and a brown, ill-looking Italian courier.

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXII.

(From the Morning Advertiser. January 29, 1834.)

"THIS work continues to maintain its reputation for originality and interest with a success which, considering the immense number of cheap periodicals with which both town and country are inundated, is truly extraordinary. The high reputation and long standing of the *Mirror* have unquestionably stood in good stead against the publication of so many rivals; but it is due at the same time to the Editor and Publisher to observe, that they have spared neither labour nor expense in endeavouring to deserve success. The present volume, which rivals its predecessors in neatness, as in originality and interest, bears ample proof of both; and to those who are not in the habit of receiving it weekly, will furnish a mine of amusement during these winter evenings, which may be said to be as varied as it will be found delightful. A Portrait of Captain Ross, and a good likeness it is of him, forms one of its numerous embellishments; and a brief history of his expedition one of a series of its most interesting articles."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Booksellers and Booksellers.

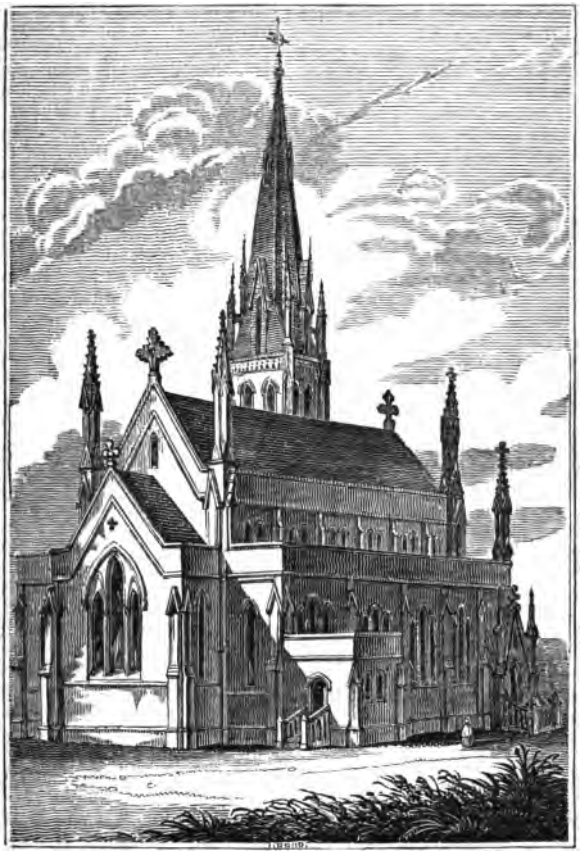
Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 647.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1834. [PRICE 2*d*.



STRATFORD (NEW) CHURCH.

(From a Correspondent.)

IN the olden time, when a visit to "*our ladye of Berkinge*," was considered eminently conducive to spiritual health, the courtly pageant, with its gay trappings and chivalrous array, was no unusual sight on a road now almost wholly abandoned to *le tiers-état*. The Princess Maud, for instance, after she became the consort of Henry I. maintaining the piety she had imbibed or indulged in the nunnery at Rumsey, often performed the pilgrimage to which we allude.

At this period the Lea was crossed at the Old Ford, as the place is yet called; but the inconvenience and danger of fording so considerable a river, induced the royal devotee to turn the road to a more convenient part of the stream, where she erected Bow Bridge—a name derived from the form of the structure—which was the finest example of pontine architecture then in the kingdom; and is now an object of antiquarian interest. Supposing the reader, then, to accompany us over it, he will find himself in the parish of Westham, in which is situated the subject of the engraving.

As this, however, is yet a mile distant, we may observe that Westham was erewhile famous for its abbey of Cistercian monks,

Digitized by Google

founded by William de Montfichet in 1135, and, after an existence of four centuries, surrendered to the crown on the dissolution of the larger monasteries, with its revenues amounting to 650*l*. Until recently, some remains of this venerable building were extant; but at present, not one stone is left upon another, the daily alms are no longer dispensed at its gate—but a workhouse has sprung from its ruins: a picture which (whatever benefits may have accrued from the change,) cannot fail to affect the contemplative mind. "The ruins of magnificent edifices," says the excellent Sir James Mackintosh, "the spoliation of their richest decorations, hitherto regarded by the people as the ornaments of their little neighbourhood, and the boast of village pride, must have been keenly regretted in proportion to the rudeness of their private accommodations, and to the meanness of their domestic architecture. They were robbed of their ancient and their only ornaments."

The parish contains about 12,000 souls, and is divided into three wardships, Plaistow, Westham, and Stratford. In the former is a neat Gothic chapel lately erected, and at half a mile to the south is a house in which the "foremost man" of the last century, Burke, resided. We have experienced no mean gratification in visiting this scene of his lucubrations.

The old church is a patched and mutilated pile, with a tower at the west end, of perpendicular Gothic character, which appears to have been the prototype of that at Bow. In the interior are some curious mural monuments.

We now come to the ward, or hamlet, of Stratford, a populous district of which the new church forms a conspicuous and ornamental feature; being situated on a triangular plot, formed by the divergence of the road in the directions of Romford and Woodford. The edifice consists of a nave and clerestory, with aisles, and a steeple at the angle: an arrangement that materially assists the grouping of the subject, as may be seen by reference to the cut. The style is that of the thirteenth century, (chiefly distinguished by its long narrow windows and acute arches,) of which Salisbury Cathedral, the Temple Church, and St. Saviour's, Southwark, present well known examples. The interior has a light and graceful effect, with the timbers of the lofty middle roof exposed; the tiebeams resting on grotesque corbels of stone. At the west end is a gallery and organ-loft; beneath which, in a recess, or baptistry, stands a neat stone font. The building is calculated to accommodate a thousand persons; and, as a work of art, equals any erected under the Church Commissioners.

F. A. S.

Manners and Customs.

HOUR-GLASSES.

Some have imagined, (says Mr. Denne,) that the ancient fathers preached, as the old Greek and Roman orators declaimed, by an hour-glass; on the contrary, it has been remarked, that the sermons of several of them were not of this length; and it is particularly said, that there are many sermons in St. Austin's tenth volume which a man might deliver, with distinctness and propriety, in eight minutes, and some in almost half that time. In the churchwardens' accounts of St. Helen's, Abingdon, in 1599, 4*d*. is charged for an hour-glass for the pulpit. This (Professor Ward observes,) is the first instance in which he met with it. It is not likely that hour-glasses were used for the same purpose before the Reformation. In the churchwardens' accounts of the parish of Lambeth (says Mr. Allen) are two entries respecting the hour-glass—namely, in 1579, when 1*s*. 4*d*. was "Payd to Yorke for the frame in which the hower standeth;" and in 1615, when 6*s*. 8*d*. was "payd for an iron for the hour-glass." The first of these payments is dated twenty years prior to that at St. Helen's. Mr. Fosbroke, in his *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*, says, "Preaching by the hour-glass was put an end to by the Puritans." This, however, appears to be a mistake; for they were, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxiv., made use of in the Puritanical times of Cromwell, when the preacher, on his first appearance in the pulpit, and naming the text, turned up the glass; and if the sermon did not last till the glass was out, it was said by the congregation that he was lazy; and if, on the other hand, he continued much longer, they would yawn and stretch till the discourse was finished. Butler, in his *Hudibras*, alludes to them as being used by the Puritans. It may, therefore, be said, that their use was not put an end to by them; but, on the contrary, was greatly increased. It is most probable that they were discontinued in the time of Charles II., when the minds of the people were more lax.

Hogarth, in his *Sleeping Congregation*, has introduced an hour-glass on the left side of the preacher; and Mr. Ireland observes, in his description of this plate, that hour-glasses are still placed on some of the pulpits in the provinces. Lecturers' pulpits (says Mr. Fosbroke) had an hour-glass on one side, and a bottle on the other. It is stated by Mr. Nichols, that at Waltham, Leicestershire, by the pulpit was an hour-glass in an iron frame, mounted on three high wooden brackets. In the present time, there is a very perfect and interesting one in the church of St. Alban, Wood-street, Cheapside. On the right of the reading-desk is a spiral column, on its top

Digitized by Google

in inclosed square compartment, with small twisted columns, arches, &c., all of brass, in which is the hour-glass, in a frame of a long, square form; the four sides are alike, richly ornamented with pillars, angels, sounding trumpets, &c. Both ends terminate with a line of crosses *pattèe* and *fleurs-de-lis*, somewhat resembling the circle of the crown—all of raised brass. W. G. C.

CHINESE NOTIONS OF SMUGGLING.

In the Appendix to the East India Trade Reports, there is a translation of an imperial edict, prohibiting the transport of teas coastwise to Canton. The following are some edifying passages:—

"His Majesty's will has been received concerning a report from the Tseang (the Viceroy of Canton), recommending the rigorous prohibition of conveying tea by sea. The merchants of Fokien, in conveying bohea and single teas to Canton for sale, have heretofore taken them through the interior by rivers; but from the eighteenth year of the present reign, they have gradually introduced the practice of conveying them by sea; and recently the practice is daily increased. The surface of the ocean is wide, and it is impracticable to search and find out what is done thereon;—it is impossible to be sure that they do not smuggle prohibited articles, and sell them clandestinely. In that the Viceroys and Rooyuens of these two provinces did not before discover and prevent this practice, manifests extreme remissness. However, in consideration of its being now past and gone, I will not inquire deeply into it. But it is now ordered, &c., that all the merchants who carry tea to Canton shall abide by the former usage—carry their tea by the rivers, and over the mountains, to Canton. It is for ever prohibited to carry it by sea. If this prohibition be opposed, and it be smuggled out to sea, the moment the parties are taken, the merchants shall have their crime punished, and their tea confiscated. Smuggling is a trifling affair; but having a communication with foreigners is a thing which involves vast interests. It is indispensably necessary to strain every nerve to eradicate the first risings of baseness or mischief. Respect this."

Another edict on the same subject, at the same time, says—"As to bringing teas by sea, unquestionably it ought to be strictly prohibited; and it is also necessary to examine narrowly the passage by land. Of late years, at Canton, tea has been dealt in, in excessive quantities, without order to inquiry. There have been smuggling, wrangling to sell first, and every species of illegality, vastly different from that tranquillity and still transaction of business which is incumbent, &c. I, the Governor-General, in managing the affairs, have acted with truth and decision. What I said I would do, I have forthwith done. If you presume lightly to try experiments with me, you will, by your own act, bring down distress and involvement upon yourselves. Subsequent repentance will be unavailing. Pay implicit regard to this. A special edict." W. G. C.

Spirit of Discovery.

RECENT ACCOUNTS OF THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

(By John Barrow, Esq F. R. S.)*

As the public have not ceased to take a great interest in the little colony of Pitcairn's Island, though no account of its proceedings has been published since that given in the Narrative of Captain Beechey's Voyage, the following extracts from official documents regarding it will probably be found interesting. The first is from a private Journal kept by the Honourable Captain Waldegrave, who visited the island in H.M.S. Seringapatam, in 1830, shortly before its inhabitants were induced to emigrate to Otaheite.

Pitcairn's Island, March, 1830.—We arrived here in the Seringapatam on Monday the 15th of March, 1830, about seven o'clock; soon after eight, Edward Young, a native, came alongside in a small canoe guided by one paddle; he wore a European waistcoat and trousers, and breakfasted with me, saying grace before and after. About nine several others came on board in a jolly boat; the senior native, Thursday October Fletcher Christian, was one. After breakfast many of them accompanied us to the shore; we landed about noon. At the top of the first level, seated in a grove of cocoa-nut trees, were assembled many of the wives and mothers. "I have brought you a clergyman."—"God bless you, God bless you!" was the universal answer. "To stay with us?"—"No!"—"You bad man, why not?"—"I cannot spare him, he is the clergyman of my ship. I have brought you clothes, which King George sends you."—"We rather want food for our souls," &c. The welcome was most affecting; the wives met their husbands and greeted them with joy as if they had long been absent;—they received us most cordially, but more particularly the chaplain, Mr. Watson,—the men sprung up to the trees, throwing down cocoa-nuts, and tearing off the husks with their teeth, offered us the milk. When we had rested, they took us to their cottages, where we dined and slept.

* Read before the Royal Geographical Society, and published in Part II. vol. iii. of their Journal. For upwards of three pages of interesting notes on the Pitcairn Islanders, from the *Quarterly Review* of Captain Beechey's voyage, see *Mirror*, vol. xvii. p. 375.

Digitized by Google

In the evening we walked to see Christian's and Adams's graves. They are at some distance from each other,—the grave of the former near the spot where he fell, murdered, about one-third from the summit of the island; the latter is buried by the side of his Otaheitan wife, at the end of his cottage-garden. An hour after sunset we supped, and at nine o'clock retired to bed.

Pitcairn's island was surveyed by Captain Beechey, in 1826, therefore I shall only state what I saw. It is very high, with precipitous sides, and without anchorage: its basis is sandstone rock, mixed with particles of iron; occasionally there are volcanic rocks. The soil is clay, mixed with sand, very rich, and of great depth. There are three landing-places, two in smooth water; one of these is on the west, the other on the south-east side; near this last Mr. Sayer seems to think there is anchorage, half a mile from the shore. The ascent from the beach at these places is so steep that the natives object to land there. The third, and usual landing-place, is directly under the village, on the north side of the island; the approach to it is very dangerous, and cannot be attempted in safety without the guidance of a native. There is no cove, —a rock projects about seventy feet to the sea; beyond this, about thirty fathoms from the shore, a ridge of rocks runs parallel to the beach. There is but one opening, and that not fifteen feet wide: they watch the surf, and observing one unusually high, they row the boat on this, and guide it within a foot of the rock, then pull due east to avoid another; both cleared, the boat lands on a sandy beach, about ten feet wide. Outside of this rock the Bounty was anchored and burnt. There is a well, not of very good water; and here, also, begins the path leading to their village,—it is almost perpendicular, the thermometer at 90°. This continues 200 feet, beyond which the path becomes more level, undulating with the land, passing through groves of cocoa-nut trees, yam, and potato grounds.

Their houses are of wood, some of two stories, which are called double cottages, thatched with palm leaves, rolled on sticks, leaving a projecting end of one or two feet. These sticks are placed horizontally on the rafters, beginning with the dropping eaves, and as they are ranged above each other, the loose end of the palm leaf lies over them beneath, and forms a very thick thatch, lasting about seven years. They have no windows but shutters, all of wood, about a foot wide, so that seated, a free circulation of air passes over the head without being in a draught. If the cottage is double, the beds are placed upstairs, and the shutters are fitted the same as below;—their furniture, four-post beds with mattresses, sheets of the paper-mulberry cloth, large chests, benches, a table, knives and forks. They cook out of doors; to each house is attached a work-shop, where the cloth is made, a pig-sty, and we saw the beginning of a flower-garden.

They appear to be careless about other fruits or vegetables than yams, sweet potatoes, cocoa-nuts, plantains, and bananas. The yam grounds are cropped successively four or five times, then neglected, and other land cleared. Calavances, peas, Irish potatoes, tobacco, and wheat, have been brought, once raised, and neglected. The bread-fruit from neglect was becoming scarce. Gourds, water-melons, sugar-cane, pumpkins, and calabashes, were raised for use and barter; we saw one citron and one orange tree, both very young and not in bearing.

The best well of water is called Brown's well, two hundred yards above the village—soft water. Another just below the school-house, is used for culinary purposes, stock, and washing. Other wells have been sought by digging, without success.

The animals are goats, pigs, and fowls. We gave them three ewe-sheep, a duck, drake, goose, and gander. The trees are cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, banyan, and poplar-leaved hibiscus.

It was with very great gratification that we observed the Christian simplicity of the natives. They appeared to have no guile. Their cottages were open to all, and all were welcome to their food; the pig, the fowl, was killed and dressed instantly—the beds were ready, each was willing to show any and every part of the island; and to any question put by myself or Mr. Watson, as to the character or conduct of any individual, the answer was, "If it could do any good to answer you, I would, but as it cannot, it is wrong to tell tales." They repeatedly informed me that there were eighty-one souls on the island; but after frequent counting, we only reckoned seventy-nine. One quietly gave the christian names of two others, but declined saying who the parents were, as "It would be wrong to tell my neighbours' shame." Before they began a meal, all joined hands in the attitude of prayer, with eyes raised to Heaven, and one recited a simple grace, grateful for the present food, but beseeching spiritual nourishment. Each answered, Amen; and, after a pause, the breakfast or supper began—water or the milk of cocoa-nuts was the only beverage. At the conclusion, another grace was offered up. Should any one arrive during the repast, all ceased to eat—the new guest said grace, to which each repeated Amen, and then the meal continued.

The children were fond and obedient, the parents affectionate and kind towards their children—we did not hear a harsh word used by one towards another.

After the English were retired to rest, the

Digitized by Google

natives assembled in a cottage, and the evening service was read by Mr. Watson. On the 16th, at night, all again assembled. The afternoon church service was performed, and a lecture given by Mr. Watson. They all made the responses with regularity, and it was a most striking scene. The place chosen was the bed-room of a double cottage—that is, one of two floors; the ascent was by a broad ladder from the lower room, through a trap-door. The clergyman stood between two beds, and at his back the only lamp was placed. On his right, in the bed, three infants were soundly sleeping; on his left three men sat at the foot of the bed—on each side and in front were kneeling the native men, some in the simple mara displaying their gigantic figures—others partly clothed in trousers and jacket, the neck and feet bare—behind were the women in their modest cloth dresses, entirely concealing the form, leaving the head and feet bare; the girls wore in addition a sheet knotted as a Roman senator's toga, thrown over the right shoulder, and under the left arm. When the general confession commenced, each knelt facing the clergyman, with hands raised to the breast in the attitude of prayer, slowly and distinctly repeating the confession. Each was absorbed in the solemnity of the service. The text was most happily chosen :—" Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." At the conclusion of the service, they requested permission to sing their parting hymn, when all the congregation, in good time, sang " Depart in peace." Their voices were all tenors and of the same key.

The women are clothed in the paper mulberry white cloth, extending in folds from the shoulders to the feet, and so loose as entirely to conceal the figure. The mothers nursing carry their infants within their dress, with frequently an older child of a year old, seated across the hip, with its little hands clinging to the shoulder, the arm passed over its body keeping it in safety. The men and boys, except on Sundays, when they put on a European dress, wear nothing but the mara —a waist-cloth passing over the hips and through the legs. The climate is too hot for more clothing. The men are from five feet eight inches to six feet high, of a dark copper complexion, great muscular strength, in good condition, and of excellent figures; we did not see one cripple or defective person, except one boy, whom, after much laughing, they in the most good-humoured way brought to me, saying, " You ought to be brothers; you have each lost the right eye." I acknowledged the connexion, and for the future he will be called Captain.

Unhappily the scene is not without alloy. Three Englishmen have arrived, and had wives given to them. Their names are George Hunn Nobbs, John Buffet, and John Evans. The first has married a daughter of Charles Christian, and calls himself pastor, registrar, and schoolmaster; he has sixteen scholars. Two of these titles, however, are claimed by John Buffet,—hence a source of division; and since their arrival, dissension, heretofore an unknown evil, has appeared. Buffet, a native of Bristol, a shipwright and joiner, a very useful mechanic, arrived first; he has eight scholars; and to him land has been allotted. Evans enjoys land through his wife, a daughter of John Adams, an heiress. The two last maintain themselves, but Nobbs claims exemption from labour as pastor; by law he is to be maintained by the community. His information is superior to the natives, therefore he wishes to become the chief,—in which he will be disappointed; they do not like a superior. As education increases, also, their minds will expand, when native talent will appear which will claim and obtain superiority. Had the family of Christian possessed but a moderate share of sense, one of its members would have been chief by general consent; but Thursday and Charles Christian, the sons of the mutineer, are ignorant, uneducated persons, unable to maintain superiority. In time, Edward Quintal, the best understanding in the island, will be chief; he possesses no book but the bible, but such knowledge has he drawn from it that he argues from facts stated therein, and thence arrives at conclusions, which will in time place him much above his fellows. His wife, also, possesses a good understanding; and their eldest boy, William, has been so carefully educated, that there is no boy equal to him on the island. The descendants of Young are also promising persons, possessing good understandings.

One of the remarkable circumstances is the correctness of their language and pronunciation. The general language is English; their divine service, also, is in English; but they frequently converse in Otaheitan, the language of the mothers. Two of the women who left Otaheite in the Bounty are alive; both childless, but well taken care of by the others.

The whole island has been portioned amongst the original proprietors, therefore a foreigner cannot obtain land except by marriage or grant. Eleven-twelfths are uncultivated. Yet population increases so rapidly, that in another century the island will be fully peopled. I think one thousand souls would be its limit of inhabitants. The island at present is covered with trees, called the bush, yet only one good well has been discovered. Trees attract rain, and when these are removed the showers of rain will not be so frequent.

Since the death of John Adams, the patriarch, laws have been established against

Digitized by Google

murder, theft, adultery, and removing a landmark. The penalty to the first is death; to the second, three-fold restitution; to the third, for the first offence, whipping to both parties, and marriage within three months, for the second offence, if the parties refuse to marry, the penalties are forfeiture of lands and property, and banishment from the island. Offenders are to be tried before three elders, who pronounce sentence.

Marriage and baptism are celebrated according to the rites of the church of England. Confirmation and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper are unknown to them.

They consider the King of England as their sovereign, and pray for him at divine service. I never was so forcibly impressed with the blessings of a liturgy as I was at Pitcairn's Island. Adams, the patriarch, could read, but until the latter days of his life he could not write; yet, after the slaughter of his shipmates and the Otaheitan men, he reared up all the children in the fear of God, through the instrumentality of the bible and prayer-book. He could not compose prayers, but he could read them to the little assembled flock; he read those beautiful prayers found in the prayer-book of the church of England; from it, also, he taught the catechism, the commandments, and all the Christian duties. So strongly attached are they to this service, that no dissenting minister could be admitted; they draw from it as the well-spring of life, and will not obtain water from another source.

They have only two meals, — breakfast, between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, consisting of yams, potatoes, plantains, —supper, an hour after sunset, is the same; with three times a-week a pig, fowl, or fish, baked as at Otaheite.

John Adams died in March, 1829. During his life all obeyed him as a parent,—"Father," was his only title. Shortly before his death he called the heads of families together, and urged them to appoint a chief; but they looked up to him whilst living, and have appointed none since his death.

Ships may obtain fire-wood at Pitcairn's Island in abundance, with a certain quantity of yams, cocoa-nuts, and plantains, but not a large supply; poultry, pigs, they object to part with; it would be impossible to water a man-of-war, as the water is to be carried from Brown's well on the shoulders of the natives.

Fine Arts.

COWDRAY HOUSE.

FORTY years ago, Cowdray House, near Midhurst, in Sussex, presented one of the richest and most varied assemblages of ancient domestic architecture in England. It possessed a grand and perfect exterior, and an interior richly stored with the treasures of art and industry, in curious furniture, valuable paintings, and a library abundant in MSS.; and was the residence of Lord Montagu. It is now a mass of irretrievable ruins; it having been demolished by fire on September 24, 1793, when no individual member of the structure escaped injury, except the kitchen.

The situation of Cowdray House is low and sheltered, in a park of great extent. Its general character and arrangement consisted of a quadrangle, 100 ft. by 140 ft. The west front is ennobled by a lofty tower-gateway in the centre of two wings, whose ruins extend to the length of 180 ft. Advancing to the archway, before you appears the stately hall, in advance of which, at one end, is the turreted porch, and at the other the lofty bay window, connected with which are the lofty bay windows of several other state apartments. The breadth of the quadrangle on one side, was completed by a few more rooms, whose walls lie in a confused heap of ruins, incapable of affording any idea of what the perfect edifice once was; so also lie the walls of the north and south sides: low fragments on their bases, and scattered ruins, mark the places where once stood the boundary on either hand—that towards the north seems to have presented an unbroken face, but the other was dignified with two square towers. The absence of these sides has removed every obstacle to the perfect view of two massy hexagonal towers, supporting as it were the ends of the house, and increasing their own picturesque forms by their positions on different angles. That towards the north is loftier, more plain, and more massy than the other; and its sullen grandeur seems to have awed even the fierce enemy which ravaged without resistence every other room in the mansion: this only escaped unhurt, and it is still entire. On the other side of the house, the boldest or most prominent feature is the chapel, with the great staircase joined to one side. Behind these the front retires on either side, considerably; and, though the walls are imperfect, their former grandeur is sufficiently apparent in the ruins.

The fury of an inextinguishable fire, and the dilapidating hand of time, have not yet sufficed to impair the substantial walls of the great gateway. The four octagonal turrets at its angles once occupied by staircases, the hinges of whose doors are still rivetted to the walls, and studded with the nails which fastened them to the boards, have embattled parapets rising in fine proportions above those of the intervening walls. Their ornaments are restricted to single and cruciform loops, which however are numerous, and disposed alternately on the faces of the octagons. The windows over both archways have been altered, and their broad forms both disfigure and weaken the building. On a tablet over the

Digitized by Google

outer archway are the arms of the family of Browne, displayed in sixteen quarterings, and surmounted by a coronet. The supporters are bears, and the motto "Suivez rayson." With the double stages of the gateway, corresponded the wings on either side throughout their extent; but the tower rose high above their battlements, gables, and clustered chimneys, and its perfection affords a striking contrast to their lowly ruins. The southern angle of this front, however, like the gateway, is entire in every part of its design; and the delicate frame of a bay-window resting its base on the ground, and carrying its summit to the parapet, determines the character, and testifies the beauty of the fallen front. The banqueting hall is 60 ft. long, 26 ft. broad, and upwards of as many feet high, to the wall plate. These dimensions briefly and clearly express the relative proportions; but a just description of the architecture of this room is less easily attempted or performed by the pen. But in style, as in extent, this magnificent apartment excels every other in the house; its arches and tracery are formed with peculiar elegance, and the architect adhered as closely to what just before his day was the only style practised both in ecclesiastical and domestic buildings, as in the other rooms he scrupulously avoided its ornaments and the use of arches. There are three windows besides the bay, each separated by a buttress, terminating in slender shafts, which rise above the embattled parapet, and were once graced with pinnacles, though now disfigured by clumsy balls. One of these windows appears over the porch, which is low, square, and embattled, having octagonal turretted buttresses at the angles, and a coarsely contrived tablet of arms over the doorway. The roof is groined in stone, and superbly ornamented. Four brackets in the corners sustain the concentrated ribs of as many quarter circles, which are spread over the ceiling, and inclosed in highly enriched borders, connected with a radiated circle, surrounding a pendant rose, and being surrounded by eight double quatrefoils within circles. An anchor and a slipped trefoil, the badges of William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, are carved and alternately placed in the larger compartments; on the latter device is a label with the initials W. S. which are repeated in the spandrils of the doorways. A fragment of this ceiling, which is twelve feet two inches square, and exquisitely delicate, has fallen to the ground, and large fissures in different places seem to threaten the speedy downfall of the whole.

In its present state of ruin, the hall presents, as its most commanding internal ornament, the bay window, whose ample space appears beneath a broad and very lofty arch, handsomely panelled on the sides to correspond with the window, whose compartments are formed by five mullions intersected by as many transoms in the front. The form of the timber roof, which was of great magnificence, is still visible on the walls; and the handsome stone corbels on which its beams and arches reposed, mostly remain. Its apex was lofty, and its ornaments peculiarly handsome. The louvre on the outside was a beautiful combination of tracery and pinnacles; and among the ornaments the most conspicuous were nine emblazoned banners, the favourite and characteristic embellishments of this period.

The chapel is suitable both in extent and architecture to the house; it is forty-eight feet long, and received its light through five lofty windows at the east end, which is of a semi-octagonal shape; their tracery is handsome, and, together with the embattled walls, remains entire and substantial. The sanctuary of the chapel was probably divided from the body by a wooden screen in the centre, from which point the width of the building is increased on the south side only. There are two doorways, one on each side at the lower end; that towards the south opens into a porch, which has an entrance on every side. Opposite is a doorway leading to a handsome apartment of the house, twenty-five feet long; the other openings lead into the gardens. The consecrated inclosure is obstructed by rubbish, and overgrown with weeds, and a cluster of brambles flourish on the spot once occupied by the altar.

The plain and ponderous character of the kitchen tower would render it a fit appendage to a castle. The convenience of the interior required walls of great substance; but as the same strength was unnecessary throughout the upper part, the walls were reduced in thickness on every face by recesses between broad piers, which, meeting in the angles, are as solid as the basement, and so continue to the parapet, just below which they are formed into rather tall and very strong hexagonal turrets, as severely plain as the tower itself—these are in fact the chimneys. There is a room over the kitchen, which, however, was sufficiently lofty for a diameter of twenty-two feet, and lighted by windows on the sides. Around the basement of the interior are the capacious and deeply recessed chimney-arches and ovens; at the summit are the windows; and on one side is the doorway, opening to a passage for the exclusive purpose of communicating with the hall, which was entered beneath the screen by a doorway, whose carved spandrils exhibit the oft-repeated initials W. S.

The kitchen has the appearance of close connexion with the other rooms, and is detached from them by an uncovered triangular courtyard. Water, an element no less necessary than fire in a kitchen, was conducted into the middle of the room, and there collected in a large circular basin, in which a fountain

Digitized by Google

(West Front of Cowdray House.)

was perpetually playing, affording an agreeable contrast to the heat by which it was surrounded. The staircase which communicated with the south side of the quadrangle, but was attached to the tower, also led to the room over the kitchen; and this, if not anciently, was in later times used as a library; but its contents were black-letter books and curious manuscripts, the more useful or more fashionable library having been situated in the south angle of the west front. The contents of the tower were secure from the flames which devoured pictures and furniture beside its massy walls; and here were conveyed such relics of the property as could be hastily snatched from rooms not yet on fire. The last relics of old high-backed chairs, and one or two paintings, are of such a quality as to excite no regret that they are resigned to decay; but that the entire library should not have been removed with reverential care, is an instance of cold neglect which excites the surprise and rouses the censure of all who are permitted to enter the room. These manuscripts lie in heedless heaps on the floor, or are scattered on the shelves; and some more ancient, and known by their rightful owner to be more curious than the rest, are set apart for the vacant gaze and rude treatment of those who cannot read them—an idle ceremony which, however, may not much longer exist for complaint, since their total destruction by fire has been urged, from a quarter likely to prove influential.

But the noble ruins of the house itself are fast hastening to extinction. In windy weather the public are not allowed to approach the walls, lest the fall of some tall gable or lofty window should prove fatal to the visiters; and the owner, to avoid a calamity of this kind, caused a tower on the south side, and some other fragments, to be demolished. One of the handsome bay windows near the hall is on the eve of falling; indeed, several mullions have already given way; and a few wooden props, once placed by a considerate labourer, residing on the spot, to sustain the tottering and delicate frame, are lying uselessly at its base. This is the system adhered to at Cowdray: a fragment that exhibits dangerous decay is pulled down to save its falling at an unlucky moment, and (what is of equal consideration) to save the few pounds which would secure it in its place: and let those who view with admiration, not unalloyed by painful sensations, these grand and still extensive ruins, remember that for their gratification they are indebted to the durability of the masonry, and (though to the liberality of free admission) not to the care of the owner.

[Abridged from a paper written with genuine artistical feeling, and a nice discernment of the picturesque—in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—No. 1. New Series.]

*** In the month succeeding that in which Cowdray House was destroyed, the title of Montague became extinct, by the melancholy death of George Samuel, eighth Viscount Montague, who was travelling at the time of the destruction of his mansion, intelligence of which never reached him. His lordship, accompanied by a friend, perished in attempting to pass, in a small, flat-bottomed punt, the celebrated water-falls of Schauffhausen, in Switzerland, which had been hitherto unattempted by any visitant. They got over the first fall in safety, and then pushed down the second fall, after which they were no more seen or heard of. It is supposed they were jammed by the violence of the cataract between the rocks.

Digitized by Google

The Naturalist.

THE UNGKA APE OF SUMATRA.

Mr. George Bennett, F. L. S. &c. has communicated to the *Magazine of Natural History*, an account of the habits and structure of this curious creature: of which the subjoined is an abstract.

During a visit to the island of Singapore, on the 13th of November, 1830, a male specimen of this interesting animal was presented to me: it had been recently brought by a Malay lad from the Menangkabau country, in the interior of Sumatra. The Malays at Singapore called this animal the Ungka; by Sir Stamford Raffles it has been stated as being called the Siamang among the natives; and the Ungka ape is described by F. Cuvier as the Onko, in his splendid work on the Mammalia, plates v. and vi. On making inquiry among the Malays at Singapore, they denied this animal being the Siamang, at the same time stating that the Siamang resembled it in form, but differed in having the eyebrows and hair around the face of a white colour.

The Simia Syndactyla is described and figured in Dr. Horsfield's *Zoology of Java*; but the engraving does not give a correct idea of the animal. The subjoined sketch is taken from a drawing made by Charles Landseer, Esq. from the original, which is now deposited in the British Museum. The measurement of the animal is as follows:—From the os calcis (heel) to the vertex of the head, 2 ft. 4 in.; span of the arms, 4 ft.; length of the arm, from the axilla (armpit) to the termination of the fore finger, 1 ft. 10½ in.; length of the leg, 11 in.

The teeth are twelve in each jaw; four incisors, two canine, and six molares: in the upper jaw the canine were placed widely apart from the last incisor, giving an appearance as if a tooth was deficient: this did not occur in the lower jaw. The teeth of the animal were in very bad condition. The colour of the animal is entirely black, being covered with stiff hair of a beautiful jet black over the whole body; the face has no hair, except on the sides as whiskers, and the hair stands forward from the forehead over the eyes; there is little beard. The skin of the face is black; the arms are very long, the radius and ulna being of greater length than the os humeri; the hair on the arm runs in one direction, viz. downwards, that on the fore-arm upwards; the hands are long and narrow, fingers long and tapering; thumb short, not reaching farther than the first joint of the fore-finger; the palms of the hands and soles of the feet are bare and black; the legs are short in proportion to the arms and body; the feet are long, prehensile, and, when the animal is in a sitting posture, are turned inwards, and the toes are bent. The first and second toes are united (except at the last joint) by a membrane, from which circumstance he has derived his specific name. He invariably walks in the erect posture when on a level surface; and then the arms either hang down, enabling him sometimes to assist himself with his knuckles; or what is more usual, he keeps his arms uplifted in an erect position, with the hands pendent, ready to seize a rope and climb up on the approach of any danger, or on the obtrusion of strangers. He walks rather quick in the erect posture, but with a waddling gait, and is soon run down if whilst pursued he has no opportunity of escape by climbing. On the foot are five toes, the great toe being placed like the thumb of the hand; the form of the foot is somewhat similar to that of the hand, having

Digitized by Google

an equal prehensile power; the great toe has a capability of much extension outwards, which enlarges the surface of the foot when the animal walks; the toes are short, the great toe is the longest. The eyes of the animal are close together, with the irides of a hazel colour: the upper eyelids have lashes, the lower have none: the nose is confluent with the face, except at the nostrils, which are a little elevated; nostrils on each side, and the nose united to the upper lip: the mouth large: ears small, and resembling the human, but without the pendent lobe. He has nails on the fingers and toes; he has two hard tubercles on the tuberosities of the ischium, but is destitute of a tail or even the rudiments of one.

His food is various: he prefers vegetable diet, as rice, plantains, &c., and was ravenously fond of carrots, of which we had some quantity preserved on board. He would drink tea, coffee, and chocolate, but neither wine nor spirits: of animal food he prefers fowl to any other; but a lizard having been caught on board, and placed before him, he took it immediately in his paw, and greedily devoured it.

He is not able to take up small objects with facility, on account of the disproportion of the size of the thumb to the fingers. The metacarpal bone of the thumb has the mobility of a first joint; the form of both the feet and hands gives a great prehensile power, fitted for the woods, where it must be almost impossible to capture an adult animal alive.

Under the throat is a large black pouch, a continuation of the common integument, and very thinly covered with hair: this pouch is not very visible when undistended: it is a thick integument, of a blackish colour and corrugated appearance. It extends from the under part of the chin to the throat, and is attached as low down as the upper part of the sternum, and is also attached above to the symphysis of the lower jaw: its use is not well known, but it is not improbable that it is an appendage to the organ of voice. Sometimes, when irritated, I have observed him inflate the pouch, uttering at the same time a hollow barking noise;* for the production of which, the rushing of the air into the sac was an adjuvant. The inflation of the pouch was not, however, confined to anger; for, when pleased, he would purse the mouth, drive the air with an audible noise into the sac; or when yawning, it was also inflated; and in all instances he would gradually empty the sac, as if he derived a pleasure from it. When the sac has been distended, I have often pressed on it, and forced the air contained within it into the mouth, the animal not evincing at the time any sign of its being an annoyance to him. When uttering the barking noise, the pouch is not inflated to the same extent as when he yawns. It has been stated in an American publication, that the use of the air-sac is for a swimming-bladder. It may be said in refutation (if the assertion is not too absurd to be refuted) that the animal being one day washed in a large tub of water, although much frightened, did not inflate, or make the least attempt to inflate the sac. He is destitute of cheek-pouches as a reservoir for food.

When sleeping, he lies along either on the side or back, resting the head on the hands, and seemed always desirous of retiring to rest at sunset; but would often (I suppose from his approximation to civilization) indulge in bed some time after sunrise; and frequently when I awoke I have seen him lying on his back, his long arms stretched out, and, with eyes open, appearing as if buried in deep reflection. The sounds he uttered were various: when pleased at a recognition of his friends, he would utter a peculiar squeaking, chirping note; when irritated, a hollow, barking noise was produced: but when angry and frightened, or when chastised, the loud guttural sounds of *ra, ra, ra,* invariably followed.

When he walks in the erect posture, he turns the leg and foot outwards, which occasions him to have a waddling gait and a bow-legged appearance. He would walk the deck, being held by his long arm, and then had a resemblance to a child just learning to walk. He has an awkward manner of drinking, by which the liquid is much wasted: he first applies his lips to the liquid, throwing the head up, which may in some degree be attributed to the prominency of the lower jaw; and if the vessel in which the liquid is contained should be shallow, he dips the paw into it, holds it over the mouth, letting the liquid drop in. I never observed him lap with the tongue when drinking; but when tea or coffee was given to him, the lingual organ was carefully protruded for the purpose of ascertaining its temperature.

At sunset, when desirous of retiring to rest, he would approach his friends, uttering his peculiar chirping note, beseeching to be taken into their arms: his request once acceded to, he was as difficult to remove as Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, any attempt to remove him being followed by violent screams; he clung still closer to the person in whose arms he was lodged, and it was difficult to remove him until he fell asleep. His tailless appearance, when the back is turned towards the spectator, and his erect posture, give an appearance of a little, black, hairy man; and such an object might easily have been regarded by the superstitious as one of the imps of darkness.

* When the barking noise was made, the lips were pursed out, and the air driven into the sac, at the same time that the sound was uttered, the lower jaw was also a little protruded.

Digitized by Google

The limbs, from their muscular and strong prehensile power, render the animal a fit inhabitant for the forest; enabling him to spring from tree to tree with an agility that we have frequently witnessed him display about the rigging of the ship; passing down the backstays, sometimes hanging by his hands, at others by walking down them in the erect posture, like a rope-dancer, balancing himself by his long arms; or he would spring from one rope at a great distance to another, or would drop from one above to another below.

The position of the feet, when the animal walks, is turned outwards, and the great toe, which has a capability of great extension, is spread out wide, giving a broader surface to the foot; when he walks, to use a nautical phrase, "he sways the body," and stepping at once on the whole of the under surface of the foot, occasions a pattering noise, like that which is heard when a duck or any aquatic bird walks on the deck of a ship.

The Public Journals.

GERMAN WATERING PLACES.

(*Concluded from page* 80.)

[We left our "old man" just setting out on the promenade of Langenschwalbach, and here is his picturesque report of what he saw and enjoyed there:]—

"At the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, I observed several hundred quiet people, crawling through, and frittering away that portion of their existence, which lay between one glass of cold iron water and another. If any individual were to be sentenced to such a life, which in fact has all the fatigue, without the pleasing sociability, of the treadmill, he would call it melancholy beyond endurance; yet, there is no pill which fashion cannot gild, or habit sweeten. I remarked, that the men were dressed, generally, in loose, ill-made, snuff-coloured great coats, with awkward travelling caps, of various shapes, instead of hats. The picture, therefore, taking it altogether, was a homely one; but, although there were no particularly elegant, or fashionable-looking people—although their gait was by no means attractive—yet, even from the lofty distant hut I felt it was impossible to help admiring the good sense and good feeling with which all the elements of this German community appeared to harmonize one with the other. There was no jostling or crowding—no apparent competition—no turning round to stare at strangers: there was "no martial look, nor lordly stride," but real, genuine good breeding seemed natural to all;—it is true, there was nothing which bore a very high polish, yet it was equally evident that the substance of their society was intrinsically good enough not to require it. The behaviour of such a motley assemblage of people, who belonged of course to all ranks and conditions of life, in my humble opinion, did them and their country very great credit. It was quite evident, that every man on the promenade, whatever may have been his birth, was desirous to behave like a gentleman; and that there was no one, however exalted might be his station, who wished to do any more.

"That young lady, rather more quietly dressed than the rest of her sex, is the Princess Levenstein—her countenance (could it but be seen from the hut) is as unassuming as her dress, and her manners as quiet as her bonnet; her husband, who is one of that group of gentlemen behind her, is mild, simple, and (if in these days, such a title may without offence be given to a young man) I would add, he is modest. There are one or two other princes on the promenade, with a very fair sprinkling of dukes, counts, barons, &c.—

'There they go, altogether in a row!'

but though they congregate—though, like birds of a feather, they flock together—is there, let any haunter of Cheltenham say, anything arrogant in their behaviour? and the respect which they meet with from every one, does it not seem to be honestly their due?

"That uncommon awkward, short, little couple, who walk holding each other by the hand, and who, *à propos* to nothing, occasionally break playfully into a trot, are a Jew and Jewess, lately married; and, as it is whispered that they have some mysterious reason for drinking the waters, the uxorious anxiety with which the little man presents the glass of cold comfort to his herring-made partner does not pass completely unobserved.

"That slow gentleman with such an immense body, who seems to be acquainted with the most select people on the walk, is an ambassador who goes no where—no, not even to mineral waters—without his French cook, which is quite enough to make every body speak well of him. A very honest, good-natured man his excellency seems to be; but as he walks, can any thing be more evident, than that his own cook is killing him?—and what possible benefit can a few glasses of cold water do to a corporation which Falstaff's belt would be too short to encircle? Often and often have I pitied Diogenes for living in a tub, but this poor ambassador is infinitely worse off, for the tub, it is too evident, lives in *him*."

Our author says he fancied at first three huge bumpers of the Pauline would "leave little room for tea and coffee;" but that he found, on trial, "the stowage of the vessel to be quite what it had been at starting." It was, no doubt, from this custom of eating an English breakfast at nine o'clock, that he

Digitized by Google

found himself so totally unqualified to do justice to a German dinner at one P.M.

The chapter entitled "The Bath" is one from which we must draw a considerable extract: it opens quite a new sort of scene, and we advise our readers to compare it with a certain sketch of the English *Bath*, in "Humphry Clinker:"—

"The eager step with which I always walked towards the strong steel bath (about 25° of Reaumur) is almost indescribable. Health is such an inestimable blessing—it colours so highly the picture of life—it sweetens so exquisitely the small cup of our existence—it is so like sunshine, in the absence of which the world, with all its beauties, would be, as it once was, without form and void—that one can conceive of nothing which a man ought more eagerly to do, than get between the stones of that mill which is to grind him young again—particularly when, as in this case, the operation is to be attended with no pain.

"As soon as I was ready to enter the bath, the first feeling which crossed my mind, as I stood shivering on the brink, was a disinclination to dip even the foot into a mixture which looked about as thick as a horse-pond, and about the colour of mulligatawny soup: however, having come to Langenschwalbach, there was nothing to say but "en avant;" and so, descending the steps, I got into stuff so deeply coloured with the red oxide of iron, that the body, when a couple of inches below the surface, was invisible. The temperature of the water felt neither hot nor cold; but I was no sooner immersed in it, than I felt it was evidently of a strengthening, bracing nature, and almost might one have fancied oneself lying with a set of hides in a tan-pit. The half hour which every day I was sentenced to spend in this red decoction was by far the longest in the twenty-four hours, and I was always very glad when the chronometer, which I had hung on a nail before my eyes, pointed permission to extricate myself from the mess. While the body was floating, hardly knowing whether to sink or swim, it was very difficult for the mind to enjoy any sort of recreation, or to reflect for two minutes on any one subject; and, as half shivering I lay watching the minute-hand of the dial, it appeared the slowest traveller in existence."

"For myself," says our traveller, "I resolved that my head should fare alike with the rest of my system—in short, that it deserved to be strengthened as much as my limbs. It was equally old, had accompanied them in all their little troubles, and, moreover, often and often, when they had sunk down to rest, had it been forced to contemplate and provide for the dangers and vicissitudes of the next day. I, therefore, applied no half remedy, submitted to no partial operation, but resolved that if the waters of Langenschwalbach were to make me invulnerable, the box which held my brains should humbly, but equally, partake of the blessing." When the reasons which had induced our author thus to immerse not only his *trunk*, but his *box*, were mentioned to the doctor whom he had consulted, he made no objection, but in silence shrugged up his shoulders. The fact is, in this instance, as well as in many others, the most skilful physician is obliged to prescribe no more than human nature is willing to comply with. German gentlemen are not much in the habit of washing their heads, and even if they were, they would certainly refuse to dip their curls into a mixture which stains them a deep red colour, upon which common soap has not the slightest detergent effect. One has only to look at the flannel dresses which hang in the yard to dry, to understand the whole case as to the fair sex. These garments having been several times immersed in the bath, are stained as deep a red as if they had been rubbed with ochre or brick-dust, yet the upper part of the flannel is quite as white as ever—indeed, by comparison, appears infinitely whiter. In short, without asking to see the owners, it must be quite evident that at Schwalbach young ladies, or even old ones, could never make up their minds to stain any part of their fabric which towers above the evening gown—and that it would be useless for any poor doctor to prescribe to *them* more than a pie-bald application of his remedy. Although, of course, in coming out of the bath, the patient rubs himself dry and, apparently, perfectly clean, yet the rust, by exercise, comes out again profusely—nay, the very bed-linen is discoloured; and if the head has been immersed, the pillow in the morning looks as if a rusty thirteen-inch shell had been reposing on it.

"To the servant who has cleaned the bath, filled it, and supplied it with towels, it is customary to give each day six kreutzers—amounting to twopence; and, as another example of the cheapness of German luxuries, I may observe, that if a person chooses, instead of walking, to be carried in a sedan chair, and brought back to his *hof*, the price fixed for the two journeys is—threepence!

"Having now taken the bath, the next part of the daily sentence was 'to return to the place from whence you came,' and there to drink two more glasses of water from the Pauline. The weather having been unusually hot, in walking to the bath I was generally very much overpowered by the heat of the sun, but on leaving the bath to walk to the well, I always felt as if his rays were not as strong as myself;—one really fancied that they glanced from the frame as from a polished cuirass. The glass of cold sparkling water which, under the mid-day sun, I received

Digitized by Google

after quitting the bath from the healthy-looking old goddess of the Pauline, was delicious beyond the power of description. It was infinitely more refreshing than iced soda water; and the idea that it was doing good instead of harm—that it was medicine, not luxury—added to it a flavour which the mind, as well as the body, seemed to enjoy. What with the iron in my skin, and the warmth which this strengthening mixture imparted to my waistcoat, I always felt an unconquerable inclination to face the hill again."

We now touch upon what Dr. Samuel Johnson pronounced to be the chief business of every Englishman's day. If our reader be either a *gourmand* or a *gourmet*, we advise him to skip a page or two of what now follows;—to the rest of the world we offer no apology for an extract from a chapter headed "*Dinner*:"—

"During the fashionable season at Langenschwalbach, the dinner-hour at all the sallies is one o'clock. From about noon, scarcely a stranger is to be seen; but a few minutes before the bell strikes one, the town exhibits a picture curious enough, when it is contrasted with the simple costume of the villagers, and the wild-looking country which surrounds them. From all the *hofs* and lodging-houses, a set of demure, quiet-looking, well-dressed people, are suddenly disgorged, who, at a sort of funeral pace, slowly advance towards the Allee Saal, the Goldene Kette, the Kaiser Saal, and one or two other houses 'où on dîne.' The ladies are not dressed in bonnets, but in caps, most of which are quiet, the rest being of those indescribable shapes which are to be seen at London or Paris. Whether the stiff stand-up frippery of bright red ribands was meant to represent a house on fire, or purgatory itself—whether those immense yellow ornaments were intended for reefs of coral, or not—it is out of an old man's department even to guess: ladies' caps being riddles, only to be explained by themselves.

"With no one to affront them—with no fine powdered footmen to attend them—with nothing but their own quiet conduct to protect them, old ladies, young ladies, elderly gentlemen and young ones, were seen slowly and silently picking their way over the rough pavement. They seemed to be thinking of any thing in the dictionary but the word *dinner*;—and when one contrasted their demeanour with the enormous quantity of provisions they were placidly about to consume, one could not help admitting that these Germans had certainly more self-possession, and could better muzzle their feelings, than the best-behaved people in the universe.

"Seated at the table of the Allee Saal, I counted one hundred and eighty people at dinner in one room. To say in a single word whether the fare was good or bad, would be quite impossible, it being so completely different from any thing ever met with in England. To my simple taste, the cookery is most horrid; still there were now and then some dishes, particularly sweet ones, which I thought excellent. With respect to the made-dishes, of which there were a great variety, I beg to record a formula which is infallible: the simple rule is this—let the stranger taste the dish, and if it be not sour, he may be quite certain that it is greasy; again, if it be not greasy, let him not eat thereof, for then it is sure to be sour. With regard to the order of the dishes, that too is unlike any thing which Mrs. Glasse ever thought of. After soup, which all over the world is the alpha of the gourmand's alphabet, the barren meat from which the said soup has been extracted is produced; of course it is dry, tasteless, withered-looking stuff, which a Grosvenor-square cat would not touch with his whiskers; but this dish is always attended by a couple of satellites—the one, a quantity of cucumber stewed in vinegar; the other, a black greasy sauce: and if you dare to accept a piece of this flaccid beef, you are instantly thrown between Scylla and Charybdis, for so sure as you decline the indigestible cucumber, souse comes into your plate a deluge of the sickening grease. After the company have eaten heavily of messes which it would be impossible to describe, in comes some nice salmon—then fowls—then puddings—then meat again—then stewed fruit—and, after the English stranger has fallen back in his chair, quite beaten, a leg of mutton majestically makes its appearance! The pig who lives in his sty would have some excuse, but it is really quite shocking to see any other animal overpowering himself at mid-day with such a mixture and superabundance of food. Yet only think what a compliment all this is to the mineral waters of Langenschwalbach! If the Naiads of Pauline can be of real service to a stomach full of vinegar and grease, how much more effectually ought they to tinker up the inside of him who has sense enough to sue them in *formâ pauperis*!

KEENE, OR FUNERAL LAMENT OF AN IRISH MOTHER OVER HER SON.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Many of these Keenes abound with touches of a wild and simple pathos. The following is not a translated one, but only in imitation of their peculiar style, which seems to bear much analogy to the characteristics of Irish music.

DARKLY the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

There is blood upon the threshold
Whence thy step went forth at morn,
Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
O my bright first-born!

Digitized by Google

At the glad sound of that footstep
My heart within me smiled;—
Thou wert brought me back all silent
In thy blood, my child!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

I thought to see thy children
Laugh with thine own blue eyes;
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
Where my life's flower lies.

I shall go to sit beside thee
Thy kindred's graves among;
I shall hear the tall grass whisper—
I shall hear it not long!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

And I too shall find slumber
With my lost son in the earth;—
Let none light up the ashes
Again on our hearth!

Let the roof go down! Let silence
On the home for ever fall,
Where my boy lay cold, and heard not
His lone mother's call!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

Blackwood's Magazine.

INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE III.

(From Autobiography of an English Opium Eater, in Tait's Magazine.

I RECEIVED a letter from a young nobleman of my own age, Lord W. the son of an Irish earl, inviting me to accompany him to Ireland for the ensuing summer and autumn. This invitation was repeated by his tutor; and my mother after some consideration allowed me to accept it.

In the spring of 1800 accordingly, I went up to Eton, for the purpose of joining my friend. Here I several times visited the gardens of the Queen's villa at Frogmore; and, privileged by my young friend's introduction, I had opportunities of seeing and hearing the Queen and all the Princesses; which, at that time, was a novelty in my life, naturally a good deal prized. My friend's mother had been, before her marriage, Lady Louisa H., and intimately known to the Royal Family, who, on her account, took a continual and especial notice of her son.

On one of these occasions I had the honour of a brief interview with the King. Madame de Campan mentions, as an amusing incident in her early life, though terrific at the time, and overwhelming to her sense of shame, that not long after her establishment at Versailles, in the service of some one amongst the daughters of Louis XV.—having as yet never seen the king, she was one day suddenly introduced to his particular notice, under the following circumstances:—The time was morning; the young lady was not fifteen; her spirits were as the spirits of a fawn in May; her *tour* of duty for the day was not come, or was gone; and, finding herself alone in a spacious room, what more reasonable thing could she do than amuse herself with whirling round, according to that fashion known to young ladies both in France and England, and which, in both countries, is called *making cheeses*, viz. pirouetting until the petticoat is inflated like a balloon, and then sinking into a curtsy. Mademoiselle was very solemnly rising from one of these curtsies, in the centre of her collapsing petticoats, when a slight noise alarmed her. Jealous of intruding eyes, yet not dreading more than a servant at worst, she turned; and, oh heavens! whom should she behold but his most Christian Majesty advancing upon her, with a brilliant suite of gentlemen, young and old, equipped for the chase, who had been all silent spectators of her performances. From the King to the last of the train, all bowed to her, and all laughed without restraint as they passed the abashed amateur of cheese-making. But she, to speak Homerically, wished in that hour that the earth might gape and cover her confusion. Lord W. and I were about the age of Mademoiselle, and not much more decorously engaged, when a turn brought us full in view of a royal party coming along one of the walks at Frogmore. We were, in fact, theorizing and practically commenting on the art of throwing stones. Boys have a peculiar contempt for female attempts in that way. Besides that girls fling wide of the mark, with a certainty that might have won the applause of Galerius,* there is a peculiar sling and rotatory motion of the arm in launching a stone, which no girl ever *can* attain. From ancient practice I was somewhat of a proficient in this art, and was discussing the philosophy of female failures, illustrating my doctrines with pebbles, as the case happened to demand; whilst Lord W. was practising on the peculiar whirl of the wrist with a shilling; when suddenly he turned the head of the coin towards me with a significant glance and in a low voice he muttered some words of which I caught "*Grace of God*," "*France and Ireland*," "*Defender of the Faith*," and so forth. This solemn recitation of the legend of the coin was meant as a joke by way of discomposing my gravity at the moment of meeting the King; Lord W. having himself lost somewhat of the awe natural to a young person in a first situation of this nature, through his frequent admissions to the royal presence. For my part I was as yet a stranger to the King's person. I had, indeed, seen most or all of the princesses in the way I have mentioned above; and on several occasions, in the streets of Windsor, the

* "Sir," said that Emperor to a soldier, who had missed the target fifteen times in succession, "allow me to offer my congratulations on the truly admirable skill you have shown in keeping clear of the mark. Not to have hit once in so many trials argues the most splendid talents for missing."

Digitized by Google

sudden disappearance of all hats from the heads of the passengers had admonished me that some royal personage or other was then traversing or crossing the street; but either his Majesty had never been of the party, or I had failed to distinguish him. Now, for the first time, I was meeting him nearly face to face; for, though the walk we occupied was not that in which the royal party were moving, it ran so near it, and was connected by so many cross walks at short intervals, that it was a matter of necessity for us, as we were now observed, to go and present ourselves. What passed was naturally very unimportant; and I know not that it would have been worth reporting at all, but for one reflection which, in after years, it forcibly suggested to me. The King, having first spoken with great kindness to my companion, inquiring circumstantially about his mother and grandmother as persons particularly well known to himself, then turned his eye upon me. What passed was pretty nearly as follows:—My name, it seems, from what followed, had been communicated to him as we were advancing; he did not, therefore, inquire about that. Was I of Eton? was his first question. I replied that I was not, but hoped I should be. Had I a father living? I had not; my father had been dead about eight years. "But you have a mother?" I had. "And she thinks of sending you to Eton?" I answered that she had expressed such an intention in my hearing; but I was not sure whether *that* might not be in order to waive an argument with the person to whom she spoke, who happened to have been an Etonian. "Oh, but all people think highly of Eton; everybody praises Eton; your mother does right to inquire; there can be no harm in that; but the more she inquires, the more she will be satisfied; that I can answer for."

Next came a question which had been suggested by my name. Had my family come into England with the Huguenots at the revocation of the Edict of Nantz? This was a tender point with me: of all things I could not endure to be supposed of French descent; yet it was a vexation I had constantly to face, as most people supposed that my name argued a French origin. I replied with some haste, "Please your Majesty, the family has been in England since the Conquest." It is probable that I coloured, or showed some mark of discomposure, with which, however, the King was not displeased, for he smiled, and said "How do you know that?" Here I was at a loss for a moment how to answer; for I was sensible that it did not become me to occupy the King's attention with any long stories or traditions about a subject so unimportant as my own family; and yet it was necessary that I should say something, unless I would be thought to have denied my Huguenot descent upon no reason or authority. After a moment's hesitation I said in effect—that a family of my name had certainly been a great and leading one at the era of the Barons' Wars; and that I had myself seen many notices of this family, not only in books of heraldry, &c., but in the very earliest of all English books. "And what book was that?" "'Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle in Verse,' which I understood, from internal evidence, to have been written about 1280." The King smiled again, and said, "I know, I know." But what it was that he knew, long afterwards puzzled me to conjecture. I now imagine, however, that he meant to say, that he knew the book I refered to—a thing which at that time I thought improbable, supposing the King's acquaintance with literature was not very extensive, nor likely to have comprehended any knowledge at all of the black-letter period. But in this belief I was greatly mistaken, as I was afterwards fully convinced by the best evidence from various quarters. That library of 120,000 volumes, which George IV. presented to the nation, and which has since gone to swell the collection at the British Museum, was formed (as I have been assured by several persons to whom the whole history of the library, and its growth from small rudiments, was familiarly known) under the direct personal superintendance of George III. It was a favourite and pet creation: and his care extended even to the dressing of the books in appropriate bindings, and (as one man told me) to their *health*; explaining himself to mean, that in any case where a book was worm-eaten, or touched however slightly with the worm, the King was anxious to prevent the injury from increasing, and still more to keep it from infecting others by close neighbourhood; for it is supposed by many that such injuries spread rapidly in favourable situations. One of my informants was a German bookbinder of great respectability, settled in London, and for many years employed by the Admiralty as a confidential binder of records or journals containing secrets of office, &c. Through this connexion he had been recommended to the service of his Majesty, whom he used to see continually in the course of his attendance at Buckingham House, where the books were deposited. This bookbinder had, originally, in the way of his trade, become well acquainted with the money value of English books; and that knowledge cannot be acquired without some concurrent knowledge of their subject and their kind of merit. Accordingly he was tolerably well qualified to estimate any man's attainments as a reading man; and from him I received such circumstantial accounts of many conversations he had held with the King, evidently reported with entire good faith and simplicity, that I cannot doubt the fact of his Majesty's very

Digitized by Google

general acquaintance with English literature. My informant had ascertained that the King was well acquainted, not only with Robert of Gloucester, but with all the other early chronicles, &c., published by Hearne, and in fact possessed that entire series which rose at one period to so enormous a price.

During the whole dialogue, I did not even once remark that hesitation and iteration of words, generally attributed to George III.; indeed, *so* generally, that it must often have existed; but in this case, I suppose that the brevity of his sentences operated to deliver him from any embarrassment of utterance, such as might have attended longer or more complex sentences, where an anxiety was natural to overtake the thoughts as they arose. When we observed that the King had paused in his stream of questions, which succeeded rapidly to each other, we understood it as a signal of dismissal; and making a profound obeisance, we retired backwards a few steps; his Majesty smiled in a very gracious manner, waved his hand towards us, and said something in a peculiarly kind accent which we did not distinctly hear; he then turned round, and the whole party along with him; which set us at liberty without impropriety to turn to the right about ourselves, and make our egress from the gardens.

The Gatherer.

Curious Statue. — Berosus the ancient historian, a native of Babylon, acquired such reputation by his astrological predictions, that the Athenians erected to him a statue in their gymnasium with a golden tongue. He had a daughter who uttered predictions like himself, and became the Cumœan Sibyl.

P. T. W

Smoking.—We heartily wish the regulation which almost all over Germany forbids smoking in the streets, were introduced in England. At certain times of every day, Regent-street, so well entitled to form the principal *promenade* of London, is rendered intolerable to all decent persons by the eternal whiffing and spitting of Spanish patriots and shopboys in fine waistcoats.—*Quar. Rev.*

Tables d'Hôte.—It is true that men and women of different classes of society mingle at a continental *table d'hôte* much more easily and pleasantly than we see exemplified among the fortuitous assemblages in an English steam-boat; but our, after all, artificial inferiority ought to be considered with certain effects of a rather different description, which result from the same cause—namely, the more domestic habits which have for ages distinguished us above the continental nations. —*Ibid.*

Literal copy of a note sent by the parents of a child (who had behaved ill at home) to its school mistress:—"Plase to crack hir wall and capr in." (Please to correct her well, and keep her in.)

Love.

True be it said, whatever man it said,
That Love with gall and honey doth abound:
But if the one be with the other weighed,
For every dram of honey therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound. *Spencer.*

"*Vivant Rex et Regina.*—Almost all the ancient interludes I have met with, (says Steevens,) conclude with some solemn prayer for the king and queen, house of commons, &c. Hence perhaps the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of our modern playbills.

Naturalization.—The first, in England, was in the year 1437, granted to Titus Livius of Ferrara, poet to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and author of an English history. The second occurred in 1442, granted by parliament to a Venetian merchant and his son, on consideration of forty marks being paid by them into the Hanaper.

Jews called to Parliament.—Andrews, in his *History of Great Britain*, says, "It will scarcely be credited that, in the year 1241, Henry issued writs to the sheriffs, ordering them to convene a parliament of Jews; six from some towns, and two from others. The writs are now extant. The poor Jews were proud of this; but Henry only meant to plunder them."

Spanish Horror of Drunkenness.—In ancient days there was a law in Spain which decreed that if a gentleman was convicted of even a capital offence, he should be pardoned on pleading his having been intoxicated at the time he committed it; it being supposed that any one who bore the character of gentility, would more readily suffer death, than confess himself capable of so beastly a vice as drunkenness.

CHATSWORTH.—*Erratum* in our last Number: for "South and West Fronts," beneath the first Engraving, read "South and *East* Fronts."

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXII.

(*From the Spectator, January 25, 1834.*)

"THE recent discussion on cheap literature has induced us to look at this parent of cheap periodicals more closely than we otherwise might have done. The result of our examination leads us to suspect, that after all, there is just now more cry than wool. After the eleventh year of its existence, and notwithstanding the rivalship of very many other publications, the *Mirror* is still cheap: its cuts good; its matter, looking at the size of the type as well as the number of pages, considerable; and always various, generally amusing."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

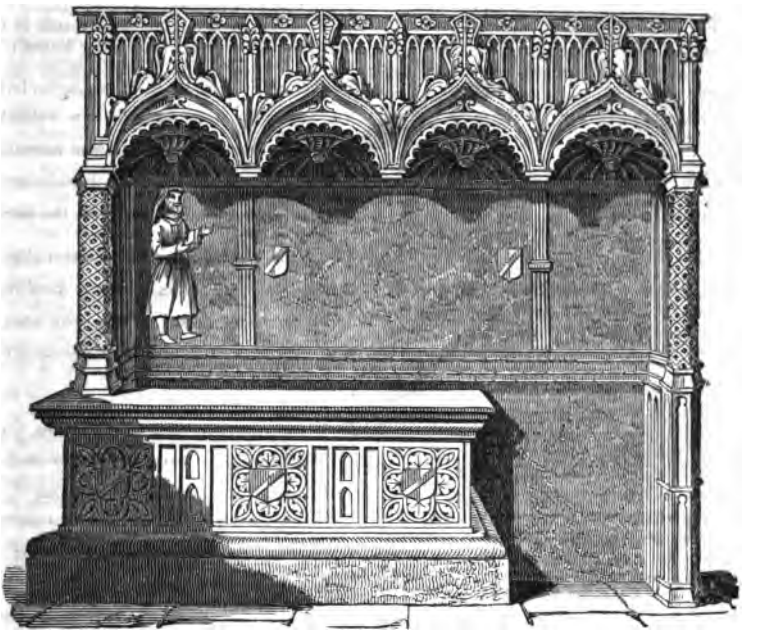
Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 648.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1834. [Price 2*d*.



CHAUCER'S TOMB,

AS IT STOOD IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

In your Number 624 I handed you a sketch of the ancient Tabard Inn, in the Borough, a place mixed up with much pleasing association to me. I have ever had a reverence for the venerable father of our literature, which increases with my knowledge of his immortal *Canterbury Tales*. I forgot to add, in my account, a memorandum which, though personal, may yet have something of general interest. I alluded to a room in the Inn called the Pilgrim's room; although the brick and mortar of which it is erected, sufficiently attest that it was built for other than Chaucer's pilgrims, yet the knowledge that it is on the site of the poet's rendezvous gave zest to an entertainment suggested by a body of friends, admirers of the *Canterbury Tales;* this was the delivery of a public lecture on the genius of Chaucer, illustrated from that exquisite work. It was a novel experiment, and we flattered ourselves that we were the second pilgrim-gathering, and the first for such a purpose, which the genius of the poet had summoned within the porch of the Tabard. I delivered the lecture in question in the spring of 1832.

In a very old folio edition of the poet's works, in which I found the sketch of the Tabard, I met with an engraving representing the tomb of Chaucer as it stood formerly in Westminster Abbey. The pilgrim to Poet's Corner on entering, and turning to his right hand, will perceive a dingy and greasy recess in the wall, on which, if he can decipher in the dark, he will trace with his finger the words Galfridus Chaucer, the only record of the inscription which originally was chiselled; indeed no one would recognise the place or the record, but for the communicative doorkeeper in that celebrated nook.

Chaucer died the 25th of October, 1400, and was buried in the great south cross aisle; some writers have affirmed that he was buried in the cloisters, but this is a mistake, for Caxton, in his edition of Chaucer, says that he was buried in the Abbey Church of Westminster, before the Chapel of St. Bennet. It is more than probable that he lies beneath a large stone of grey marble in the pavement, where the monument of Dryden stands, which is in front of that chapel. Upon erecting Dryden's monument, this stone was taken up

Digitized by Google

and chiselled in pieces to make good the pavement. This seems to answer Caxton's description of the locality.

Speght and others say the old verses written upon his grave were

Galfridus Chaucer, vates, et fama Poesis
Maternæ, hâc sacrâ sum tumulatus humo.

But, about 1555, Nicholas Brigham of the University of Oxford, a poet too, and admirer of Chaucer, erected the handsome monument of which the annexed is a sketch, and the remains of which may be seen by a visit to the spot in question.

About the ledge of the tomb were these verses, now quite worn out, engraved, I believe, upon brass:

Si regites quis eram, forsan te Fama docebit;
Quod si Fama negat, mundi quia gloria transit
Hæc monumenta lege.

It is a pity that such a memorial should remain in the state it does. Since you have revived the Tabard, I trust you will not think Chaucer's tomb unworthy a corner of your most interesting miscellany. I am always pleased when I see, in your pages records of our native architecture, especially memorials of those men who have imparted lustre to the annals of our native literature.

HENRY INNES.

SONG—TO TITANIA SLEEPING.

CALM be thy sleep
While soft shadows veil thee,
And fairies watch keep,
That no harm assail thee!

For Oberon's wand
Hath lightly waved o'er thee,
And his bright fairy band
Weave visions before thee.

By whose magical aid,
Thro' the still hours of night
Thy thoughts are convey'd
To realms of delight.

Where moonlight is sleeping
The tiny brook flows,
And night dews are steeping
The woodbine and rose.

But, hark! Lady wake,
'Tis the hunter's shrill horn,
And rosy lights break
Thro' the shadows of morn.

Mists rise from the lake
O'er the mountain tops grey,—
Wake, Lady! awake!
Away, fairies! away! E. L. I.

THE LOSS OF LUCENA.

An Historical Ballad.

THE Moors, emboldened by the signal defeat of the Spanish cavaliers, amongst the mountains of Malaga, sallied forth against the Christians, headed by the weak, but amiable and unfortunate Boabdil el Chico (youngest son of Muley Aben Hassan, the old Moorish king), and his father-in-law, Ibrahim Ali Atar, or Alatar. This ancient warrior, then ninety years of age, and commander of Loxa, retained all the energy, vigour, strength, and agility of youth—with an implacable hatred to the Christians. His ferocious prowess rendered him the idol of the people; and on this occasion he led, with every hope of success, a gallant array of Moorish chivalry, against Lucena, commonly called his *Garden*, from the rich plunder he so frequently drew with impunity from it. The result of this foray is shown in the following Ballad; but for full details, vide *The Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*, by Washington Irving.

THE keen-eyed, weary sentinels, have watched for many an hour,
From Loxa's battlemented walls, from rampart, and from tower:
"Far-sighted ones, now tell us, is the vision good or ill,
In Alg'ringo's mountain-range?—in the valley of Zenil?

"Doth our Alatar's red standard gleam victorious from afar,
The dim horizon lighting, like some blood-stain'd omen-star?
In his *Garden* of *Lucena* hath he wil'd away the hours,
And gather'd, with his chivalry, its prime of fruits and flowers?

"Tell, tell us, fine-ear'd sentinels, is music on the gale?—
Doth the trumpet's clang—the clashing ring of cymbals—fill the vale?—
Do stunning Atabals resound?—Do joy-shouts stir the air?—
Is the lion Ali-Atar yet returning to his lair?"

"Hence! hie ye hence, O! anxious ones!—the valley of Zenil,
No sight or sound bewrayeth yet, betok'ning good or ill;
Night's shadows fast are gathering, the mountains lie in gloom,
And dimm'd, dies off their western sides rich sunset's rosy bloom.

"No music greets our longing ears, dull with the measur'd fall
Of trained feet on battlement, tower, bartizan, and wall;—
Yet hie ye hence! O! anxious ones! another night forlorn,
Shall doubtless with our victor-bands, bring in a glorious morn!"

Down came a horseman by Zenil, the river and the vale,
Whose arms flash'd in the beacon-lights of Loxa bright and pale;
His charger's brave caparisons proclaimed him to be
A warrior of gentle blood—a knight of high degree.

But oh! how sad he was! how faint! how haggard, worn, and wan!
His once fleet Arab how he urg'd, and how it stagger'd on!
One mass of wounds, gore, foam, and dust, it groaning, writh'd for breath;
Mute stood its lord at Loxa's gate; down sank the steed in death!

"Ho! Cidi Caleb! Cavalier! how fares our noble king?"
With boding hearts the soldiers cried, who saw this solemn thing;—
"How fares our noblest army, that thou wendest here alone,
Faint, weary, wilder'd, sad?—O speak! and make thy sorrow known!"

The knight, as from a dream arous'd, look'd up, and wav'd his hand
Towards, with many a heavy sigh, the far off Christian land:

Digitized by Google

"There, *there* they lie!" quoth he: "the heavens
have fallen on our head,—
There lie the Moorish chivalry—all scatter'd, lost,
and dead!"

A wail *of* grief and vengeance rose—the voice of
woman's woe—
For the flow'r of Loxa's valiant youth were blasted
at a blow;
Albeit, on his lance there lean'd a deep-scarr'd
veteran:
"All is not lost, if Atar lives!" sigh'd forth that
ancient man.

"If Atar lives!—Ah! woe is me! I, soldier, saw
him slain!
Smite not thy mailed breast—the Christian's falchion
found his brain;
But where his body welt'reth, in the stormy, deep
Zenil,
His foes may ne'er discover, for his friends are seek-
ing still." *

"A horse! another horse! for, swift as quarrel from
a bow,
Must I be off!—this weary night I've many a league
to go!—
Yea, grief, destruction, in my track-like fiery levin-
brand,
All, all this mournful night must I shoot through the
Moorish land! M. L. B.

A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.

We landed at Tarbet from the steam-boat which daily plies amidst the romantic scenery of Loch Lomond, and pursued our journey into Argyleshire by the public car—a conveyance in which the passengers sit sideways, as in an omnibus, but which is open on all sides, with rude leathern curtains from the roof, affording partial protection from the weather. Except ourselves, there was but one person in the vehicle; and though his appearance assured us he was not likely to relax into free conversational intercourse, yet was it highly interesting, as reminding us of the persecuted, but inflexible, sectarians, in Sir Walter's tale of Old Mortality.

He was a tall, thin, but strong-looking man, somewhat past the middle age, wearing the round blue bonnet so common amongst the country people of Scotland, and still lingering with some of even the substantial farmers of the old school. He sat stiffly upright, his hands resting upon his serviceable staff, and his marked Scotch features, rendered venerable by straggling tufts of grey hairs, seemed to portray a mind engrossed in deep thought; whilst across this apparently fixed expression a transient shade of nervous excitement might be occasionally detected. Indeed, this latter peculiarity cast an intellectual character over his countenance, which in itself it scarcely possessed, and excited a comparison with the Covenanter of old, listening, we might fancy, with rigid attention, in some wild rocky nook, to the fervid eloquence of his proscribed pastor; while at the same time his contracted brow and watchful eye might bear evidence of his determination to resist to the death any interruption attempted by the roving myrmidons of human power.

Our companion continued motionless and silent; until at length some remark on the probability of an approaching storm seemed to strike the chord of his sympathies, and mechanically taking out his *snuff-mill*—"Ye see me here, a living miracle of the interposition of Providence," he began, with serious air and feverish tone, "for I may say I have been a murdered man, for only the direct arm of the Lord could have rescued me from that death which was dealt out to me by the hands of a fellow-creature." I will not attempt to write down literally the narrative he then gave us, broken as it was by the intenseness of his ejaculations and the interruptions of our inquiries, but its substance may be thus condensed:—

"Ye ken the high stone pier at Balloch Ferry, where the Leven runs into the foot of the Loch: well, I was yesternight ruthlessly thrown over that spot by ruffian violence! A man, with whom I had had dealings through my being the curator to certain effects, in which I had acted with religious adherence to the right, came across me at Balloch fair, where he had got excited by drink, and began to abuse me, as if I had wronged him by merely pursuing the duty of an honest agent in the affair I had taken under my management, while, in fact, he had endeavoured, for his selfish interests, to gird me swerve to the wrong. My explanations and remonstrances only angered him the more; until, perceiving the effect of drink coming stronger upon him, and the awful expression of deadly hate glistening in his eyes, I would have quietly gone my way; but seizing me with the strength of perfect frenzy, he dragged me to the edge of the pier, and crying out, with a horrible energy that unnerved my very soul, '—— you! you shall no humbug me again wi' your cantings"—he hurled me over the precipice! I felt myself falling—heard a crash as if the very earth was bursting, and am unconscious of more until I awoke, as it were, from the sleep of death in the public-house at Balloch. It must have been by the direct interference of Heaven that some kind of boat was alongside to break my fall—the back of my head striking upon the edge, but how it chanced the blow did not kill me, or that I am able to be on the road home already, cannot be accounted for on human considerations. It is well for him I was snatched from the fate he meant me, or he would have had to stand his trial for murder; but I have still the means, short of that, of punishing him in a way he will feel, and I will now pursue him with all the rigour of the law. It is true he

* It was never found; the Zenil was at this time swollen by recent rains, and so overflooded and turbulent as not to be fordable in many places. The venerable prince Ali Atar had his skull cleft through, and thus made his grave in the stormy waters.

Digitized by Google

was the worse for drink; but he is a bad man, and the devil of drink only roused the evil spirit within him to do that deed he was capable of conceiving when sober. Morally he is my murderer, and he must suffer whatever consequences legal vengeance can inflict."

On being reminded of the divine announcement, "Vengeance is mine," he replied solemnly, "O ay; I ken that well—Vengeance is the Lord's, and I am but an instrument in bringing it about, He had no mercy upon me, and justice only can he have from me—the Lord's will must be done!—'Let the net that he hath hid catch himself; into that very destruction let him fall.'"

We could not obtain a clear idea whether he was to prosecute his adversary for the assault, or on the score of previous fraudulent dealings; and most probably his thoughts were still confused from the effects of his fall, but it was impossible not to feel respect for his inflexible adherence to what he considered the "stern path of duty," though alloyed by that rigid spirit of revenge which might arise, as in his religious prototyes, from habitually reflecting more upon the desolating deeds narrated in the old Testament than the gentle doctrines taught in the new—the severe denunciations of the law—than the glad tidings of the Gospel.

As we entered Glencroe, (not the Glencoe, also in Argyleshire, of the massacre at which a description has been recently given in the *Mirror*,) a romantic, but dreary, pass through the mountains, about twelve miles long, the storm overtook us in earnest. The wind whistled, and the rain and hail pelted, to such a degree, that we erected an umbrella barricade even inside the car. As we afterwards skirted the banks of Loch Fine the weather had become calm, but the uncomfortable feeling the story of our self-occupied fellow-traveller, who had now departed, had left upon us, was rather increased by the bitter cold of the evening. It was dark when we reached the inn at ———, which I have never found calculated to afford adventitious comfort; and to make matters worse, we were ushered into a large, bleak, white-washed room, without a fire, and with no other furniture than a few wooden chairs and a large table at one end, covered to the floor by a cloth of brownish holland, which reflected the misty rays of one tallow candle, like an unearthly shroud. Our sleep was haunted by visions of struggles over dark chasms, of bodies falling into water; of congregations dispersed by hurricanes, "of graves, of worms, of epitaphs."

In the morning we learned that there was really a corpse in the house—that of the landlady! It required the pure air of the hills to restore the equilibrium of our spirits from "thick-coming fancies." W. G.

STANZAS.

Oh! there's a joy in wretchedness the wretched only know,
The deep unheeding listlessness, the luxury of woe,
When worldly friends unfeelingly from the mourner's hearth have flown,
And the widow'd heart is left to grieve, unsolac'd, and alone.

'Tis when the glaz'd and tearless eye, as vacantly it strays,
Some fond memorial rests upon, some pledge of happier days,
And feelings, prison'd long, burst forth to give the soul relief
In tears that will not be repress'd;—such is the joy of grief! REX.

ADDRESS TO A MERMAID.*

What have we here? a man or a fish? a fish; he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell! —A strange fish!—I shall laugh myself to death at this PUFFY-HEADED monster—a most scurvy monster! SHAKSPEARE.

Art thou indeed, what thou would'st seem to be,
Imprison'd in that curious box of thine,
A veritable daughter of the sea,
Like Aphrodité born in foam and brine?
Though, I must say, were *such* the queen of Love,
I marvel greatly at the taste of Jove.

But thou, perhaps, some ages since, wast fair,
The envy of all mermaids far around;
Then that bald pate of thine with azure hair,
That undulated with the waves, was crown'd;
Thou art, howe'er, a mermaid's mummy now,
And with a wig should'st hide that wrinkled brow.

Hast thou e'er sported in the coral bowers,
That deep beneath the Indian waters grow,
Where gems bud forth, and wave the sea-green flowers,
With graceful motion, as the currents flow?
For there the tempests have no power, that sweep
With madness o'er the surface of the deep.

Perchance 'twas thy delight, in former times,
To rest by moonlight on the ocean-rocks,
And to the hum of waters chant thy rhymes,
Or with those fingers curl thy humid locks;
Then woe to any luckless bark for aye,
Whose pilot listen'd to thy treacherous lay.

Is it not glorious to behold the gems,
That shine like stars in ocean's crystal caves?—
The groves, where emeralds bud on amber stems,
Moving harmonious with the rocking waves?—
And all the gorgeous mysteries, that sleep
Beneath the endless waters of the deep?

There, we may guess, the Nereids delight
To build their garnish'd grottoes, fair to see,
With domes of living diamonds, that as bright
Shine out, as suns in the immensity
Of heaven, while all their ruby pavements blush,
As through their clefts the shouting waters rush.

There shells of pleasant forms and nameless hues
To alabaster columns cling; and there
Such flowers spring up, as never drank the dews,
Nor breathed the freshness of the upper air;
But fairer, lovelier far, their tints that glow
On the pure sand, like rainbow hues on snow.

And mighty Argosies, that moved in pride,
Like living things, along the troubled deep,
Lie many a fathom now beneath the tide;
And gallant chiefs, and fearless sailors sleep,
In kingly state, on beds of pearl and gold,
Who for a biscuit had their birthrights sold.

Oh! could'st thou tell,—if thou indeed hast seen,
"For in those eyes there is no speculation,"—
The wonders hid beneath the ocean green,
T'would mad the knowing ones with admiration,
And many a learned bachelor would swear
That thou, *in spite of all thy teeth*, art fair!

* Exhibited some years since.

Digitized by Google

But why should I ask questions of a thing,
That hears not, sees not, knows not,—only grins?
And grin you may, so long as *quarters* ring,
For, says the adage, "let him laugh that wins!"
Being a syren, well may you entice
The unwary once,—you cannot cheat me twice.

Would I possess'd a charm to ope the cell
Of glass, when thou art fasten'd like a reel
Within a bottle: I could never tell
How this got in; but could my fingers feel
That scaly skin of thine, there's "a shrewd doubt"
'Twould be no puzzle *why* you'll not come out.

But go in peace, thou thing of "shreds and patches"—
Go not, howe'er, where Dr. Mitchill is;
For he will mangle thee, if he but catches
A glimpse of thy uncouth and monkey phiz,
And then will swear, in spite of thy long tail,
Thou art no more a fish than was his whale!

EBENEZER BAILEY, (*Boston*, U.S.)

Spirit of Discovery.

TO PREVENT THE ADHESION OF EARTHY CRUST TO THE INNER SURFACE OF STEAM-BOILERS.

ALMOST all natural waters hold in solution both carbonate and sulphate of lime, two earthy salts, of which the former is thrown down by bringing the water to a boiling heat, and the latter by evaporation. On this account it is, that if the inside of a steam-engine boiler be examined after having been in use for a few days, it will be found to contain muddy water, and an earthy crust will be seen adhering to the iron plates of which the vessel is formed. The rate at which this crust is deposited depends on the hardness of the water employed—that is, on the proportion of the above-mentioned earthy salts which it contains. This crust is a much worse conductor of heat than iron is; and, therefore, a boiler lined with it, even to the thickness of the tenth of an inch, possesses the following defects:—The water which it contains is not so soon brought up to the boiling point, and a greater quantity of fuel is required to produce a given quantity of steam, because a larger proportion of the heat given out during its burning is carried up the chimney and lost. It becomes, therefore, necessary, from time to time, to remove this crust, which is usually done by a hammer and chisel; but this operation not only incurs a waste of time, but the boiler is often seriously injured and rendered leaky by means of it.

It has been found, if a few potatoes are thrown into the boiler when it is again filled, after having been cleaned out, that the formation of crust is sensibly retarded, and that the adhesion of it to the sides of the boiler is greatly weakened, so as to allow of its being detached more speedily, and with much less hazard.

Another method of producing the same effect has been pointed out to the Society of Arts, by Mr. James Bedford, of Leeds, druggist. He put into a large steam-boiler between two and three gallons of sperm oil *foots*, and found that, after eight weeks constant use, the deposit of crust was very small compared to what it used to be from the same water alone, and also that the crust could be cleared off by means of a common stiff broom. The application of oily matters for this purpose, though original on the part of Mr. Bedford, is not absolutely new; for the Society of Arts have been informed, by one of their members, that he has known an iron boiler using Thames water preserved in constant use for seventeen years by cleaning it often, and smearing the inside with oil or tallow after each cleaning.—*Transactions of the Society of Arts.*

BEDSTEAD FOR INVALIDS.

THE Silver Isis Medal of the Society of Arts has been presented to Mr. W. Ward, No. 7, Maria-street, Kingsland Road, for his Bedstead for the use of Invalids—a model of which has been placed in the Society's Repository.

The bedstead proper—that is, the frame to which the sacking is looped, is in three pieces, connected with each other by joints. That which supports the head and upper part of the body may be raised from a horizontal to a perpendicular position; the middle part remains horizontal; and the lower part is capable of being depressed as much as the upper part is of being raised. The invalid may thus be placed in any posture the most agreeable to him, or the most suitable to his case, from a recumbent one to that of sitting upright in a chair.

These advantages are not, indeed, peculiar to Mr. Ward's bed, the novelty of the invention consisting in the due application of a few cords and pulleys, by means of which the above-mentioned different positions are gained. The cheapness and simplicity of the contrivance is its chief merit, as it is not liable to get out of order, and is within the reach of persons in very moderate circumstances.—*Ibid.*

MACHINE FOR SILVERING LOOKING-GLASSES.

THE large Silver Medal and Five Pounds have been presented to Mr. George Farrow, of Silver-street, Golden-square, for his Machine for Silvering Looking-glasses—a model of which has been placed in the Society's Repository.

The common silvering-table for looking-glasses is a slab of stone, ground to the most perfect degree of evenness, and placed in a frame so that a certain degree of obliquity can be given to it. All round the margin is a gutter, through which, at one corner, a hole is made, so as to allow the escape of the mercury when the plug that closes the hole is removed. It is this corner which is lowest

Digitized by Google

when the oblique position is given to the table, in order that the mercury may run to it from the other parts of the gutter. On the silvering-table is spread a sheet of tin-foil, of the same size of the glass, or rather a little larger; a fluid amalgum of tin is then poured on it, and spread over its surface with a brush till it adheres; more mercury is then poured on, till it stands about a quarter of an inch deep over the tin-foil. The plate of glass being previously made quite clean, is then slid gently and steadily from a sheet of paper, just dipping below the surface of the mercury, but avoiding to touch the tin-foil, for fear of tearing it. When the glass is fairly over the tin-foil, the table is placed a little oblique by means of a rack; the mercury now runs into the gutter, and the glass subsides on the tin-foil. The whole surface of the glass is then covered with leaden 7-lb. weights, having cloth at the bottom. By this pressure, at the end of twenty-four hours, the silver is so firmly adherent to the glass, that the weights may be removed, and the glass raised up in a sloping position, to allow the mercury to drip off, till the silvering has become quite hard.

Mr. Farrow's improvement consists in dispensing with the loosen leaden weights, and in producing the required pressure by means of screws. It is attended with the following advantages:—First, all hazard of breaking the glass during the application of the pressure is avoided; when loose weights are used, one will sometimes slip out of the hand of the workman, and falling on the glass will break it; secondly, the plate, as soon as the pressure is made by means of the screws, can be tilted up, even in a vertical position, so as to expedite considerably the drip of the mercury from silvering—an operation which is manifestly impossible where loose weights are employed.

Mr. Farrow himself has hitherto applied his invention only to small plates for dressing-table glasses; but Mr. Wheeler, a manufacturer of looking-glass, has applied Mr. Farrow's apparatus, with some modifications, to plates 47 inches long and 29 inches wide.—*Ibid.*

INK SPOTS.

It is perhaps not generally known, that a piece of blotting paper, crumpled together to make it firm, and just wetted, will take ink out of mahogany. Rub the spot hard with the wetted paper, when it instantly disappears; and the white mark from the operation may be immediately removed by rubbing the table with a cloth.

Chichester. H.

The honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.—*Shakspeare.*

Antiquariana.

THE BOAR'S HEAD, EASTCHEAP.

At a late meeting of the Antiquarian Society, A. J. Kempe, Esq. F. S. A. exhibited a carving of Sir John Falstaff which had formerly decorated the portal of the Boar's-head tavern in Great Eastcheap. The figure was in the costume of the latter half of the sixteenth century. It had supported an ornamental bracket over one side of the door; one of Prince Henry sustained that on the other. The figure is carved in oak, and is about twelve inches in height; it is in the possession of Mr. Thomas Shelton, brazier, of Great Eastcheap, whose ancestors have lived in the shop which he now occupies ever since the great fire of 1666. He well remembers the last grand dinner party which took place at the Boar's-head, about fifty years since. The guests came from the west end of the town, and the celebrity confered on the spot by Shakspeare, no doubt greatly contributed to keep the tavern in repute, and draw good company thither. A long string of carriages which had conveyed them filled the street at Eastcheap. The vision described in Goldsmith's lively essays, as occuring at the Boar's-head, will be in the recollection of our readers. It is a singular fact that a boar's head, with silver tusks, which had been suspended in some principal room in the house, perhaps the Half-Moon or the Pomegranate (see Henry IV. act ii. sc. 4) at the fire of London, fell down with the ruins of the houses little injured, and was conveyed to Whitechapel Mount, where it was of late years recovered under circumstances which identified it with its former locality. Mr. Kempe also communicated a sectional drawing of the Roman wall which had been discovered under Mr. Shelton's house, about four feet north of the north flanking wall of the Roman highway. The wall was three feet thick, was built of Kentish rag boaded with single layers of Roman tile; the courses were about eighteen inches asunder, and each course receded about three inches from the southern face of the wall, in the manner of steps; the northern face of the wall inclined southward, and thus the whole tapered upwards, and was evidently a foundation constructed to support a building of considerable weight. Two silver family coins were found in excavating Mr. Shelton's cellar. One bore the legend "Julia Augusta" round a female head, the hair disposed in parallel braids. Several copper coins of Vespasian were found in demolishing the wall, which circumstance, and the rude make of the bricks, Mr. Kempe observed, rendered it probable that the foundations were laid by the Britons when they were encouraged to such undertakings by the injunctions of Agricola.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Digitized by Google

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

TAPESTRY-WORKING is now almost a neglected art. It formerly employed the fingers of Britain's fair daughters; but all the tapestry now made in Europe furnishes employment for very few manufactories. The ancient work was not unfrequently an affectionate tribute of a maiden to her suitor, a fond wife to her loving husband, or of dutiful children to their parents: the modern art is a well-paid craft, and has none of the tender ties we have just mentioned, to endear its productions to our careful keeping. Of the former class, the tapestry at Bayeux is the most curious and interesting specimen extant, inasmuch as it is not merely surprising as a labour of art, but equally to be cherished as an historical picture, and a record of conjugal love.

The date of this ingenious work has been learnedly disputed; some persons considering it of a later period than the Conquest; but tradition gives it to Matilda, the wife of William, the merit of having executed this memorial of her husband's greatest victory. Be this as it may, the antiquity of the work cannot be doubted: it bears its own internal evidence of correctness and authenticity, and gives to the lover of remote research many little circumstances of which history bears no register.

The tapestry is worked with different-coloured worsteds, upon white cloth, to which time has given the tinge of brown holland. The drawing of the figures is rude and barbarous; and no attention is paid to correctness of colour in the objects depicted. The horses are blue, green, red, or yellow; this circumstance may arise from the limited number of worsteds employed in the work; they consist of eight colours only—dark and light blue, red, yellow, buff, dark and light green. There is a border at the top and bottom of the tapestry, consisting of some few of the fables of Æsop; birds, animals, and other objects. In that part where the battle of Hastings is represented, the dead bodies supply the border. The whole is 227 feet in length, and about 20 inches in width; and represents, in regular succession, the events which preceded the Conquest, and the principal circumstances connected with it. Mrs. C. Stothard has minutely examined the several scenes, and copied the Latin inscriptions beneath the border on the upper part; and in that lady's really graphic *Tour through Normandy*, will be found an account of them as they follow in succession.

The work begins with the figure of a king seated upon his throne; the inscription is, "Edward Rex," (the Confessor,) addressing a person, supposed to be Harold, for the purpose of sending him on some mission into France, since the departure of Harold immediately succeeds.

We next see Harold proceeding to Bosham, attended by several of his followers; he carries a hawk upon his fist, at that time the distinguishing mark of nobility; his dogs are running before him. A church is then represented, in front of which are two men, who appear about to enter: above is the word "*Ecclesia.*" The party next appear feasting at a table in a house, previous to their embarkation. Some persons are descending the steps from the apartment where they have been dining; others are embarking in four vessels. Harold enters first, still bearing the hawk, and carrying a dog under his arm. These last-mentioned figures are wading through the water, naked from the waist downwards. The last of the four vessels next appears anchoring in France, Harold standing at the prow. Three figures are then represented upon land, one of them is Harold, in the act of being seized by order of Guy, Earl of Ponthieu, who is on horseback, followed by his people. Harold and Guy are then seen, mounted upon their horses, and attended both by Saxon and Norman soldiers, The Saxons are distinguished by wearing mustachios; the Normans have none.

Harold and Guy appear in conversation; and messengers arrive from William, Duke of Normandy, to the Earl of Ponthieu;—a tree divides the subject here, and in like manner all the principal events throughout the work. Some historians relate, that when Harold was driven by tempest on the French coast, he was detained as a prisoner by Guy, and that he sent a messenger to William, with an account of his situation, whose threats and largesses obtained his release. The tapestry seems to confirm this account; for the messenger kneeling at the feet of William is known to be a Saxon, by his unshaven upper lip, and is not therefore a Norman envoy. Guy is seen immediately after, conducting Harold to the Duke: to what town he was carried we are not informed. The tapestry mentions only that he was brought to the palace of the Norman prince. Beneath the words, "*Unus elericus et Ælfgyva,*" appears a female figure, and a priest, who is apparently giving a benediction. It has been *conjectured* that this subject alludes to the betrothing of a daughter of William the Conqueror to Harold.

The next event is William's warfare, with Conan, Earl of Bretagne, in which it is apparent Harold assisted, and rendered essential service to the Norman party. Soldiers, mounted on horseback, arrive at Mount St. Michel, and pass the river Cesno. Harold is depicted assisting some persons who had fallen into the quicksands, whilst they were passing the river. The army arrive at Dol, in Britanny; some troops are flying at their approach towards Rennes; Conan escapes from the town, and descends the walls by

Digitized by Google

(The Bayeux Tapestry: Harold taking the oath before William.)

means of a rope. The Norman soldiers are next employed in attacking Dinant; Conan delivers up to them the keys of the town, which they succeeded in taking. After this event, William rewards the services of Harold by giving him a suit of armour, with which he is represented as investing him. William and his party then arrive at Bayeux.

It is said that William, in order to secure to himself the succession of the Saxon throne, without having Harold for a competitor, caused him to take a solemn vow that he would never attempt the possession of the English crown: this vow he obliged Harold, (then within his power,) to make upon a *covered altar*, beneath which William had secretly placed the most sacred and precious relics. No sooner had Harrold sworn the injoined oath, than the Norman Duke uncovered the altar, and showing him by what sacred things he had vowed, enforced upon his mind the blasphemy he would commit if he ever attempted the violation of his oath. The tapestry apparently confirms this political trick of the Conqueror; for Harold is represented taking the oath, while standing between two *covered altars*—(*See the Engraving*). Harold next embarks for England, and arrives at the court of Edward the Confessor: he appears giving an account to the Saxon king, of the event of his mission into Normandy.

We intend to complete the details of the tapestry in our next Number.

The Naturalist.

FLOATING GARDENS OF CASHMERE.

The celebrated valley of Cashmere is so rich in romantic scenery, and blest with such abundance of the finest productions of nature, that the Asiatics call it "the paradise of India, the flower-garden, and the garden of eternal spring."

The city of Cashmere, the capital of this beautiful province, is situated in the midst of numerous lakes, connected with each other, and with the river Vedusta, by canals, separated by narrow lines and insulated plots of ground—in some localities so far raised above the water-lines as to be out of danger of submersion, or any rise of the water; but the greater portion lying so low as to be subject to be drowned in considerable inundations, which are not uncommon.

These circumstances have suggested the formation of floating gardens for the cultivation of certain vegetables in safety. This is effected as follows:—Various aquatic plants spring from the bottom of the lakes, as water-lilies, sedges, reeds, &c.—which are, as it were, formed into beds by the accustomed lines of the boats. In these places the farmer establishes his cucumber and melon floats, by cutting off the roots of the aquatic plants just mentioned about two feet under the water, so that they completely lose all connexion with the bottom of the lake, but retain their former situation in respect to each other. When thus detached from the soil, they are pressed into somewhat closer contact, and formed into beds of about two yards breadth, and of an indefinite length. The heads of the sedges, reeds, and other plants of the float, are next cut off, and laid upon its surface, and covered with a thin coat of mud, which, at first, interrupted in its descent, gradually sinks into the mass of matted roots. The bed floats, but is kept in its place by a stake of willow driven through it at each end, which admits of its rising and falling in accommodation to the rise and fall of the water. A further supply of weeds is then drawn up from the bottom of the lake, and twisted into conical mounds, terminating at the top in a hollow, which is filled with fresh, soft mud. In these are placed cucumber and melon plants, which grow luxuriantly, and no further care is ne-

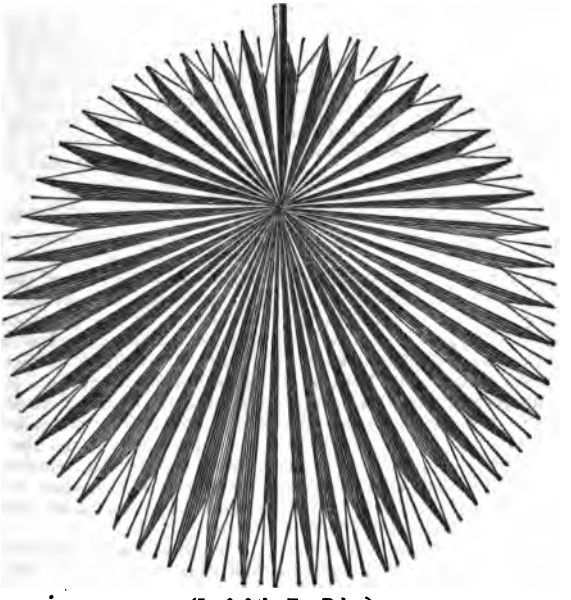
Digitized by Google

cessary, except that of collecting the produce. The general depth of the floating beds, or mass of reeds and earth taken together, is about two feet, and some of the beds are about seven feet broad. The season lasts for three months and a half, beginning in June: from the first setting of the fruit to the time of pulling, seven or eight days are the ordinary period. Thefts of whole floats are sometimes committed, by persons joining in two or three boats to tow them off to distant parts of the lake in the night; but the gardens are usually watched by persons in boats, and are cut off from the body of the lake by a belt of floating reeds, while the boatways are closed by twisted willow twigs.*

* Abridged from the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society.

LEAF OF THE FAN PALM.

The cut represents a leaf of the gigantic fan palm. It varies from six to nine feet in diameter, and in the process of expansion, the threads break away from the leaf, and hang like fringe to the magnificent circle. A recent traveller in the West Indies says, "when passing through a forest, and overtaken by a shower of rain, myself and horse found shelter from the wet under a single leaf of one of the young low trees. I rode under it, and seated on the horse, remained there secure from the wet for the space of an hour. The rain spurting off all around me, in the channels of the leaf, was conveyed along the line of each depending filament, between fold and fold, in little streams, so as to fall quite clear away from me.—*Communicated to the Field Naturalist's Magazine.*



(Leaf of the Fan Palm.)

STRAY FACTS.—ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.*

Myrtle Insect.

Has any body observed a deadly lively insect, which adheres as firmly to the stems of myrtles as does a limpet to the rocks? We believe it to be of the limpet genus, having exteriorly a sort of dark shell resembling the slough of a small wound, but interiorly the body is soft, and in substance and colour little more than a yellowish ichor. The same insect, which may have been noticed on myrtles, (and of the animal kingdom a microscope would, we think, determine it to be, however it may be mistaken at a casual glance for some vegetable excrescence,) may not, perhaps, have been observed, where it is yet commonly to be met with, on the rind of oranges; and from them it may be detached by a knife or pin. This creature must, apparently, live by suction.

* Concluded from page 71.)

Peach Insect.

A lady, whose villa residence is, we believe, in Bucks, and whose wall fruit is generally abundant, and of superior size and flavour, was mortified to find in the summer of 1832, that her peaches fell from the trees

Digitized by Google

in great quantities from no discoverable cause. If she was vexed, her gardener was in despair, and reasoning that some cause there must be for every effect, set himself diligently to discover the meaning of this sudden defection of his fine peaches, sound as they were, and, hitherto, tolerably tenacious on the tree. At length, by the aid of a powerful microscope, he discerned, that a most minute insect, perfectly white, and of a kind he had never seen in his life, had insinuated itself between the peach and stalk, at the point of insertion, so that by eating through the latter, or digging it away, it caused the separation and fall of the fruit. The gardener showed this insect to several individuals of his own profession, and to naturalists and gentlemen engaged in entomological and horticultural pursuits, who agreed that they had never seen such before, or were aware of its existence. The writer named it to a relation, who is well known as an accomplished naturalist, and who concured in the same declaration. This insect is described to be, though so minute as almost to baffle description, most like, if anything, a snow-white ant; but whether Lady J—— has lost her wall fruit during the past summer from a similar cause, and whether this small plague was, and is, peculiar to her trees, or otherwise, deponent cannot say.

Large Spider, &c.

An immense spider is, I understand, found in the county of Bucks, the body as large as a pigeon's egg, and covered, as well as the very long legs, with hair; it is said to live amongst the rank grass of the fields, and to be exceedingly venomous; but, though I have, during my residence in this county, seen several spiders of extraordinary size, and distinct from the Father Long-legs, or Harvest-man, of the harvest-time, I cannot vouch for the existence of the sort I name upon ocular demonstration.

Here the great stag beetle, unknown to some counties, is found; the beautiful emeraldine rose beetle; the tormenting harvest bug,—plague of a chalky soil; and several splendid butterflies and moths; amongst the latter, the death's head moth, but which is rare, if I am to judge by its monstrous larvæ being hawked about by children, and sold, to keep as a curiosity under a glass, at sixpence each. One of these immense caterpillars I saw: it was more than four inches long, an inch, or above it, in circumference, of a delicate pea green colour throughout, but the back variegated with white spiral bands, and mottled, or diapered, from head to tail with longitudinal lines of tints, pink, blue, yellow, &c. This was one of three, and, as the other two had been purchased, was probably the smallest. The peasantry call this larva, found exclusively, I believe, in potato fields,—a locust,—say it is very destructive, and that it is now and then sent down from Heaven as a curse upon the land.

Marlow Water.

From some cause many of the poor inhabitants of this town are dreadfully afflicted with huge wens, or goitres, like the Swiss, at the throat; they attribute them to the use of water, which runs over beds of limestone, and is strongly impregnated with that mineral. It is for the medical fraternity to determine, whether, of such water, such would be the effect; but probably the causes of the disease mentioned lie in other things, unsuspected by the people. I will, however, here observe, that I have at times noticed, against, during, or after, the autumnal rains, a strong odour of camphor in the water brought into my sleeping-room for daily use; a peculiarity for which I am at a loss to account; neither can I say whether or not it is limited to the (pump) water of the house in which I now reside. Sometimes, indeed, I have thought, from finding slugs and similar nice animals in the water, that our pump must have an illicit connexion with the neighbouring river, and that hence its autumnal smell of camphor may arise from the mingled juices of decaying vegetable matter.

Creeping Stones.

"About Belvoir Castle," says Camden, "are found the stones called astroites, which resemble little stars mixed one with another, having five rays in every corner, and in the middle of every ray, a hollow. This stone, amongst the Germans, had its name from victory; for they think, as Georgius Agricola writes, in his sixteenth book of minerals, that whosoever carries this stone about him, shall certainly be successful against his enemies. But I have not yet had the opportunity to make the experiment whether this stone of ours, when put in vinegar, will move out of its place and whirl round, like that in Germany."

Now, as a child, I well remember playing with what were termed "creeping stones," nor do I know them under any other appellation, though they are evidently of the species astroites; neither have I ever seen, nor had I heard them described, nor mentioned, since, till I read the above paragraph. On the Norfolk coast, curious and valuable pebbles are sometimes found, and these, if common there, where I understood them to have been picked up, might, from this very circumstance, have escaped attention. They were small, thin, flat, white pebbles, irregularly formed, often cornered, but never acutely angular, and so smooth, that I do not recollect their being at all furrowed (striped I should them have called it) with the minutest radii; nevertheless I cannot answer for what might have been their microscopic appearance. These

Digitized by Google

stones were immovable in water, but put into vinegar—and often have I made unconsciously the philosophical experiment—they began to move, crawl, or creep, about the saucer, slowly; but visibly, in different directions; whirling would be an improper term to apply to a motion sufficiently deliberate.

As many people, I know, have never heard of this stone, the above notice may not be uninteresting.

Varieties of the Rose.

How many are there? A gentleman was told by a gardener at Epsom, that he had in his garden 17,000 varieties of this charming flower, 700 of which were standard roses and brought from France, where they are extensively cultivated. M. L. B.

VEGETABLE MOULD.

The first inroads of fertility on barrenness are made by the smaller lichens, which, as Humboldt has well observed, labour to decompose the scorified matter of volcanoes, and the smooth and naked surfaces of sea-deserted rocks, and thus to "extend the dominion of vitality." These little plants will often obtain a footing where nothing else could be attached. So small are many that they are invisible to the naked eye, and the decay of these, when they have flourished and passed through their transient epochs of existence, is destined to form the first exuvial layer of vegetable mould; the successive generations give successive increments to that soil from which men are to reap their harvests and cattle to derive their food; from which forests are designed to spring, and from which future navies are to be supplied. But how is this frail dust to maintain its station on the smooth and polished rock, when vitality has ceased to exert its influence, and the structure which fixed it has decayed? This is the point which has been too generally overlooked, and which is the most wonderful provision of all: the plant, when dying, digs for itself a grave, sculptures in the solid rock a sepulchre in which its dust may rest. For chemistry informs us that not only do these lichens consist in part of gummy matter, which causes their particles to stick together, but that they likewise form, when living, a considerable quantity of oxalic acid, which acid, when by their decay set free, acts upon the rock, and thus is a hollow formed in which the dead matter of the lichen is deposited. Furthermore, the acid, by combining with the limestone or other material of the rock, will often produce an important ingredient in the vegetable mould; and not only this, the moisture thus conveyed into the cracks and crevices of rocks and stones, when frozen, rends them, and, by continual degradation, adds more and more to the forming soil. Successive generations of these plants successively perform their duties, and at length the barren breakers, or the pumice plains of a volcano, become converted into fruitful fields.—*Professor Burnett's Lecture.*

The Public Journals.

IRISH FOOLS.

[Mrs. Hall has communicated to the *Court Journal* the following very amusing addenda to Mr. Grattan's recent paper on "these unhappy, yet, in Ireland, highly-favoured class of beings."]

The Turks, we have heard, consider their madmen inspired, and suffer them to go about—unmolested but not uncared for. One would suppose that the Irish entertain the same feelings, for, as Mr. Grattan observes, "Ireland is more fertile than any other country in what is generally called folly." I confess my belief, that many of these called "born Naturals" may be more properly denominated "born Knaves." One I particularly remember, who used to haunt our house, our poultry-yard, our orchard, to the manifest destruction of eggs and apples. He was known by the *sobriquet* of "Boiled Jack," from the fact of his having, in his childhood, fallen into a brewing copper; how he escaped with life is a marvel, but his left arm and the left portion of his face were woefully distorted: but for this he would have been a tall handsome fellow; as it was, he had something rather comical than disagreeable in his aspect, and certainly made his one arm do the business of two. "Boiled Jack" was invariably assiduous in his attentions to the cook, the hen-wife, and the gardener: but to the hen-wife in particular, constantly assisting her, in mixing the potatoes for the poultry-yard, until, as she said, "the fowls, the craythurs, were as fond of 'Boiled Jack' as of herself." In the housekeeper's room, and in the parlour, however, there was a perpetual cry for eggs—more eggs—fresh eggs! The cry continued, day after day, morning after morning, but no eggs came; the nests were searched,—the hen-wife scolded,—the poor old woman declared the hens were good for nothing—fed and fat they were, and yet they would lay no eggs. This was very provoking; the cook could make no puddings; there was an outcry throughout the house. What is an Irish house without plenty of everything, but above all, plenty of eggs? "How fat 'Boiled Jack' grows," said the cook.—"So he does," echoed the butler.—"And he sings like a nightingale," exclaimed the kitchen-maid.—"Sucking eggs makes sweet voices," chimed in Tommy Furlong, the bare-legged whippet-in of all-work to the establishment.—"Boiled Jack" was sitting in the chimney corner, and his eye gleamed upon poor little Tommy with animal ferocity—but for a moment, the

Digitized by Google

next saw him sitting in the same position, rocking backward and forward as if nothing had disturbed him.

Tommy's hint, however, was not lost upon the quick-witted Irish woman; partly by threats, and partly by large bribes—in the shape of huge pieces of "white bread and fresh butter"—Tommy was induced to tell all: that Boiled Jack had succeeded in unroofing a portion of the fowl-house, that he robbed the nests every morning at daybreak—that the hens, who knew him, made no noise, and that, carefully replacing the slates, he proceeded with his prize to a sort of den he had formed in the turf-rick, and there sat quietly sucking some two or three dozen of his delicate favourites, invariably *eating the shells*, to prevent detection. Boiled Jack was watched; the statement was found to be quite correct, and Boiled Jack was forbidden by all the servants "to darken the doors wid his ugly carcase any more." Months passed—the hens behaved, as well-fed hens should—and Tommy took Boiled Jack's place, increasing in favour with his increasing years; but "the Natural" had not forgotten his denouncer, and one morning when poor Tom was helping the shepherd to wash the sheep the idiot sprang upon him from the bank of the river, and holding the boy's head under water, kept singing out—"Sucking eggs makes sweet voices—Ah! ah! Sucking eggs makes sweet voices—Ah! ah! ah!"

It is certain that Tommy's singing days would have been soon ended, had not the shepherd extricated the unfortunate boy from the grasp of the revengeful idiot.

In the retired village of Ballymitty, there lived a poor widow whose name was Jacob. She was decent, sober, and industrious, much beloved by her neighbours, and universally respected by the higher orders of society. This woman had three sons—all "born Naturals"—handsome fellows they were, singularly well made, and finely proportioned—good tempered, gentle, and, what was very distressing, painfully alive to their infirmity. They had been sent to school, but had not the power of acquiring either reading or writing. One of them had a taste for, or, rather, a love of drawing; and would sit for hours on his mother's neatly sanded floor, sketching, with a piece of stick, trees and rivers—but, above all, ANGELS. Whenever his mother was sick, he would draw her, with a pair of monstrous wings, that she might, he said, "the easier fly to God;" indeed, all his ideas and feelings were directed heavenward; he would sit outside the door for hours on a moonlight night, gazing up at the heavens, calling the moon, "God's big candle," and the stars, "God's little candles." Another, the youngest, I believe, was celebrated all over the country as a stone-mason; he had picked up the business without receiving any instruction; and whenever he could be got to work would do wonders; but no earthly power could induce him to be industrious for more than a fortnight at a time.

"Larry—I want you to build me a wall." "How big, yer honor?"—"I will tell you when you come."—"Can't build the wall unless it's done in a fortnight, yer honor? Can't work for more; all the brains go out of my poor head every fortnight, yer honor."—"Very well, Larry; for the fortnight be it."—"And ye'll give me a new blanket for my mother, yer honor?"—"Yes, Larry; and a new gown."—"Ah, ah! God bless yer honor; a new green gown widout a taste of orange in it. Thank yer honor—God bless yer honor;—may ye never want a blanket nor a new gown." Then he would rush into his mother's cabin, dance over all the *pictures* his brother had been sketching on the sanded floor, hurra, jump, give loose to all noisy demonstrations of joy, kiss his poor parent, tell her of the treasures he had secured, go off the next morning to his work, remain fixed at it for the exact fortnight, receive the stipulated clothes for his mother as payment, only accepting twopence in money to buy gingerbread; he set off to the county town to purchase his cakes the next morning, and then rambled, almost without covering, through the woods and the mountains for about a week; he would then return home, and be quite ready for another fortnight's employment. Those three young men were most singularly attached to their mother. She would often say, "My poor foolish boys are better to me than many wise children; they never cross or contradict me in anything, they bring me all they get, and have wit enough to do the good and keep from the bad." This was all true. But sorrow came upon them. The widow died, and was buried. Some time after, there was great consternation in the neighbourhood; for the sanctity of the grave had been violated—the widow's dead body stolen. No trace of it could be discovered, and the occurrence was nearly forgotten, when poor Larry, who never either sung or worked after his mother's death, soon refused food, and took to his bed; and the artist brother was often occupied in sketching his head, with huge wings at the back: a sort of presentiment of his death appeared to occupy the mind of this young man, for, when not drawing, he would sit opposite Larry, now worn to a skeleton, and hum some of the wild ballads they used to sing together. Many of the poor neighbours, with the characteristic humanity of their country, used to visit and attend to the comfort of the poor stone-mason, who was everywhere a favourite; at last, he was given over, and the parish priest paid him a visit. "Your

Digitized by Google

not goin' to take me from my mother?" said Larry, feebly.—"Take ye from your mother. Oh, no! my poor fellow. No! you are going to her, I hope."—"I know I am," replied the natural, "*if you let me alone;* but you put her in holy ground, *where you would not put the fool!* And the fool knew that, and stole his mother away, and put her under the old beech tree in the hollow, *where she is now*, and where Jemmy 'ill put his poor brother Larry." It was all true; the remains of the widow Jacob had been stolen away by her affectionate son, who laboured under the impression that, *because he was a fool*, they would not bury him in consecrated ground. This trait of filial affection is something like one recorded by Mr. Grattan.

Poll Poss was another idiot, of whom, as a child, I was dreadfully afraid. Poll was a dirty, imbecile, good-tempered creature, ever begging for tea and sugar,—tea and sugar,—and resisting most strenuously every effort that could be made to disencumber her of the dirt and rags, wherewith she was clothed. Whenever I was naughty (which was some ten times a day), I was threatened with Poll Poss. Poll I devoutly believed, had a great bag to carry away bad children, and this bag, I knew, was crammed full of dirty bones and scraps of bread; consequently Poll and her bag were my aversion; no wonder she never possessed any interest for me, and only inspired me with terror and disgust. Nevertheless, she was a harmless, quiet being. Poor Poll! like the fair Ophelia, she was found drowned in a river, where she had gone, not for the sake of an ablution, but to gather wild flowers, of which she was really fond. The dirty creature would cherish a rose for an hour together, and weep if it were taken from her.

Mary Carey, poor thing, was ever to me a creation of singular interest and beauty; she was delicately clean in her person, her skin was fair, her complexion pale, her long glossy hair hung in natural curls over her brow, and her tight dress of coarse black stuff (she never would wear any colour but black), free from spot or blemish; she was always scrubbing and cleaning—rub, rub, rub, wherever she went, and her blue, but usually lustreless eyes, would light up with an expression, or rather a *glare* of pleasure. Whenever she saw anything that was particularly clean, she would express her delight by rubbing against it, and stroking it with her hands. I have heard that poor Mary was frightened by the crimes perpetrated in the Rebellion of '98, when she was quite a child. Her father was piked on the bridge of Wexford, and her mother was burnt in the barn of Scullabogue. Mary was then but four years old; she had been for many days a prisoner with her mother in that horrid barn, and was released only by the energy of her unfortunate parent, who, when the burning rafters were falling around her, threw forth poor Mary, who was taken up and kindly treated by some of the insurgents. She was, however, a perfectly witless, though a quiet, contented creature, imploring a blessing upon all, whether they treated her well or ill. At one time she was absent from our neighbourhood for nearly two years, and when she returned, to the horror of all, Mary Carey had a baby at her breast,—a smiling, fair, intelligent-looking thing, whom she took infinite delight in washing. The small-pox was raging in the village, and the poor baby took it; Mary could not be brought at all to comprehend the nature of the disease, she persisted in fancying the eruption dirt, and taking the infant to the sea-shore, she scoured it literally to death with sea-sand! Poor Mary! she was never heard to speak, or seen to smile afterwards; but whenever she met a woman with a child in her arms, she would wring her hands, and weep bitterly.

Every feeling heart must respond the wish of Mr. Grattan, that some safe asylum were provided in Ireland for this class of wandering maniacs,—where their helplessness would be screened from the eyes of an unthinking world. With the fools of the town (I mean fools of the class described by Mr. Grattan) I had no acquaintance, but those wild and acute creatures wandering over the country have ever possessed for me, since my thinking days, a mysterious interest. I have been in many receptacles for insanity, but I never met any afflicted persons whose disease at all resembled these characterised as "Irish Naturals."

THE PAINTER'S GRAVE.

Where shall the sunbeams play?
Where shall the moonbeams light?
For him who bade them stay,
With hand of power and might—
Upon the painter's grave.

Where the stormy pageant rise,
And the harmless lightnings fly?
Where the magician lies
That fix'd them in the sky—
Before the Painter's grave.

Where shall the flowrets shed
Sweet odours? O'er his earth
Who from their lowly bed
Gave them immortal birth—
Upon the Painter's grave.

Where shall the aged rest,
And own one friend he found,
That thought grey hairs were best,
And age like holy ground?
Upon the painter's grave.

Where shall the maiden meek,
Whose beauty would not die,
Go lean her pensive cheek,
Or look with gentle eye?
Upon the Painter's grave.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Digitized by Google

Notes of a Reader.

THE FAIRY NYMPHALIN.

(*From the Pilgrims of the Rhine. By E. L. Bulwer, Esq. M. P.*)

In one of those green woods which belong so peculiarly to our island—for the continent has its forests, but England its woods—there lived, a short time ago, a charming little fairy called Nymphalin; I believe she is descended from a younger branch of the house of Mab; but perhaps that may be only a genealogical fable, for your fairies are very susceptible to the pride of ancestry, and it is impossible to deny that they fall somewhat reluctantly into the liberal opinions so much *à-la-mode* at the present day. However that may be, it is quite certain that all the courtiers in Nymphalin's domain (for she was a queen fairy) made a point of asserting her right to this illustrious descent; and accordingly she quartered the Mab arms with her own,—three acorns vert, with a grasshopper rampant. It was as merry a little court as could possibly be conceived; and on a fine midsummer night, it would have been worth while attending the queen's balls; that is to say, if you could have got a ticket—a favour not obtained without great interest. But, unhappily, until both men and fairies adopt the excellent Mr. Owen's proposition, and live in parallelograms, they will always be the victims of *ennui*. And Nymphalin, who had been disappointed in love, and was still unmarried, had for the last five or six months been exceedingly tired even of giving balls. She yawned very frequently, and consequently yawning became the fashion. "But why don't we have some new dances, my Pipalee?" said Nymphalin to her favourite maid of honour; "these waltzes are very old fashioned." "Very old fashioned," said Pipalee. The queen gaped, and Pipalee did the same. It was a gala night; the court was held in a lone and beautiful hollow, with the wild brake closing round it on every side, so that no human step could easily gain the spot. Wherever the shadows fell upon the brake, a glow-worm made a point of exhibiting himself, and the bright August moon sailed slowly above, pleased to look down upon so charming a scene of merriment; for they wrong the moon who assert that she has an objection to mirth; with the mirth of fairies she has all possible sympathy. Here and there in the thicket the scarce honeysuckles—in August, honeysuckles are getting out of season—hung their rich festoons; and at that moment they were crowded with the elderly fairies, who had given up dancing and taken to scandal. Besides the honeysuckle, you might see the hawk-weed and the white convolvulus, varying the soft verdure of the thicket; and mushrooms in abundance had sprung up in the circle, glittering in the silver moonlight, and acceptable beyond measure to the dancers;—every one knows how agreeable a thing tents are in a *fête champêtre!* I was mistaken in saying that the brake closed the circle *entirely* round; for there was one gap, scarcely apparent to mortals, through which a fairy at least might catch a view of a brook that was close at hand, rippling in the stars, and checkered at intervals by the rich weeds floating on the surface, interspersed with the delicate arrow-head and the silver water-lily. Then the trees themselves, dight in their prodigal variety of hues; the blue—the purple—the yellowing tint—the tender and silvery verdure—and the deep mass of shade frowning into black; the willow—the elm—the ash—the fir—the lime—"and, best of all, Old England's haunted oak:" these hues broke again into a thousand minor and subtler shades, as the twinkling stars pierced the foliage, or the moon slept with a richer light upon some favoured glade. It was a gala night; the elderly fairies as I said before, were chatting among the honeysuckles; the young were flirting, and dancing, and making love; the middle-aged talked politics under the mushrooms; and the queen herself, and half-a-dozen of her favourites, were yawning their pleasure from a little mound, covered with the thickest moss. "It has been very dull, madam, ever since Prince Fayzenheim left us," said the fairy Nip. The queen sighed. "How handsome the prince was!" said Pipalee. The queen blushed. "He wore the prettiest dress in the world—and what a moustache!" cried Pipalee, fanning herself with her left wing. "He was a coxcomb," said the lord treasurer, sourly. The lord treasurer was the honestest and most disagreeable fairy at court; he was an admirable husband, brother, son, cousin, uncle, and godfather: it was these virtues that had made him a lord treasurer. Unfortunately they had not made him a sensible man. He was like Charles II. in one respect, for he never did a wise thing; but he was not like him in another, for he very often said a foolish one. The queen frowned. "A young prince is not the worse for that," retorted Pipalee. "Heigho! does your Majesty think his highness likely to return?" "Don't tease me," said Nymphalin, pettishly. The lord treasurer, by way of giving the conversation an agreeable turn, reminded her majesty that there was a prodigious accumulation of business to see to, especially that difficult affair about the emmet-wasp loan. Her majesty rose, and leaning on Pipalee's arm, walked down to the supper-tent. "Pray," said the fairy Trip to the fairy Nip, "what is all this talk about Prince Fayzenheim? Excuse my ignorance, I am only just out, you know." "Why," answered Nip, a young

Digitized by Google

courtier, not a marrying fairy, but very seductive, "the story runs thus. Last summer a foreigner visited us, calling himself Prince Fayzenheim, one of your German fairies, I fancy;—no great things, but an excellent waltzer. He wore long spurs, made out of the stings of the horse-flies in the Black Forest; his cap sat on one side, and his mustachios curled like the lip of the dragon-flower. He was on his travels, and amused himself by making love to the queen. You can't fancy, dear Trip, how fond she was of hearing him tell stories about the strange creatures of Germany—about wild huntsmen—water-sprites—and a pack of such stuff," added Nip, contemptuously, for Nip was a free-thinker. "In short?" said Trip. "In short, she loved," cried Nip with a theatrical air. "And the prince?" "Packed up his clothes, and sent on his travelling-carriage, in order that he might go at his ease, on the top of a stage-pigeon: in short—as you say—in short, he deserted the queen, and ever since she has set the fashion of yawning." "It was very naughty in him," said the gentle Trip. "Ah, my dear creature," cried Nip, "if it had been you he had paid his addresses to!" Trip simpered, and the old fairies from their seats in the honeysuckles observed she was "sadly conducted;" but the Trips had never been too respectable. Meanwhile the queen, leaning on Pipalee, said, after a short pause, "Do you know I have formed a plan!" "How delightful!" cried Pipalee. "Another gala?" "Pooh! surely even you must be tired with these levities. The spirit of the age is no longer frivolous; and I daresay, as the march of gravity proceeds, we shall get rid of these galas altogether," the queen said this with an air of inconceivable wisdom, for the "Society for the Diffusion of General Stupefaction" had been recently established among the fairies, and its tracts had driven all the light reading out of the market. The "Penny Proser" had contributed greatly to the increase of knowledge and yawning, so visibly progressive among the courtiers. "No," continued Nymphalin; "I have thought of something better than galas: let us travel!" Pipalee clasped her hands in ecstacy. "What! shall we travel?" "Let us go up the Rhine," said the queen, turning away her head. "We shall be amazingly welcomed; there are fairies without number, all the way up its banks; and various distant connexions of ours, whose nature and properties will afford interest and instruction to a philosophical mind." "Number Nip," for instance," cried the gay Pipalee. "The Red Man!" said the graver Nymphalin. "O my queen, what an excellent scheme!" And Pipalee was so lively during the rest of the night, that the old fairies in the honeysuckle insinuated that the lady of honour had drunk a buttercup too much of the May dew.

The Gatherer.

Footiana.—When Foote first opened the theatre in the Haymarket, amongst other projects, he proposed to entertain the public with an imitation of cat-music; for this purpose he engaged a man famous for his skill in mimicing the mewing of cats. This person was called "Cat Harris." He not attending the rehearsal of this odd concert, Foote desired Shuter would endeavour to find him out, and bring him with him. Shuter was directed to some court in the Minories, where this extraordinary musician lived, but not knowing the house, Shuter began a cat-solo; upon this, the other looked out of the window, and answered him with a cantata of the same sort. "Come along," said Shuter, "I want no better information that you are the man. Mr. Foote stays for us—we cannot begin the cat opera without you."

The first edition of Foote's *Mayor of Garratt* was printed in 1704, and is called "a comedy in two acts; as is performed at the theatre royal in Drury-lane." On turning to the *dramatis personæ*, it will be found Foote performed Major Sturgeon himself, and, likewise, Mathew Mug in the same piece: Mrs. Clive playing Mrs. Sneak to Weston's Jerry Sneak.

One night as Macklin was preparing to begin his lecture, and hearing a buzz in the room, he spied Foote in a corner, talking and laughing most immoderately. This he thought a wrong time to rebuke him, as he had not begun his lecture, and consequently could not be subject to any criticism: he therefore cried out, with some authority, "Well, sir, you seem to be very merry there; but do you know what I am going to say now?" "No, sir, said Foote; "pray do you?"

Foote being asked his opinion of the Stratford Jubilee, replied, "A jubilee is a public invitation, urged by puffing, to go post without horses to an obscure borough without representatives, governed by a mayor and aldermen who are no magistrates, to celebrate a great poet, whose own works have made him immortal, by an ode without poetry; music without melody; a dinner without victuals; lodgings without beds; a crowd without company; a masquerade where half the people appeared barefaced; a horse-race up to the knees in water; fireworks extinguished as soon as they were lighted; and a boarded booth, by way of amphitheatre, which was to be taken down in three days, and sold by public auction."

Foote walking up and down the rooms at Bath, a gentleman with him asked a third a lady's name just then passing by them, to

Digitized by Google

which he replied "Brown, sir." "Ay," said Foote, staring at the lady, "a lovely *Brown*, indeed."

Foote was once asked, why learned men are to be found in rich men's houses, and rich men never to be seen in those of the learned. "Why," said he, "the first know what they want, but the latter do not."

Foote having satirised the Scotch pretty severely, a gentleman asked, "Why he hated that nation so much." "You are mistaken," said Foote, "I don't hate the Scotch, neither do I hate frogs, but I would have everything keep to its native element."

Foote praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been at *Cork*. "No, sir," replied Foote, "but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

Foote took a house at Hammersmith that was advertised to be completely furnished, but he had not been there long, before the cook complained there was not a rolling-pin. "No!" said he, "then bring me a saw, I will soon make one;" which he accordingly did of one of the mahogany bed-posts. The next day it was discovered that a coal-scuttle was wanted; when he supplied this deficiency with a drawer from a curious japan chest. A carpet being wanted in the parlour, he ordered a new white cotton counterpane to be laid, to save the boards. His landlord paying him a visit, to inquire how he liked his new residence, was greatly astonished to find such disorder, as he considered it: he remonstrated with Foote, and complained of the injury his furniture had sustained; but Foote insisted upon it, all the complaint was on his side, considering the trouble he had been at to supply these necessaries, notwithstanding he had advertised his house completely furnished. The landlord now threatened the law, and Foote threatened to take him off, saying, an auctioneer was a fruitful character. This last consideration weighed with the landlord, and he quietly put up with his loss.

When Foote heard of Sir Francis Blake Delaval's death, the shock of losing so intimate a friend had such an effect on his spirits, that he burst into tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for two days: the third day, Jewel, his treasurer, calling in upon him, he asked him, with swollen eyes, what time would the burial be? "Not till next week, sir," replied the other, "as I hear the surgeons are first to dissect his head." This last word recovered the wit's fancy, and, repeating it with some surprise, he asked, "And what will they get there? I am sure," said he, "I have known poor Frank these five-and-twenty years, and I never could find anything in it." W. G. C.

Jumping up and Jumping down.—During the celebrated competition, in the year 1749, between Garrick and Barry, in the character of Romeo, it was observed by a female critic, that, in the garden scene, Garrick looked with great animation, and was so spirited in his gestures, that, if she were Juliet, she should think he was going to *jump up to her;* but that Barry was so tender, melting, and persuasive, that, if she were Juliet, she should *jump down to him.* P. T. W.

Domesday Book.—Respecting the name of this celebrated record, the following account is given in Stow's Chronicle: "The Booke of Bermondsey saith, this booke was laid up in the King's treasury, which was in the church of Winchester, or Westminster, in a place called *Domus Dei*, or God's House, and so ye name of the booke is therefore called *Domus Dei*, and shortly, *Domesday.*—*Garrow's History of Croydon.*

Home.—The pain which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil, when the living branch is cut from the parent tree,—is one of the most poignant which we have to endure through life. There are after griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart: but never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the utter sense of desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life.—*Southey's Life of Nelson.*

Knights by Wholesale.—Lord Thomas Howard was in possession of the Charter House, at the accession of James I. This monarch, to show his respect for a family which had so severely suffered in the cause of his mother, made his first visit, on entering London, on May 7, 1604, to this nobleman. His majesty and his train were most splendidly entertained here four days; and, at his departure, he dubbed no fewer than four-score knights. A very cheap method of testifying his gratitude.

Cash Payments.—Peterson, the comedian, lent a brother actor two shillings, and, when he made a demand for the sum, the debtor, turning peevishly from him, said, "Hang it, I'll pay you to-day in some shape or other." Peterson good humouredly replied, "I shall be much obliged to you, Tom, to let it be as like two shillings as you can." P. T. W.

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXII.
(*From the Home Missionary Magazine, No.* 175, *Feb.* 1834.)

"Few modern publications have disseminated so much interesting and really useful matter as the *Mirror*. It has well sustained its importance. It is, moreover, one of the cheapest of modern books—only twopence per week. Indeed, its immense circulation is the best indication of the public approval."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, *Strand*, (*near Somerset House,*) *London; sold by G. G. BENNIS*, 55, *Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

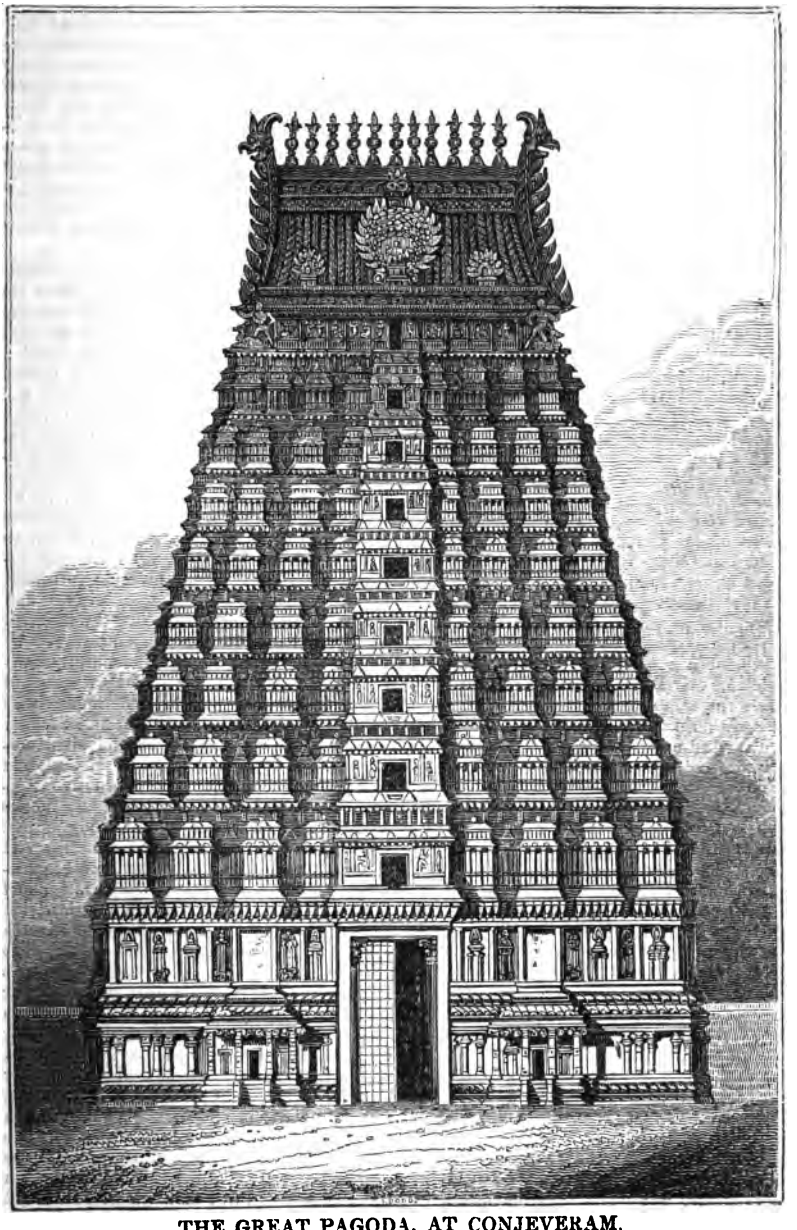
Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 649.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1834. [Price 2*d*.



THE GREAT PAGODA, AT CONJEVERAM.

Digitized by Google

THE GREAT PAGODA, AT CONJEVERAM.

Pagodas rank foremost among the magnificent monuments of India. In that part of the country, which must ever be considered as the cradle of the Indian religion and civilization, the ancient monuments have been for the most part destroyed by the fanatical bigotry of the Mohammedans. Bengal Proper contains the fewest remains of antiquity of any; more are discoverable in Behar, and especially in the holy city of Benares. On the other hand, Coromandel being much less exposed to similar devastation, presents us with the greatest number of celebrated religious structures, both on the coast and in the interior of the peninsula. "Here," says Lord Valentia, "almost every village has its respective pagoda, adorned with a lofty portal of stone, and by no means contemptible in point of architectural merit, where the Brahmans reside, either at their own private expense, or supported by the liberality of government." Of the latter class is the celebrated pagoda at Conjeveram, a few miles from Madras, in southern India.

This stupendous pyramidal temple rises upwards of 200 feet, (or, to the height of the London Monument,) terminating in an ornamented sort of dome. Its elevation is well shown on the annexed page to be enriched throughout with rude, massive sculpture; and it belongs to an earlier and more primitive type than the lighter pagoda of Tanjore, which may be more familiar to the reader. In its embellishments may be observed the sacred bull; and in the uppermost stage are represented Siva and his consort Parvati, (to whom the temple is dedicated), riding upon the holy animal. Siva will be remembered as the destroying energy of the sect of Brahma, and the representation at Conjeveram shows its avatar, or incarnation. When Lord Valentia visited it, this pagoda was entirely deserted: he found the inside to consist of two gloomy apartments, in the first of which were two small gilded statues, dressed up, with only their heads visible.

A two-fold inclosure usually surrounds the sanctuary of the Indian pagoda. That at Conjeveram is particularly remarkable for presenting a row of statues of animals, which seem, as it were, to officiate as guards of the temple. Magnificent gateways open into these inclosures, in some cases decorated with pilasters and surmounted with lofty pyramids, ornamented from top to bottom with sculptures representing gods and animals. Within the second inclosure are the holy buildings and offices, a colonnade with chapels, and a large tank for ablution. The priests employed in the religious services of the sanctuary was very great: not less than three thousand Brahmans were employed in that of the pagoda of Chalambron; how prodigious, therefore, must have been the influx of pilgrims, whose pious liberality was sufficient to maintain such a multitude of priests, as the temple possesses no landed property itself. Lord Valentia reports that a few years previous to his visit, one of the large entrance gateways of an ancient pagoda had been rebuilt by a pious widow, at an expense of not less than 40,000 pagodas, almost equal to 16,000*l*. Thousands to this day crowd to the grand ceremonies of Hindoo worship, but the modern temples do not display grandeur in any degree commensurate with those of former times. Many contain only a single apartment, and may be built for twenty-five pounds; few having more than three or four rooms.

The learned Professor Heeren has devoted several pages of his *Researches* to these labours of Hindoo architecture. He remarks that the pyramidal pagodas show a progress of building from the rudest unornamented forms of the simple pyramid to the lighter construction of the upper parts, and the decoration of the whole exterior with sculpture; finally, they seem to have terminated in mere propyla, or gateways, conducting to the sacred edifices. Then the whole was surrounded with walls and buildings, as we have explained. Thus, these buildings show a kind of progress resembling that which we believe to be self-evident from the very inspection of some Egyptian temples—in both cases the sanctuary at first stood single, and was of moderate dimensions, till the devotion of kings or wealthy persons, encouraged by the zeal of the priests, raised around it numerous structures far larger and more splendid than the original temple. The means with which the Hindoos embellished these costly piles are as astonishing as the structures themselves; for a small steel chisel and iron mallet are said to have been their only implements. Yet, the object in raising these fabrics are such as to cause us to lament this prodigal labour and ingenuity. "The worship and services paid to the Hindoo deities are, generally speaking, irrational, unmeaning, and often immoral. They include no provision for instructing the body of the people in the duties of life, or even in what is supposed to be divine truth; but consist merely in acts of blind and senseless adulation to popular divinities. Every image, when lodged in its temple, has a mechanical round of daily homage performed before it, and is furnished with a regular allowance of food, which, after remaining a certain time, is removed and applied to the use of the attendants. On the great annual festivals these offerings are profusely lavished; while the multitudes assembled in front of the temples indulge in indecent and extravagant motions. Mr. Ward enumerates the various articles of maintenance bestowed upon Kalee in her temple at Kal-

Digitized by Google

leeghata, among which are 12,000 goats, 240 tons of rice, 48 cwt. of sugar, 264 cwt. of sweetmeats, and considers them as worth 9,000*l.* annually. Besides the public solemnities, the devotee has a daily service to perform; and fulsome praises addressed to some chosen deity, frequently the repetition of his name for hours together, constitute the favourite occupation of the worshippers."

CROM A BOO.

(*To the Editor.*)

In No. 646 of the *Mirror*, it is stated that the Irish words *Crom á boo*, used as a motto by the Fitzgeralds, signify "I burn." These words were the war-cry of the Earls of Desmond, chiefs of that great family; and their real and literal translation is, not "I burn," but *Victory to Crom!*—Crom, now called Croom, eight miles from Limerick, being a castle, once a principal seat of the Earls of Desmond, and *boo*, properly written *bua*, the Irish word for victory.

From the frequent shouting of the words *a boo, a boo!* that is "Victory, Victory!" by the tumultuary Irish armies advancing to battle, the English soldiers employed in that country formed the word *Hubbaboo*, to signify a violent uproar, or tumult; and this word, now shortened into *Hubbub*, is to be found in most English dictionaries—being one of the very few English words which can be distinctly traced to a Celtic root. H. B.

COMPARATIVE WEALTH OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

(*From the Revue Encyclopedique.*)

In France there are 27,440 square leagues of cultivated land; in England, 13,396; yet the gross produce of England is one seventh more than France, and net produce double. Agricultural population in England, one-third of the whole population; in France, they form two-thirds. In England, 7,511,682 farmers, husbandmen, and labourers, cultivate 21,000,000 acres, and produce annually a net income of 107,246,000*l.*; while, in France, 19,621,000 persons, cultivating 41,000,000, can only produce an income of 57,778,120*l.*: hence the superproductiveness of the soil of England. Its superiority, however, may be attributed, in some degree, to the manner in which property is divided in France. The number of proprietors in England and Scotland, in 1816, was 589,384; and by adding one-third more for Ireland, and taking the members of each family at five persons, gives 4,000,000, or one-fifth of the whole population; but in France, in 1818, there were 4,833,000 landowners, which, at five members to each family, give 24,000,000 persons, or four-fifths of the population. The number of properties in France under 52*s.*, annual value, is 3,500,000*l.* Hence, in England, one-half of the population is employed in commerce; in France, only one-sixth; a superiority in England almost incalculable, when we take into consideration the extensive use of machinery. W. G. C.

HYMN TO AURORA.

Beautiful Spirit! whose hands unfold
The morning's portals of flaming gold!
Thou art come in thy beauty! and orient skies
Are bright with the glow of thy radiant eyes;
And over the mountains a path is spread,
With dew gems strewn, for thy heavenly tread.

To herald thy coming a star was sent,
Which rose o'er the calm, clear firmament,
And like the fond eye of a lover shone,
Bent over the sleep of the chosen one;
Yet soon its beauty dissolved away,
And left not a trace in thy brighter ray.

But thou art come! and an early song
To greet thee is thrilling the groves among;
Thy smile has called every beauty forth,
On the bosom of ocean, in heaven and earth;
And on the fresh leaves and flowers the dews
Are sparkling, bright with thy thousand hues.

Thou hast past o'er the wide sea, leaving there
A golden track on its waters fair;
On mountain peaks the eternal snow
Dazzles and shines, in thy early glow;
The plains and vales of our peopled earth
Are alive with music, and joy, and mirth.

Thy breathing the forest with gladness stirs,
That rings with the song of thy worshippers;
And there the wild flowers, with soft sweet eyes,
Gaze through the wood-moss upon thy skies;
And Echo is startled from out her sleep,
Where she brooding dwells, in the woodlands deep.

Onward the river, with speed and light,
Sweeps through the vale, from the mountain's height;
Thy lustre is thrown on a thousand rills,
Leaping and sparkling among the hills;
And there to the moss, the flowers, and grass,
They breathe wild music as along they pass.

The rose has unfolded its breast of bloom,
And fill'd the air with its sweet perfume;
Round it is many a liquid gem
Trembling, a regal diadem,
Fit for a queen so fair, whose sway
But lasts through the shine of a summer's day.

And lo! the sinless and fair of earth
Have risen to hail thee, with smiles and mirth;—
Like fairy visions they pass along,
And earth is more bright from the shining throng,
Where winds, in their wanton playfulness,
Sport with the rings of each shining tress.

And what for the human heart hast thou,
To brighten the eye and smooth the brow?—
Joy, for the maiden who, young and fair,
Wreaths for the bridal her silken hair?
And joy for him who with hope has smiled
On the happy brow of his first-born child?

Oh! hast thou peace for the happy homes,
Where virtue dwells, and affection blooms?
Love for the hearts of the pure and young,
With that wordless bliss untold, unsung?
And, oh! on the night of affliction past,
Dost thou bring the sweet day-beam of hope at last?

Beautiful Spirit! thou hast no share
In human sorrow, or human care;
Thy smiles are as bright on the dreary tomb
As where sweet hope and young beauty bloom,—
On the ivied ruin in hoar decay
As the new-built fane of yesterday.

What though the lovely in death are laid,
And sorrow the once glad heart o'ershade,
Many a sun-bright brow is left,
And hearts by no sorrow or evil reft;
Time shall the mourners' peace restore,
And joy revisit their hearts once more.

But time no change to thy beauty brings,
Nor steals one plume from thy radiant wings;
Ages on ages have passed away,
And seen the proud glories of man decay;
But thou art fair as when first thy beams
Of beauty were mirrored in Eden's streams.

And there is a region where thou shalt bloom
In endless light, without shade or gloom;
And those thou hast cherished on earth awhile
For ever shall dwell in thy cloudless smile,
And in song of triumph rejoice with thee,
In the dawn of a blest eternity.

Dorking. G. J. N.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

Removal to Otaheite.

[We resume our accounts of these interesting people, with the substance of a dispatch addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales, by Captain Sandilands, of H.M. sloop Comet, who was employed to convey such of the islanders as should be desirous of removing to Otaheite. Captain Sandilands arrived off Pitcairn's Island on Feb. 28, 1831, and he details his proceedings there as follow:]—

Attended by three natives, who came off in their canoes, I landed in the afternoon, accompanied by Captain Walpole, of his Majesty's 39th regiment. Having made known to the inhabitants the object of the expedition, on the second day I assembled all the heads of families; and fully explained to them that they were perfectly at liberty either to remove to Otaheite, or remain where they were.

One-half of the inhabitants gave in their names immediately as resolved to remove to Otaheite, and on the following day the remainder came to the same resolution. The whole immediately commenced preparations for embarking, by carrying down to the landing-place, potatoes, yams, fruits, and household goods, which were continued to be embarked on board the ships until the 7th, on the morning of which day all the inhabitants were embarked without accident on board the Lucy Anne, being eighty-seven in number, men, women, and children.

I arrived at Otaheite, and anchored at Papute harbour, on the 23rd of March, and found the island under the government of Queen Pomarre, daughter of the late King Pomarre, and I regret to say, on the very eve of a civil war. This, however, terminated without the opposing parties coming to actual hostilities; and previous to my leaving Otaheite, the governors of provinces, and the chiefs opposed to the queen and her party, having amicably arranged their differences, had retired from Papute to their own provinces, with their numerous followers.

Although the island was in this distracted state on my arrival, I was greatly relieved from anxiety respecting the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, by receiving from the queen and chiefs on the one side, and the hostile party on the other, assurances that the promises made by her father, the late King Pomarre, and them, would be most strictly executed.

I, therefore, at the request of the queen, landed the people of Pitcairn's Island at the residence of the queen, about three miles from the anchorage, where houses were provided for them; and at this place they remained until the contending parties had returned to their houses, when the queen gave up for their use a large dwelling belonging to herself in the town of Papute. Previous to their removing, also, a beautiful tract of very rich land, belonging to the government of the island, was well examined. The queen, at the same time, assembled the chiefs of districts in my presence, and formally communicated to them that she had assigned this land to the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, giving orders also that her people should immediately commence the construction of houses when they had made selection of a site suited for a town; and the materials for erecting these houses were in a considerable state of forwardness on my departure.

A feeling of great regard was universally manifested to the strangers by the Otaheitans, who anxiously endeavoured to find out those among them who were their relations—in which they were often successful: in one instance in particular, a woman having come a considerable distance and discovered, in one of the four remaining Otaheitan women, a sister. I mention this in order to show on what grounds I conclude that the change from Pitcairn's Island to Otaheite will be attended with advantage to them.

On my arrival off Pitcairn's Island, I found them exceedingly distressed for water, what they had even being procured with great difficulty; and although the fertility of the island has reared a comparatively numerous population up to the present period, yet this very circumstance, from their increasing numbers, rendered the necessity for emigration more obvious.

In order to provide for the subsistence of the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, I concluded a contract for their supply with a sufficient quantity of food for the space of six months, at the expiration of which time, from the information I obtained, they will be in a situation to support themselves on the produce of their own grant or land.

[The Islanders soon returned; and the next document describes their subsequent condition:]—

His Majesty's sloop Challenger, at sea, 30th May, 1833. (From Capt. Freemantle, R.N.)

At Otaheite I understood that all the Pitcairn Islanders had returned to their island,

having been assisted by the missionaries and the Europeans on the island to freight* an American vessel to convey them, they being very discontented and unhappy, and a sickness having become prevalent amongst them, which had carried off twelve of their number.

Having, therefore, as far as lay in my power, settled all the complaints which came before me, and tried to impress upon the authorities of Otaheite the necessity of preventing the recurrence of the piracies which have recently taken place among the islands to windward, I proceeded to Pitcairn's Island, off which I arrived after a passage of twelve days. The ship was immediately visited by most of the men of the island, who came out in their canoes to invite the officers on shore: they were all well dressed, and in every respect had the appearance of Englishmen. I was sorry, however, to find that they were not improved by their visit to Otaheite; but, on the contrary, as I had reason to think, were much altered for the worse, having, since their return, indulged in intemperance to a great degree, distilling a spirit from the tee root, which grows in great quantities on the island. I interrogated the most intelligent of the men respecting their return to the island, and they unanimously agreed that they had never been happy or contented since they quitted it, and that nothing would have induced them to do so, excepting the fear of displeasing the British government, which they thought they might have done, had they not profited by the means offered to remove themselves. Now, however, being re-established there, they would ever remain. They had nothing to complain of respecting their treatment at Otaheite, but disliked the characters of the people, and were alarmed at the sickness which prevailed among themselves, and which altogether carried off seventeen, five having died since their return.

I found on the island a Mr. Joshua Hill, a gentleman nearly seventy years of age, who appears to have come from England expressly to establish himself among these people, as a kind of pastor and monitor. He had not been on the island more than two or three months, and was officiating as schoolmaster, having quite succeeded in supplanting the Englishman who had acted previously in that situation. He informed me that on his arrival he had found the island in the greatest state of irregularity. He landed on a Sunday, but found most of the islanders intoxicated, and the Englishman "Nobbs," who acted as their pastor, in such a state, from the effects of drunkenness, as to be incapable of performing his duties; he had consequently taken them upon himself, wishing to render as much service as possible to the islanders. And though it appeared to me at first so extraordinary a circumstance, that a gentleman of Mr. Hill's age, and apparent respectability, should come from England for the express purpose of residing on Pitcairn's Island, that I thought he must be some adventurer, more likely to do harm than good in the cause he had undertaken, yet, from the papers which he showed me, and which proved that he had been in communication with the Admiralty, the Colonial Office, Captain Beechey, and many respectable gentlemen, offering his services in the first instance to remove the people from the island when it was first proposed, I was induced to think he must be interested about them. And as he had succeeded in restoring them to some kind of order, by putting a stop to the intemperance which existed—had broken up all their stills, and had formed them into a "Temperance Society," I gave him all the assistance in my power to support him in his situation; the other Englishman, who had clearly proved himself by his conduct to be unfit for it, I recommended to quit the island, which he promised to do.

The number of people in the island at present is seventy-nine; and there appears to be an abundance of vegetables of every description. They are not themselves either under any alarm respecting a want of water, saying, that as their numbers increase, they must dig more reservoirs and wells. With respect to food, I am satisfied the island is capable of supporting nearly a thousand persons; the soil is particularly good, and most part of it being as yet uncultivated, there is little fear of scarcity. On their return from Otaheite, they found the island overrun with wild hogs, by which their plantations were destroyed, and they had only just succeeded in hunting these down; but even in their present state, they were able to supply the Challenger with a large quantity of yams, potatoes, sweet potatoes, plantains, fowls, with a few pigs; and nothing could exceed the kindness of the people in offering every thing they had which they thought would be acceptable.

It is impossible for any person to visit this island without being pleased with a people generally so amiable, though springing from so guilty a stock, and brought up in so extraordinary a manner. And although I have no hesitation in saying, that they have lost much of that simplicity of character which has been observed in them by former visiters, they are still a well-disposed, well-behaved, kind, hospitable people, and, if well advised and instructed, would be led to any thing; but I fear, if much left to themselves, and visited by many ships, which now is not an uncommon occurrence, that they will lose

* It may be remarked, by the way, that many of the copper bolts of the Bounty, which had been brought to Otaheite from Pitcairn's Island by the islanders, were taken by the master of the vessel as part payment for their freight, I believe to the amount of two hundred dollars.

Digitized by Google

what simplicity they have left, and will partake of the character of their neighbours, the Otaheitans. I found even now that it was a most difficult matter to obtain the truth on any point which told at all to their prejudice; and it was only by cross-questioning them that I could arrive at it. The present generation of children is the finest I ever saw; and out of the whole number, seventy-nine, there are fifty-three under twenty years of age, who appear to have been well instructed, many of them being capable of reading, and nearly on a par with children of the same age in England. It certainly is desirable that this system of instruction should be kept up, and that a clergyman should be sent to them, who would be most acceptable. The Englishmen who have been on the island have, on the contrary, done much harm, particularly Buffett, who, although a married man, has seduced one of the young girls, by whom he has two children.

I remained off the island two days, the ship being under weigh the whole time, there being no anchorage, and the landing particularly hazardous, so that it is very rarely that a ship's boat ought to attempt it: the natives themselves, however, are very clever with their canoes, and will land in almost any weather. Having given them all the assistance and advice in my power, and arranged their little disputes to the best of my ability, I left this little colony, much prepossessed in their favour by every thing I had seen; and sincerely trusting that they may continue to live in that state of innocence and contentment which they enjoyed previous to their departure for Otaheite—which it is to be hoped that they may, if they do not return to the use of that spirit which they have so well learned the art of distilling. I obtained a specimen of it: it is not unlike whisky, and very good.

[In December, 1832, Mr. Hill addressed a letter from Pitcairn's Island to the Earl of Ripon, stating, that on his arrival there, in October, he] found the state of things upon this little island very unsettled, owing principally to the presence of three Englishmen, whom, unfortunately, the natives have allowed to settle among them: they are runaway sailors. Drunkenness, and other bad vices, were introduced by them. They were in the greatest confusion, from the youngest to the oldest—fighting, and every thing wicked, going on.

[Mr. Hill continues:]—I have, however, been so fortunate as to put down, in a great degree already, the use of ardent spirits, and the means of making any more of it. I have established, at the outset, a temperance society, and caused the greater number to sign thereto. I have also established a set of laws, as best suited for them, and placed three of the most efficient natives as a committee of elders, to superintend their affairs; and the only difficulty I have to contend against is the presence of these three bad characters upon the island. I hope that before long one of his Majesty's ships of war may come and take them off, when I should have but little if any difficulty in bringing the natives back again to their duty and best interest.

TEA AND COFFEE.

A few evenings since, (says the *Lancet*,) at the London Medical Society, the President referred to a case in which tea drank in the morning, and coffee in the evening, always produced ill effects,—the reverse, none. The cause is probably this, that the stomach needing a nourishing beverage in the morning, finds it in coffee only. Needing none after dinner, it obtains a mere stimulant in tea.

OPENING OF A MUMMY.

The following account of the opening of a mummy, in the grand hall of the Sorbonne, appeared some time since in a Paris journal. The mummy formed part of the collection of Egyptian antiquities sold by M. Passalacqua, to the King of Prussia.

After the removal of the outer envelope, composed of linen, hardened with animal glue, the whole of the body was found wrapped with bandages, which had completely kept their forms; these bandages unrolled, laid open a second set of envelopes of brown linen, impregnated with a strong, aromatic, bituminous odour, and adhering, in a great degree, one to another. At length, on the removal of these, the body was discovered with the hands joined, the position ordinarily observed in the embalming of young females. Between the knees were two small rolls of papyrus, in perfect preservation, but which, in the absence of M. de Champollion, could not be deciphered. Beside these rolls was a kind of little bag, wrapped up in bandages, like the mummy itself, in which it was hoped something curious and important would be discovered; but it contained nothing but grains of wheat, a number of which had germinated. Extraordinary as this fact may seem, we give it exactly as it has been published. The chest was covered with an inscription on papyrus, which could neither be removed nor read: this is the so much the more to be regretted, as it was from that papyrus that the most important discoveries were expected. The last thing examined was the cranium, which it was thought would be filled with bits of linen and bitumen, as in other mummies; but it was empty. The head was covered with flaxen-coloured hair, in perfect preservation; and, as the whole of the teeth were found complete and very

Digitized by Google

small, it was naturally concluded that the person must have been a young man. The inscriptions found on the envelope, and the circumstances observed in the opening, prove that this mummy was one of a priest of Isis, who died in his 30th year. W. G. C.

Antiquariana.

ANCIENT WESTMINSTER.

At a late meeting of the Antiquarian Society, a very interesting memoir was read, on the boundaries of the City of Westminster, by George Saunders, Esq. F. S. A. The best authority upon this subject is the History of Westminster Abbey, by Richard Widmore, Esq. who was librarian to the Dean and Chapter about a century ago, and since whose time the records of the Abbey church have been jealously kept from the inspection of authors. The earliest record on the point is the charter of the year 651, by which King Edgar granted (or rather sold a confirmation for a golden armilla) to the church of St. Peter, "ruris quondam particulam," then containing only five houses, and which is stated to have been previously given to the church by King Offa. To the charter is attached a Saxon description of the boundaries of this "piece of country," from which we find that it extended from Fleet Ditch next the City of London, to the Military Way, now the Horseferry-road, and from Tybourn and Holbourn to the Thames. This was Westminster, when not yet a city, nor hardly a village or farm (for it contained only five dwellings), but a rural manor, belonging to the Abbey church. Its ecclesiastical lords constituted the whole to be one parish, and that parent parish was St. Margaret's. This arrangement is further illustrated by the circumstance that Westbourne, near Paddington, which was part of the manor of Westminster, is still within the parish of St. Margaret. Subsequently to Edgar's charter, the boundary of the City of London was extended from Fleet Ditch to Temple Bar. Westminster also increased rapidly; and before 1222, it had been divided into six other parishes besides St. Margaret's. Still St. Clement's Danes included the present Mary-le-Strand and the Savoy; and St. Margaret's included St. Martin's and other parishes into which St. Martin's has been since divided. St. Martin's parish was formed about 1350; when, on the growth of the wool trade in Westminster (the seat of which was near the palace), the country parishes were cut off and the privileges attached to the staple concentrated in the present parish of St. Margaret. From St. Martin's parish was detached, in 1660, that of St. Paul, Covent Garden; in 1678, that of St. Anne's, Soho; and, lastly, in 1725, that of St. George's, Hanover-square. Mr. Saunders introduced some valuable remarks relative to the Manor of the Hyde, now Hyde Park; which he clearly showed had derived its name from having consisted of the quantity of land anciently so called. The size of the hide varied in different parts of the country, from 40 to 120 acres; but in Middlesex it appears to have contained about 80. In the great Domesday parish of Stepney there were 59¾ hides; there are now in the several parishes into which "Stibenhede" has been divided, 4,763 acres, which amount gives 79¾ acres to a hide. The manor of the Hyde is thought to have included about 89 acres, which was, therefore, very nearly the quantity allotted to a hide in Middlesex, but liberally measured. Mr. Saunders remarked upon the continuance of this mode of admeasurement to the present day in Greece, where a zingary is the quantity of land allotted to the labour of one yoke of oxen, and contains about 50 or 60 English acres.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

(From a Correspondent.)

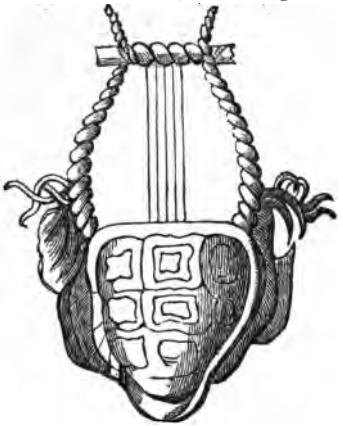
In Numbers 142 and 146 of the *Mirror* are notices concerning the history and antiquity of music, wherein mention is made of various instruments known to the ancients, and the progress of the science is traced among the earlier nations. In resuming the subject we intend to avoid a tedious repetition, and shall merely seize some of the leading points for the better illustration of the accompanying sketches of musical instruments.

Some writers, as if determined to trace music to its earliest source, state that Adam was first instructed in the art by his Creator. By reference to the old Testament we find that music was cultivated previous to the time of Noah, but of course all information at so remote a period is only of the scantiest nature; and the earliest tradition of the invention, or rather the revival, of music is in the Egyptian country, that nursery of art and science. The fable of Mercury making a lyre from the shell of a tortoise on the banks of the Nile, is too well known to repeat, but it may be worth observing that the Abyssinians use a similar instrument to the present day, and the first drawing serves for the ancient as well as a modern lyre.

The early days of Egypt are too much clouded in fable to become strictly historical, and the web of tradition is too entangled to be unravelled. Her land was the cradle of science, and, probably, the learned persons in her court embodied and preserved all the knowledge and arts which had existed in other lands and among other races now unknown, and of which she remained sole survivor in all the splendour of wealth, talent, and refinement. When nations all around

Digitized by Google

her were shrouded in ignorance, and infant colonies were struggling into future states, Egypt was the repository of learning and the



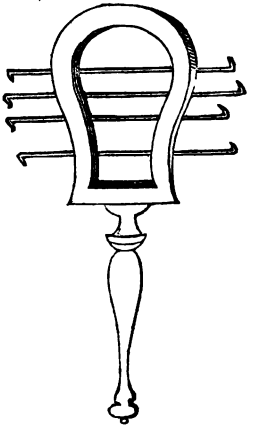
(The Tortoise-shell Lyre.)

arts, as a proof of which we present our readers with the drawing of a harp found in a tomb at Thebes, supposed to contain the remains of the father of Sesostris who lived nearly 4,000 years ago. Mr. Bruce makes the following observations upon this splendid relic of ancient science: — "It overturns," says he, "all the accounts of ancient music and instruments in Egypt, and is, altogether, in its form, ornaments, and compass, an incontestable proof, stronger than a thousand Greek quotations, that geometry, drawing,

(Harp found at Thebes.)

mechanics, and music, were at the greatest perfection when this harp was made; and that what we think in Egypt was the invention of arts, was only the beginning of the era of their restoration."

The sistrum is another very ancient instrument, peculiar to the Egyptians. Many of them are preserved in the British Museum, and are well worth the inspection of the curious. The instrument is of an oval shape, and made of a sonorous metal. The circumference is pierced with different opposite holes, *through which** many rods are passed of the same metal, and are terminated by loops at the extremities and have frequently rings upon them. The lower part is the handle, and on shaking this instrument musical sounds were emitted. The sistrum was used in sacrifices, and became so common that Egypt was called the land of sistrums, as Greece was said to be the land of the lyre.



(The Egyptian Sistrum.)

In 1823, an ancient Egyptian lyre was deposited at Berlin. Its base was a piece of wood, about seven inches long and six broad; in this was fixed a sounding chest of thin wood, fastened to the board, and two inches high. In the top of this chest are two rows of holes, thirteen in number, seven being on the top row and six in the bottom. From these holes the strings extended to the top of a wooden frame, which was formed by three pieces of wood, two of unequal lengths being fixed on the sides, terminating in an ornament resembling a horse's head, these being connected by a transverse piece loosely fastened. A Grecian lyre, of very elegant shape, found in a tomb at Athens, is preserved in the British Museum. On a column, supposed to have been erected by Sesostris about

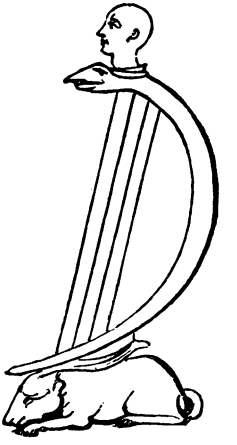
* This is not shown in the Engraving, as could be wished.

Digitized by Google

400 years before the Trojan War, the following instrument is represented with only two strings and a long neck to it, by which means a variety of notes could have been produced.

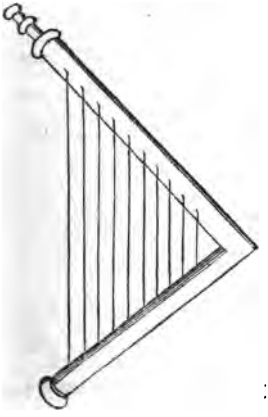
(Egyptian Instrument.)

Antiquaries are by no means agreed relative to the invention and improvement of the lyres, and the number of strings to the earliest harps. The honour of invention is frequently given where only an improvement was effected, and it is generally admitted that the fewest number of strings denotes the higher antiquity. The shapes varied according to the taste of the maker, and the two following specimens are of the most remote antiquity.



(Ancient Harps.)

The following instrument, the Trigonum, or triangular harp, was in use among the Egyptians, and is said to have been borrowed from the Phrygians. A Cupid is represented on a Roman fresco painting, bearing an instrument of this description—it rests upon the left shoulder, while he plays upon its strings with the fingers of the right hand, and dances to the music he is producing.



(Triangular Egyptian Harp.)

The early Egyptians confined the study of music to the priesthood, who likewise studied medicine; and the Lacedæmonians acted upon the same principle. Plato observes, moreover, that music and sculpture were circumscribed by law; consequently, the old music was adhered to, and ultimately became to be considered as sacred. It might, therefore, be rather a curious matter of speculation whether some of the long-used Hebrew chants might not have originally been used by the Egyptians, adopted by the Jews to their own rites, and thus have been handed down to the present period. So exclusive and so careful were the Egyptians of their original music, that the cultivation of the art, or rather the practice of it, (since cultivation denotes improvement, and improvement, we have already shown, was prohibited,) was carefully transmitted from father to son; it became hereditary, like the castes, or trades, now continuing in the East from generation to generation in the same family.

The idea of producing sound from a string is ascribed to Apollo, and that it was sug-

Digitized by Google

gested to him by the twang of his sister Diana's bow. Now, the Psalmos, ψαλμος, in Greek denotes the sound which the bow-string produces at the emission of the arrow, and whence our word *Psalm*, though the *twang* is mostly from the nasal organ of the parish functionary. The lyre, the cithara, chelys, psaltery, and harp, were all of the same genus, although it is impossible to describe in what they materially differed.

(*To be continued.*)

The Public Journals.

MRS. DUVAL AND HER LODGER:

The French Emigré.

(BY MISS MITFORD.)

THE first occupant of Mrs. Duval's pleasant apartments was a Catholic priest, an *émigré*, to whom they had a double recommendation in his hostess's knowledge of the French language, of French habits, and French cookery, (she being, as he used to affirm, the only Englishwoman that ever made drinkable coffee,) and in the whole associations of the precincts, ("piece of a cloister,") around which the venerable memorials of the ancient faith still lingered even in decay.

L'Abbé Villaret had been a cadet of one of the oldest families of France, destined to the church as the birthright of a younger son, but attached to his profession with a seriousness and earnestness not common among the gay noblesse of the *ancien régime*, who too often assumed the *petit collet* as the badge of one sort of frivolity, just as their elder brothers wielded the sword, and served a campaign or two, by way of excuse for an idleness and dissipation of a different kind. This devotion had of course been greatly increased by the persecution of the church which distinguished the commencement of the Revolution. The good Abbé had been marked as one of the earliest victims, and had escaped, through the gratitude of an old servant, from the fate which swept off sisters, and brothers, and almost every individual, except himself, of a large and flourishing family. Pennyless and solitary, he made his way to England, and found an asylum in the town of B——, at first assisted by the pittance allowed by our government to those unfortunate foreigners, and subsequently supported by his own exertions as assistant to the priest of the Catholic Chapel in B——, and as a teacher of the French language in the town and neighbourhood; and so complete had been the ravages of the Revolution in his own family, and so entirely had he established himself in the esteem of his English friends, that when the short peace of Amiens restored so many of his brother *émigrés* to their native land, he refused to quit the country of his adoption, and remained the contented inhabitant of the Priory Cottage.

Amongst his pupils, and the friends of his pupils, his urbanity and kindness could not fail to make him popular; whilst his gentleness and patience with the stupid, and his fine taste and power of inspiring emulation amongst the cleverer children, rendered him a very valuable master. Besides his large connexion in B——, he attended, as we have intimated, several families in the neighbourhood, and one or two schools in the smaller towns, at eight or ten miles distance; and the light and active old man was accustomed to walk to these lessons, with little Bijou for his companion, even in the depth of winter, depending, it may be, on an occasional cast for himself and his dog in the gig of some good-natured traveller, or the cart of some stout dame returning from the market-town, (for it is a characteristic of our county that we abound in female drivers—almost all our country wives are capital whips,) who thought themselves well repaid for their civility by a pinch of rappee in the one case, or a "Tank you, madame!" "Moche obligé, sar!" on the other.

Nobody minded a winter's walk less than M. l'Abbé; and as for Bijou, he delighted in it, and would dance and whisk about, jump round his master's feet, and bark for very joy, whenever he saw the hat brushing, and the great coat putting on, and the gloves taken out of their drawer in preparation for a sortie, especially in snowy weather—for Bijou loved a frisk in the snow, and Louis Duval liked it no less. But there was one person who never liked these cold and distant rambles, and that personage was Mrs. Duval; and on one dreary morning in January especially she opposed them by main and by might. She had had bad dreams, too; and Mrs. Duval was the least in the world superstitious, and "she was sure that no good could come of taking such a walk as that to W——, full a dozen miles, on such a day—nobody could be so unreasonable as to expect M. l'Abbé in such weather; and as for Miss Smith's school, Miss Smith's school might wait!"

M. l'Abbé reasoned with her in vain.—"Your dreams—bah!—I must go, my dear little woman. All Miss Smith's pupils are come back from the holidays, and they want their lessons, and they have brought the money to pay me, and I want the money to pay you, and I will bring you a pink ribbon as bright as your cheeks, and Louis——"

"Oh, pray let me go with you, M. l'Abbé," interrupted Louis.

"And Louis shall stay with you," pursued M. l'Abbé. "You must not go, my dear boy; stay with your mother; always be a good son to your good mother, and I will bring you a book; I will bring you a new

Digitized by Google

Horace, since you get on so well with your Latin. God bless you, my dear boy! Come, Bijou!" and M. l'Abbé was setting off.

"At least, stay all night!" interposed Mrs. Duval; "don't come home in the dark, pray!"

"Bah!" replied the Abbé, laughing.

"And with money, too! and so many bad people about! and such a dream as I have had!" again exclaimed Madame Duval. "I thought that two wolves——"

"Your dream! bah!" ejaculated the Abbé. "I shall bring you a pink ribbon, and be home by ten;" and with these words he and Bijou departed.

Ten o'clock came;—a cold, frosty night—not moonlight, but starlight—and with so much snow upon the ground that the beaten pathway on the high road to W—— might be easily traced. Mrs. Duval, who had been fidgetty all through the day, became more so as the evening advanced, particularly as Louis importuned her vehemently to let him go and meet their dear lodger.

"You go! no, indeed!" replied Madame Duval. "At this time of night, and after my dream! It's quite bad enough to have M. l'Abbé wandering about the high roads, and money with him, and so many bad people stirring. I saw one great, tall, dangerous-looking fellow at the door this morning, who seemed as if he had been listening when he talked of bringing money home: I should not wonder if he broke into the house—and my dream, too! Stay where you are, Louis; I won't hear of your going."

And the poor boy, who had been taking down his furred cap to go, looked at his mother's anxious face, and stayed.

The hours wore away,—eleven o'clock struck, and twelve,—and still there were no tidings of the Abbé. Mrs. Duval began to comfort herself that he must have stayed to sleep at W——; that the Miss Smiths, whom she knew to be kind women, had insisted on his sleeping at their house; and she was preparing to go to bed in that persuasion, when a violent scratching and whining was heard at the door, and on Louis running to open it, little Bijou rushed in, covered with dirt, and without his master.

"Oh, my dream!" exclaimed Mrs. Duval. "Louis, I thought that two wolves——"

"Mother," interrupted the boy, "see how Bijou is jumping upon me, and then running to the door, as if to entice me to follow him. I must go."

"Oh, Louis! remember!" again screamed his mother—"Remember the great fellow who was listening this morning!"

"You forget, dear mother, that we all spoke in French, and that he could not have understood a word," returned Louis.

"But my dream!" persisted Mrs. Duval. "My dreams always come true. Remember the pot I dreamt of your finding in the ruins, and which, upon digging for, you *did* find."

"Which you dreamt was a pot of gold, and which turned out to be a broken paint-pot," replied Louis, impatiently. "Mother," added he, "I am sorry to disobey you, but look how this poor dog is dragging me to the door; and look! look! there is blood upon his coat! Perhaps his master has fallen and hurt himself, and even my slight help may be of use. I must go, and I will."

And following the word with the deed, Louis obeyed the almost speaking action of the little dog, and ran quickly out of the house, on the road to W——. His mother, after an instant of vague panic, recovered herself enough to alarm the neighbours, and sent more efficient help than a lad of eleven years old to assist in the search.

With a beating heart, the brave and affectionate boy followed the dog, who led with a rapid pace and an occasional low moan along the high road to W——. The night had become milder, the clouds were driving along the sky, and a small, sleety rain fell by gusts: all, in short, bespoke an approaching thaw, although the ground continued covered with snow, which cast a cold, dreary light on every object. For nearly three miles Louis and Bijou pursued their way alone. At the end of that time they were arrested by shouts and lanthorns advancing rapidly from the town; and the poor lad recognised the men whom his mother had sent to his assistance.

"Any news of the poor French gentleman, master?" inquired John Gleve, the shoemaker, as he came up, almost breathless with haste. "It's lucky that I and Martin had two pair of boots to finish, and had not left our work; for poor Mrs. Duval there is half crazy with her fears for him and her dread about you. How could you think of running off alone? What good could a lad like thee do, frightening his poor mother?—And yet one likes un for 't," added John, softening as he proceeded in his harangue; "one likes un for 't mainly. But look at the dog!" pursued he, interrupting himself—"look at the dog, how he's snuffing and shuffling about in the snow! And hark how he whines and barks, questing like! And see what trampling there's been here, and how the snow on the side of the path is trodden about!"

"Hold down the lanthorn!" exclaimed Louis. "Give me the light, I beseech you. Look here! this is blood—*his* blood!" sobbed the affectionate boy; and, guided partly by that awful indication, partly by the disturbed snow, and partly by the dog, who, trembling in every limb, and keeping up a low moan, still pursued the track, they clambered over a gate into a field by the road-side; and in a ditch, at a little distance, found—what all expected to find—the lifeless body of the Abbé.

Digitized by Google

He had been dead apparently for some hours, for the corpse was cold, and the blood had stiffened on two wounds in his body. His pockets had been rifled of his purse and his pocket-book, both of which were found, with what money might have been in them taken out, cast into the hedge at a small distance, together with a sword with a broken hilt, with which the awful deed had been committed. Nothing else had been taken from the poor old man. His handkerchief and snuff-box were still in his pocket, together with three yards of rose-coloured ribbon, neatly wrapped in paper, and a small edition of Horace, with the leaves uncut. It may be imagined with what feelings Mrs. Duval and Louis looked at these tokens of recollection. Her grief found in tears the comfortable relief which Heaven has ordained for woman's sorrow; but Louis could not cry—the consolation was denied him. A fierce spirit of revenge had taken possession of the hitherto gentle and placid boy: to discover and bring to justice the murderer, and to fondle and cherish poor Bijou—(who was with difficulty coaxed into taking food, and lay perpetually at the door of the room which contained his old master's body)—seemed to be the only objects for which Louis lived.

The wish to discover the murderer was general throughout the neighbourhood where the good, the pious, the venerable old man—harmless and inoffensive in word and deed, just, and kind, and charitable—had been so truly beloved and respected. Large rewards were offered by the Catholic gentry, and every exertion was made by the local police, and the magistracy of the town and county, to accomplish this great object. John Gleve had accurately measured the shoe-marks to and from the ditch where the body was found; but farther than the gate of the field they had not thought to trace the foot-marks; and a thaw having come on, all signs had disappeared before the morning. It had been ascertained that the Miss Smiths had paid him, besides some odd money, in two 10*l.* notes of the W—— bank, the numbers of which were known; but of them no tidings could be procured. He had left their house, on his return, about six o'clock in the evening, and had been seen to pass through a turnpike-gate, midway between the two towns, about eight, when, with his usual courtesy, he bade a cheerful good night to the gate-keeper, and this was the last that had been heard of him. No suspicious person had been observed in the neighbourhood; the most sagacious and experienced officers were completely at fault; and the coroner's inquest was obliged to find the vague and unsatisfactory verdict of "Found murdered, by some person or persons unknown."

Many loose people, such as beggars and vagrants, and wandering packmen, were, however, apprehended, and obliged to give an account of themselves; and on one of these, a ragman, called James Wilson, something like suspicion was at last fixed. The sword with which the murder was committed, an old regimental sword, with the mark and number of the regiment ground out, had, as I have said before, a broken hilt; and round this hilt was wound a long strip of printed calico, of a very remarkable pattern, which a grocer's wife in B——, attracted by the strange curiosity with which vulgar persons pursue such sights to go and look at it as it lay exposed for recognition on a table in the Town Hall, remembered to have seen in the shape of a gown on the back of a girl who had lived with her a twelvemonth before; and the girl, on being sought out in a neighbouring village, deposed readily to having sold the gown, several weeks back, to the ragman in question. The measure of the shoes also fitted; but they unluckily were of a most common shape and size. Wilson brought a man from the paper-mill to prove that the entire gown in question had been carried there by him, with other rags, about a month before, and other witnesses, who made out a complete alibi on the night in question; so that the magistrates, although strongly prejudiced against him, from countenance and manner—the down-look and the daring audacity with which nature, or rather evil habit, often stamps the ruffian—were, after several examinations, on the point of discharging him, when young Louis, who had attended the whole inquiry with an intensity of interest which, boy as he was, had won for him the privilege of being admitted even to the private examinations of the magistrates, and whose ill opinion of Wilson had increased every hour, he himself hardly knew why, suddenly exclaimed, "Stop until I bring a witness!" and darted out of the room.

During the interval of his absence—for such was the power of the boy's intense feeling and evident intelligence, that the magistrates *did* stop for him—one of the police officers happened to observe how tightly the prisoner grasped his hat. "Is it mere anger?" thought he within himself; "or is it agitation? or can they have been such fools as not to search the lining?"—"Let me look at that hat of yours, Wilson," said he aloud.

"It has been searched," replied Wilson, still holding it. "What do you want with the hat?"

"I want to see the lining."

"There is no lining," replied the prisoner, grasping it still tighter.

"Let me look at it nevertheless. Take it from him," rejoined the officer. "Ah, ha! Here is a little ragged bit of lining, though, sticking pretty fast, too; for as loose and as careless as it looks—a fine, cunning hiding-

Digitized by Google

place! Give me a knife—a penknife!" said the myrmidon of justice, retiring with his knife and the hat to the window, followed by the eager looks of the prisoner, whose attention, however, was immediately called to a nearer danger, by the return of Louis, with little Bijou in his arms. The poor dog flew at him instantly, barking, growling, quivering, almost shrieking with anger, bit his heels and his legs, and was with difficulty dragged from him, so strong had passion made the faithful creature.

"Look!" said Louis. "I brought him from his master's grave to bear witness against his murderer. Look!"

"Their worships will hardly commit me on the evidence of a dog," observed Wilson, recovering himself.

"But look here," rejoined the police-officer, producing two dirty bits of paper, most curiously folded, from the old hat. "Here are the two W—— notes—the 10*l.* notes—signed David Williams, Nos. 1,025 and 662 You and the little dog are right, my good boy. This is the murderer sure enough. There can be no doubt about committing him now."

It is hardly necessary to add that James Wilson was committed, or that proof upon proof poured in to confirm his guilt, and discredit his witnesses. He died confessing the murder; and Bijou and Louis, somewhat appeased by having brought the criminal to justice, found comfort in their mutual affection, and in a tender recollection of their dear old friend and master.—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

THE PAINTER'S SONG.

O, WHO would sit in the moonlight pale,
Mock'd by the hooting owl?
O, who would sit in the silent vale?
—There, let the winds go howl.
Our parlour floor, our parlour floor,
Is better than mountain, moss, and moor.

This lamp shall be our orb of night,
And large our shadows fall
On the flowery beds all green and bright,
That paint our parlour wall:
And silken locks, and laughing eyes,
Shine brighter than stars in bluest skies.

O, the nightingale's is but a silly choice,
To trill to the evening star,
A listener cold—and sweeter the voice
That sings to the light guitar.
For moonlight glades, and brawling brooks,
We will have music and sunny looks.

O, we will the happy listeners be,
When songs and tales begin;
And at our open casement, see!
How the rose it is peeping in,
As it were a fairy, with half-closed eye,
That on this our pleasanter world would spy.

O, who would exchange a home like this,
Where sweet affection smiles,
For the gardens, and banks, and "bowers of bliss,"
In Beauty's thousand isles?
O that Kaisar or King the peace could find
Within four bright walls and a cheerful mind!

Blackwood's Magazine.

SONG.

O, LAY me not by the clear fountain's brink,
Where sweet flowers intertwine and kiss,
And the pure crystal drink—
To dream of bliss.

Lay me not under where the green trees grow,
And the wild bees hum ever round,
And waving branches throw
Poetic sound.

Lay me not where serenely breaks the sky,
Through green and golden leaves above;
Soft shadows floating by,
Where all breathes love.

O, lay me not where the sea's rippling wave
Plays leisurely among bright shells,
On yellow beach—in cave,
Where Echo dwells.

Trees fragrant, and soft sounds, and gentle airs,
May charm to joy the vacant breast;
Or soothe life's common cares
To peaceful rest.

To me they seem like a forsaken feast,
That still the bridal lustre wears—
Where Death the only guest
The garland wears.

Ibid.

Retrospective Gleanings.

A MASQUE ON FEBRUARY 20, 1612.

A MASQUE was presented, on the above day, before the king and queen, the Prince Count Palatine, and the Lady Elizabeth, &c. in the Banqueting House at Whitehall: it was written by Beaumont, and was called *The Masque of the Inner Temple and Graye's Inn.*

This masque was represented with the utmost splendour and magnificence, and at a great expense to both the societies. By Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, we learn that, at Gray's Inn, the readers on this occasion were assessed at 4*l.* each, the ancients, or such as were of that standing, at 2*l.* 10*s.* each; the barristers 2*l.* a-piece, and the students 20*s.* each; out of which so much was to be taken as the Inner Temple did then allow. P. T. W.

AN EXPENSIVE MASQUE.

THERE was a masque performed before the king at Whitehall, on Shrove Monday, at night, February 15, 1613. This masque was written and contrived for the celebration of the nuptials of the Count Palatine of the Rhine with the Princess Elizabeth. The machinery and decorations were by Inigo Jones. From Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, page 340, we find that this masque cost the society of Lincoln's Inn no less than 2,400*l.* It was composed by George Chapman. There was a masque with nuptial songs at the Lord Viscount Haddington's marriage at court, on Shrove Tuesday, at night, 1608.

P. T. W.

Digitized by Google

Notes of a Reader.

PIG-DRIVING IN GERMANY.

(*From Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.*)

Every morning, at half-past five o'clock, I hear, as I am dressing, the sudden blast of an immense, long, wooden horn, from which always proceeds the same four notes. I have got quite accustomed to this wild *reveillée;* and the vibration has scarcely subsided—it is still ringing among the distant hills—when, leisurely proceeding from almost every door in the street, behold—a pig! Some, from their jaded, care-worn, dragged appearance, are evidently leaving behind them a numerous litter; others are great, tall, monastic, melancholy-looking creatures, which seem to have no other object left in this wretched world than to become bacon; while others are thin, tiny, light-headed, small, brisk, petulant piglings, with the world and all its loves and sorrows before them. Of their own accord these creatures proceed down the street to join the herdsman, who occasionally continues to repeat the sorrowful blast from his horn. Gregarious or naturally fond of society, with one curl in their tales, and with their noses almost touching the ground, the pigs trot on, grunting to themselves and to their comrades—halting only whenever they come to anything they can manage to swallow. I have observed that the old ones pass all the carcasses which, trailing to the ground, are hanging before the butchers' shops, as if they were on a sort of *parole d'honneur* not to touch them. The middle-aged ones wistfully eye this meat, yet jog on also; while the piglings, who (so like mankind) have more appetite than judgment, can rarely resist taking a nibble; yet no sooner does the dead calf begin to move, than, from the window immediately above, out pops the head of a butcher, who, drinking his coffee, whip in hand, inflicts a prompt punishment, sounding quite equal to the offence.

As I have stated, the pigs, generally speaking, proceed of their own accord; but shortly after they have passed, there comes down our street a little, bare-headed, bare-footed, stunted dab of a child, about eleven years old—a Flibbertigibbet sort of creature, which in a drawing one would express by a couple of blots, the small one for her head, the other for her body, while, streaming from the latter, there would be a long line, ending in a flourish, to denote the immense whip which the child carried in its hand. This little goblin page, the whipper-in, or aide-de-camp of the old pig-driver, facetiously called at Langenschwalbach the "Schwein-General," is a being no one looks at, and who looks at nobody;—but such a pair of eyes for a pig! The urchin knows every house from which a pig ought to have proceeded: she can tell by the door being open or shut, and even by foot-marks, whether the creature has joined the herd, or is still snoring in its sty: a single glance determines whether she should pass a yard or enter it; and if a pig, from indolence or greediness, be loitering on the road, the sting of the wasp could not be sharper or more spiteful than the cut she gives it.

"When I joined the herd this morning, they really appeared to have no hams at all: their bodies were as flat as if they had been squeezed in a vice; and when they turned sideways, their long, sharp noses and tucked-up bellies gave to their profile the appearance of starved greyhounds. As I gravely followed this grunting, unearthly-looking herd of unclean spirits through that low part of Langenschwalbach which is solely inhabited by Jews, I could not help fancying that I observed them holding their very breaths, as if a loathsome pestilence were passing; for, though fat pork be a wicked luxury—a forbidden pleasure, which your Jew has been supposed occasionally in secret to indulge in, yet a charitable Christian may easily imagine that such very lean, ugly pigs have not charms enough to lead Moses astray.

Besides the little girl who brought up the rear, the herd was preceded by a boy of about fourteen, whose duty it was not to let the foremost—the most enterprising, or, in other words, the most empty pigs—advance too fast. In the middle of this drove, surrounded like a shepherd by his flock, slowly stalked the Schwein-General, a wan, spectre-looking old man, worn out, or nearly so, by the arduous and every-day duty of conducting, against their wills, a gang of exactly the most obstinate animals in creation. A single glance at his countenance was sufficient to satisfy one that his temper had been soured by vexatious contrarieties and "untoward events." In his left hand he held a staff to help himself onwards, while round his right shoulder hung one of the most terrific whips that could possibly be constructed. At the end of a short handle, turning upon a swivel, there was a lash about nine feet long, formed like the vertebræ of a snake, each joint being an iron ring, which, decreasing in size, was closely connected with its neighbour by a band of greasy leather. The pliability, the weight, and the force of this iron whip rendered it an argument which the obstinacy even of the pig was unable to resist. Yet, as the old man proceeded down the town, he endeavoured to speak kindly to the herd; and, as the bulk of them preceded him, jostling each other, grumbling and grunting on their way, he occasionally exclaimed, in a low, hollow, worn-out tone of encouragement, "Nina! Anina!"

If any little savoury morsel caused a contention, stoppage, or constipation on the march, the old fellow slowly unwound his

Digitized by Google

dreadful whip, and by merely whirling it round his head, like reading the riot act, he generally succeeded in dispersing the crowd; but if they neglected this solemn warning—if their stomachs proved stronger than their judgments, and if the group of greedy pigs still continued to stagnate—"Arriff!" the old fellow exclaimed, and rushing forwards, the lash whirling round his head, he inflicted, with strength which no one could have fancied he possessed, a smack that seemed absolutely to electrify the ringleader; but no wonder, poor fellow! for it would almost have cut a piece out of a door."

As soon as the herd began gradually to ascend the rocky, barren mountain, which appeared towering above them, the labours of the Swine-General and his staff became greater than ever. However, in due time the drove reached the ground which was devoted for that day's exercise; the whole mountain being thus taken in regular succession. No wonder, poor reflecting creatures, that they had come unwillingly to such a spot! for there appeared, literally, to be nothing for them to eat, but hot stones and dust; however, they dexterously began to lift up with their snouts the largest of the loose stones. Their tough wet snouts seemed to be sensible of the quality of everything they touched, and thus out of the apparently barren ground they managed to get fibres of roots, to say nothing of worms, beetles, or any other travelling insects they met with. As they slowly advanced working up the hill, their ears most philosophically shading their eyes from the hot sun, I could not help feeling how little we appreciate the delicacy of several of their senses, and the extreme acuteness of their instinct. There exists, perhaps, in creation, no animal which has less justice and more injustice done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no animal is better capable of foretelling, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for and analyzing his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty.—While his faculties are still his own, only observe how with a bark or snort he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye; but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal, finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally, most eagerly, or, as we accuse him, most greedily greets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion within reach—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food: to encourage this, Nature assists him with sleep, which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant, that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against a blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and—dies!

The Gatherer.

John Wesley.—So excellent was his constitution, and so favourable were his habits to health, that he had reached his sixty-ninth year before he could be prevailed on to ride in a carriage. He had previously travelled on horseback, upwards of a hundred thousand miles; for the most part with the reins on his horse's neck, and reading works of history, poetry, and philosophy; having, as he said, other employment at other times. At Kingswood, he preached under the shade of trees which he had planted; and, in his seventieth year, he addressed more than thirty thousand persons at Gwenap, by all of whom he was distinctly heard. When seventy-two, his eyes were more powerful, and his nerves firmer, than they had been thirty years before: "the cause," he says, in his journal, "is God's pleasure. The chief means, my constantly rising at four, for about fifty years; my generally preaching at five in the morning, one of the healthiest exercises in the world; my never travelling less than four thousand five hundred miles in a year; the ability, if I want sleep, to sleep immediately; the never losing a night's sleep in my life. Two violent fevers, and two deep consumptions; these, it is true, were rough medicines, but of admirable service—*Georgian Era.*

Origin of the motto S.—Ferdinand of Sicily rode privately to Valladolid to catch a view of his intended bride. Isabella expected him at a window—and said, with eagerness, to Cardenas, one of her attendants, "Which is he?" "*Esse es,*" i. e. "That is he, (replied the courtier,) pointing to Ferdinand, a graceful youth of eighteen, finely mounted. "*Take that S,*" said the delighted princess, referring to the sound of his answer, "into thy escutcheon for ever." The house of Cardenas still bear the S in their arms.

Anecdotes of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth.—The private character of this nobleman has been thus described: "Born with an exalted imagination, a romantic cast of mind, and a restless activity, he stood distinguished from ordinary mortals in everything which he did." He said of himself "that he had seen more

Digitized by Google

kings and more postilions than any other man in Europe." He was a great wit, and very ready at repartee: being once surrounded by a mob, who took him for the Duke of Marlborough, then very unpopular, he said, "I will convince you I am not the Duke: in the first place, I have but five guineas in my pocket; and, secondly, here they are, much at your service," and throwing his purse among them, he got off with loud acclamations.

Curious Dress of Lord Vaux.—Walpole tells us "that Lord Vaux, who regained the estates (forfeited by his father) by gallantly fighting for Henry VII. against the Earl of Lincoln, at Stoke, afterwards shone at the marriage of Prince Arthur, in a gown of purple velvet, adorned with pieces of gold, so thick and massive that (exclusive of the silk and furs) it was valued at a thousand pounds. About his neck, too, he wore a collar of S. S. of considerable value, composed of nobles.

Origin of Glossy Taffeties.—Octavio May, of Lyons, being unfortunate, and not able to retrieve himself by the manufacture of taffeties, such as were then made, was one day (as tradition says) musing on his misfortunes, and, in musing, chanced to chew a few hairs of silk which he had in his mouth: his reverie being over, the silk he spit out seemed to shine, and, on that account, engaged his attention. He was soon led to reflect on the reason; and, after a good deal of thought, concluded that the lustre of that silk must come, first, from his having pressed it between his teeth; secondly, from his having wetted it with his saliva, which had something glutinous in it; and, thirdly, from its having been heated by the natural warmth of his mouth. All this he executed upon the next taffeties he made, and ultimately acquired immense riches.

Hat-wearing Charter.—Mr. Robert Browne who founded the *Brownists*, was descended from an ancient family in Rutlandshire; his grandfather, Francis, had a charter granted him by King Henry VIII., and confirmed by act of parliament, giving him leave "to put on his hat in the presence of the king, or his heirs, or any lord, spiritual or temporal, in the land, and not to take it off but for his own pleasure."

Cardinal Wolsey in the Bilboes.

"Methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the *bilboes*."
Shakspeare.

The Middle Temple gate (says Pennant) was erected by Sir Amias Powlet on a singular occasion. It seems that Sir Amias, about the year 1501, thought fit to put Cardinal Wolsey, then parson of Lymington, in the stocks. In 1515, being sent for to London, by the Cardinal, on account of that ancient grudge, he was commanded not to quit town till further orders. In consequence, he lodged five or six years in this gateway, which he rebuilt, and, to pacify his eminence, adorned the front with the Cardinal's cap, badges, cognizance, and other devices: so low were the great men obliged to stoop to that meteor of the times. P. T. W.

Literature and Art.—The number of new books published in London last year is about 1,160, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets or periodicals, being 20 less than in 1832. The number of engravings is 74, (including 34 portraits,) 13 of which are engraved in the line manner, 48 in mezzotinto, and 13 in chalk, aquatint, &c. The number of engravings published in 1832, was 99, (including 40 portraits,) viz. 15 in line, 57 in mezzotinto, and 27 in chalk, aquatint, &c.—*Supplement to Bent's Literary Advertiser.*

Tea and Window Duties.—It is worthy of remark, that, just fifty years since, these duties were agitated, as they are at the present moment. Before us is a pamphlet by Mr. Twining, (of the Strand,) on the Duties on Tea and Windows, printed in 1784.

Half-and-half.—A few weeks since, a German on his passage from Hamburg, was asked by a fellow voyager whether he should not drink porter on his arrival in London: "No," replied the German, "it is too, much too strong for my head." "Ah," remarked the other, "you will change your opinion when you have once tasted it." A week after the German was met by his friend, who asked him whether he had not drunk porter. "No," replied he, "I drink half-and-half.—" But that is even stronger than porter, being half ale and half porter!" "Oh," cried the German, with surprise, "I thought half-and-half was half porter and half *water!*"

Q. *What portion of Astronomy is most interesting to the bon vivant?*
A. The Jovial System. Q.

The completion of the Bayeux Tapestry in our next.

Now publishing, with 45 Engravings, the Seventh yearly volume of

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART;

or, an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements, Discoveries, and New Facts in Mechanics, Chemistry, Natural History, and Social Economy.

"It is being concentrated which produces high convenience."—*Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.*

"The marrow of all the scientific journals of Europe. It is the most useful and entertaining book we know. We especially recommend it to our country friends: they will thank us, year by year, for the recommendation."—*Spectator.*

Printed by JOHN LIMBIRD, 143, Strand; of whom may be had similar volumes for the six former years.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 650.] SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1834. [Price 2*d*.

DUNLUCE CASTLE.

Near to that stupendous natural wonder, the Giants' Causeway, on the north-east coast of Antrim County, Ireland, are the tottering gables and crumbling walls of Dunluce Castle, one of the ancient residences of the Earls of Antrim, who derive the title of Viscounts of Dunluce from this castle and barony.

The ruins stand on a perpendicular insulated, or rather detached, rock; the entire surface of which, is so completely occupied by the edifice, that the external walls are in continuation with the perpendicular sides of the rock. The walls of the building were never very lofty, but from the great area which they inclose, contained a considerable number of apartments. In the north-eastern end is a small room actually projecting over the sea, the rocky base having fallen away, and from the door of this apartment there is a very awful view of the green sea beneath. The rock on which the castle stands is not surrounded by water, but is united, at the bottom of the chasm, to the main land, by a ledge of rock, a little higher than the surface of the ocean. The castle was entered by a bridge, formed in the following manner;—two parallel walls, about eight feet asunder, thrown across the chasm, connected the rock with the main land: upon these, planks were laid crosswise for the admission of visiters, and removed immediately after the passage was effected. At present, but one of the walls remains, about thirteen inches in thickness; and the only pathway to the castle is along its summit, over the awful rocky chasm. The distance at which the other parallel wall was placed, may be perceived by the traces of its adhesion to the opposite rock.

On the main land, close to the castle, a second collection of similar buildings are seen, erected at a later period, by one of the Antrim family, in consequence of a melancholy occurrence amongst the domestics in the castle. A small apartment on the verge of the rock gave way and fell into the ocean, which so alarmed the female part of the family, that additional apartments were erected for their accommodation upon the main land. This is said to have happened during the occupancy of Catherine Manners, widow of George Villiers, the great Duke of Buckingham, who married Randal, the first Marquis of Antrim.

Beneath the rock on which the castle stands, is a cave, penetrating completely through, from the sea to the rocky basin on the land side of the castle: it may be entered by a small aperture in the south end, and at low water there is a good deal of the flooring uncovered, which consists of large rounded stones; this form is the consequence of the action of the waves. The sides and roof are

Digitized by Google

of basalt, possessing merely the usual characters: here also is a very remarkable echo, when the surface of the water is unruffled.

Though all accurate knowledge of the date of erection, and name of the founder of Dunluce Castle are completely lost, yet the history of its proprietors for the few last centuries is extremely interesting, and affords a very characteristic account of the state of society in the feudal periods of the 15th and 16th centuries. It has been conjectured that De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, originally founded this castle; but the architecture is not of so very ancient a date. In the fifteenth century it was held by the English; at which period it appears to have fallen into the hands of a noble English family, called by Camden, M'Willies, from whose hands it passed into the possession of the M'Donalds of the Isles, and to their descendants it belongs at this day. The M'Willies, now generally called M'Quillans, were the descendants of the De Burgos, a noble English family, who were once lords of that part of the county of Antrim usually denominated the Rout.

Among the sieges which this castle has suffered was that of 1585, when Sorley Boy, *i. e.* Yellow Charles, lord of Dunluce Castle, still preserving a rebellious disposition, was besieged in his castle by Sir John Perrott, lord deputy of Ireland. The following account of the siege is to be met with in the life of Sir John Perrott.* The deputy planted a battery of culverins and cannon before the castle, which being brought by sea to Skerries (Port Rush), the lord deputy caused to be drawn thither (being two miles from Dunluce) by force of men, wherein he spared not the labour of his own servants; and when small shot played so thick out of the fort that the common soldiers began to shrink in planting the artillery, the lord deputy caused his own men to fill the gabions with earth, and made good his ground, until the ordnance was planted, and the trenches made. This being done, the lord deputy himself gave fire to the first piece of ordnance, which did no great hurt; but, shortly after, the pile beginning to shake, they sent to the lord deputy to be received into mercy, and obtained leave to depart, in order to save the expense of battering the place and rebuilding it again, it being a place of great importance in those parts.

Shortly after this siege, the castle was again lost to the English by the treachery of its governor. Upon the surrender of Dunluce, the lord deputy appointed a pensioner, named Peter Carey, to be constable, with a ward of fourteen soldiers, believing Carey to be an Englishman; but it was afterwards discovered that he was one of the Careys of the north. The constable confiding in his own countrymen, gradually discharged the English soldiers, and supplied their places with Irish. Two of these, having confederated with the enemy, drew up fifty of them at night with ropes made of withies, and, having surprised the castle, assaulted the tower wherein the constable lay; and at first offered him his life and permission to depart, but he chose rather to pay the price of his own treachery, in admitting the Irish to his confidence, and was slain bravely fighting in the midst of them.

After this piece of treachery, the lord deputy despatched Merryman to reduce Sorley Boy to obedience, who, having slain Alexander, Sorley Boy's son, and sent his head to the lord deputy, then at Drogheda, who caused it to be set on a pole, and placed over the castle-gate, so harassed the aged warrior, that he submitted to the conditions offered him, and swore allegiance to the queen in the Cathedral of Dublin.

In 1642, Dunluce Castle was the scene of another act of treachery of as black a character. In the month of April in that year, General Munroe made a visit to the Earl of Antrim, at this castle, and was received with many expressions of joy, and honoured with splendid entertainments; and, further, the Earl offered him assistance of men and money, to reduce the country to tranquillity. But this despicable Puritan when these feats were over, seized on the Earl's person, took possession of his castle, and put the other castles of his lordship into the hands of the Marquis of Argyle's men. Munroe conveyed the Earl to Carrick-Fergus, and imprisoned him in the castle; but from this he very soon effected his escape, and withdrew to England.

* Also in the Antrim survey, and in the notes to Drummond's poem of the Giants' Causeway.

THE INDIAN STUDENT; OR, FORCE OF NATURE.

From Susquehanna's farthest springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
(His blanket tied with yellow strings),
A shepherd of the forest came.

Not long before, a wandering priest
Express'd his wish with visage sad—
"Ah, why (he cried) in Satan's waste,
Ah, why detain so fine a lad?

In white man's land there stands a town,
Where learning may be purchased low—
Exchange his blanket for a gown,
And let the lad to college go."

From long debate the council rose,
And viewing Shalum's tricks with joy,
To Cambridge Hall, o'er wastes of snow,
They sent the copper-colour'd boy.

One generous chief a bow supplied,
This gave a shaft, and that a skin;
The feathers, in vermilion dyed,
Himself did from a turkey win;

Thus dress'd so gay, he took his way
O'er barren hills, alone, alone!
His guide a star, he wander'd far,
His pillow every night a stone.

At last he came, with foot so lame,
Where learned men talk heathen Greek,
And Hebrew lore is gabbled o'er,
To please the muses—twice a week.

Digitized by Google

Awhile he writ, awhile he read,
Awhile he coan'd their grammar rules—
(An Indian savage so well bred
Great credit promised to the schools.)

Some thought he would in law excel,
Some said in physic he would shine;
And one that knew him passing well,
Beheld in him a sound divine.

But those of more discerning eye,
Even then could other prospects show,
And saw him lay his Virgil by,
To wander with his dearer bow.

The tedious hours of study spent,
The heavy moulded lecture done,
He to the woods a hunting went,
Through lonely wastes he walk'd, he run.

No mystic wonders fired his mind;
He sought to gain no learn'd degree,
But only sense enough to find
The squirrel in the hollow tree.

The shady bank, the purling stream,
The woody wild his heart possess'd,
The dewy lawn, his morning dream
In fancy's gayest colours drest.

"And why," he cried, "did I forsake
My native wood for gloomy walls;
The silver stream, the limpid lake,
For musty books, and college halls.

"A little could my wants supply—
Can wealth and honour give me more?
Or, will the sylvan god deny
The humble treat he gave before?

"Let seraphs gain the bright abode,
And heaven's sublimest mansions see—
I only bow to Nature's God—
The land of shades will do for me.

"These dreadful secrets of the sky
Alarm my soul with chilling fear—
Do planets in their orbits fly,
And is the earth indeed a sphere?

"Let planets still their course pursue,'
And comets to the centre run—
In him my faithful friend I view,
The image of my God—the sun.

"Where nature's ancient forests grow,
And mingled laurel never fades,
My heart is fix'd, and I must go!
To die among my native shades."

He spoke, and to the western springs,
(His gown discharged, his money spent,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,)
The shepherd of the forest went.

PHILIP FRENEAU—*New Jersey.*

THE ROMAN DRAMA.

(To the Editor.)

YOUR interesting Miscellany, at all times a source of literary gratification, is never more so to me than when it throws additional light upon the manners and customs of antiquity, and dissipates the obscurity in which some portions of the writings of classical authors are involved. In the perusal of certain of your late Numbers, I was much interested by the remarks of a Correspondent or two upon a few particulars connected with that fruitful field of learned inquiry and critical dispute, the Roman Drama; and have since been induced to collect a few facts bearing upon the same subject, which perhaps may be no less interesting to the curious reader.

It is worthy of notice, that the turbulent citizens of Rome—as also their Grecian precursors—like the capricious multitude of our times, both claimed and exercised the privilege of audibly expressing the sentiments entertained towards their superiors in the commonwealth, whensoever and wheresoever they pleased: as well in the theatre and other places of amusement, as in the Campus Martius, the Forum, or other scenes of popular concourse. Those dignitaries who were beloved by the majority, were, on their entrance, saluted with plaudits and acclamations; whilst those were greeted with hisses, and other tokens of disapprobation, who were disagreeable to the popular taste. Horace (Ode xx. l. 1. and 17, l. 2.) refers to the congratulatory plaudits bestowed in the theatre upon Mæcenas; and Cicero frequently alludes to these ebullitions of feeling, both favourable and unfavourable. "Plausus maximi," writes he to Atticus (l. 2. 18.), marked the reception of one; whilst another was persecuted, "clamoribus et conviciis, et *sibilis*." In another passage (Epist. Fam. viii. 2.) he describes these overflowings of displeasure as "strepitus, fremitus, clamor tonitruum, et rudentum *sibilus*." To one of his antagonists (in Pis. 27.) he tauntingly proposes, "Da te populo committe ludis. *Sibilum* metuis?" It has been plausibly conjectured that the miserly citizen of Athens, in Hor. Sat. i. 1. 66., quoted by your Correspondent "George," was consoling himself for indignities received in the public theatre.

Very frequently the plebeian audience, and even some of the higher classes, indecorously interrupted the progress of the dramatic performances, when impatient to gratify their vulgar taste by more attractive spectacles.—(Vide Hor. Epist. ii. 1. 185. and Ter. Prol. Hec.) Indeed, the Roman comedians, in their prologues, are repeatedly soliciting the attention of the audience, and entreating for uninterrupted silence.

The practice of determining the fate of the vanquished gladiator in the arena, by the conventional position of the thumb, is too well authenticated to admit of a doubt; but I am not aware of any authority that warrants our inferring that the same signals were employed at dramatic representations. The phrase of Horace, (Epist. i. 18. 66.) even if literally rendered, only extends the custom to the exhibition of naval contests, fought by captives and criminals in the Naumachiæ, which, though merely designated mock battles, were wont to prove as sanguinary as the gladiatorial shows.—(Tac. Ann. xii. 56.) But, even if we allow that it was customary to signify satisfaction at the exertions of stage-actors by the commendatory compression of the thumbs, implied by the words "pollicem premere," we must contend, that this silent telegraphic intimation did not preclude the possibility of more boisterous and less equi-

Digitized by Google

vocal indications of approval. Throughout the whole of the graphic description of the games, in the 5th Æneid, where Virgil is considered as giving a picture of the sports of the circus, as witnessed in his own day, there is continually recurrence to the mention of the vociferous encouragements and inspiriting plaudits of the bystanders; and even in the presence of the gentle Dido, at the close of a musical entertainment provided at the banquet, the poet declares—

"Ingeminant plausum Tyrii, Troesque sequuntur."
Æn. i. 747.

It may not be inappropriate to observe that the word "plaudo" is used in the Æneid vi. 644, as expressive of the motion of the feet in dancing; and also (Æn. v. 516.) is applied to the violent concussion of a dove's wings, in her ineffectual attempts to disengage herself from thraldom by flight.

Horace, in Epist. ii. 2. 130, in speaking of some insane individual, describes him as

"In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro."

Martial (v. 10. 9.) has—

"Rara coronato plausêre theatra Menandro."

"Plaudite" formed the usual epilogue to all the Roman comedies—(vide Ter. &c.); and from a passage in Tacitus (i. 16.) we learn that the stratagem employed by modern playwrights of securing a certain portion of applause from hired favourers and clappers, and the opposite trick of procuring the condemnation of an envied production by mercenary sibilants, are merely the stale revivals of an ancient artifice.

Phædrus (Fab. v. 7.) gives a pleasant account of the ludicrous mistake made by a certain musician, named "Princeps," in misapplying to himself the plaudits intended for imperial Cæsar—in grateful acknowledgement of which, he is represented, like some of our modern public singers, as gracefully flinging back sweet kisses, and finally prostrating himself before his flattering audience, in humble expectation of more substantial marks of favour.

I consider the verb "concurro," in Hor. Epist. II. 1. 205, may with as much propriety be applied to the forcible percussion of the hands in clapping, as to the mere joining and interweaving of the fingers, and accompanying compression of the thumbs, since an inflection of the same word is employed to give an idea of the charging of two hostile armies, amidst the collision of combatants and the clash of arms.

Horace, (Sat. i. 10. 77,) adduces an instance of the demonstration of two opposite opinions by two parties in the theatre at one time, concerning the merits of one Arbuscula, whom Cicero also mentions as a celebrated actress—(ad. Att. iv. 14.)

But, to come to the fact, respecting which there has arisen some diversity of opinion between one or two of your ingenious Correspondents: viz.—whether the Roman commonalty, for whose gratification plays were principally provided, marked their sense of disapprobation against the performers on the stage by the forcible and partially-obstructed expulsion of the breath, denominated *hissing*, or not—whether they combined the audible with the visible, and blended the vocal with the more instrumental manifestation of indignant disapprobation—is decided in the affirmative, without the "shadow of a shade of a doubt," by this assertion of Cicero's (Par. iii. 2.)—"Histrio, si paulum se movit extra numerum, aut si versus pronunciatus est syllabâ unâ brevior aut longior, *exsibilatur*, et exploditur."

If I may be allowed to subjoin a few remarks on the *antiquity* of hissing, as a mode of expressing contempt, insult, scorn, ridicule, triumphant exultation, or indignant detestation, I beg to refer the reader to those passages of Scripture found in Jeremiah, c. xviii. v. 16., c. xlix. v. 17., c. l. v. 13. — 1 Kings, c. ix. v. 8.—Sam. c. ii. v. 15. 16.—Micah, c. vi. v. 16.—Job, c. xxvii. v. 23.—Zeph., c. ii. v. xv.

In some other portions of Holy Writ, this word occurs in another sense: see Isaiah, c. v. v. 26., c. vii. v. 18.—Zach. c. x. v. 8.: where to call with hissing is by Calmet considered as figurative of power and authority; he also mentions, on the statement of some of the ancient fathers, that in Syria and Palestine it was the practice of those who had the management of bees, to lead them into the fields, and bring them back to their hives, by the notes of a pipe* and the sound of *hissing*.

Barton Academy. W. L. Brynon.

A WHALING SONG.

When spring returns with western gales,
And gentle breezes sweep
The ruffling seas, we spread our sails
To plough the wat'ry deep.

For killing northern whales prepared,
Our nimble boats on board,
With craft and rum (our chief regard)
And good provisions stored.

Cape Cod, our dearest, native land,
We leave astern, and lose
Its sinking cliffs and lessening sands,
While Zephyr gently blows.

Bold, hardy men, with blooming age,
Our sandy shores produce;
With monstrous fish they dare engage,
And dangerous callings choose.

Now towards the early dawning east
We speed our coast away,
With eager minds and joyful hearts,
To meet the rising day.

Then as we turn our wondering eyes,
We view one constant show;
Above, around, the circling skies,
The rolling seas below.

* Whence the modern custom of ringing bees, "with a key and shovel."—Ed.

Digitized by Google

When eastward, clear of Newfoundland,
We stem the frozen pole,
We see the icy islands stand,
The northern billows roll.

As to the north we make our way,
Surprising scenes we find,
We lengthen out the tedious day,
And leave the night behind.

Now see the northern regions, where
Eternal winter reigns;
One day and night fills up the year,
And endless cold maintains.

We view the monsters of the deep,
Great whales in numerous swarms;
And creatures there that play and leap,
Of strange, unusual forms.

When in our station we are placed,
And whales around us play,
We launch our boats into the main,
And swiftly chase our prey.

In haste we ply our nimble oars,
For an assault design'd;
The sea beneath us foams and roars,
And leaves a wake behind.

A mighty whale we rush upon,
And in our irons throw;
She sinks her monstrous body down,
Among the waves below.

And when she rises out again,
We soon renew the fight;
Thrust our sharp lances in amain,
And all her rage excite.

Enraged, she makes a mighty bound;
Thick foams the whiten'd sea;
The waves in circles rise around,
And widening roll away.

She thrashes with her tail around,
And blows her redd'ning breath;
She breaks the air, a deaf'ning sound,
While ocean groans beneath.

From numerous wounds, with crimson flood
She stains the frothy seas,
And gasps, and blows her latest blood,
While quivering life decays.

With joyful hearts we see her die,
And on the surface lay,
While all with eager haste apply,
To save our deathful prey.

JOHN OSBORN—*Connecticut.*

The Sketch Book.

THE GERMAN STUDENT.

It was a dark, wintry night—the wind blew in fitful gusts through the trees, while ever and anon the sharp lightning threw a fearful and momentary light over the mournful scene, which was heightened by the dismal patterings of the rain-drops, which fell fast and heavily upon the now deserted streets of Gottingen. The cathedral clock had gloomily tolled forth the hour of eleven, when Frederick von Rapsburg sallied out from an old-fashioned house, in which he and several of his reckless companions had been indulging in their festive cups. It was with feelings of no pleasant cast, that he surveyed the gloomy path through which he had to pass to gain his wished-for lodgings;—his spirits gradually gave way under the deadening influence of the storm, and by the time that he had arrived at the churchyard, which it was necessary he should cross, a feeling much like fear took possession of him. He, however, made the best of his way among the tombs, which the sudden flashes of lightning invested with a lurid, ghost-like appearance, when he fancied he saw a shadowy form rise at a distance, and that amidst the howling of the blast, he thrice heard his name repeated by a voice in accents which made his knees knock together, and his whole frame tremble. At length he reached his lodgings; the key grated harshly in the stubborn lock, which at last yielded, and he obtained admittance into the dark passage; no light appeared to dispel the gloom, and with a heavy heart he ascended the stairs, and threw himself upon his bed. At length he was visited by sleep, but not even then could he obtain his much-desired repose: ghastly images crowded upon him in quick succession—horrid visions met his appalled imagination—and, half dead with fear, he heard a sepulchral voice call upon his name. The chains of sleep instantly were broken, and to his horror and dismay he beheld the curtains of his bed slowly drawn aside, and discovered a tall, gaunt form, clothed in shining white, which seemed to beckon him to follow. Half unconscious what he was doing, he sprung from his bed, huddled on his clothes, and prepared to obey his supernatural visiter. Bolts, bars, and locks, every thing seemed to offer no opposition to his guide, who led the way, followed by the miserable Frederick, straight towards the churchyard. He then distinctly heard his name echoing throughout the fretted aisles of the cathedral; a supernatural light burst forth from the altar, while every grave opened, and exposed its mouldering tenant. Every disgusting emblem of mortality seemed to throng about him, while his conductor solemnly stalked towards the door of the charnel-house—which, following the example of the other doors, burst open with a loud clang. The skeletons began to gibber and chatter, shaking their ghastly skulls in mockery of their horrified visiter, when at length, for the first time, his spiritual guide broke forth, and in a voice of thunder exclaimed—"Rash, impious mortal, who hast dared to disobey the summons of the dead. Thrice wert thou called to night in thy passage home, and thrice thou tookest no heed of the command. Now, expect the punishment of thy neglect!" So saying, he beckoned to two loathsome corpses, which were suddenly re-endued with life, and seized upon the almost expiring student,—at the same time a large gulf opened under his feet, disclosing an awful abyss, while columns of fire seemed to wreathe and revel, as if in anticipation of their destined victim. His terrible executioners held him over the gulf—he fell!—but his fall became suddenly softened: he seemed, as it were, to burst

Digitized by Google

from a trance, and found himself in utter darkness. Suddenly, a few rays of the watery moon burst forth from an opposite casement. Can it be?—is it? Yes, it is—it is his bed! Can he only have been dreaming? It must have been so!—and his frightful fall has been only from his bed!—A CORRESPONDENT.

Antiquariana.

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

(*Concluded from page* 104.)

THE succeeding subject is the death of Edward. He is lying upon a bed, and his wife Editha weeping by his side. Beneath he is represented dead, and laid out. The funeral procession to Westminster Abbey follows immediately after his decease; and chronicles tell us that he was interred the next day. Edward the Confessor had rebuilt the Abbey. It is singular that a figure is portrayed placing a weathercock upon the spire of the church. It has been conjectured, that this is designed as an indication that the building was but just finished, the weathercock being the last necessary appendage. A hand from heaven is pointing towards the Abbey, as if marking it for consecration.*

The next subject is the crown being offered to Harold by the people. Above are the words, "*Hic dederunt Haroldo coronam Regis.*" From the word *dederunt* being used in the Norman record, we are induced to believe that the crown was given to Harold, and not seized by him. The tapestry marking the circumstance in these words, appears a strong confirmation of its truth.

Harold next appears seated upon his throne. Stigand, archbishop of Canterbury, is standing by his side. The subject that follows is the appearance of a comet, at which the people are gazing with astonishment, as an ominous sign of bloodshed threatening to overwhelm their country. Harold is then seen upon the throne, addressing his conversation to a person who is standing by his side. In the border beneath are several boats. The inscription above is simply the word "Harold." As there is no explanation given to define this subject, it is not improbable that it relates to the embarkation of the forces of Harald Hadrada, the king of Norway, and Tostig, the brother of Harold, who had joined in the Norwegian expedition against England. The figure speaking to Harold, may probably be intended as a messenger bringing him intelligence. The boats, in the border beneath, are, perhaps, a figurative emblem of the preparation for this naval expedition. I am induced to make these conjectures, from the probability that the subject thus hieroglyphically expressed, related to some event of importance to Harold.

* The church of St. Peter, Westminster, was consecrated but a few days before the death of Edward the Confessor.

The victory he achieved over the Norwegian king and his brother Tostig, was distinguished by the gallant and brave conduct of the Saxon prince; and it is more likely the tapestry should in some manner notice so memorable an event, as the final overthrow of Hadrada occurred but three days before the landing of William. It may also be remarked, that unless this subject is thus understood, it remains totally obscure and undefined. The battle took place near York. Without leisure for repose, that part of the army of Harold that survived the engagement, marched immediately towards Hastings.

The next subject the tapestry presents, is a ship bringing to William the news of Harold's having assumed the English crown. William and his brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, appear consulting together, and giving orders that ships should be built for the purposed invasion of England. Accordingly, several persons are employed in cutting down trees; carpenters are constructing vessels; and others draw them into the sea. The embarkation of the Normans, forms the succeeding subject; they carry with them on board the ships, wine, arms, and provisions. William then passes the sea, and arrives in Pevensey bay. At the head of the Conqueror's vessel is the figure of a boy, which history records to have been the distinguishing mark of his ship. A lantern is fixed to the mast,—the known signal of William's vessel in the night, around which the fleet was directed to anchor. The troops and horses next appear disembarking; they proceed to Hastings, where they seize provisions. A figure bearing a pennon at the end of his lance, is simply distinguished by the words "*Hic est Wadard.*"† The Normans are busied in cooking meats, and regaling themselves at Hastings. The soldiers dine upon their shields. Odo bestows his benediction upon some viands on a table. The manner in which the fowls are brought to the board is certainly of a singular fashion; for they are presented to the guests by the attendants upon small spits, and it seems probable that each person helped himself to a portion as they were handed round. In the print, published by Montfaucon, this circumstance, from incorrect delineation, is unintelligible. Odo and William, with their brother Robert, give orders that the army should encamp at Hastings. The news is then brought to William that Harold is advancing to oppose the Normans. A house on fire, from which a woman and child are escaping, forms the next subject.

The soldiers of William leave Hastings to meet Harold in the field, and the Duke now first appears in armour for the battle, and comes forth to meet his opponent. Odo is

† This Wadard had afterwards lands assigned him in Kent. See Domesday, fol. 6.

Digitized by Google

armed likewise in mail; the bishop bears a mace, as the weapon he is to use in the fray; for ecclesiastics sought, in those days, to evade the admonition of the Scriptures against using a sword, or shedding man's blood in battle. William is seen interrogating Vital, an individual of his army, concerning the state of Harold's defence. Harold also is receiving information relative to his enemies' forces. William then addresses his soldiers to inspire them with boldness, and confidence in their meditated attack upon the Saxon troops. The Normans are on horseback, the Saxons on foot; the shields of the latter are generally distinguished by being round, with a boss in the centre. The battle now ensues; Lewine and Gyrth, the brothers of Harold are slain. The action appears obstinately contested on both sides, and many of either party killed. Some detachments of the Saxon army are next seen intrenched, hurling their javelins at their advancing foes.

The Saxons had formed themselves upon a rising ground; the Normans aimed their weapons with destructive effect; but their opponents, undismayed, supported their position with the greatest valour, and repelled every onset. The allies of William, and many of his own troops, disheartened by their fruitless attack, began to give way; and a report prevailed that the Norman duke was slain. These circumstance conjoined, were nearly fatal to the invader: his forces seemed upon the point of flying. William, ever active in the field, saw the panic that threatened a fatal issue to his hopes; he rushed amongst the flying troops, menacing, and even striking several with his lance; and taking off his helmet, the better to assure them he still existed, vowed that with God's help he would that day conquer his foes. By this conduct, the Duke at length succeeded in rallying the fugitives, and once more led them to the onset; a general slaughter ensued, but the main body of the Saxons was unbroken. William, fearing a renewal of the panic that had so recently threatened destruction, and seeing no probable means to break the phalanx of the Saxon troops, determined upon hazarding a stratagem. He commanded that a precipitate attack should be made, and followed by a feigned retreat, hoping that the Saxons would fall into the snare and pursue the Normans. The firm body of his enemies then being broken by the ardour of pursuit, he directed his party to turn upon them, and, if possible, to surround them on all sides. This manœuvre succeeded: the Saxons were deceived, but it proved nearly fatal to William; for, in the heat of the design, when feigning a retreat, they came unexpectedly upon an excavation in the ground, which threw the Normans into such confusion and disorder, that with the utmost peril and difficulty they again rallied, and several perished from the disaster. William perceiving their danger, came up with the main body, and cut off the retreat of the pursuers, who vainly attempted to regain the elevation they had abandoned. This was a critical moment for the fortunes of the undaunted Harold. Had the Saxons regained the hill, or their chief survived the conflict, there is little probability William could have achieved more than an uncertain footing in a land, from which he would have been eventually driven, or where he else might have found a grave. But Harold, who united the enthusiasm of determined valour, with the necessary skill and judgment of command, received a fatal arrow in his eye, before the victory was decided; he fell with many a brave adherent. When Harold was slain and fallen to the ground, some base hand plunged a spear into his thigh. History relates, that William afterwards disgraced the man who did it, for having been guilty of so cowardly an act. The Saxon troops, certain of their leader's fate, now felt that panic which had before assailed the Norman party. William seized the moment favourable for success, and rushed down upon them with a furious onset; once more they rallied, exasperated by Harold's death, and made a determined stand. But the fortune of William prevailed, amidst the slaughter of his troops and the flower of his nobility; he gained the triumph of a bloody and dear-bought field.

The tapestry agrees entirely with these historical relations; Odo is seen encouraging the troops, who are disheartened by a report of William's being slain. The strong position occupied by the Saxons on the rising ground, is likewise expressed, the Normans appear attacking them, and are repulsed, their cavalry and men being thrown into the greatest confusion. William also is seen taking off his helmet, as an assurance of his still existing. Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, (who is by the Duke's side,) bears a flag, which, from its remarkable form, is conjectured to be the Norman standard, probably that of the Duke. The engagement between both armies ensues; the followers of Harold are slain; Harold is represented receiving the arrow in his eye, he falls to the ground; a soldier pierces him in the thigh with a sword. In the border of this part, several troops are employed in stripping the dead. The Normans have many archers on their side, and some who throw the javelin. The Saxons are lastly seen flying before their victorious foes. Here the tapestry ends, for the rest is torn off, or more probably destroyed by time.

[Mrs. C.] Stothard, from whose Tour this description is quoted, notices among the events exclusively recorded in the tapestry, the taking of Dinant, and the war between

Digitized by Google

the Duke of Normandy and Conan, Earl of Bretagne. "Whoever wrought the work, appears to have rendered justice to the character of Harold; for the important services he afforded William during the war in Britanny are not noticed by any other existing history."

"It is fortunate that this curious memorial escaped destruction during the Revolution. Its surrender at that period was demanded for the purpose of covering the guns; a priest, however, succeeded in concealing and preserving it from destruction." It should not be omitted, that when Napoleon projected the invasion of England, he caused the Bayeux tapestry—a memorial of England's early conquest—to be brought to Paris, where it was exhibited to the people. Few of the great men of history have understood this species of stratagem, and its workings, so deeply as did the late Emperor of the French. In this case, his reference to past success had no effect upon future enterprise; and all hopes of a second conquest of England, in tapestry, were blighted in the bud.*

The annexed illustration has no other merit than that of being a faithful transcript. The figure it represents is that of a knight with a private banner, issuing to mount a led horse. His beardless countenance denotes him a Norman; and the mail covering to his legs equally proves him to be one of the most distinguished characters.

(Norman Knight; from the Bayeux Tapestry.)

* To H. M. The Society of Antiquaries published in their Transactions, about fourteen years since, engravings from the whole of this exceedingly interesting historical record, one-fourth the size of the original. (We shall be happy to see specimens of H. M.'s drawings.)

New Books.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE FOR 1834.

If this volume be a faithful digest of the "Useful Inventions and Improvements, Discoveries, and New Facts," of the past year, it must abound with valuable information; for the scientific industry and stirring enterprise of the period are unprecedented within our experience. Our contemporaries have said so much in recommendation of the former volumes of this work, that were self-praise of any worth, it would be unnecessary in this case. We shall, therefore, be content with quoting our own preface:—

In the *Mechanical* division will be found many valuable improvements in Steam Navigation, and notices of the year's progress in the application of Steam Carriages on common roads; Mr. Saxton's Railway with Differential Pulleys, described and illustrated; an outline of Ericsson's Caloric Engine; and the Railways in progress and projected in England: the Economy of Biscuit-baking Machinery; an important paper by Mr. Galloway, on the Steam Expansion principle, and the Cornish Engines; Glass Balance-springs for Chronometers described; Rutter's New Heat Process; a suggested Improvement in Barker's Mill; the power of American Steam Boats; Bate's improved Medal-ruling process; and an Abridgement of the recent Survey of Blackfriars' Bridge.

To these is added a selection from the Patents sealed during the year, in which main assistance has been derived from that respectable journal, *The Repertory of Patent Inventions*.

In *Chemical Science* are the new phenomena of Electro-Magnetism; patent processes for Gas-lighting; Dr. Davy's valuable paper on Phosphorus; a contribution to entertaining science, by Professor Faraday, on Holding the Breath for a lengthened period; the details of a Prepared Charcoal Filter; Glass Syphons for Corrosive Fluids, and Professor Daniell's New Oxyhydrogen Jet; an examination of the nature and properties of Meteoric Iron; Professor Hare's improved apparatus for the Evolution of Boron; Analyses of the Rio Vinagre, of Opium, Carmine, Camphor, and certain volatile Oils; some newly-observed properties of Colour; and Sir Henry Halford's curious researches on the Poisons of the Ancients.

In *General Science* will be found a condensed report of the year's Meeting of the British Association, at Cambridge; Professor Babbage's projected Constants of Nature and Art, a proposition worthy of the reader's most attentive perusal; and a paper

Digitized by Google

of suggestions of practical utility on Scientific Education, by Professor Ritchie.

The *Natural-historical* departments include not a few entire papers and abstracts of popular interest. In *Zoology* is an invaluable contribution to Ornithology, in a paper on the economy of Northern Birds, by Frederic Faber; an investigation of the opinions on the alleged Circulation in Insects, by Professor Rennie; some welcome facts in the natural history of the Nightingale; Professor Baer's new view of the Formation of Pearls; a paper by Tiedmann, on the Reproduction of Nerves; Dr. Knox's Natural History of the Salmon; Professor Wagner's laborious efforts to ascertain the Numerical Relations of Animals, and a paper of kindred interest by a distinguished English Naturalist, on the probable Number of Species of Insects; Illustrations of some Zoological rarities, as the Sigalion Boa, Squilla Desmarestii, Sabella Amœna, &c.; the habits of the Tarentula; Humboldt, on the Light of the Sea; Professor Buckland, on the Anatomy of the Sloth; M. Flaurens's new view of the process of Rumination; and further Observations on the Black Pulp Leech; with about ten pages of Notes from the Proceedings of the Zoological Society during the year; including notices of New Mammalia and Birds, and Additions to the Menagerie and Museum.

In *Botany* are illustrated Notes from Professor Lindley's Lecture on Mildew; Biots' Researches on the Inflammation of Fraxinella; and Dutrochet's New Observations on the Directions of Stems and Roots.

In *Geology* is a digest of Boussingault's paper on the Hot Springs of the Andes; Sir David Brewster's Researches on the Origin of the Diamond; and Mr. Hutton's valuable Observations on Coal. The *Fossil Organic Remains* include the Plesiosaurus at Bedford; Coal and Fruits at Billesden Coplow; a Lily Ecrinite in the limestone of Cork; and a retrospect of the splendid discoveries of the year 1832.

Among the *Astronomical* and *Meteorological* abstracts are Arago's Observations on the Moon; a remarkable Deposition of Ice, illustrated by Sir John Herschel; Dr. Prout, on the weight of the Atmosphere during Cholera; an outline of Captain Ross' Discovery of the North Magnetic Pole; and the Meteorological Summary of the year, again obligingly furnished by Dr. Armstrong.

The contributions to *Rural Economy*, *Gardening*, and *Miscellaneous Arts*, are recommended by novelty and usefulness, and illustrate improvements in these branches of social improvement, upon scientific principles.

The Naturalist.

THE FEZZAN RAM.

This curious species is believed to have been only before figured in the *Magazine of Natural History*, 1832, whence this cut has been copied. The ram which it represents was imported by Mr. George Davis into New York, in the year 1810, on his return from Tripoli, where he had been consul for the United States. The ram was tall, and his long legs were covered with short hair; he had two spiral horns, which were small for a male of his size. His front had a noble aquiline curve; there was a considerable tuft of his coating below his throat, and near his breast, with fawn-coloured and dark spots about his face and ears. The tail was slender, reached below the heel, and was covered with short hair, like the legs. The covering of the body was white hair, beneath which appeared, as you opened it, a fine portion of wool, or fur. The ears were pendulous; there was a groove, or furrow, in an oblique direc-

(Fezzán Ram.)

Digitized by Google

tion, down the nose, from the inner angle of the eye. These are marks belonging to the adiman, or sheep of Africa and India, which Buffon describes as being "a large race, with coarse hair, short horns, hanging ears, and a sort of dewlap and pendents under the neck." The late R. R. Livingston, to whom Dr. Mitchell addressed the foregoing description, thought the animal was certainly "the adiman," or ram of Angola, described by Valmont Bomare." The newspaper account stated, that around his eyes, for about half an inch in breadth, the hair was black, and about the half of his ears, towards the ends, was also black; and further, that "there is an annual present of these rams made to the bashaw of Tripoli, by Fezzan; no females are ever permitted to be sent away; and from the length of the journey across the desert, but few males of those that are sent survive. No yolk (unctuous matter, which exudes through the skin, and renders the wool soft) was secreted from the body."

This singular animal died at New York, in the year 1813.

Anecdote Gallery.

BUONAPARTANIA.

The first authentic traces of Buonaparte's political doctrines are to be found in a pamphlet published by him in 1790, when he was twenty-one years of age. It is a letter to one of his countrymen, a deputy from the noblesse of Corsica to the Constituent Assembly, the conduct of which he blames. The following is a remarkable passage: — "M. Paoli fancied himself a Solon, but he badly copied his original. He placed everything in the hands of the people and their representatives, so there was no existing but by pleasing them. Strange error! which submits to a brute, to a mercenary, the man who, by his education, the lustre of his birth, his fortune, is alone made to govern! In the end, so palpable a perversion of reason cannot fail to cause the ruin and the dissolution of the body politic, after having tormented it with every kind of evils."

At the commencement of the Revolution, Buonaparte was a lieutenant in a regiment of artillery. It is said that he was undecided for some time which party to join. "If I had been a general," he used to say to his friends, "I should have joined the Royalist party; but as a Lieutenant, I resolved to join that of the Revolution." M. Salgues, in relating this fact, added, "that, as a general, he would have defended the rank he enjoyed, but, as a Lieutenant, he was ambitious of gaining that which he did not possess."

During the time of the consulship in France, Buonaparte, who could be a humourist, thus joccosely hit off the three consuls:—"If you are careless of a dinner," said he, "go dine with Le Brun.—If you desire a good one, Cambacérès is your man:—and if you are quick at your meals, then take your dinner with me." Le Brun was a niggard,—Cambacérès loved jollification,—and what Buonaparte was, all the world knows.

Amongst the private instructions to me by Buonaparte, (says M. de Bourrienne,) was the following rather singular order:—"At night," said he, "you will enter my bedchamber as seldom as possible. Never awaken me when you have good news to announce: with good news there is no necessity to hurry. When, on the contrary, you are the depositary of evil tidings, rouse me instantly; for on such occasions there is not a moment to be lost."

Napoleon, in forming the courts of the Tuileries and Malmaison, was eager to establish his manual of etiquette from the experience of the old countesses of the Faubourg of St. Germain. He surrounded Josephine with Montmorencys, and Rochefoucaults, and Narbonnes, less from personal reverence for their feudal legitimacy, than because he knew them to have been trained to courtly breeding from their emblazoned cradles; so that they were not likely to commit themselves by being hungry or thirsty, vivacious or fatigued, glad or sorry.

After the victory of Austerlitz, Napoleon showered favours on his aide-de camp, General Narbonne. He hoped by this means to ingratiate himself in the opinion of the general's mother, who was one of the oldest and most obstinate aristocrats of the Faubourg St. Germain. "Well, General," said he to his aide-de-camp, "does your mother love me at last?" M. de Narbonne was embarrassed, and at a loss for an answer; upon which M. de Talleyrand, stepping forward, said, "Sire, Madame de Narbonne has not yet got beyond admiration."

Shortly after Buonaparte's elevation to the imperial throne, meeting his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud, he, half playfully, half seriously, held out his hand for her to kiss. She flung it back indignantly, and, presenting her own, in the presence of his suite, said, "It is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life." We observed, (says Lady Morgan,) on visiting this illustrious lady, pictures of all her handsome children in the room she occupied (and where we generally found her spinning, with her prayer-book beside her); there were four of them

Digitized by Google

kings when they sat for her, with the emperor, their brother, at their head; namely, the kings of Spain, Holland, Westphalia, and Naples (her son-in-law, Murat). "You see," she said one day, as I was looking on Napoleon's picture, "when my son Napoleon sat for me, I made him lay aside his crown."

A few days subsequent to the birth of the young king of Rome, a widow lady, whose only son was drawn by the conscription, presented herself at the Tuileries, stating that she had a petition, and must be admitted; when, in spite of all opposition, her demands became so loud, reiterated, and urgent, that Napoleon, hearing the distant altercation, demanded the cause, which having learned, he forthwith ordered that the applicant should be ushered into his presence, who, upon beholding the emperor, (falling upon her knee,) requested that she might be conducted to the young king of Rome, to whom her petition was addressed. Napoleon, somewhat astonished at the singularity of this request, took the paper, which upon perusal was found to contain a prayer that her son might be exempted from the effects of the conscription laws; when the emperor, graciously smiling, approached the cradle of his son, and, reclining over the infant, read in a low voice the contents of the petition, after which, pausing awhile, he turned his ear to the cradle as if in expectation of a reply, and then, advancing towards the applicant, "Madame," said Napoleon, "I have read your petition, and, as there is no answer, silence of course implies consent." It is needless to add that the youth was, in consequence, exempted from service, while the fond mother had to exult in the fortunate termination of her lucky expedient.

The following account of a fruitless attempt of Napoleon to establish a reconciliation between himself and his brother Lucien, is given in Madame Junot's memoirs:—"Napoleon and Lucien met at Mantua; and the emperor, unfolding a map of Europe, desired his brother to choose any kingdom he pleased, and that he would engage, on the honour of a brother, to secure the same to him. Lucien told his brother plainly, that his principles were not changed, and that what he was in the curule chair on the 18th Brumaire, that he was at the moment in which he stood beside the Emperor of France. 'I do not sell myself,' said Lucien, with enthusiasm. Hear me, my brother, listen to me, for this is an important hour to both of us. I will never be your prefect. If you give me a kingdom, I must rule it according to my own notions, and, above all, in conformity with its wants. The people whose chief I may be shall have no cause to execrate my name. They shall be happy and respected; not slaves, as the Tuscans and all the Italians are. You, yourself, cannot desire to find in your brother a pliant sycophant who, for a few soft words, would sell you the blood of his children; for a people is, after all, but one large family, whose head will be held responsible by the King of Kings for the welfare of all its members.' The Emperor frowned, and his whole aspect proclaimed extreme dissatisfaction. 'Why, then, come to me?' said he, at last, angrily, 'for if you are obstinate, so am I, and you know it; at least as obstinate as you can be. Humph! republic! you are no more thinking of that than I am; and, besides, what should you desire it for? You are like Joseph, who bethought himself the other day of writing me an inconceivable letter, coolly desiring I would allow him to enter upon kingly duties. Truly nothing more would be wanting than the re-establishment of the papal tribute;' and, shrugging his shoulders, he smiled contemptuously. 'And why not,' said Lucien, 'if it conduced to the national interests? It is an absurdity, I grant; but if it was beneficial to Naples, Joseph would be quite right in insisting upon it.' Napoleon became angry, and asked Lucien why he came to meet him, and precipitately said, 'You ought to obey me as a father, the head of your family, and by Heaven you shall do as I please.' But Lucien calmly told him that he was no subject of Napoleon's, and would never bow his head to the iron yoke of such a man. After a long and dubious silence, the Emperor summoned sufficient calmness to say, 'You will reflect on all that I have told you, Lucien; night brings counsel. To-morrow I hope to find you more reasonable as to the interests of Europe, at least, if not your own. Good by, and good night to you, my brother.' Lucien grasped the hand of his brother and exclaimed, 'Good by, and good night to you, my brother. Adieu!' 'Till to-morrow,' exclaimed Napoleon; but Lucien shook his head, fled the room, and, entering his carriage, ordered his postilion to get out of Mantua as speedily as possible. The brothers did not meet afterwards until Napoleon encountered adversity. It is well known that Lucien never forgave Napoleon for destroying the republic. He addressed him once, it appears, in the following manner:—'You are determined to destroy the republic!' exclaimed the enraged Lucien; well, assassinate her, then;—mount your throne over her murdered remains and those of her children:—but mark well what one of those children predicts. This empire, which you are erecting by force and will maintain by violence, will be overthrown by violence and force, and you yourself will be crushed, thus!' —and seizing a screen from the mantel-piece, he crushed it impetuously in his hand, which trembled with rage; then, as if still more

Digitized by Google

distinctly to mark his resentment, he took out his watch, dashed it on the ground, and stamped upon it with the heel of his boot, repeating, 'Yes—crushed, ground to powder —thus.'" W. G. C.

Manners and Customs.

HINTS ON HAWKING.

[We quote the following from the *Metropolitan*, relating to the practical part of the science of falconry—in the taming and exercising of the birds.]

First of all, of the most valuable species of falcons for this sport. It is to be remembered, that the females of the whole genus *Falco* are much larger, stronger, and bolder, than the males, (which last are distinguished by diminutive names, as *tiercels*, or *tiercelets*, *jerkins*, *jacks*, &c.) and consequently to be preferred in most instances.

No doubt, with care and patience, the whole genus *Falco* might be rendered subservient to the chase; but it is usually divided into two classes, viz. noble birds of prey, comprehending those used in falconry, and ignoble, or those of a larger size, which are not easily tamed, as the eagle, the vulture, &c.

With the exception of the gos-hawk and the sparrow-hawk, which are called short-winged, or hawks of the fist, all others are long-winged, or hawks of the lure. When the Icelander can be procured, he is much esteemed from his being the largest and most tractable of the species used in hawking. Next in value, perhaps, is the gyr-falcon, from the north of Europe: this is the kind mentioned in the romance of Sir Tristrem—

> "Ther com a ship of Norway,
> With haukes white and grey—"

to which the following note is added from Olaus Magnus. "The northern mountains (in Norway) bred faulcons very fierce, but generous and white ones that are never shot at with bows by the inhabitants, but are held as *sacred*, unless they do too much hurt and rapine. But if they do mischief, how white and noble soever they be, they shall not escape their arrows." This may account for their specific name of *Hierofalco*. The other kind generally used is the slight falcon (*falco gentilis*). There is a little difference in the manner of training these two species, which will be noticed hereafter, and also in the manner of flying them. The gos-hawk flies at his game direct from the fist, and kills it by strength and force of wing; while the slight falcon, after hovering or *waiting on* in the air for a time, stoops upon his prey, seizing it with his talons, and breaking the neck-bone with his beak. Hawks are called by different names, according to the season and place in which they are taken; those taken in the eyrie, or nest, are called *eyesses*, or *nyesses*; those which had left the nest, and were fed in some place near by the old ones, *branchers*; those which had begun to prey for themselves, *soar hawks*; those which have changed their feathers once or more, *mewed hawks*; and those which have lived in the woods, and been their own masters, *haggards*. There are also technical terms for every member, and every motion of the hawk, like most of our sporting terms derived from the French. It will be necessary for the young falconer to be acquainted with a few of the principal ones, which I will here insert. The legs are called *arms*, the wings *sails*, the tail *the train*; before the hawk is fledged, she is said to be *unsummed*, when fledged to be *summed*; the game she flies at is called the *quarry*; when she seizes her prey, she is said to *bind*; when, after seizing, she pulls off the feathers, she is said to *plume*; when, being in the air, she descends to strike her prey, it is called *stooping*; when she ranges too wide, she is said to *rake*; the dead game killed by the hawk is called the *pelt*; when she flies away with the pelt, she is said to *carry*; taming a hawk is called *reclaiming* her; and bringing her to bear the presence of company, is called *manning*.

With regard to her furniture, or caparison, the following account may be useful. The hood is a cap of leather, fastened with strings, so formed as to cover her eyes and to keep her in total darkness, while her mouth is left at full liberty for feeding: drawing the strings of the hood is called "unstriking the hood." The jesses are narrow stripes of thin leather, or silk, about six or seven inches in length, fastened to the legs, from whence they are never removed, and by means of a swivel are joined to the leash, or lease, which is a thong of leather, four feet long, whereby the falconer holds the bird, and which is detached from the jesses when the hawk is flown. Respecting her bells, Strutt, on the authority of "The Boke of St. Alban's," informs us, "that they should not be too heavy to impede the flight of the bird; and that they should be of equal weight, sonorous, shrill, and musical, not both of one sound, but one a semitone below the other." (The best bells are procured from Milan, and were sounded with silver.) They are buttoned on the legs by means of leather straps, called *hewits*, or *bewits*. A figure resembling a bird or animal, used in reclaiming the hawk, is termed the *lure*, and a long piece of string, used at the same time to prevent her flying away, is called a *creance*.

It is not in the nature of hawks to become attached to their keepers and masters; they cannot, therefore, be rendered tame and docile, like the dog or other domestic animals, by kindness or caresses; but the falconer

Digitized by Google

must continually bear in mind the adage, "Hunger will tame a lion," and that the only way to the hawk's heart is his belly—appetite is the only hold which the falconer has upon her disposition, and a great deal in the indulgence of this passion must be left to his own judgment, as circumstances may seem to demand. The few following rules, however, collected from the best and most approved authorities, both ancient and modern, and from my own observations in by-gone days, may be of service to those who possess the opportunity and inclination to attempt the revival of the old and honourable pastime of our forefathers.

An eyess, or hawk taken from the nest, is much easier to reclaim than a haggard, or full-grown wild one; though these latter, when once entered, prove courageous and valuable. The eyess should not be taken too early from the nest, as, in that case, her feathers will not attain their proper strength, and her legs will grow crooked and weak; but she should be removed shortly before she is summed, and placed in some sheltered situation in the open air, where she must be plentifully fed with raw beef, free from skin and fat, and occasionally mixed with raw eggs. The utmost regularity should be observed in feeding, as the want of food for a single day might produce defects in the feathers called *hunger traces*, which make them break off. The falconer should handle his young bird as little as possible, and while feeding her should whistle and talk, that she may become acquainted with his voice. After a time, the hawk will begin to fly and make short excursions from her roost; but having no knowledge of preying for herself, will always return regularly for her meals. When this is the case, she must be taken up, which can be done by placing a slip-knot round her food, and thus catching her when she returns to her meal. The hawk must now be furnished with hood, bells, and other furniture, and then fastened by a leash to a block of wood about a foot high; this constitutes her perch, and the leash should be of sufficient length to enable her to go from the perch to the ground at pleasure. After being left a little time alone, in order to recover from the fright occasioned by her new caparison, she should be placed upon the fist, and continually carried there, being frequently stroked with a piece of wood, or a feather, on the back and legs. After this, the hood may be occasionally removed, and a little food given her, when she is to be hooded again, and then presented with a few mouthfuls more; by this means she will gradually become tame and gentle, and after keeping her rather sharpset, unstrike her hood, give her a little food, then retire a few yards and entice her to your fist by holding out a piece of meat, whistling and calling to her all the time; from this she will soon learn to come to the fist whenever she is called, in expectation of obtaining food. After being practised for some time in this way, she should be fed before company, and accustomed to the sight of dogs and horses. Her diet, at this time, should be a fowl's wing given early in the morning, and about ten o'clock the foot of a hare or rabbit, and the pinion of a fowl's wing soaked in water. Should she appear foul within, a few small feathers, called *plumage*, may be given her to make her *gleam* or throw up. After gleaming, she should have some hot meat given her towards the evening. She may now be considered as reclaimed and manned, and ready for the lure. The lure must be constructed according to the quarry at which the hawk is intended to be flown. When she is taught to fly at hares or rabbits, it is called "flying at the fur;" and when at partridges and other birds, "flying at the plume." If she be broke for flying at the plume, the lure must be composed of a piece of wood covered with red cloth, and well garnished with the wings and breast of a fowl, and with other meat. This is to be held near the hawk; when she will fly to it, gradually increase the distance till she eagerly flies at it wherever it is placed, when she should be allowed to feed off it, the falconer all the while walking round her, whistling and talking. The lure may then be swung round the head by means of a string; the hawk will fly at it; and when it falls to the ground, let her seize it and reward her. If flying at the fur be intended, a hare-skin should be used, well stuffed, and having savoury meat fastened to the head and in the eye-sockets; to this lure a long string should be tied, by which it may be dragged along the ground. The hawk will fly at the figure, and, perching on the neck, scoop the meat from the eyes, steadying herself and keeping her hold, notwithstanding the velocity with which the figure may be drawn, or otherwise she would lose her meal. This teaches the hawk to dart on the head of any animal she pursues, and, by scooping out its eyes, to prevent it from holding a straightforward course, thus enabling the hunters to come up.

When the hawk is perfect in these lessons, she may be entered in the fields; for this purpose, after being well cleansed and sharpset, she is to be taken up the wind and let fly. If well trained she will rise high, and then *wait on*, or fly round and round the falconer. When at a little distance, and on the watch, a partridge must be thrown up; the hawk will immediately stoop to take it, and must be allowed to eat it as a reward, the falconer walking round her, whistling and talking. Should she lose the partridge in cover, she will rise, hovering directly over the spot, when another bird, tied to a long

Digitized by Google

string, should be thrown up; this the hawk should be allowed to catch and eat, as the escape of a bird at first is very apt to disgust the hawk, and to make her "bear away her bells."

The above is the method usually adopted in reclaiming the eyess; of course it will be more difficult to tame a haggard. This has sometimes been effected by placing her in a blacksmith's shop, where the constant din has had the effect of rendering her docile. When taken, the haggard should have her beak and talons cut, and a large loose hood, called a *nefter hood*, put on. She must be constantly carried and stroked, and after being hooded, must be sparingly fed. Her roosting-place must be a perch, not a block like the eyess's, the haggard having been accustomed in her wild state to roost on branches. The mode of training is nearly similar to that of the eyess. It was mentioned above, that there is a little difference between the training of the slight falcon and the gos-hawk; this arises from the latter seizing its prey from the fist, and not "waiting on" in the air, as the other species. The gos-hawk is never hooded but when travelling. She roosts on a perch like the haggard, and should be accustomed to come from the perch to the fist, being tempted by the sight of meat. When she will come from some distance, a live partridge may be given her; then another fastened to a string, and a third with its wings a little cut, so that she may easily take it. Her education may then be considered as completed.

The average quantity of food for a hawk varies from a third to half a pound of beef daily. On this subject, Sir John Sebright makes the following valuable observations, premising that hawks are to fly three days a week. "Hawks should have a slight meal on the day before flying; it should be more or less, according to the condition and behaviour of each particular bird. They should have a plentiful meal on the day they have flown; and two whole days (on which they should be moderately fed) ought to intervene between that on which they have a *gorge* and the day of flying. It is better not to fly hawks on the successive days: it may, however, be done occasionally. They should be fed in the field the moment they have done flying. Hawks, (and probably most, if not all other birds of prey,) from feeding on birds and animals with their coats on, and thus swallowing a quantity of indigestible matter relieve themselves by throwing it up in the form of castings, which are oblong balls, consisting of the hair or feathers forcibly compressed together. The condition of the hawk may be judged of by the appearance and state of cohesion of this mass; for when the bird is not in health, and the process of digestion not complete, the feathers, instead of being simply pressed into a ball, are held together by a tenacious mucus, and mixed with particles of indigested meat. When hawks are fed solely on beef, the skin of a bird with the feathers on, or that of an animal with the fur, should be given to them twice a-week. Mice lately killed answer well for this purpose: when none of these can be procured, feather may be given with the beef as a substitute. It is to be observed, that hawks, after having taken fur or feathers with their food, will not fly until they have *cast*." Once a week the hawk should have a bath either in a stream or pan of water.

The Duke of St. Albans, hereditary grand falconer, has lately been amusing the visiters at Brighton, Cheltenham, and other watering places, with flying his hawks; and although he and his attendants looked remarkably showy, attired in their costumes of "Lincolne green," yet he did not succeed as a grand falconer ought: this may have arisen from a want of experience; let us, therefore, hope for better things another year. The salary attached to his office amounts to 982*l.* 10*s.* per annum, with an addition of 30*l.* per lunar month, making in all 1,372*l.* 10*s.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS IN MINIATURE, OR SEEN "IN A MIRROR."

Titus Andronicus.—This play was acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Essex, 1589. The scene lies in Rome, and the plot is borrowed, but very slightly, (says Baker,) from the Roman history of the latter empire.

Love's Labour Lost.—Acted at Black Friars and the Globe, 1591. The scene lies in the King of Navarre's palace, and the country round it.

Henry VI.—This is an historical play in three parts, which contain the whole life and reign of this prince:—1591-2.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.—This play has been looked on by some authors to have been the first that Shakspeare wrote. The scene is sometimes in Verona, and sometimes in Milan:—1593.

The Winter's Tale.—The plot of this play is borrowed from Robert Green's novel of *Dorastus and Faunia*. The scene sometimes in Sicily and at others in Bohemia:—1594.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.—The scene of this play is in Athens, and a wood not far from it. The parts of Oberon and Titania, are the groundwork of *The Fairies;* the story of Pyramus and Thisbe has been (says Baker,) performed singly under the form of an opera; and the still more comic scenes of it have been printed by themselves in quarto, under the title of *Bottom the*

Digitized by Google

Weaver, and used frequently to be acted at Bartholomew Fair and other fairs in the country, by the strolling companies:—1595.

Romeo and Juliet.—This play was performed by Lord Hunsdon's servants, 1597. The complete one, at the Globe, 1599. The story is given by Bandello in one of his novels, and also by Girolano de la Corte in his history of Verona, and founded upon a real tragedy that happened about the beginning of the fourteenth century:—1595.*

The Comedy of Errors.—This play is founded on the *Mœnechimi* of Plautus:—1596.

Hamlet.—Scene Elsineur.† It is recorded (says Baker,) of the author, that although his knowledge and observation of nature rendered him the most accurate painter of the sensations of the human mind in his writings, yet so different are the talents requisite for dramatic writing, that the part of the ghost in this play (no very considerable character,) was almost the only one in which he was able to make any figure as a performer:—1604.

King John.—The plot is from the English historians:—1596.

King Richard II.—Acted at the Globe; the plot is extracted from Holinshed:—1597.

King Richard III.—This play originally took in a long series of events belonging to the reign of Richard III., and was very different from the form in which it now makes its appearance on the stage:—1597.

First part of Henry IV.—This contains the life and death of Henry, surnamed Hotspur, and the second part, the death of Henry IV. and the coronation of Henry V.

King Henry V.—This contains the battle of Agincourt:—1599

The Merchant of Venice.—The story of this play is built on a fact which happened in Italy; with this difference, that the intended cruelty was really on the side of the Christian, the Jew being the unhappy delinquent, who fell beneath his rigid and barbarous resentment.

All's Well that Ends Well.—This play, which is supposed to have been sometimes called *Love's Labour Wonne*, was originally taken from Boccace, but came immediately to Shakspeare from Painta's *Gilletta of Narbon*, in the first volume of *The Palace of Pleasure.*

Much Ado about Nothing.—Part of this play is borrowed from the fifth book of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, in the story of Ariodant and Geneura. The like story is also related in Spenser's *Fairy Queen.*

As You like It.—The plot of this play is taken from Lodge's *Rosalynd*, or *Euphue's Golden Legacye*:—1590.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.—The adventures of Falstaff in this play seem to have been taken from the story of the lovers of Pisa, in an old piece called *Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie.*

King Henry VIII.—This play (says Dr. Johnson,) is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play: the meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katherine have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But, the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katherine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

Troilus and Cressida.—The scene lies in Troy and the Grecian camp alternately. The story is principally taken from the old book of Caxton.

Measure for Measure.—The plot is built on a novel of Cinthio Giraldi.

Cymbeline.—The plot of this play is taken from an old story book, entitled *Westward for Smelts.* The wager between Posthumus and Iachimo is taken from Boccace, *Decamaron*, Day 2nd. Nov. 9.

King Lear.—The full title of this play, in the original edition, 1608, stands thus:—"Mr. William Shakspeare his true chronicle history of the life and death of King Lear and his three daughters; with the unfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Glocester, and his sullen and assumed humor of *Tom of Bedlam.* As it was plaid before the King's Majesty at Whitehall uppon S. Stephen's night in Christmas hollidaies, by his Majesties servants, playing usually at the Globe on the Banck-side."

Macbeth.—The plot is founded on the Scottish history, and may be traced in the writings of Hector Boethius, Buchanan, Holinshed, &c. in Heywood's *Hierarchy of Angels*, and in the first book of Heylin's *Cosmography*:—1606.

The Taming of the Shrew.—The plot of this play is taken partly from Goulart's *Histoires Admirables*, viz. that part relating to the drunken tinker.

Julius Cæsar.—The speeches of Brutus and Antony over Cæsar's body are, perhaps, the finest pieces of oratory in the English language:—1607.

Antony and Cleopatra.—This play (says Johnson,) keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested:—1623.

Coriolanus.—This play is taken from Plutarch's life of Coriolanus. Johnson says "it is one of the most amusing of our author's performances."

Timon of Athens.—The story may be found in Lucian's *Dialogues*, and Plutarch's Life of Marc Antony:—1623.

* See the Story—*Mirror*, vol. xx. p. 118.
† See the Story—*Mirror*, vol. x., p. 299.

Digitized by Google

Othello.—This play was acted at the Globe and Blackfriars. The story is borrowed from Cinthio's novels.

The Tempest.—The scene of this play is at first on board a vessel in a storm at sea; the rest of the play in a desert island.

Twelfth Night. — This comedy, (says Baker,) with respect to its general plot, is, we believe, taken from Belleforest's novels; but the mistakes arising from Viola's change of habit, and true resemblance to her brother Sebastian, seem to owe their origin to the *Menœchimi* of Plautus. The scene lies in a city on the coast of Illyria:—1614.

Doubtful plays of Shakspeare:—Pericles, 1592; Locrine, 1593; Sir John Oldcastle, 1598; the Puritan, 1600; Life and Death of Lord Cromwell, 1602; the London Prodigal, 1605; a Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608. *Pericles* has been admitted into the late editions of Johnson and Steevens. P. T. W.

The Gatherer.

Modifications of Murder.—An Indian shoots at his enemy from behind a tree; a Turk will strike his handjar into the heart of his foe while he sleeps; and a South American Spaniard will rip up, on the spot, the bowels of one who has insulted him; while an Englishman or Frenchman calls out the man who has cast a stain upon his honour, and running him through the midriff, according to the rules of fence, or blowing out his brains at the dropping of a handkerchief, walks away, and calls this a fair, manly, open revenge—receiving the satisfaction of a gentleman.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

A countryman returning home by moonlight, after having taken his full share of ale, his horse, stopping at a pond, proceeded to take his full share of water, and in so doing pitched his rider over his head. The pond not being deep, the man soon recovered himself, and, catching hold of the bridle of his nag, exclaimed, "Dom thee! can't thee drink without a sop?"—*Literary Gazette.*

A Ready Answer. — During the Irish Rebellion, a handsome young woman, the servant of a Mrs. Lett, in Wexford, who was considered as a great patriot, (rebel,) was sitting one summer's evening at her mistress's window, singing words to certain airs which were not regarded as orthodox by the opposite party. The Marquis of Ely, with the High Sheriff and other gentlemen of the county, were returning, after their wine, from the Grand Jury, and heard the young siren warbling at the window. But, as the strain sounded in their ears of a rebellious tendency, it was thought advisable to demolish the fragile parts of Mrs. Lett's house-front without delay; and, accordingly, my lord, the High Sheriff, and their friends, to preserve the Constitution from all traitorous maid-servants, forthwith commenced proceedings: and stones being the weapons nearest at hand, the windows and the warbling maid received a broadside, which was of great utility to the glazier, and had wellnigh put fees into the pockets, not only of the surgeon, but of the sexton and coroner. However, on this occasion, justice was not so far off as the parties had been persuaded; my lord, the High Sheriff, and others, being indicted and tried. His lordship's counsel did their best for their noble client, and tried to mystify the singer; but the marquis, conceiving their delicacy too great in reference to this witness, requested permission to ask her a few questions himself, which was granted. "Now, girl," said the Marquis, "by the oath you have taken, did you not say, you would *split my skull open?*"

"Why, then, by the virtue of my oath," said the girl, turning to the judge, "it would not be *worth my while* to split his skull open, my lord."

"Ha, ha!" said the marquis, "now I have her," (supposing that she made some allusion to a reward for killing him.) "And why, girl, would it not be worth your while?"

"Because, my lord," answered she, "if I had split his skull open, by virtue of my oath, I am sure and certain, I should have found *nothing inside of it.*" The laugh against the noble marquis was now too great to admit of his proceeding with his cross-examination. He was found guilty, and fined.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Ceylon.—Bishop Heber, in the journal of his tour in Ceylon, says there is one custom here, which struck him as remarkably humane: at certain distances along the road, large pots of water, with ladles attached to them, are placed for the use of travellers, and he frequently saw one of his bearers take a draught with great eagerness, and then run to join his comrades at the palanquin.

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXII.

(*From the Literary Gazette, Feb. 22, 1834.*)

"With a portrait of Captain Ross for its frontispiece, we again welcome this, the oldest, and probably the best of our cheap compatriots. Always on the alert to look out for subjects of pictorial and literary interest, the *Mirror* has continued to present them to its subscribers in a form quite surprising when the price of the publication is considered. But to us its grand recommendation has always been this:—though as full of information and interest as the foremost of its rivals, it has never set up for a medium of national instruction, but contented itself with the character of being what it is—a very pleasing, entertaining, and intelligent miscellany."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 651.] SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1834. [Price 2d.

MONUMENT TO LORD EXMOUTH.

The above unostentatious memorial of this distinguished Naval officer has recently been placed in the church of Christowe, near Teignmouth, Devonshire. This monument is, as its inscription explains, "the tribute of his grateful and affectionate family:" hereafter, some fitting memorial of his public services will, we trust, employ the chisel of the sculptor—for scenes of Christian virtue and patriotism, such as exalt his public and private character, must not be left untold in the national records of British worth.

The monument is of white and black marble; its dimensions are 8 ft. by 4 ft. 10 in.*

* Executed by E. Gaffin, Regent's Quadrant, London.

The urn bears the initials of the deceased; Algiers, his motto, denotes his proudest victory; above are his family arms, with the words "Deo adjuvante" (by the aid of God), surmounted with a viscount's coronet, and encircled with the Garter and Cross of the Bath: on each side are naval emblems and trophies.

The following are the inscriptions on and beneath the sarcophagus tablet:—

In a vault beneath repose the remains of
THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD PELLEW,
VISCOUNT AND BARON EXMOUTH,
of Canonteign, a Baronet and L. L. D. Vice Admiral of the United Kingdom,
and Admiral of the Red Squadron of His Majesty's fleet,

Digitized by Google

Knight Grand Cross of the most Hon. Military order of the Bath,
also of the Royal and distinguished order of Charles the Third of Spain,
of the Military Order of William of the Netherlands,
of the Royal Sicilian Order of St. Ferdinand and Merit,
of the Military Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazare of Sardinia, and
Knight of the most Hon. and most Ancient Order of the Annunciation of Savoy,
High Steward of Great Yarmouth, and one of
the elder brethren of the Hon. Corporation of the Trinity House.

His eminent public services are recorded in the annals,
and live in the memory of a grateful Country;
this private and more humble monument records his Christian virtues,
his active benevolence which often risked his life to rescue fellow creatures from the deep, and to break the chains of
Christian brethren mourning in helpless captivity in a heathen land.
All human glory ceases in the grave, but far dearer is the memory of
that devout faith, which led him in deep humility to the cross of Christ,
the star that guided him to his desired haven,
the anchor of his hope when on the deathbed of the just,
he yielded up his soul to his Redeemer.

He departed in peace on the 23rd day of January,
in the year of our Lord 1833, and in the 76th year of his age.

This monument is erected by his grateful and affectionate family,
to the memory of the best of husbands and of parents.

On the pedestal beneath the sarcophagus:

Lines written to commemorate Lord Exmouth's humane and magnanimous conduct, when at the imminent risk of his life, he rescued (under the blessing of divine providence) neat five hundred souls, men, women, and children, many of whom were sick, from the wreck of the Dutton, East Indiaman, in a tremendous storm, January 26, 1796.

While, o'er the reeling wreck the savage storm
Poured all its lightnings, thunders, blasts, and hail;
And every horror in its wildest form
Smote the firm heart—that never knew to fail.
'Twas thine Pellew, sublimely great and good!
For man, thy brother man, distress'd—to dare
The dreadful passage of the raging flood,
And join the frantic children of despair.

There, it was thine in comfort's balmy tone,
To soothe their sorrows 'mid the tempest's roar,
To hush the mother's shriek—the sick man's groan,
And bear the sufferers, trembling, to the shore.

So, when this mighty orb, in dread alarm,
Shall crash in ruins at its God's decree;
May thy Redeemer, with triumphant arm,
From the vast wreck of all things, rescue thee.

The philanthropic act which these lines commemorate, is thus narrated in a Memoir of the services of Lord Exmouth, in the *United Service Journal*, March, 1833. Speaking of his Lordship's "union of prompt resolution with constitutional philanthropy," the writer says:—

"A conspicuous example of this noble feeling was shown on the 26th of January, 1796, when, by his great personal exertions, he preserved the crew and passengers of the Dutton transport, which, crowded with troops and their families proceeding on the expedition to the West Indies, was driven on the rocks under the citadel at Plymouth. The writer of this slight memoir cannot refuse his readers the pleasure of seeing the hero's own modest account of this act of benevolence, contained in a private letter which he received from him many years afterwards (1811), when commander-in-chief in the north seas:

"'Why do you ask me to relate the wreck of the Dutton? Susan (Lady Exmouth) and I were driving to a dinner party at Plymouth, when we saw crowds running to the Hoe, and learning it was a wreck I left the carriage to take her on, and joined the crowd. I saw the loss of the whole five or six hundred was inevitable without somebody to direct them, for the last officer was pulled on shore as I reached the surf. I urged their return, which was refused, upon which I made the rope fast to myself, and was hauled through the surf on board—established order, and did not leave her until every soul was saved but the boatswain, who would not go before me. I got safe, and so did he, and the ship went all to pieces; but I was laid in bed for a week by getting under the mainmast (which had fallen towards the shore), and my back was cured by Lord Spencer's having conveyed to me by letter his Majesty's intention to dub me baronet. No more have I to say, except that I felt more pleasure in giving to a mother's arms a dear little infant only three weeks old, than I ever felt in my life, and both were saved. The struggle she had to entrust me with the bantling was a scene I cannot describe;—nor need you, and, consequently, you will never let this be visible.'

"This injunction has been scrupulously observed until now that the seal of secrecy is removed by his death. It is due to the merits of a deserving officer, to supply one omission in this interesting letter. Soon after Sir Edward reached the wreck, a small boat belonging to an Irish brig got alongside, with two persons, who greatly assisted him in this work of benevolence. One of these young men was the mate, whom Captain Pellew on the following day received into his own ship, the Indefatigable, and thenceforward became his steady friend and patron. It is almost unnecessary to add, that this officer is now Captain Coghlan, R. N."

The writer closes his memoir as follows:—The consciousness of this rare constitution of mind (self-possession) excited no vain glory to taint the natural simplicity of his character. As he gradually descended into the vale of years, religion became the habitual guide and consolation of his life; and as he approached his end, no man more clearly saw the miserable error of those who, in their last hour, strive to hush the warnings of a long-

Digitized by Google

neglected conscience by what is called "the retrospect of a well-spent life." More than one conspicuous example of this fatal mistake has been held up to the admiration of our naval officers, but none has been more injurious to their religious principles. The hope of a true Christian, whether in life or death, is founded not on his own merits, but in his Redeemer's atonement. Happily Lord Exmouth well knew the defects of his own heart, and rejected all self-righteousness; and his family and friends have now the satisfaction of his own dying testimony, that all his hopes were founded on a rock, "and that rock was Christ."

The funeral of Lord Exmouth took place on the 6th of February, at Christowe—in which parish the mansion and estate of Canonteign are situated. His Lordship had expressed a wish that his funeral should be conducted with the utmost privacy; but the desire to show respect to this brave sailor and excellent nobleman was so strong, that a very numerous *cortége*, composed of the carriages of the neighbouring nobility and gentry, attended. The flags at Teignmouth on board the ships, and on all the flag-staffs, were struck half-mast, the shops were closed, and every possible demonstration of respect was exhibited. The British ensign, under which his Lordship had served and fought in every quarter of the globe, was used in lieu of a pall; and on the coffin was placed the flag (blue at the main) which flew at the mast-head of the Queen Charlotte during the arduous conflict at Algiers. Several shots had passed through this honourable emblem of the departed nobleman's great achievement. The sword his Lordship wore on that occasion, hung with crape, was also placed on the coffin. On the conclusion of the solemnity, a young oak tree was planted, and named the Exmouth Oak, opposite the door of the vault.

The Naturalist.

A FEW ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

(By James Fennell.)

Attachment between a Dog and a Cat.

A FAMILY being about to remove from one house to another, were desirous that their cat should not accompany them; and, therefore, left her in the possession of a neighbour. They removed to their new residence, which was about a mile and a half from the one they had lately occupied; and with them went Dandy, their faithful terrier dog, who was evidently dejected at the absence of his feline companion. At night he signified, by his barking and restlessness, a desire to go out of the house, which accordingly was opened to him, and he departed, but did not return until the following morning, when, upon opening the street door, in walked Dandy—not, however, alone, but accompanied by the cat, whom he seemed extremely delighted to introduce to her new habitation. In explanation of this, there was every reason to suppose that the dog had sought out the cat, and having succeeded in finding her, had undertaken the task of escorting her through the much-frequented streets to the house from whence he came.

Singular Habit of a Dog.

The dog above-mentioned had a singular habit of interring the cat's kittens whenever she happened to have any. When unobserved, he would steal up to her litter, and taking the kittens successively in his mouth, convey them down to the bottom of the garden, and there deposit them in a hole previously dug for their reception. In a moment, however, when he least thought himself observed, his cruel operations were detected, and his little victim rescued from its grave. What was his motive in performing this inhumation is not very apparent; but it is not improbable that it was dictated by jealousy, as on other occasions he was not wont to inflict the slightest pain on the feelings of his dumb associate.

Tame Pigeons.

I had some time since a pair of very tame and interesting pigeons. The hen having presented her mate with a couple of eggs, I became anxious, and perhaps somewhat impatient, for the appearance of the young, and not unfrequently put my hand into the nest, to feel if they were hatched: a liberty which was countenanced by the hen, though sitting, but repelled by the cock, who immediately, upon the entrance of my hand into the nest, would go into the nestling-box, and turning his spouse out, as a careless guardian of her embryo offspring, take charge of them himself, and nobly defend them. I had for some days refrained from disturbing them, and incubation was permitted to take its natural course, when at length, one morning, my attention was attracted by a noise on the outside of the window-panes of the room in which I was seated, caused by my birds tapping thereon with their beaks. On approaching them, I perceived that they had brought some egg-shells, which they evinced every desire I should notice, by repeatedly taking up the fragments, and then laying them down as before on the window-sill. I was induced to conceive that the egg-shells were brought either to show that they had young, and required a food adapted to their infant state, or that they had the sagacity to know that their young master would be as pleased as themselves at their having hatched them.

An Odd Pigeon.

A pigeon which I once possessed showed a great attachment to the kitchen, preferring it

Digitized by Google

in winter and summer to the garden, or any other open place. When he first became an inmate of the house, he exhibited no fear whatever, of either the dog or cat; but, on the contrary, appeared quite unawed by their presence. For some time he behaved himself very well, in the society of his feline and canine acquaintances, and it often formed an interesting group when he fearlessly associated with them before the kitchen fire. But, however, his gentle disposition soon forsook him, and the spirit of tyranny and oppression reigned in its place;—he became, indeed, so domineering, that at length he asserted his exclusive right to the hearth, making its previous occupiers fly before him. I have frequently seen the good old dog slowly and fearfully approaching for a share of the fire, when the bird was stationed near there, but repulsed by the little, bloated tyrant alighting on and pecking the intruder's neck, until he retired. One might have supposed that such treatment would have been resented by the dog; but, no—he endured it with philosophical patience, and left his assailant in undisputed possession of that which he was desirous himself of enjoying.

This strange bird, among many other singularities, had a great antipathy to the sight of persons with their shoes off—as was evident by his immediately approaching their feet, and in an enraged manner, pecking and pulling their stockings.

Paddington.

Spirit of Discovery.

TEA AND COFFEE.

The following interesting facts have been elicited during recent discussions at the Medico Botanical and London Medical Societies, and are reported in the *Literary Gazette*:—

Dr. Uwins and Mr. Cole thought that much evil resulted from the excessive use of tea and coffee; taken in excess, they were found to operate as powerful and decided stimulants; by their action on the nervous and sanguiferous systems, they occasion a temporary flow of spirits, and banish all desire for sleep; this state of excitement, however, speedily subsides, and is followed by languor and palpitation of the heart, irregular breathing, and uneasiness in the region of the præcordia; in some constitutions the symptoms are still more violent—the pulse becomes irregular and feeble, the extremities cold, pain and an uneasy sensation are felt at the pit of the stomach, and even syncope follows. Shortly after, a desire for sleep presents itself; but the slumbers are troubled and uneasy, and the face and limbs suffer from spasmodic twitchings. These consequences of the over-use of tea and coffee are to be accounted for by referring to the habits and idiosyncrasy of the individual; and in such cases, the only relief which can be obtained must result from the party abstaining from the use of those articles of diet, and substituting some other in their place. A most important question in state medicine arises from a review of this subject: viz.—whether the introduction of tea and coffee into general use is to be regarded as beneficial to the community, or otherwise? In many parts of France and Italy tea is classed by the excise in the list of drugs—is kept in bottles on the shelves of the apothecary, forms no part of the stock of the grocer, and is even anathematized by the lecturer on *hygiène* as unfited for ordinary consumption. It is therefore placed by common consent in the custody of the physician, to be dealt with as a remedial agent, *secundum artem*. Whether they manage these things best in France or in England remains to be seen. Mr. Cole thinks it probable that the great increase which has taken place in diseases of the heart in this country may be referred to the abuse of this beverage. He considers green tea to be productive of more uneasiness and excitement than black, and regards coffee as ranking next in this respect. With regard to *spurious* tea, Professor Burnett has proved that the practice is very common of adding the leaves of the sloe, the apple, the hawthorn, and the elm, to the Chinese leaf. This spurious addition resembles the real tea so exactly, that the most experienced examiners at the India House were at fault in detecting the adulteration; even chemical analysis failed to expose the fraud, inasmuch as the constituents of the British leaves were similar to those of the genuine herb imported from the Celestial Empire. The botanist alone succeeded in detecting the sophistication, and this he effected by his knowledge of the distinctive characters of each particular leaf. In order to impose upon the public, the spurious leaves are placed upon plates of heated iron and carefully rolled, so as to correspond with the genuine tea. It is then mixed with it, in the proportion of one part to three, and put into circulation. Professor Burnett drank some of this tea, which affected him with slight nausea. He thought the flavour mawkish and disagreeable, in comparison with that of the real tea.

BLOOD-BATHS.

According to a dark tradition, which is incidentally mentioned by Pliny, the ancient kings of Egypt used to bathe in human blood when they were seized with leprosy. A similar story is told of the emperor Constantine; but he seems to have been restrained from employing this revolting remedy in consequence of a vision; and he is said to have been cured by baptism. No great weight

Digitized by Google

can be attached to these ill-authenticated stories; yet it is but too true, that, both in ancient times and in the middle ages, decided healing-virtues for the cure of leprosy were supposed to exist in the blood of innocent children and virgins, and that occasion was given thereby for numberless cruelties. It is needless to refer here to the remoter traces of the belief in the expiatory or healing properties of pure blood: they ramify far, and pass into the most ancient times. Cures of leprous people by the blood of animals, in employing which certain symbolical customs were observed, are mentioned in the books of Moses; and it might not be difficult to discover similar forms among all the nations in the world. During the middle ages the delusion about the healing virtues of human blood, which must have had horrible effects in the great plague of leprosy, received a check from the impression, that only the blood of those children and virgins would prove efficacious who offered themselves freely and voluntarily for a beloved sufferer. This idea is particularly expressed in the touching story of "Poor Henry," which forms the subject of one of the most beautiful poems of the 13th century. A Suabian knight, who sits in the lap of happiness, is seized with the leprosy. In order to escape *civil* death, he seeks through the world for help. The physicians of Montpelier can give him no assistance: he hastens to Salernum. Here one of the Masters makes him acquainted with the apparently hopeless means of cure. Sad at heart, he returns home, and prepares himself to sorrow out the remainder of his days in solitude. A girl of twelve years of age, the daughter of a countryman, conceives a passion for the unfortunate knight, attends him affectionately, and, upon accidentally hearing of the freewill offering, cannot be dissuaded from her resolution to purchase the recovery of her master with her life. Both set out for Salernum, but the catastrophe is not fatal: Henry gets rid of the leprosy, and rewards his generous benefactress with marriage.

The story of Amicus and Amelius is another of the same sort, which affords no less ground for concluding, that the superstition of which we speak was scarcely disbelieved in any quarter.

In connexion with this, we should not omit to place the story which is told of Louis XI., that he had a mind to evade his approaching death by the use of the blood of children. Klinger has employed the incident to exalt the horrors of his tremendous version of Faust: and Sprengel, too, has given it credit, and has even spoken of the actual baths having been used. But it is by no means a well-authenticated circumstance, for we cannot discover a trace of it in any truly trustworthy source. The physician, however, to whom the bloody ordinance is charged, is an historical personage: he is no other than the notorious Jacques Cotier.

Translated from the German, in the Medical Gazette.

The Public Journals.

ADVENTURE WITH A PIRATE SHIP.

It is about three years since I first became acquainted with a young Englishman, named Ord, who having, on the death of his father, come into possession of some valuable estates in the West Indies, was at that time engaged in examining the value and management of his patrimony. In the prosecution of this object he visited Cuba, where my father, whose mercantile transactions were connected with his, resides, and where Ord remained for some weeks. He had a complete passion for the sea, and in the course of many pleasure-trips among the neighbouring islands, in a fine little schooner which he had brought from England, we became the most intimate friends. There was a noble, almost a wild, enthusiasm about his character, which, though it harmonized well with his athletic and handsome appearance, would have appeared Quixotic, had it not been borne out by his utter contempt of danger, when danger really existed. I will give one instance out of many. We were beating up against a stiff south-east breeze off Cape Tiburon, in Hispaniola, when one of the men, who had gone aloft to take in a reef in the fore-topsail, sung out to those below that a piratical galley was bearing down upon us with all sail set. Ord and I were at that time in the cabin, and, having exhausted every social subject of amusement, half-devoured with ennui, were engaged separately and almost silently; I, in turning over a set of engravings of sea-fights, and Ord, cursing these "piping times of peace," in lazily setting up a few of the ropes of a frigate, which he was making as a model. Immediately, however, that the man, entering the cabin, doffed his cap, and, smoothing down his hair, told his story, Ord uttered a loud whoop of delight, and, springing up with a haste which snapped half the spars in his beloved frigate, rushed on deck.

The man at the helm was waiting for the expected order to put the vessel about, and the crew were at the sheets and braces ready to execute the manœuvre; but Ord, singing out "steady," seized a spyglass and ran up the shrouds to examine the pirate. In a minute or two he came down, with a joyous expression of countenance, and seeing that his men were whispering discontentedly to each other, well knowing the bloody dispositions of these pirates, he addressed them thus:—

"My lads! there are just a score of strapping negroes in the galley bearing down upon us; of course they will be well supplied

Digitized by Google

with cutlasses and small arms, but they have not a single piece of metal among them; now, you all know well enough that the little Petrel (the name of our schooner) has the legs of these luffards, and my wish is to send a message from our long Tom among them in a friendly way; we can run when we can do no better;—so all you who are willing to stand by your captain, draw off to the weather side, and if there be any of you who are afraid of a few naked blacks, in a long boat with a lug sail, keep your present stations."

Our crew consisted of four Englishmen, a Scotchman, a Dutchman, and three or four negroes: and it was curious to observe the effect of their captain's speech upon them. The Englishmen gave three loud cheers, and sprang to the weather side of our little craft; the Scotchman, more slowly, but quite as determinedly, followed, muttering, that "it was by nae means prudent, but damn him, if he wad craw the dunghill craw;" while the Dutchman, without uttering a word, turned his quid in his cheek, squirted the juice deliberately over the lee bulwark, and, hitching up his trousers, walked after his companions. The negroes alone remained standing; they seemed utterly terrified at the idea of attacking these bloody and remorseless pirates, of whose atrocities they had heard and seen so much, and cast fearful glances towards the nearing galley, as if they felt their long knives already at their throats.

A good dram, and a threat of keelhauling them, however, presently put them all right, and they bustled about with great alacrity to get the "long Tom" (a long-barrelled gun, which we carried, and which was generally stationed amidships) placed astern, with the muzzle depressed, and covered with a tarpaulin. For my own part, as I was more familiar than Ord with the barbarous cruelties of our pirates, I confess that I did not enter into the affair with the joyousness which he seemed to feel. I knew that a moment of irresolution, a chance shot, or a sheet missing stays, might place the pirates alongside of us, and then there was nothing for us but torture and death. However, I had every confidence in the excellence of our seamen, in Ord's coolness, and, above all, in "long Tom." The crew seemed also to consider the gun as their principal defence, for every glance at the approaching pirates was followed by one directed to the manœuvres of one of their companions, who, under cover of the tarpaulin, was cramming "long Tom" with what he called his "grub," being several pounds of grape shot, old spike nails, and so forth.

We were still standing off on the starboard tack, and the pirates not at all expecting the warm reception we were preparing for them, bearing down with a flowing sheet upon us, when Ord, hailing them through a speaking trumpet, ordered them to stand clear, or he would fire upon them. The only answer to this summons was a loud discordant laugh, which, coming down the wind to us, sounded as if they were already alongside. Turning round with a calm smile on his face, Ord nodded to his men, who, having before received their instructions, rounded the little Petrel on the heel, and swept away on the larboard tack with a celerity which could scarcely have been surpassed by the sea-bird whose name she bore. But, though the manœuvre was performed with the most admirable dexterity, it placed the galley of the pirates for a moment within a hundred yards of us; and as, with our sheets close-hauled, we stretched away from them, a shower of bullets discovered their vexation on being thus baffled. Most of the balls fell short, though two or three rattled through the cabin windows, and one, whizzing between Ord and the man at the helm, snapped off one of the spokes of the wheel, and buried itself in the mainmast. "That's a Spanish rifle," said the helmsman, with great *sang froid*, "and yon thundering thief in the bow of the boat fired it; I can see the long barrel shining yet; none of their clumsy muskets could have sent a ball as far into a spar of the little Petrel;" and he passed his hand down the splintered wheel-spoke, as a person might examine the wounded limb of his friend. "Never mind," said Ord, "we'll return their civility presently;" and lifting his hat, he cheered on the pirates, who had got their boat round, and with sails and sweeps were labouring in our wake.

Meantime we got "long Tom's" nose, as the seamen jocosely called it, levelled, and ready for being thrust out on the larboard quarter, the carpenter, with his axe, standing ready to smash the bulwark, which yet concealed the gun from our pursuers. They were soon so near us that we could perfectly distinguish every individual of their crew, and fierce, bloody-looking wretches they were as ever I beheld. Most of them were nearly naked to the waist, where a belt, at which hung pistols and a cutlass, girded their brawny frames. A tall, grey-headed negro stood at the bow of the boat, holding with one hand by the forestay, and the other resting upon the long, Spanish-barrelled gun which our steersman had before noticed. "I could hit him now, sir, if you would but trust me with your rifle for a moment," said the man, casting another glance at his partially-shattered wheel. Whether Ord was pleased with that congenial pride in his vessel, and that desire to revenge an injury done to her, which every true seaman possesses, and which the wish of the helmsman discovered, I do not know; but, putting his rifle into the man's hand, and taking his place at the wheel, he simply desired him to

Digitized by Google

make sure. Never did I see gratitude more forcibly developed than in the expression of the helmsman's face, nor did I ever behold more intense agony displayed in human features than a moment produced in his. The gun which he was raising dropped from his grasp upon the deck, and his arm, shattered at the elbow, quivered convulsively at his side. A glance at the smoking muzzle of the old pirate's rifle showed the cause of this sudden injury; while it gave proof of the quickness and deadliness of his aim. At this moment, the men forward cried out that other galleys were making from the shore, which we were now at no great distance from; and, looking round, we saw two or three large boats pulling lustily out of a creek, where they had been concealed by the spreading cocoa-nut trees and thick-tangled underwood.

It was now that Ord's perfect coolness and resolute courage displayed themselves; he put the helm into my hands, and, giving the word "ready, about," to his men, took up the rifle which the wounded seaman had dropped. The old negro was loading his piece, and we could even hear his chuckling laugh at the success of his late exploit. Immediately Ord presented himself over the taffrail there was a general volley fired at him by the crew of pirates, amid which he stood as unmoved as a rock, until, catching his opportunity, as our vessel hung on the top of a wave, he fired, and the old negro tumbling headlong among his companions, while his gun was discharged by the shock, showed that the Petrel and her steersman were fully avenged. "About ship," cried Ord, as he laid his rifle carefully down on the deck, and looked at me with a half-suppressed smile of triumph. Everything was so silent that the creaking of the ropes, and flapping of the wet canvass, as our sails gybed, were heard distinctly, but in an instant the little craft was about, and, getting hold of the wind, began to skip over the waves for the offing. The pirates were now on our larboard quarter, and within a few oars' length of us, when Ord, with a hand steady as if he were writing an invitation to dinner, took the apron off "long Tom" with one hand, received a lighted match from a seaman with the other, then nodded to the carpenter, who broke away the obstructing bulwark with one blow of his axe. I still think I see the horrified countenances of the pirates, and their quick dilated glances as they discovered the gun, and their confused oaths, and the rattling of the oars and cordage as they attempted to escape the expected range of the shot. At this moment of unutterable anxiety, when our lives depended upon the coolness of our captain, and the success of his discharge, I caught a glimpse of his features. He was, with his head turned from the gun, blowing gently at the match to keep it clear from ashes; his countenance was, I thought, pale, but calm and resolved; the next instant it was shrouded in the smoke, as kneeling he stretched forward and applied the match to the touch-hole. We were not an instant in doubt. Ord had seized the moment when the partial confusion of the pirates had placed their galley within twenty feet of us, her huge sail shivering, and herself almost motionless on the crest of a wave. Before that wave had lifted the little Petrel,—before the smoke of the gun had drifted by,—the crash and the plunge, and the horrible yells of the scattered and mangled wretches, assured us of their destruction. Their boat, and great part of her slaughtered crew, wheeled down into the deep at our very stern, while a few, who had not been wounded, struggled for a little time, and went down one by one as their strength failed. A stiff breeze, and a flowing sheet, soon placed us out of hearing of their dreadful cries for help, and out of sight of their still more dreadful features, convulsed with agony, and their eyes turned up white in the last death-wrestle. The next morning we entered St. Jago, to place our wounded man under proper care.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE FUTURE.—BY L. E. L.

Ask me not, love, what can be in my heart;
When gazing on thee, sudden tear-drops start,
When only smiles should brighten where thou art.

The human heart is compassed by fears;
And joy is tremulous—for it inspheres
A vapoury star, which melts away in tears.

I am too happy for a careless mirth;
Hence thoughts the sweet, yet sorrowful, have birth:—
Who looks from heaven is half returned to earth.

I feel the weakness of my love—its care—
How deep, how true, how passionate soe'er,
It cannot keep one sorrow from thy share.

How powerless is my fond anxiety!
I feel I could lay down my life for thee;
Yet know how vain such sacrifice must be!

Ah, the sweet present!—should it not suffice?
Not to humanity, which vainly tries
To lift the curtain that may never rise!

Hence do we tremble in our happiness;
Hurried and dim, the unknown hours press;—
We question of the grief we cannot guess.

The Future is more present than the Past;
For one look back, a thousand on we cast;
And hope doth ever memory outlast.

For hope, say fear. Hope is a timid thing,
Fearful and weak, and born 'mid suffering;—
At least, such hope as our sad earth can bring.

Its home, it is not here, it looks beyond;
And while it carries an enchanter's wand,
Its spells are conscious of their earthly bond.

We almost fear the presence of our joy;
It doth tempt Fate, the stern one, to destroy.
Fate in whose hands this world is as a toy.

We dearly buy our pleasures, we repay
By some deep suffering; or they decay
Or change to pain, and curse us by their stay.

A world of ashes is beneath our feet—
Cold ashes of each beautiful deceit,
Owned by long silent hearts, that beat as ours now beat.

Digitized by Google

How can we trust our own? we waste our breath;
We heap up hope and joy in one bright wreath;—
Our altar is the grave—our priest is death.

But, ah! death is repose;—'tis not our doom,—
The cold, the calm, that haunts my soul with gloom:
I tremble at the passage to the tomb.

Love mine—what depths of misery may be
In the dark future!—I may meet thine eye,
Cold, careless, and estranged, before I die.

All grief is possible, and some is sure;
How can the loving heart e'er feel secure,
And e'er it breaks it may so much endure?

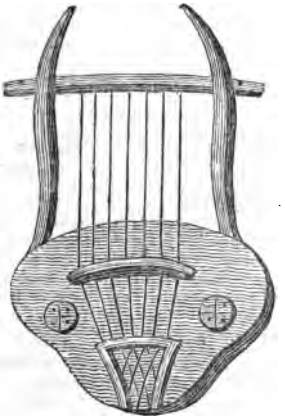
We had not lived had the past been foreshown;
Ah! merciful the shadow round us thrown:—
Thank heaven, the future is at least unknown!

New Monthly Magazine.

Antiquariana.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.*

We shall next present our readers with a harp peculiar to a race of people of whom we know but little; a nation of the highest antiquity, whose history is become but as a fable, whose elegance and refinement is evident from their vases, their tombs, and their ornaments, and who were tottering into obscurity while Rome was in her infancy: we mean the Etruscans. Whence they derived their arts and whence their origin, is unknown; but, skilled in science and in manufactures, they flourished probably on the ruins of some former nations, and like them have passed away into the mist of time. Skilled in music, they are said to have given the trumpet to the Grecians; and we now give their harp to our readers.



(Etruscan Harp.)

The Grecians, the children of song and poetry, followed music more as a science emanating from divinity than one of human invention. They lumbered their mythology with musical as well as belligerent deities, and the sterner heroes who could fight almost, like Irishmen, for fighting sake, could also tune the peaceful lyre. Music was considered an essential acquirement, and the Arcadians established a law whereby their children should not only be taught music from their infancy, but should also continue the study till they attained the age of thirty years. Virgil in the Ecl. x. v. 32, observes

Soli cantare periti
Arcades.

(Grecian Lyre.)

The following elegant instrument is from a most rare gold coin, preserved in the British Museum; it belonged to an early Greek city named Basilis, which had fallen into decay before Greece was in her zenith.

Lyres and harps, however, were variously made as to shape and ornament, according to the fancy of the artist; and although we have many elegant specimens before us, we select, in conclusion, the following beautiful and richly ornamented lyre from an antique statue of Apollo.

(Antique Lyre.)

Having noticed the harps and lyres of antiquity, we will offer a few remarks upon the wind instruments of the ancients. It is agreed by all writers that they are of earlier date than the lyres, and as mankind in the remoter periods of his history, turned to nature and availed themselves of what it might present as best calculated to forward their views, or tend to any improvement, it is probable that the shells of fish and horns of quadrupeds were used as the most natural instruments to produce sounds: thus, the single pipe, or manaulos, appears in sculpture to have been a mere horn in its natural form; and in Joshua, chapter vi., we are informed that trumpets made of ram's horns were used. The term *horn*, still applied to our musical instruments of the trumpet kind, marks its origin.

The Africans use horns of animals to this day, and we well remember the monotonous and lugubrious sound of the bullock's horn announcing to the population of Roseau, in

* Concluded from page 122.

Digitized by Google

Dominica, the arrival of the fishing canoes, in order to summon the negro and mulatto purchasers to the beach. The Tritons of the ancients blew through the conch shell, and in Madagascar, if we are not mistaken, the conch is still used for that purpose. As, however, these instruments could produce but one note, man required more to please those sensations of the ear which he had begun to excite, and then succeeded the *avena*, or single oaten stalk, the *calamus*, or single reed, or cane, and afterwards the *syrinx*, composed of a number of reeds of different lengths, a copy of one of which we present, in which the reader will immediately recognise the pan-pipes.

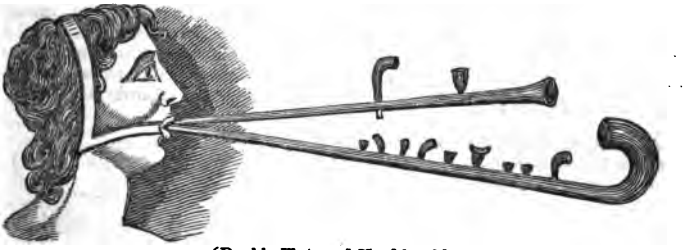
(Syrinx.)

The pipes of the island of New Amsterdam are of the same construction, the reeds being cut below the joint; and the Arabians at Aleppo have a similar instrument, but, after the manner of the ancients, stop the holes with wax.

As the term *cornu*, or horn, applied to musical instruments of the trumpet kind, marks its origin, so the term *tibia*, or shin bone, being used to denote flute, plainly denotes that the ancients availed themselves of such materials as nature had hollowed; and it is worthy of remark that some of the tribes in the Brazils play upon flutes made of the thigh bones of their enemies. The art of boring flutes having been discovered, they were made of box, laurel, brass, silver and gold, which latter material may account for the immense sums said to have been paid by the Grecian flute players for instruments of their profession.

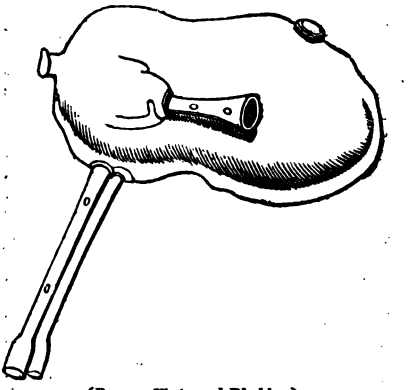
Learned men are undecided whether the straight flutes had any holes in them, as the figures in ancient works of art are represented as blowing through them without any motion of the fingers; and it is presumed that the sound was modulated by the mouth like through our trumpets.

But the most equivocal question is on the nature and use of the equal flute *pares*; the unequal flutes, *impares*; those for the right hand, *dextræ*; and those for the left, *sinistræ*. The two tubes appear to have been united in one mouthpiece, and the exertion of blowing them was so great that performers have literally burst in trials of skill, and Heliodorus describes a flute player *oculis incensis, ac suâ sede excedentibus*, "with eyes inflamed and starting from their sockets." The subjoined is a specimen of the double flute, with the capistrum, or band, round the head of the performer to prevent the cheeks from bursting.



(Double Flute and Head-band.)

The frequent distortion of the face, and serious accidents arising from the force with which performers were compelled to blow, produced an invention by the Romans about the time of Nero; for a Greek writer, Dion Chrysostom, speaking of that amateur musical monarch, (who was accustomed to perform in public, and appointed an officer to regulate his tones of voice in common parlance,) observes that he played on a flute with a bladder; and this author assigns the curious reason, that he used it in order that he might avoid making the ugly faces with which Minerva was so much offended. In this flute, blown with a bladder, we evidently have the bagpipe; and in case any doubt should remain on the subject in the mind of the sceptical reader, we submit the following representation, taken from an ancient bas-



(Roman Flute and Bladder.)

Digitized by Google

relief in the court of the Santa Croce palace at Rome. We have also seen a small bronze figure, about four inches high, which was exhumed near Exeter, representing a person performing on the instrument for which we confess our ears have no partiality; although, like the flutes of the Lacedæmonians which roused them to deeds of glory, it has a similar effect upon the bold and daring Highlander when the pibroch summons him to the battle field.

The tibiæ pares, or equal flutes, were played like our flageolets, though they had, according to the following specimen, but two holes. (*See Fig.* 1.) This specimen is selected from a picture dug up at Herculaneum, and is placed in the hands of a young man, who is receiving instruction from Marsyas.

Fig. 1.

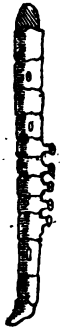


Fig. 2.

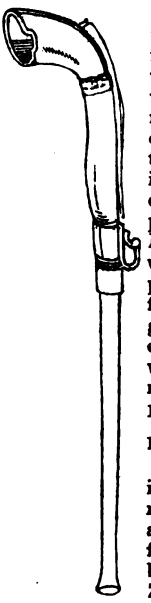
Fig. 3

(Flutes.)

Fig. 2 is a drawing of a flute approaching nearer to our instrument of the present day, and is sculptured on a beautiful sarcophagus in the Capitoline museum at Rome, where it is placed in the hands of a muse.

Our modern researches at Herculaneum have brought to light an ancient instrument hitherto undescribed. It is a trumpet, or large tube of bronze, like a speaking trumpet, surrounded by seven small pipes of bone or ivory inserted in as many of metal. These seem to terminate in one point and to have been blown through one mouthpiece. The small pipes are all of the same length and diameter and are supposed to have been unisons or octaves to the great tube. A chain, which is likewise preserved, passed through a ring, and suspended the instrument over the shoulder of the performer.—(*See Fig.* 3.)

Flutes in ancient times, like Cremonas of the present day, fetched enormous prices, and Ismenias, a celebrated flute player of Thebes, gave for one 581*l.* 5*s.*; nor were musicians in less requisition, for Amæbæus, a harper, received 193*l.* for one performance at the theatre—which surpasses the nightly profits of Il Signor Paganini.

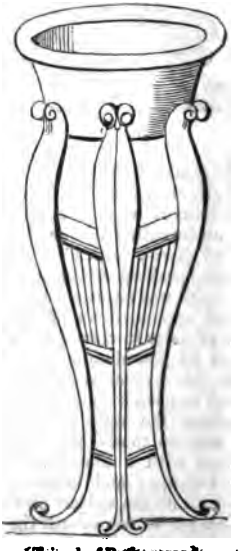


(Ancient Trumpet found in Lincolnshire.)

In the year 1761, when the bed of the river Withem, near Tattershall in Lincolnshire, was cleared, the workmen discovered an ancient lituus, or military trumpet; it is the only instrument of the kind extant, and was in the possession of Sir Joseph Banks. It is made of very thin brass in three parts, like our German flutes, and was formerly gilded. It is upwards of four feet long and was a military instrument, for Horace says

Multos castra juvant et lituo tubæ
Permistus sonitus.'

We will close our illustrations of ancient musical instruments by a representation of the famous lyre invented by Pythagoras, the Zacynthian, who alone was enabled to perform upon it; after his death no other was ever constructed, so difficult was it to play, and it required an execution which none save its inventor could command. Athenæus gives the following account of this extraordinary instrument. Many ancient instruments are recorded of which we have so little knowledge that we



(Tripod of Pythagoras.)

Digitized by Google

can hardly be certain of their existence. Such was the tripod of Pythagoras which, on account of its difficulty, continued in use but a short time. It resembled in form the Delphic tripod, whence it had its name. The legs were equidistant and fixed upon a movable base that was turned by the foot of the player, the strings were placed between the legs of a stool, the vase at the top served for a sounding board, and the strings of the three sides of the instrument were tuned to the three different modes, the Phrygian, the Doric, and the Lydian. The performer sat on a chair made on purpose: striking the strings with the fingers of the left hand, and using the plectrum with the right, at the same time turning the instrument with his foot to whichever of the three modes he pleased, so that by great practice he was enabled to change the modes with such velocity, that those who did not see him would imagine they heard three different persons playing in three different modes. The subjoined representation of the instrument of this Grecian Paganini is from a bas-relief in the Maffei palace at Rome.*

* The reader may recollect work-tables of this elegant form, in the modern drawing-room.

Notes of a Reader.

GEMS,

Stored from a second reading of Dr. Southey's "Colloquies."

When the rain is gathering from the south or west, and those flowers and herbs which serve as natural hygrometers close their leaves, men have no occasion to consult the stars for what the clouds and the earth are telling them.

It is worthy of notice, how surely in the order of Providence such men as are wanted are raised up.

That which is a great evil in itself becomes relatively a good, when it prevents or removes a greater evil: for instance, loss of a limb when life is preserved by the sacrifice; or the acute pain of a remedy by which a chronic disease is cured.

Our most unreasonable prejudices are generally the strongest.—*Jonathan Boucher.*

What errors are there which may not be explained by the frailty and the sinfulness of poor human nature.

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave; solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.—*Sir T. Brown.*

There are certain moods of mind, in which we can scarcely help ascribing an ominous importance to any remarkable coincidence, wherein things of moment are concerned.

Our witches are justly hanged, because they think themselves to be such; and suffer deservedly, for believing they did mischief, because they meant it.—*Dryden.*

All men, even the vicious themselves, know that wretchedness leads to misery; but many, even among the good and the wise, have yet to learn that misery is almost as often the cause of wickedness.

Of all sights which can soften and humanize the heart of man, there is none that ought so surely to reach it as that of innocent children enjoying the happiness which is their proper and natural portion.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Knowledge is power—commonly meant scientific, and only scientific, to the exclusion of religious acquirement. With what consummate skill has Milton arranged all the delusive arguments upon this subject, and put them into the mouth of the great Tempter! The promise of that knowledge was to teach our first parents to be regardless of their Maker, to set themselves up in a power equal to his. Power though it may be, it is no where pronounced to be virtue or happiness—the wisdom to be derived from a far other fountain than that "scientific sap;" and thus are described the intoxicating, deleterious effects of that "mortal taste."

"Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhaled; and grosser sleep,
Bred of unkindly flames, with conscious dreams
Encumber'd, now had left them. Up they rose,
As from unrest—and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd."

Then, again, Adam's conviction—

"————In evil hour didst thou give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,
False in our promised rising: since our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil; good lost, and evil got;
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd."

"Knowledge," says Lord Bacon, "is power;" he has not said it is either wisdom or virtue. The extension of the means of requiring information to the middling and working classes, is the greatest of all additions to their political importance; but in itself, it is not only no safeguard against the introduction of error amongst them, and, unless duly guarded, the greatest of all inflators to the depraved principles of our nature. Like the Amreeta cup in Kehama, it is the greatest of all blessings, or the greatest of all curses, according to the character and circumstances of the people among whom it is introduced: as much as it diffuses the principles of virtue, and the habits of

Digitized by Google

industry, amongst a simple and religious, does it spread the poison of infidelity, and the extravagance of passion among a more corrupted community. The power of reading in itself is neither a blessing nor a curse: it is merely an instrument of vast power put into the hands of the people, and which may be rendered an engine of the one or the other, according to the use which is made of it, and the direction which it receives.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

New Books.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

(*By the Author of "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," &c.*)

[This superb volume has so gratified us, that we scarcely know where to commence our praise of its beauty, which shines, indeed, at all points. Of its reading we may say with Sterne, "the pleasure of the experiment has kept our senses, and the best part of our blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep." But we will sketch a few of its perfections, though at the risk of rough-hewing them from their crystal quarry.

The framework of the volume is as novel as the filling-in is masterly: design and execution go trippingly hand-in-hand, and altogether this production to us appears to realize what the Annuals of late years have taught us to look for—the union of literature and art, so as not to lead the reader to suspect that the plates were engraved for the letter-press, or the letter-press written for the plates. In a word, the literature and embellishments are *unique*—the only characteristic we can find of this combined excellence.

The action of the work is "faerie" and mortal, exquisitely blended throughout. The Illustrations are twenty-seven in number, engraved by, or under the superintendance of, Mr. E. J. Roberts. They include not a few of the sublime and picturesque scenes on the Rhine, their storied towers and castled crags, and many a hallowed and mouldering relic of feudal times. Mingled with these are highly-wrought imaginative gr ⸗ ps of fairy-land and its sprites and fays dancing "o'er the grave of time." Thus far the embellishments. The accompanying letter-press consists of a pilgrimage, or tour, on the Rhine, the *Pilgrims* being Trevylyan and Gertrude, "a lovely pair," in fervid attachment to each other; and Vane, the father of the latter. Gertrude is pining under consumption; the recreation of the tour sheds a gleam of restoration to health, and union with Trevylyan; a fond hope eventually blighted. There are other pilgrims, as a Queene of Faery, (Nymphalin,) her suite and a prince, her adorer, who lighten the sufferings of the mortal pair by their airy revels. Prefixed to this tour of reality and imagination is an invocation to the "Ideal," the concluding stanzas of which thus introduce the poetic prose:—]

Simple the tale, nor would it lure the ear
From earth's hack sounds one instant, if the glory
Of Fancy, from the Real, did not rear
Its rainbow images and deck the story
With hues the kind Ideal lends to all.
Who, though with voice untun'd, upon her duly call
Of one fair girl my tale, athwart whose bloom,
In the young May of life, the harsh wind sped,
And, all Hope's blossoms in that soft flower shed,
Left one lone heart to find the world a tomb!
This all I take from Truth, but Thou, more kind,
Still as our Pilgrims sail, shalt balm the wind;
With many a tale the various way beguile,
And charm ev'n death with love's untiring smile.
Still as the sufferer droops, thy witchery calls
Wild haudmaid shapes from Oberon's grassy halls,
Bids Faeries watch the soft life glide away;
And with fond dreams make beautiful decay;—
Brighten the path; keep ward above the heart,
And steal at least the venom from the dart;
Let Love receive the last untortured breath,
And Sleep lend all its loveliest hues to Death!
And when the heart lies dumb, around the tomb,
Still shall the Faeries bid the wild flowers bloom,
Woo gentlest moonbeams to the odorous grass,
And smooth the waves to music as they pass:
And still shall Fancy deem, in him who wreathes
These fading flowers, thy power not vainly breathes.
If o'er his task thy angel presence shone,
Hath his soul quaff'd no magic not its own?
No spell to lure the anxious world awhile
From truths that vex, to visions that beguile,
Checkering the darkness of surrounding strife
With the brief moonlight of a lovelier life?

[Quotation will give but a bare idea of the infinite variety, the thick-coming fancies of this volume. We subjoin, however, a specimen of the tales with which the *ennui* of the party is relieved on the voyage.]

The Tour of the Virtues.—A Philosopher's Tale.

Once upon a time, several of the Virtues, weary of living for ever with the bishop of Norwich, resolved to make a little excursion; accordingly, though they knew every thing on earth was very ill prepared to receive them, they thought they might safely venture on a tour, from Westminster bridge to Richmond; the day was fine, the wind in their favour, and as to entertainment,—why there seemed, according to Gertrude, to be no possibility of any disagreement among the Virtues.

They took a boat at Westminster stairs, and just as they were about to push off, a poor woman, all in rags, with a child in her arms, implored their compassion. Charity put her hand into her reticule, and took out a shilling. Justice, turning round to look after the baggage, saw the folly Charity was about to commit. "Heavens!" cried Justice, seizing poor Charity by the arm, "what are you doing? Have you never read Political Economy? Don't you know that indiscriminate almsgiving is only the encouragement to idleness, the mother of vice? You a Virtue, indeed! I'm ashamed of you. Get along with you, good woman—yet stay, there is a ticket for soup at the Mendicity Society,

Digitized by Google

they'll see if you're a proper object of compassion." But Charity is quicker than Justice, and slipping her hand behind her, the poor woman got the shilling and the ticket for soup too. Economy and Generosity saw the double gift. "What waste!" cried Economy, frowning; "what, a ticket and a shilling! *either* would have sufficed."

"Either!" said Generosity; "fie! Charity should have given the poor creature half a crown, and Justice a dozen tickets!" So the next ten minutes were consumed in a quarrel between the four virtues, which would have lasted all the way to Richmond, if Courage had not advised them to get on shore and fight it out. Upon this, the Virtues suddenly perceived they had a little forgotten themselves, and Generosity offering the first apology, they made it up, and went on very agreeably for the next mile or two.

The day now grew a little overcast, and a shower seemed at hand. Prudence, who had a new bonnet on, suggested the propriety of putting to shore for half an hour; Courage was for braving the rain; but, as most of the Virtues are ladies, Prudence carried it. Just as they were about to land, another boat cut in before them very uncivilly, and gave theirs such a shake, that Charity was all but overboard. The company on board the uncivil boat, who evidently thought the Virtues extremely low persons, for they had nothing very fashionable about their exterior, burst out laughing at Charity's discomposure, especially as a large basket full of buns, which Charity carried with her for any hungry-looking children she might encounter at Richmond, fell pounce into the water. Courage was all on fire; he twisted his moustache, and would have made an onset on the enemy, if, to his great indignation, Meekness had not forestalled him, by stepping mildly into the hostile boat and offering both cheeks to the foe; this was too much even for the incivility of the boatmen; they made their excuses to the Virtues, and Courage, who is no bully, thought himself bound discontentedly to accept them. But, oh, if you had seen how Courage used Meekness afterwards, you could not have believed it possible that one Virtue could be so enraged with another! This quarrel between the two threw a damp on the party; and they proceeded on their voyage, when the shower was over, with anything but cordiality. I spare you the little squabbles that took place in the general conversation — how Economy found fault with all the villas by the way; and Temperance expressed becoming indignation at the luxuries of the city barge. They arrived at Richmond, and Temperance was appointed to order the dinner; meanwhile Hospitality, walking in the garden, fell in with a large party of Irishmen, and asked them to join the repast.

Imagine the long faces of Economy and Prudence, when they saw the addition to the company. Hospitality was all spirits, he rubbed his hands and called for champagne with the tone of a younger brother. Temperance soon grew scandalized, and Modesty herself coloured at some of the jokes; but Hospitality who was now half seas over, called the one a milksop, and swore at the other as a prude. Away went the hours; it was time to return, and they made down to the water-side thoroughly out of temper with one another Economy and Generosity quarrelling all the way about the bill and the waiters. To make up the sum of their mortification, they passed a boat where all the company were in the best possible spirits, laughing and whooping like mad; and discovered these jolly companions to be two or three agreeable Vices, who had put themselves under the management of Good Temper. So you see, Gertrude, that even the Virtues may fall at loggerheads with each other, and pass a very sad time of it, if they happen to be of opposite dispositions, and have forgotten to take Good Temper along with them.

"Ah!" said Gertrude, "but you have overloaded your boat; too many Virtues might contradict one another, but not a few."

"Voila ce que je veux dire," said Vane; "but listen to the sequel of my tale, which now takes a new moral."

At the end of the voyage, and after a long sulky silence, Prudence said, with a thoughtful air, "My dear friends, I have been thinking, that as long as we keep so entirely together, never mixing with the rest of the world, we shall waste our lives in quarrelling amongst ourselves, and run the risk of being still less liked and sought after than we already are. You know that we are none of us popular; every one is quite contented to see us represented in a vaudeville, or described in an essay. Charity, indeed, has her name often taken in vain at a bazaar, or a subscription, and the miser as often talks of the duty he owes to *me*, when he sends the stranger from his door, or his grandson to gaol; but still we only resemble so many wild beasts, whom every body likes to see, but nobody cares to possess. Now, I propose, that we should all separate and take up our abode with some mortal or other for a year, with the power of changing at the end of that time should we not feel ourselves comfortable, that is, should we not find that we do all the good we intend; let us try the experiment, and on this day twelvemonths let us all meet, under the largest oak in Windsor forest, and recount what has befallen us?"

[They meet at the appointed time, and recount their adventures—Generosity first.]

"You must know, my dear sisters," said Generosity, "that I had not gone many

Digitized by Google

miles from you before I came to a small country town, in which a marching regiment was quartered, and at an open window I beheld, leaning over a gentleman's chair, the most beautiful creature imagination ever pictured; her eyes shone out like two suns of perfect happiness, and she was almost cheerful enough to have passed for Good Temper herself. The gentleman, over whose chair she leant, was her husband; they had been married six weeks; he was a lieutenant with a hundred pounds a year besides his pay. Greatly affected by their poverty, I instantly determined, without a second thought, to ensconce myself in the heart of this charming girl. During the first hour in my new residence, I made many wise reflections, such as—that Love never was so perfect as when accompanied by poverty; what a vulgar error it was to call the unmarried state 'Single *Blessedness*;' how wrong it was of us Virtues never to have tried the marriage bond, and what a falsehood it was to say that husbands neglected their wives, for never was there any thing in nature so devoted as the love of a husband—six weeks married!

"The next morning, before breakfast, as the charming Fanny was waiting for her husband, who had not yet finished his toilet, a poor wretched-looking object appeared at the window, tearing her hair and wringing her hands; her husband had that morning been dragged to prison, and her seven children had fought for the last mouldy crust. Prompted by me, Fanny, without inquiring further into the matter, drew from her silken purse a five pound note, and gave it to the beggar, who departed more amazed than grateful. Soon after the lieutenant appeared, —'What the d——l, another bill!' muttered he, as he tore the yellow wafer from a large square, folded, bluish piece of paper. 'Oh, ah! confound the fellow, *he* must be paid. I must trouble you, Fanny, for fifteen pounds to pay this saddler's bill.'

"'Fifteen pounds, love?' stammered Fanny, blushing.

"'Yes, dearest, that fifteen pounds I gave you yesterday.'

"'I have only ten pounds," said Fanny, hesitatingly, 'for such a poor wretched-looking creature was here just now, that I was obliged to give her five pounds.'

"'Five pounds? good God!' exclaimed the astonished husband, 'I shall have no more money these three weeks.' He frowned, he bit his lips, nay he even wrung his hands, and walked up and down the room; worse still, he broke forth with—'Surely, Madam, you did not suppose, when you married a lieutenant in a marching regiment, that he could afford to indulge you in the whim of giving five pounds to every mendicant who held out her hand to you? You did not, I say, Madam, imagine——' but the bride groom was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his wife; it was their first quarrel, they were but six weeks married; he looked at her for one moment sternly, the next he was at her feet. 'Forgive me, dearest Fanny, forgive me, for I cannot forgive myself. I was too great a wretch to say what I did; and do believe, my own Fanny, that while I may be too poor to indulge you in it, I do from my heart admire so noble, so disinterested, a generosity.' Not a little proud did I feel to have been the cause of this exemplary husband's admiration for his amiable wife, and sincerely did I rejoice at having taken up my abode with these *poor* people; but not to tire you, my dear sisters, with the minutiæ of detail, I shall briefly say that things did not long remain in this delightful position; for, before many months had elapsed, poor Fanny had to bear with her husband's increased and more frequent storms of passion, unfollowed by any halcyon and honeymoon suings for forgiveness;—for at my instigation every shilling went; and when there were no more to go, her trinkets, and even her clothes followed. The lieutenant became a complete brute, and even allowed his unbridled tongue to call me—me, sisters, *me*—'heartless Extravagance.' His despicable brother officers, and their gossiping wives, were no better, for they did nothing but animadvert upon my Fanny's ostentation and absurdity, for by such names had they the impertinence to call *me*. Thus grieved to the soul to find myself the cause of all poor Fanny's misfortunes, I resolved at the end of the year to leave her, being thoroughly convinced, that, however amiable and praiseworthy I might be in myself, I was totally unfit to be bosom friend and adviser to the wife of a lieutenant in a marching regiment, with only a hundred pounds a year besides his pay."

The Virtues groaned their sympathy with the unfortunate Fanny; and Prudence, turning to Justice, said, "I long to hear what you have been doing, for I am certain you cannot have occasioned harm to any one."

Justice shook her head, and said, "Alas, I find that there are times and places, when even I do better not to appear, as a short account of my adventures will prove to you. No sooner had I left you than I instantly repaired to India, and took up my abode with a Brahmin. I was much shocked by the dreadful inequalities of condition that reigned in the several castes, and I longed to relieve the poor Pariah from his ignominious destiny,—accordingly I set seriously to work on reform. I insisted upon the iniquity of abandoning men from their birth to an irremediable state of contempt, from which no virtue could exalt them. The Brahmins looked upon *my* Brahmin with ineffable

Digitized by Google

horror. They called *me* the most wicked of vices; they saw no distinction between Justice and Atheism. I uprooted their society—that was sufficient crime. But the worst was, that the Pariahs themselves regarded me with suspicion; they thought it unnatural in a Brahmin to care for a Pariah! And one called me 'Madness,' another 'Ambition,' and a third 'The Desire to innovate.' My poor Brahmin led a miserable life of it; when one day, after observing, at my dictation, that he thought a Pariah's life as much entitled to respect as a cow's, he was hurried away by the priests, and secretly broiled on the altar, as a fitting reward for his sacrilege. I fled hither in great tribulation, persuaded that in some countries even Justice may do harm."

"As for me," said Charity, not waiting to be asked, "I grieve to say that I was silly enough to take up my abode with an old lady in Dublin, who never knew what discretion was, and always acted from impulse; my instigation was irresistible, and the money she gave in her drives through the suburbs of Dublin was so lavishly spent that it kept all the rascals of the city in idleness and whiskey. I found, to my great horror, that I was a main cause of a terrible epidemic, and that to give alms without discretion was to spread poverty without help. I left the city when my year was out, and, as ill-luck would have it, just at the time when I was most wanted."

"And, oh," cried Hospitality, "I went to Ireland also. I fixed my abode with a Squireen; I ruined him in a year, and only left him because he had no longer a hovel to keep me in."

"As for myself," said Temperance, "I entered the breast of an English legislator, and he brought in a bill against alehouses; the consequence was, that the labourers took to gin, and I have been forced to confess that Temperance may be too zealous when she dictates too vehemently to others."

"Well," said Courage, keeping more in the back-ground than he had ever done before, and looking rather ashamed of himself, "that travelling carriage I got into belonged to a German general and his wife, who were returning to their own country. Growing very cold as we proceeded, she wrapped me up in a *polonaise;* but the cold increasing, I inadvertently crept into her bosom; once there I could not get out, and from thenceforward the poor general had considerably the worst of it. She became so provoking, that I wondered how he could refrain from an explosion. To do him justice, he did at last threaten to get out of the carriage, upon which, roused by me, she collared him—and conquered. When he got to his own district things grew worse, for every aid-de-camp that offended her, she insisted that he might be publicly reprehended, and should the poor General refuse, she would with her own hands confer a caning upon them. It was useless to appeal to the Archduke; for if she said it was hot, the general dared not hint that he thought it cold; and so far did he carry his dread of this awful dame, that he never issued a standing order for the army, curtailed a moustache, or lengthened a coat, without soliciting her opinion first. The additional force she had gained in me was too much odds against the poor General, and he died of a broken heart, six months after my *liaison* with his wife. She after this became so dreaded and detested, that a conspiracy was formed to poison her; *this* daunted even me, so I left her without delay,—*et me voici*."

"Humph!" said Meekness, with an air of triumph; "I at least have been more successful than you. On seeing much in the papers of the cruelties practised by the Turks on the Greeks, I thought my presence would enable the poor sufferers to bear their misfortunes calmly. I went to Greece then, at a moment when a well-planned and practicable scheme of emancipating themselves from the Turkish yoke was arousing their youth. Without confining myself to one individual, I flitted from breast to breast; I meekened the whole nation; my remonstrances against the insurrection succeeded, and I had the satisfaction of leaving a whole people ready to be killed, or strangled, with the most Christian resignation in the world."

The Virtues, who had been a little cheered by the opening self-complacency of Meekness, would not, to her great astonishment, allow that she had succeeded a whit more happily than her sisters, and called next upon Modesty for her confession.

"You know," said that amiable young lady, "that I went to London in search of a situation. I spent three months of the twelve in going from house to house, but I could not get a single person to receive me. The ladies declared they never saw so old-fashioned a gawkey, and civilly recommended me to their abigails; the abigails turned me round with a stare, and then pushed me down to the kitchen and the fat scullion-maids; who assured me, that 'in the respectable families they had had the honour to live in, they had never even heard of my name.' One young housemaid, just from the country, did indeed receive me with some sort of civility; but she very soon lost me in the servants' hall. I now took refuge with the other sex, as the least uncourteous. I was fortunate enough to find a young gentleman of remarkable talents, who welcomed me with open arms. He was full of learning, gentleness, and honesty. I had only one rival—Ambition. We both contended for an absolute empire over him. Whatever Ambition suggested, I damped. Did Ambition urge him to begin a book, I persuaded him it was not worth

Digitized by Google

publication. Did he get up, full of knowledge, and instigated by my rival to make a speech, (for he was in Parliament,) I shocked him with the sense of his assurance—I made his voice droop and his accents falter. At last, with an indignant sigh, my rival left him; he retired into the country, took orders, and renounced a career he had fondly hoped would be serviceable to others; but finding I did not suffice for his happiness, and piqued at his melancholy, I left him before the end of the year, and he has since taken to drinking!"

The eyes of the Virtues were all turned to Prudence. She was their last hope—"I am just where I set out," said that discreet Virtue; "I have done neither good nor harm. To avoid temptation, I went and lived with a hermit, to whom I soon found that I could be of no use beyond warning him not to overboil his peas and lentils, not to leave his door open when a storm threatened, and not to fill his pitcher too full at the neighbouring spring. I am thus the only one of you that never did harm; but only because I am the only one of you that never had an opportunity of doing it! In a word," continued Prudence, thoughtfully, "in a word, my friends, circumstances are necessary to the Virtues themselves. Had, for instance, Economy changed with Generosity, and gone to the poor lieutenant's wife, and had I lodged with the Irish Squireen instead of Hospitality, what misfortunes would have been saved to both! Alas! I perceive we lose all our efficacy when we are misplaced; and *then*, though in reality Virtues, we operate as Vices. Circumstances must be favourable to our exertions, and harmonious with our nature; and we lose our very divinity unless Wisdom directs our footsteps to the home we should inhabit, and the dispositions we should govern."

The story was ended, and the travellers began to dispute about its moral. Here let us leave them.

The Gatherer.

Ladies' Curls.—About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there cut them off. I have this information (says Steevens) from Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses*, which I have often quoted on the article of Dress. To this fashion the writers of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A Mad World, my Masters*, 1608: "to wear perriwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind?" Again, in Drayton's *Moon-calf*:

"And with large sums they stick not to procure
Hair from the dead, yea, and the most unclean;
To help their pride they nothing will disdain."

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th sonnet:

"Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere *beauty's dead fleece* made another gay."

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, book ix. chap. xlvii., is likewise very severe on this fashion. Stow informs us that "women's perriwigs were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris.—See notes to *Timon of Athens*—in which play Shakspeare says:

"And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hanged,
No matter," &c.

P. T. W.

Epigram, addressed to certain Reviewers, (from the French.)

Ill nature, blended with cold blood,
Will make a critic sound and good;
This useful lesson hence we learn—
Bad wine to good sound vinegar will turn.

CENTREPIOLOS.

A Reflection—(from the Italian.)

"Help! help!" cried old Father Francesco, one night,
While Friar John ran to his help in a fright,
"I have just seen the devil along my cell pass!
By Our Ladye 'twas him—in the shape of an ass!"
"Less noise," whispered John, with a look of disdain,
"When you chance to behold your own shadow again!"

LUIGI.

Epigram—To Mary—after seeing the celebrated statue, Venus orta mari.

When I ascribed, as bound in duty,
The character of perfect beauty
To Venus orta mari,
I meant that I must hesitate
Perfection to appreciate—
To Venus or—to Mary.

SYLVIO.

Just published,

I.

In a neat volume, price 2s. 6d.,

THE SEA SERVICE; or, Popular Sketches of Ship-building, Navigation, and Naval Warfare. By the Author of "A Year in Spain."

"As the whole is written pleasantly, and the little book abounds with information, this work is likely to be generally acceptable."—*Athenæum.*

II.

With 43 Engravings, price 5s.,

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART. Seventh Year.

"The marrow of all the scientific journals of Europe. It is the most useful and entertaining book we know. We especially recommend it to our country friends: they will thank us, year by year, for the recommendation."—*Spectator.*

Printed by JOHN LIMBIRD, 143, Strand; of whom may be had similar volumes for the six former years.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD; 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

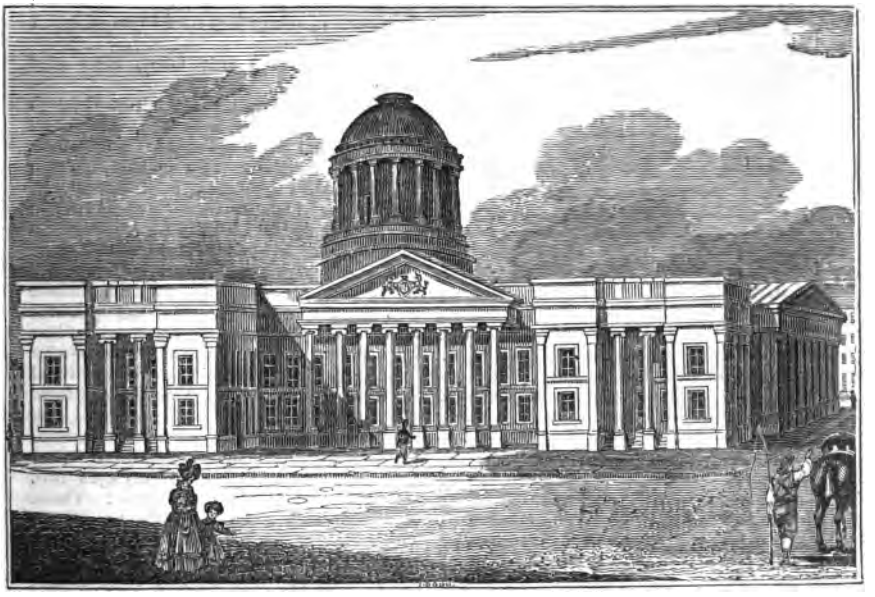
Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 652.] SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1834. [Price 2d.



THE NEW CUSTOM-HOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

While the trade of Liverpool has increased with unexampled rapidity, and the town, under the auspices of its corporation, has assumed altogether a new appearance, the building appropriated to the reception of the Customs is mean and tasteless—unworthy of the present character of the port, and unfit for its extended commerce. These considerations led to the erection of the edifice now completing. The old dock, which had received the infant trade of the port, a century ago, was fixed upon as the site of the new building; and the first stone was laid on the 12th of August, 1828.

This edifice will, when completed, be in the form of a double cross, and will present four fronts, facing the four cardinal points. The north, or principal front, at the bottom of Pool-lane, will be 430 feet in length, having in the centre a portico of eight Ionic columns, each 58 feet in height and 5 feet in diameter at the base: these columns will be surmounted by a magnificent pediment, 111 feet in length, and 58 feet in height at the pitch. The wings on either side of this portico project forward 85 feet, and are 94 feet in width; while to prevent their offering a flat surface to the eye of the spectator, the front of each is hollowed, and the indenture ornamented by two massive Ionic columns, surmounted by stone rail-work. This magnificent erection will support a dome, rising 127 feet from the ground—the crown of which will rest on a circle of beautiful Corinthian pillars—between which there will be perpendicular windows, that through a lower dome of glass-work will throw a powerful light over the long room of the building.

The middle story is intended to contain forty rooms, appropriated to the reception of the Dock Committee, the Stamp Office, and the Excise. The rooms and passages of the north wing will have domical lights; the ceilings will be paneled; and underneath the long room will be a vestibule, 42 feet wide.

The whole building is from the designs of J. Foster, Esq., and is expected to be completed in about two years.

J. G. B. P.

Digitized by Google

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TANSILLO.

"Orrida Notte, che rinchiusa."

DREAD Night! whose ebon tresses are array'd
Beneath their misty veil in gloom profound,
Mantling the world with mournful hue around,
At whose approach all joyous pleasures fade;
Though now thy tardy lingering I upbraid,
Weary, alas! of thee, and fever bound,
How would my harp in praise of thee resound,
If through thy course my eyelids sleep obey'd!
I would proclaim, as Night from Heaven springs,
Its thousand starry crowns the world adorn,—
That thy approach a charmed solace brings
Banishing toil; while with thy reign are born
Countless delights; and such soft flatterings
Should tinge with rosy blush the envious Morn!

E. L. J.

RELICS OF SUPERSTITION:

DORSET SCRAPS ON FAIRIES.

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."
Hamlet.

IT was on a lovely night, as the old gossips call it, when I walked over the short grass on the Dorset Downs, near Lulworth. The moon was riding her appointed course, holding a midnight levee with the stars, and a path of clear and silver light rippled from the shore to the edge of the horizon, as if it were a road for spirits and shades to traverse to unknown realms of peace and happiness. The distant ships laid, like things of life, sleeping on the wave;—the revolving lights of Portland vied with the brightest star in the heavens;—the dark woods of Lulworth were stretched below me, and the mansion rose solid and massive—once the abode of exiled royalty, affording in its majestic solitude a melancholy contrast to the stormy feelings and blighted hopes of Charles X. The ridge which lay before me of long and elevated downs of chalk, covered with herbage—its native clothing for centuries—undisturbed, save by the browsing sheep and casual passenger, presented many a dark mound breaking the long line, the venerable tumulus, beneath which have reposed for centuries unknown, the ashes of chieftains, inclosed in their urns of unbaked clay, with beads and daggers, their finery and their glory, placed with the owners in the grave, to rest and sleep! The glow-worm gave forth her modest and alluring light; and Nature seemed sleeping in the moonbeam. The tinkle of the bell-wether of a neighbouring flock sounded even grand and important at so still an hour; and the rough shepherd, in his shaggy coat, as he quietly paced along the hill, after having visited his fold, appeared like a Druid working spells of enchantment over the surrounding district. To him I gladly addressed myself, and led him to subjects of ghosts and fairies, of which he had stores in rich abundance.—"Ah! now," he remarked, "these here rings which you see," pointing to a green circle with his crook, and of which he perfectly knew the locality, though I could scarcely perceive it, "these here rings are never safe to go in when moon's a-full, 'pend 'pon't, sir."

"You do not mean to say, shepherd, that any harm would come of it?"

"Ah, but I do tho', and am certain sure of it, that's more, now. They be no good for we, nor the likes of us; and they be but queer sort of things that have to do wi'em, I warrant ye."

"Perhaps that's only fancy, after all," I remarked.

"Fancy or no fancy, I wouldn't go through one this time a night, with the moon where she is, no, not for all the world. I did once, and that was quite enough for me. Drat it all, if I didn't fall asleep in it just at the queer time. I know'd no more about it than you did; but when I awoke, I found my legs pricking all over like pins and needles. My feet were tied, and my hands and my face were smudged all over with something black and uncommon greasy. But the queerest thing of all was, I lost my crook—clean lost it; and where do you think it was?—why down in Knowle Church, up in the yew tree! Ah! you may look; but how did *that* happen?—I should like to know. Why, I saw them all a dancing round me: the fairy people—little, hop-o'-my-thumb things—but so lissom; and when I opened my eyes full, and got up, they were clean gone! Then, didn't we lose a pig next day? Didn't Miller Brown's fan break? And wasn't I ever so ill with the lumbago, and let every thing, cups and saucers, and every thing, tremble out of my hands as soon as ever I lifted 'em? It was all they fairies, plague on 'em! But, God bless me! I must not say that after the moon be in the first quarter, 'cause they begin to have their power come then, and it lasts till after the next new one; that's certain sure as I be here!"

The true-believing shepherd little thought how easily I might have unravelled the fairy mystery—at least, the tying of his feet, the smudging his face, and losing of his crook—if I had revealed to him how a friend of mine, catching him asleep, tied his legs, rubbed his face over with some gin and gunpowder, and then marching off with his crook, threw it up in the yew tree, where it was found, to the great astonishment of all the neighbourhood. The poor fellow would have lost half his importance at the village alehouse; and the parishioners would have lost their faith in matters of such mystery and wonder.

Fairies and ghosts have been in all ages, even from the remotest periods of history, objects of universal belief and terror; and in districts where steam, gas, and stage-coaches have not yet penetrated, they still hold despotic sway—and more especially in those

Digitized by Google

vicinities where Celtic remains may be found.

Ghosts have never done any good—they have appeared merely to terrify the good people; but the community of fairies is somewhat more curious, because these little gentry are constantly meddling and interfering with mundane affairs—affording their protection to those whom they fancy, teazing others by way of frolic, and when in dudgeon (for they are exceedingly capricious) we find them working out some terrible and vexatious loss to the poor wretch who might have offended them. My old shepherd, continuing his budget about these little gentry, gave me a lengthened detail how his master, having ploughed up one of the circles, or rings, was sorely made to repent it;—how the two horses which dragged the plough over the hallowed ground never could sleep at night, but in the morning were always found in a "muck sweat," tired, and dirty;—that the fairies used to ride them all night full gallop, although the stable-doors used to be locked and fastened, but all to no use;—so that his master was glad to sell them, for they were unfit for work by day, and were magically rode by night. "But I've nailed a horse-shoe on the sill o' the door now!" said he significantly.

The fairies have wonderful habits of industry, and are said to be constantly at work, either in looking after the crops, or helping in the domestic arrangements; and in the mining districts, may be distinctly heard working where the ore runs best and deepest. The dairy and cows are especially under their superintendance; and when they choose to give the farmer's wife some trouble, they make her churn for hours and hours before the butter begins to appear. They have, moreover, certain emoluments, exclusively their own—namely, every thing, especially liquid, that is spilt; and in some well-regulated families, a portion of any thing peculiarly nice is purposely thrown on the ground, as an offering to the little people, who are ever in attendance, and duly appreciate any mark of civility and respect.

"Last Christmas, the blacksmith in this village," said my companion, "had a terrible to-do with they fairies: he had a merry-making, and they made some *furmety*, on Christmas-eve, which they boiled on the yule log of the Christmas before, which they had saved on purpose; but they did not spill any for the fairies; and bless'd if they didn't take notice of it, too! Not one of the people got to bed safe that night: one fell into a ditch, another lost his way—not one but had something or other happen to him—all about this *furmety* business! Then, as for the blacksmith and his wife!—she broke all the crockery in the bed-room—smash! and when he got to bed, he heard his bellows at work, the hammers a-going like winkey on the anvils, and the whole place," he said, seemed to be all of a spin with him. "'Twas awful work, that's certain sure; but when he went to his shop next morning, he found every thing as he had left it!"

The whole party got drunk, thought I; and the work of the spirits was the working of the "best rectified."

My shepherd, whose belief increased more and more as he opened his budget, then proceeded to relate to me an awful instance of fairy enchantment, which happened to a shepherd many years ago, at the very down we stood upon, and close to the mound or large tumulus known by the name of Cullifford Barrow—where, by the by, an annual court is now held, or rather opened from time immemorial, and which gives the name to the hundred in which it stands.

Once upon a time, on the night of the first of May, a shepherd was returning at midnight near the spot, when all of a sudden the sound of the merriest music struck upon his ear; a fellow-servant was with him; and they hastened to the tumulus, when, to their great astonishment, they beheld, through various crevices—from which gleamed a strong, refulgent light—a large and festive party, in a spacious apartment, of which the grass-covered Barrow formed the dome. Curiosity rivetted them to the spot, while the notes of the fiddle kept the party dancing jigs and reels with all their might. A small door was on the side of the mound, through which the mortals peeped, and found it yield to the slightest touch. The shepherd was a young and sprightly fellow, and feeling his very toes dance in his shoes, he proposed to join the lively scene before him, although he felt convinced that the allurements were of a dangerous kind. His companion, though equally fond of dancing, in vain endeavoured to dissuade him from so perilous an adventure; all remonstrance was useless, for the fiddle played an air more enlivening than any of the preceding, and in a moment the shepherd pushed open the door, and walked in before his friend could stop him. The door slammed instantly with great violence; a loud shout of laughter was heard from within; the fiddle ceased; no lights were visible; and the disconsolate and desolate companion found himself on the dreary down, exposed to a pelting storm, amid peals of thunder and flashes of vivid lightning. In vain he tried to discover the door, or seek for a crevice. He called the shepherd by name, as he threw himself on the mound, and applied his ear to the earth, eagerly listening for a sound; but all was silent, and he returned to the vale below with the melancholy tidings of the shepherd's fate. A "cunning man" who dwelt at Lulworth, and was versed in fairy charms, undertook to restore the unhappy

Digitized by Google

fellow to the world again, through the agency of his former companion, who was to go to the barrow at midnight, on the first of May following; and being put in possession of a secret charm, consisting of a toad's leg and an ancient flint arrow head, he was to push the door open, and seize the shepherd by the collar, and drag him over the lintel of the door, when the spell would cease. The time arrived; the youth mounted the hill, amidst the prayers of the villagers, who stood shivering with dread in the vale below, and when he approached the tumulus his heart beat with fear. Relying, however, upon the virtue and efficacy of his spells, he approached the spot;—and sure enough, the fiddle was playing, the lights gleamed through the crevices as they did a year ago, and there was the shepherd, dancing with all his might! In an instant he pushed open the door, and went up to him, without regarding the dapper little gentlemen and ladies who formed the party. Having called upon him three times by name, the shepherd cast his eye on him, but without stopping his exercise, replied, he would be with him as soon as he had finished this dance—that he had only been there about ten minutes, but that he would go home with him directly. "Come along with me, I do say, I fear neither devil nor fairy! come along home, I do say!" With that he laid hold of him by the collar, and after a violent struggle, which by no means interrupted the music and dancing of the party, he pulled him over the door, when the spell ceased. Shouts of laughter succeeded the slamming of the door, as the two friends groped their way along the down; nor could the unfortunate shepherd be persuaded of the length of time he had been continually dancing, till he found half his feet were literally worn away—that his sweetheart had married, and had a child—the calves had grown to cows, and his pup was a full-sized dog. "But he was uncommon queer ever after, sir," said the shepherd; "and he could always do a plaguey sight of mischief, whenever he had a mind, to any man's stock, except," continued he, very mysteriously, "the parson's and the exciseman's."

The northern fairies are of a more gloomy nature than those of the southern districts of England, partaking probably of the wild and darker feelings of the Teutonic tribes. The fairies of the south are less morose in their habits, and less mischievous in their tricks, confining themselves to merry jokes and droll pranks, punishing the untidy servant, misleading the benighted countryman, pinching slatterns, or sometimes pulling off all the bed-clothes, and throwing them in the middle of the floor. Their amusements are of the most refined kind, consisting of poetry, music, and dancing;—their pageants are of the most splendid description, beyond what imagination or luxury can conceive;—their dress on highdays and holidays is composed of the choicest and most elegant materials: the pearls of the sea, the rubies of the earth, the sparkling dew-drop, and all the rich jewellery of nature, are used to deck these little figures forth whenever the elfin king or queen chose to hold their court. Living in constant bustle and activity, they follow various propensities, and make mankind their sporting butt. The merry little hero Puck still remains in the memory of the old legend-telling gossips; and near this district a village bears its name, from a well, which was in all probability consecrated to him. The village is now called Pakeswell, or Puck's Well, and a Druidical cromlech is still standing on the hill. In the Isle of Wight, Puck's Stone is well known; and many a story is told of this merry little rogue.

The most mischievous propensity of the fairies is the abduction of babes, especially if unchristened; and the object of running away with them to Elfland, was to bring them up in their course of happy enjoyment and luxurious life. Be this as it may, the fairy people, probably, have to father this propensity to account in the darker ages for the sudden disappearance of children, whom it might have been troublesome or inconvenient to have supported; and when the murdered child was rotting in the earth, gossips and the murderer all agreed that it was revelling with the fairies.

The Romans worshipped these little beings under the name of Sylvan Deities, and erected altars to their memories, in the midst of groves and romantic spots, where the willow waved and the stream rippled. The Satyrs and Fauns of mythology are of the same class, although the light and elegant fairy is better suited to win the credence and favour of the superstitious mind, than rude, ugly monsters, with short tails and goat's legs, clambering about the brakes and thickets. The Christian creed has not yet trampled them into obscurity; and there is something so poetical, so simple, and so pleasing in Fairy Mythology, that it would be almost a pity to root it out from the minds of the people, lest in their cravings for something marvellous, they might adopt some superstition less innocent and playful.

"Is there a cunning man living handy here, shepherd?" I inquired.

"Yes, but he can't tackle they fairy people though," he replied. "He does some good things, but he is not any thing like an old woman near this place, who can do any thing she do choose. She be a thorough witch, sir, and knows as well if any body be talking on her as they do, night or day," he added, in a very low tone of voice. "Heigh! Lud a marcy! Lud a marcy! There—there now! only see now! Just speak of her, and

Digitized by Google

there she be! O Lud! O Lud! Don't ye go now, sir—pray don't ye! We'll go off the hill together like!"

The shepherd was right; a figure—a tall, masculine woman, with a large, grey cloak—appeared to rise out of the very earth, as she ascended the very precipitous side of the hill. First, her bonnet caught the shepherd's eye; and while he was still speaking, she rose taller and taller, till her feet were upon the ridge of the hill, level with ours.

"Got company, hast ye, John?" said she, eyeing me from top to toe, as she addressed herself to John, who stood quivering from head to foot. J. S.

Manners and Customs.

CURIOUS BEQUESTS.*

Sleeping in Church.—Richard Dovey, of Farmcote, in the parish of Claverly, in Shropshire, by deed, in 1659, gave houses and lands in that parish on trust, for the maintenance of a school and certain cottages adjoining to the churchyard of Claverly; and directed that the feoffees should place a poor man in one of the cottages, and pay him 8*s.* yearly, for which he should undertake *to awaken sleepers and whip out dogs from the church of Claverly during divine service.*

John Rudge, in April, 1725, gave, by will, 20*s.* a year to a poor man, to go about the parish church of Trysull, in the county of Stafford, during the sermon, to keep people awake, and to keep dogs out of the church.

William Strickland, of Tamside, in Westmoreland, by will, dated May, 1726, gave 2*s.* yearly for ever to a man to be appointed for whipping dogs out of Crosthwaite church every Sunday; and left a close of land, called Long Orchard, subject to the payment.

Apprentices.—Mr. Henry Dixon, in 1693, gave certain premises to the Drapers' Company, in London, upon trust, to dispose of the profits in putting out apprentice such poor boys, *wheresoever born*, as bore *his Christian and surname*; and such poor boys, wheresoever born, as bore *his surname only*.

Keeping up Monuments.—Richard Cambden, by will, in 1642, gave to the churchwardens of Allhallows, Lombard-street, 20*l.* in trust, on condition that they should pay 5*s.* yearly to the sexton of the parish, for looking to the monument of his uncle, Christopher Toldervey; and the churchwardens were to have 5*s.* to buy themselves *gloves*, or spend at a meeting, as they should think fit.

Bibles.—In 1692, Philip Lord Wharton gave lands, &c., in the county of York, to trustees, on condition that they should yearly distribute 1,050 bibles, with the singing psalms bound up therewith, to poor children; and directed an instruction to be pasted in each bible, that every child who should partake of his charity would be required to learn without book, the 1st, 15th, 25th, 37th, 101st, 113th, and 145th psalms.

Bread and Cheese.—The bequests of bread in the metropolis are very numerous; and as an auxiliary, the following appears in the charities to the parish of St. Bartholomew, by the Royal Exchange:—Richard Croshaw, by will, dated April, 1531, gave to the church stock of this parish 100*l.*, to provide 2*s.* weekly for ever, to be laid out in good cheese, to be delivered to the poor parishioners, according as they received the bread.

Servants.—John How, in 1674, gave certain rent charges to the mayor of Guildford, for the time being, who, with the magistrates of the said town, should choose two such poor servant maids within the said town, of good report, who should have served masters or mistresses there two years together, which said two servant maids should throw *two dice*, or cast lots; and the mayor should pay one year's clear profit (or rent charge) to such maid as should throw the highest number, or to whom the lot should fall; and the testator directed that the other maid should the next year, if she should inhabit the said town, and not be married, throw dice or cast lots with another maid; but that if any one maid should lose four times, she should be disqualified. The annual amount of the rent charge is 12*l.*

Turkeys.—John Hall, in 1691, gave unto the churchwardens of St. Clement, Eastcheap, London, 10*s.* yearly, on the Thursday next before Easter, to provide *two turkeys* for the parishioners, to be eaten at their annual feast, called the reconciling feast, or love feast, usually made on that day.—(This *charity* is not lost.)

Roses on Graves.—Edward Rose, by will, in 1652, directed his body to be buried at Barnes, Surrey, and bequeathed 5*l.* for making a frame of wood in the churchyard, where he had appointed his burying-place; and ordered three rose-trees or more to be planted about the place where he was interred. He also directed the purchase of an acre of land; and out of the profits thereof, the minister and churchwardens were to keep the said frame of wood in repair; and the said rose-trees to be preserved, and others planted in their places, from time to time. The residue of the profits to be given to the poor.†

Winter Store.—Thomas Williamson gave, in 1674, the sum of 20*l.* to be laid out in land; the rent to be bestowed upon poor

* See also page 37 of the present volume for other "Curious Bequests," furnished by the same active Correspondent.

† For some further interesting particulars of this Bequest, see *Mirror*, vol. xvi. p. 175; and of a similar custom at Bletchingley, and Ockley, also in Surrey, vol. xviii. p. 21.

Digitized by Google

people born within St. John's Chapel, or Castlerigg, in Cumberland, in mutton or veal; at Martinmas, yearly, when flesh might be thought cheapest; to be by them pickled, or hung up and dried, that they might have something to keep them within doors upon stormy days. P. Q.

Retrospective Gleanings.

IDES.

"A soothsayer bids you beware the *ides* of March."
SHAKSPEARE.

IDES is a term anciently used among the Romans, and still retained in the Roman calendar. It is the 13th day of each month, except in the months of March, May, July, and October, in which it is the 15th day, because in these four months it was six days before the nones, and in the others four days.

The origin of the word is contested; some derive it from *idulium*, *or ovis idulis*, a name given by the Etrurians to a victim offered on that day to Jupiter; others from the Etrurian word *iduo*—i. e. *dividō*—because the ides divided the moon into two nearly equal parts, &c.

The ides of May were consecrated to Mercury; the *ides of March* were always esteemed unhappy after Cæsar's murder; the time after the ides of June was reckoned fortunate for those who entered into matrimony; the ides of August were consecrated to Diana, and were observed as a feast-day by the slaves; on the ides of September, augurites were taken for appointing the magistrates, who formerly entered into their offices on the ides of May, and afterwards on those of *March*. P. T. W.

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN.

THE ballad termed "*The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal-green*," which is to be seen in "*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*," vol. ii. p. 177, "appears (says Brewer,) to have been written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and has for its hero Henry de Montfort, son of Simon, Earl of Leicester, who is believed to have fallen, together with his father, at the battle of Evesham (fought August 4, 1265). But, according to this legendary writer, the younger de Montfort was not wounded to death, though so much hurt that he was deprived of sight. A fair lady removed him from the field, where he lay helpless among the slain. They were afterwards married; and De Montfort, to avoid any suspicion of his identity, disguised himself *as a silly, blind beggar*, and fixed his abode at Bethnal-green. Tradition terms the house which was built by the wealthy citizen John Kirby, the *palace* of this noted beggar; and it may be mentioned, as a curious instance of parochial attention to a wild anecdote, rendered popular by a poetical garb, that the staff of the beadle is embellished with an allusion to the story."

John Day, who flourished in the reigns of King James I. and King Charles I., wrote a comedy called "*The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, with the merry humour of Tom Strowd, the Norfolk Yeoman.*" It was divers times publicly acted. Chettle assisted in this play. "*The Blind Beggar of Bethnal-green*" was a ballad farce, by Robert Dodsley, 1741. "This is on the same story (says Baker,) with the foregoing. It was acted at Drury Lane, but without much success; and is to be found in a collection of the author's works, published under the modest title of *Trifles*, 8vo., 1748."
P. T. W.

A QUACK OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE following curious account is extracted from *A Journey through England*, in 1723:

"I cannot leave Winchester without telling you of a pleasant incident that happened there:—As I was sitting at the George Inn, I saw a coach with six bay horses, a calash and four, a chaise and four, enter the inn, in a yellow livery turned up with red; four gentlemen on horseback, in blue trimmed with silver; and as yellow is the colour given by the dukes in England, I went out to see what duke it was; but there was no coronet on the coach, only a plain coat-of-arms on each, with this motto,

Argento laborat Faber.

Upon inquiry, I found this great equipage belonged to a mountebank; and that his name being Smith, the motto was a pun upon his name. The footmen in yellow were his tumblers and trumpeters, and those in blue his merry-andrew, his apothecary, and spokesman. He was dressed in black velvet, and had in his coach a woman that danced on the ropes. He cures all diseases, and sells his packets for sixpence a-piece. He erected stages in all the market-towns twenty miles round; and it is a prodigy how so wise a people as the English are gulled by such pickpockets. But his amusements on the stage are worth the sixpence, without the pills. In the morning he is dressed up in a fine brocade night-gown, for his chamber practice, where he gives advice, and gets large fees."
W. H. C.

TOKENS.

It is a remarkable thing in England (says M. de Rochfort, in his Travels, printed in 1675,) "that in cities and towns, and in every street of the villages, they strike a particular small piece of copper or brass money, called a farthin, which will not pass beyond the street or quarter wherein it was coined. These are generally marked with the name of some citizen or shopkeeper, who buys the privilege

Digitized by Google

from the king." The history of *token coins* is by no means an uninteresting one; several volumes of catalogues have been published on the subject, but their history is yet a desideratum.

INTEREST OF MONEY.

STEVEN PARLIN, a French ecclesiastic, who travelled in England and Scotland, in 1561, says—"In this country (Scotland), as I have seen it practised, a man who is possessed of one hundred golden, or sun crowns, will lend them to a merchant; for which the merchant will maintain him a whole year in his house, and at his own table, and at the end of the year will return him his money.

ROUNDHEAD PUNS.

HE (a cavalier journalist) says Colonel Mainwaring at London is no gentleman in the Herald's Book. He thinks we at London in the same condition with them at Oxford; for they are so far from showing a *coat-of-arms*, that they have scarce a good *head-piece* among them all;—nay, the king hath hardly any *arms* there, unless it be upon a *sign-post*.

Mercurius Brittanicus, March 16, 1646.

DR. CARTWRIGHT,

A BROTHER of Major Cartwright, and the inventor of *weaving by machinery*, and author of some great improvements in the steam-engine, was also a poet of considerable merit; and at the time of his death, a few years ago, was the father of living English bards. The two following specimens, considering his age and infirmities at the periods of their production, are distinguished for spirit and sweetness:—

Stanzas on my 72nd Birth-day.

To fame and to fortune adieu!
The toils of ambition are o'er;
Let folly these phantoms pursue,
I now will be cheated no more.

Resignation be mine and repose.
So shall life be unclouded at last;
And while I prepare for its close,
I will think with a smile on the past.

But as still to the world must be given,
Some share of life's limited span,
The thoughts that ascend not to heaven
I'll give to the service of man.

Stanzas on my 79th Birth-day.

Since even Newton owns that all he wrought,
Was due to industry and patient thought,
What shall restrain the impulse that I feel
To forward as I may the public weal?
By his example fired to break away
In search of truth, through darkness unto day
He tried on vent'rous wings the loftiest flight;
An eagle soaring to the fount of light.
I-cling to earth, to earth-born arts confin'd,
A worm of science of the humblest kind.
Our powers, though wide apart as earth and heav'n,
For different purposes, alike were giv'n.
Though mine th' arena of inglorious fame,
Where pride and folly would the strife disclaim,
With mind unwearied still will I engage,*
In spite of failing vigour and of age,
Nor quit the conflict till I quit the stage.
Or if in idleness my life shall close,
May well-earned victory justify repose.

THE SWEDE-STONE.

STRATEGY shows why Saxony has been so often the field of battle between the powers of the north-east and the powers of the south-west of Europe. How frequently have the plains of Leipsic and Lützen, the neighbourhood of Dresden and Bautzen, been scenes of conflict. In one of them, the first battle of Lützen, fought in the Thirty Years' War, in 1632, fell Gustavus Adolphus, the Great, King of Sweden; and the identical spot whereon his body was found after the battle, on the road-side between Lützen and Leipsic, is to this day denoted by the rude memorial seen in the next page.

The circumstances which led to this memorable battle fill a few pages of the most interesting portion of the history of religious liberty. Towards the year 1630, the Emperor Ferdinand II. of Austria was striving, by all means, to increase his power; and was likewise an irreconcileable enemy of the Protestants. One of his schemes was to make himself master of the Baltic, and to prepare an attack upon Sweden. Gustavus Adolphus fortified himself for this strategy; but he found a still more powerful inducement to oppose the arms of Ferdinand, in the war between Catholics and Protestants, which endangered at once the freedom of Germany and the whole Protestant church. Gustavus, who was truly devoted to the Lutheran doctrines, determined to deliver both. After explaining to the estates of the kingdom, in a powerful speech, the resolution he had taken, he presented to them, with tears in his eyes, his daughter Christina, as his heiress, with the presentiment that he should never again see his country: he also entrusted the regency to a chosen council, excluding his wife, whom, however, he tenderly loved.

Gustavus then invaded Germany, in 1630, and landed, with 13,000 men, on the coasts of Pomerania. At first, his operations were greatly impeded by the jealousy and discord that reigned among the Protestant princes of Germany. However, he soon expelled the imperial troops from Pomerania, and forced the Elector of Brandenburg to embrace his true interests, by aiding the enterprise of the Swedes. The King then resolved to hasten to the relief of Magdeberg, which was besieged by the imperial generalissimo, Count Tilly; but his views were frustrated by the strange conduct of the Elector of Saxony,

* These allusions are to a project in which he was engaged at the period of his death. It was to employ the vapour of gunpowder, in place of steam, as a motive power in engines.

Digitized by Google

(The Swede-Stone.)

who refused to permit him to pass the Elbe; and he had the mortification to receive the intelligence of the fall of that important fortress, accompanied with circumstances of atrocity, which have stamped indelible infamy on the name of Tilly. The haughty and cruel conduct of the imperial commander soon brought the Elector of Saxony to a sense of his situation and true interest; and having joined his forces to those of the King of Sweden, they routed the Imperialists near Leipsic, on September 7, 1631. The victorious Gustavus now advanced along the Maine, as far as the Rhine, forced the city of Mentz to capitulate; drove the Spaniards out of Germany, and freed the Palatinate. He then turned his arms against Bavaria; and Tilly, who endeavoured to dispute with him the passage of the Lech, was again defeated, and perished in the attempt.

His loss was supplied by Wallenstein, who was now placed at the head of the imperial armies; and commenced his operations by driving the Saxons out of Bohemia. Meanwhile Gustavus had advanced into the heart of Bavaria, and made himself master of Munich. As he approached the Austrian dominions, Wallenstein hastened to their relief, and compelled the king to retire. The two armies met at Nuremberg, and formed intrenched camps opposite to each other, where they remained inactive during two months; it being the policy of Wallenstein to avoid a battle, in hopes that the Swedish army would be weakened by famine and disease. At length, the latter made a vigorous attempt to storm the intrenchments of the Imperialists; but, for the first time since their landing in Germany, they received a severe check; and after a fruitless exhibition of valour, Gustavus was compelled to retire, the whole of the neighbouring country being completely exhausted of provisions.

He was followed into Saxony by Wallenstein; and the two armies again met at the village of Lützen, near Weissenfels. Here a sanguinary battle took place on the 6th of November, 1632; the Imperial troops amounting to 40,000 men, and the Swedish troops to 27,000 men, including the Saxons under Bernard, duke of Saxe Weimar. The battle was fought with great skill, and with the most obstinate courage on both sides. The intrepidity and discipline of the Swedes, however, at length prevailed, and the Imperialists were driven from the field. But the victory was dearly purchased. Besides a great loss of men, the conquerors had to lament the death of their heroic king, who was killed by a musket-shot while leading on his cavalry to a charge against the broken ranks of the enemy.* After the battle, his body was found, by the soldiers sent in search of it by Bernard, under a heap of dead, but so much mutilated by the hoofs of horses, as to be recognised with difficulty. It was lying near a large stone, which, in commemmoration of this circumstance, was called the *Schedenstein*, (Swede-Stone,) and which still indicates the spot where the great vindicator of the religious liberties of Germany terminated his victorious career. The King's buff coat was carried to Vienna, where it is still kept; but the body was conveyed to Weissenfels: there the heart was buried,

* The circumstances of his death have been related in various and contradictory ways; but it is known from the letter of an officer who was wounded at his side, that he was killed on the spot by an Austrian ball.—The date on the Stone will be seen to differ from that of the battle.

Digitized by Google

and remained in the land for which it had bled.

Our acknowledgments for the original of this Engraving are due to our esteemed correspondent *F.*, who made the sketch while travelling through Saxony a few months since. The inscription is "G. A. 1633;" around are four stone seats; a willow overhangs in sorrowing beauty, and the adjoining direction-post brings the turmoil of towns into melancholy contrast. This may be but a humble memorial of the Thirty Years' War, which the genius of Schiller has chronicled with masterly spirit: yet, as our Correspondent aptly observes, "The simplicity of this monument attracts the notice of strangers more than if it were a pillar of marble, with all the actions of a remarkable life recorded on it. As Sir Walter Scott said, in speaking of Napoleon's grave, 'a huge stone only was placed over the remains of one who needs no monument.'"

The Public Journals.

A RIDE IN THE PAMPAS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

In our rapid return across the Pampas, we were frequently alarmed by reports of hostile Indians being on the path, and were entertained by our terrified peons with tales of their ferocity and blood-thirstiness. Mounted on the most powerful and fleet horses, and themselves the best horsemen in the world, wherever they came their course was tracked in blood. Their many conflicts with the Spanish usurpers of their country had created a spirit of the bitterest hostility in the breasts of both parties, and the idea, on either side, of sparing a foe who had fallen into their hands was never entertained.

Small parties of Indians, armed with their spears of eighteen feet in length, had frequently attacked and burnt the unprotected huts of the Gauchos, remorselessly slain the men, the old and the ugly of the women, and carried the young and good-looking with them into the heart of the Pampas. We became accustomed, however, to these recitals of cruelty, and having come within three hundred miles of Buenos Ayres without seeing any of these flying parties, ceased to consider them an object of alarm.

We were within three days' gallop of the coast; I was a few miles ahead of my companions, when an ostrich crossed me at some distance, and I pushed off alone after him. I had acquired some little skill in the use of the lasso,* and being mounted on a horse of extraordinary speed and power, made myself sure of my prize. There is perhaps no sport in the world so intensely interesting as that in which I was engaged; miles pass with minutes, and the sight of the noble chase continually in view, keeps alive an ardour which absorbs every faculty. I had made several unsuccessful casts, but still kept up the pursuit with reckless impetuosity, when my horse suddenly fell with me into a *biscachero*,† and, rolling over my body, bruised me severely. Fortunately I still retained hold of the bridle, but unable to rise, lay helplessly on my back, gazing upwards upon innumerable bright and fantastic objects which seemed to fill the atmosphere. At length, when the sickness had in some measure left me, I managed to get into the saddle, and walked my horse slowly in the direction, as I thought, of the road which I had left. I now began to reflect that, as my course had been almost at right angles to the track leading to the coast, and as I had continued great part of an hour with unabated speed in the chase, there was no possibility of my overtaking my friends, compelled as I was by the pain of my bruises to proceed at the most gentle pace possible. I felt also, from the frequent tripping of my horse, that he was well-nigh spent, and now for the first time the appalling nature of my situation burst fully on my mind.

I was alone in a trackless plain,—without the power of reaching the path I had left, and certain, unless some wandering Gaucho should by good fortune pass me, to perish with hunger or severe thirst, which, from the bruises I had received, began to parch up my frame. I swept the horizon with a glance dimmed by sickness and terror, but, save a herd or two of wild cattle feeding among the deep clover, there was nothing to break the sameness of the view. A troop of the naked Indian horsemen, of whose cruelties I had lately heard so much, would at that moment have been welcome to my sight.

Often, as the nature of the dreadful death to which I seemed doomed shot through my heart, I struck my spurs into my horse's sides with a convulsive movement, but the groaning of the fatigued animal, and the agony which the least acceleration in his pace created in my bruised limbs, caused me as often to return to a slow walk, and to

* It is possible that some readers may require to be informed, that the *lasso* of the South Americans is composed of plaited thongs of raw leather, softened with grease, and with a running noose at one end, which is thrown with astonishing dexterity over any part of the object of pursuit.

† The *biscacheros* are holes burrowed in the ground by an animal called a biscacho, and were it not for the soft nature of the plains, it would be extremely dangerous to cross them on horseback, as it is in many instances impossible to avoid the biscacheros, and the speed at which the horses go would generally render a fall on hard ground mortal. The "balls" spoken of consist of three brass globes which the Gauchos wheel round their head, till they acquire sufficient impetus, and then they are darted with such force and dexterity as to bring down a bird in its flight, or to stun the strongest bull, stallion, gama, or lion. The lasso and the balls are in the hands of the Gauchos from their earliest years,—hence their inimitable skill in using them.

Digitized by Google

yield myself up to despair. In a short time, the thirst which I suffered became so intolerable, that I decided on opening a vein in the neck of my horse, in order to quench it in his blood. I knew very well that the best way to relieve my thirst, and assuage the fever which caused it, would have been to draw a little blood from my own veins, instead of that of my jaded steed; but I was fearful that, if fainting came on, I might bleed to death. I therefore took out the instrument, and was about to dismount in order to perform my little operation. Before doing so, however, I cast another longing look around me; and, to my inexpressible joy, beheld a horseman gallop out from behind a large herd of wild cattle which had for a little time concealed him. I hallooed with all my might, but the feeble sound must have died along the plain before it reached him, for he kept on his course. At last I fired one of my pistols, and I could instantly see his horse turn, and sweep towards me at a rapid pace. I had time to reload my pistol, loosen my knife in its sheath, and fix my almost sinking faculties upon the danger probably before me; for I knew that a Gaucho, meeting an unprotected stranger like myself on the plains, would think nothing of cutting his throat for the sake of his bridle and spurs, besides the possibility of finding a few dollars in his purse. Fortunately, however, my fears were groundless; the rider who had so opportunely crossed me proved to be a Gaucho boy, of about eleven or twelve years of age. I returned my pistols to my girdle, and uttered an ejaculation of gratitude. The little fellow came dashing up to me at full speed, crying, as he checked his horse, till the animal fell almost on his haunches, "Dios mio! qué es esto?"—"My God! what is this?" I shortly explained to him my misfortune, and requested to be taken to his home,—which I found was at a few miles' distance, lying farther south than any other Gaucho hut. He gave me a drink of water from a cow's horn, which was slung round him, and never till my dying day shall I forget the exquisite feeling of pleasure which that delicious draught communicated to my parched frame. He then pulled some dried beef from a bag which hung at his saddle bow, and I até a few mouthfuls to relieve the faintness which my long abstinence from food had created. Thus, having performed the duties of hospitality, the young horseman dashed away in the direction I was to accompany him, whirling his *lasso* above his head, and his *poncho* streaming like a pennon behind,—then ever and anon returning to my side with an "Alegrarse! alegrarse! vamos! vamos! senor."—"Cheer up! cheer up! come on, come on, senor!" In this way, after a most painful march, we arrived at his hut, which was larger and more neatly built than any I had seen, containing two apartments, besides a covered shed at a little distance to serve the purposes of a kitchen. The very *corrál** was not surrounded by the usual quantity of filth, the cause of which was at once to be traced to the great number of hawks and heavy-looking gorged vultures which sat upon the stakes of the inclosure, remaining, as I rode past, almost within reach of my extended arm. They had gathered round this settlement in greater numbers than I had seen in any other place on the Pampas, and were also larger than any I had before met with. A few noble horses were shut up in the *corrál*, which, by their neighing as we passed, proved that they had been but lately reclaimed from the plains. Everything around looked less like the squalid hut of a wretched Gaucho, than the decent home of an independent agriculturist; and had it not been for the *corrál*, and the heaps of bones of every kind scattered about, I could have fancied this to be the dwelling of some whimsical foreigner, who had chosen to leave his vineyard in Languedoc, or his farm in Sussex, to share with the wild horse, the gama, and the lion, the freedom of the plains of Paraguay.

But, if I was surprised at the comparative neatness of the place, I was soon much more so at the extraordinary behaviour of its master, as, lifting aside the bullock's hide which served as a door to the dwelling, he came forth to meet me. I should mention here that the Gauchos are famed for their hospitality, and that they almost universally retain the grave politeness for which Spaniards have always been remarkable. To such an extent, in fact, is this carried, that a Gaucho never enters his hut without lifting his cap with a gesture of respect, though there may be none but the members of his own family within. I was, therefore, surprised to perceive that, instead of welcoming me with the cordial alacrity which I had elsewhere universally received, the Gaucho started as his eyes fell upon me, and sliding his hand down towards his heel, drew forth his long knife with a threatening gesture. So soon as I had saluted him, however, and explained my misfortune, he seemed to recover himself, and muttering some words of apology as he replaced his weapon, he begged me to enter his hut, and to consider it as my own. Faint and weary as I was, I could not but perceive the constraint and reluctance with which he uttered this usual compliment, and, as the most delicate way of noticing it, expressed a hope that the entertainment of a traveller for a night under his roof would not in any way

* An inclosure generally 30 or 40 yards in diameter, formed of strong stakes driven into the ground, in which the cattle destined for slaughter or the saddle are placed. In the Pampas, the corral is usually placed 50 or 100 yards from the Gaucho's hut.

Digitized by Google

incommode him. He turned his quick grey eye on me as I spoke; but seeing, I presume, nothing like suspicion on my features, began busily to occupy himself in releasing my horse from his *recado*, or saddle, and bridle, as he expressed his pleasure in being honoured by the presence of a cavalier like myself. "You must excuse an old man, senor," said he, if he is somewhat cautious and fearful: in these wild plains there are more *salteadores*, (robbers) than honest Christians; besides, we have certain information that the Indians are somewhere in these parts: they have burnt some huts in the clover ground east, and may be upon us (may the mother of God protect us!) before the morning: a man is rarely at his ease when he knows his throat may be cut before the next meal, senor, and therefore, I pray you, pardon my want of courtesy." And then giving the horse a lash with the bridle, he moved towards the hut, desiring me, in the true Spanish style, to consider both himself and his dwelling as created only for my pleasure. I had been too often told of the Indians, to be alarmed at the story of my host, besides that I considered it as a *ruse* intended to hasten my departure; and though I was utterly at a loss to discover the cause of his churlishness, I was too much occupied by my own suffering to notice it further than mentally to determine on leaving the station the next morning at all hazards.

The inside of the hut was more clean and neat than usual in the Gauchos' cottages; the *bolas*, or balls, and the *lasses*, the bridles, spurs, and other implements, were arranged in an orderly manner along the walls,—the cradle, made of a bull's hide, suspended by leathern thongs to the rafters, occupied a remote corner of the apartment,—the charcoal fire burnt cheerily, while the lamp, fed by bullock's tallow, suspended from the roof, poured a clear light into the recesses of the room. The night had fallen during my late slow ride, and the cold had seized upon my stiffened limbs with great severity. It had benumbed rather than chilled me, the feverish heat raging as it were within my frame, while my extremities were almost insensible, and covered with a cold sweat. The warmth of the room, however, presently equalized the heat in my whole body, and I prepared to take away some blood from my arm. There was an instant stir among several dark heaps which lay upon the floor, and four or five women, with twice as many children—black, brown, and red—gathered round me to look at the operation,—the most common and favourite one among all Spaniards. An old black woman, who, from her appearance, and from her bringing in the huge piece of roast beef on the spit, seemed to be the cook of the establishment, held the vessel to receive the blood, and being more occupied in examining my dress than in the duty of the moment, performed her part so awkwardly that I reproved her in an angry and loud tone for her inattention.

The family gathered round and ate their evening meal; each individual, even to the children, cutting with their knives a piece from the huge joint. This, with water, formed their repast; for bread there is none in the plains. Each then bent for a few moments before a little image of the Virgin which hung at one end of the hut; and, lying down on the floor as chance or whim directed them, they were soon fast asleep. The old Gaucho, however, and a very pretty mulatto girl with a child in her lap, sat at the fire as if waiting for some one. The youthful mother bent over her slumbering infant's features wherein some secret grief seemed blended with maternal anxiety. She frequently turned her eyes towards the door, and then to the old Gaucho, with an expression of surprise or fear at the protracted delay of some one whom she named Teobaldo. The old man never answered her, but seemed to be wrapped up in deep reflection. The ruddy light of the charcoal fire fell upon his harsh features, deep dark eyes, and grizzled beard, discovering every furrow on his face with painful distinctness, and clothing his lineaments with a kind of lurid light, which increased the savage, though slumbering, ferocity of their expression. At length, when the young woman again turned her eyes filled with tears upon him, and spoke in a querulous tone of the delay of Teobaldo, the old man uttered an imprecation, and, grinding his teeth, commanded her to be silent. He then relapsed into his former moody abstraction, while I could see the tears streaming down the cheeks of the terrified girl upon her sleeping infant, fast and freely as from a fountain.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

A DREAM OF THE DEAD.

Spiritus Dormienti Loquitur. †

STAY, mortal, stay!—thy footstep hangs
Abrupt upon the opening grave:
Though from its sure avoidless pangs
No human power can save,
'Twere well that thou in life should'st know,
What all in death must undergo.

Why were it well? such prescience dread,
Why to thy destined ear allowed?
It will not sooth thy dying bed,
That I its woes unshroud.
Feel them—as all shall feel—thou must,
Till every bone hath turned to dust.

They are no longer mine.—Whate'er
Of matter or of form had I,
The elements reclaimed it; there
Fixed, till eternity
Shall call it back, to meet the doom
Unknown, though dreaded, in the tomb.

What am I now—thus unpossessed
Of earthly frame and earthly wo?
Dwell I in torment, or in rest?
My spirit may not show.

Digitized by Google

The graves would open at that sound,
And all their dead would rave around.

Thy hand was on my darkening brow:—
To thee my dying glance was given:—
I lost the human voice, while thou
Spoke through thy tears of heaven:—
The cold thin breath, that shuddering passed
Along thy lips—it was my last.

Yet still, within the lifeless clay
My spirit filled its weary prison:—
I heard thee thank our God, and say,
"The soul from strife hath risen."
Alas!—what lingering length of pain
Still held me to mine earthly chain!

A strange and separated sense
O'ercame me then, like eye and ear—
Not of thy world, but some intense
Pulse of another sphere.
I heard and saw:—yet all did seem
Like what of life was once my dream.

Around me I beheld the hired,
Regardless, customary, band:—
Friends—kindred—all—even thou—retired,
And left me to their hand:—
Rudely they bound my moveless feet,
And wrapped me in the winding-sheet.

They spoiled the darkly-waving hair,
Which oft had o'er thy bosom flowed;
When little was our thought such care
Would on it be bestowed.—
Those locks—thy love—thy joy—thy pride—
Like common things, were cast aside.

And still, the servants of the tomb
In ruthless mirth went gaily on:
They urged their toil till evening's gloom:—
'Twas done, and they were gone.
They left me on my funeral bed—
Alone—the work of death was sped.

Then passed a dreary time; till thou
Came, with me the sad night to share:—
Pale resignation on thy brow
Held conflict with despair.
Again thy kiss was on my cheek:—
I felt—I saw—but could not speak.

Yet sorrow—joined with silence—bade
Ere morn that solemn vigil close:
Thy head was on my pillow laid—
So long its sweet repose.
The dead awoke—the living slept—
Thy fancy smiled—my spirit wept.

So lingered on three nights and days,
With their sad tribute duly shed;
Till other hirelings came to raise
My body from its bed.
They placed me in my coffin:—thou
Drew the last curtain o'er my brow.

Oh! how my death-bound spirit strove
To kiss that dear, receding hand!—
Not longer could I see thee, love;—
Scarce hear the kind command,
That bade them touch but tenderly
The limbs so cared and loved by thee.

They closed my narrow, dark abode:—
The screw's sharp grinding stung my brain;
Through every nerve it chilled and glowed,
With quick, alternate pain.
Then other days and nights renewed
My damp and sightless solitude.

Till swung they forth the funeral bell,
With melancholy sound and slow:—
How keenly did that iron knell
Through sense and spirit go!
Each minute of its numbered toll
Flung weights upon my struggling soul.

The dragging of the slow, dull hearse—
The trissel's shock—the lifted pall—
The deep-toned prayer—the anthemed verse—
I heard, and felt them all.

To stay their pang, I would have given—
Pardon me, Lord!—thy promised heaven.

But on they bore me to the grave:—
My coffin o'er its depth they swung;
The rattling cords their signal give;
And thrice the clay was flung:—
Thrice—dust to dust—that hollow peal,
Thou must, like me, its torture feel.

And then, the grave-mould, thick and damp,
Was rudely shovelled on my breast:
I heard the quick, retiring tramp,
The sexton's careless jest.
It ceased—and I was deaf and blind
To voice and look of human kind.

Silence and darkness all. I lay—
How long I know not—charnelled there:
No change had I of night or day,
To reckon my despair.
I thought;—and moments seemed to be
Ages of blank infinity.

I could not pray: within the grave
Nor hope nor penitence have power:
Whether to punish or to save,
Death brings the judgment hour.
Of human guilt, or grace divine,
The memory—nothing else—was mine.

Then steamed o'er forehead, lip, and eye,
Thick-clinging vapours; and I felt
Covered as with a brazen sky,*
Whose fiery arch would melt
My spirit in its close descending—
Darkness and flame so strangely blending.

This plague had its appointed time:—
Another followed. O'er my bed
The cold worms dragged their shuddering slime,
And on my bosom fed;
Still rolling in unsated ring
Around that fearful banqueting.

Then on my slow-corrupting brain†
A loathsome creature slept and swelled:—
It heaved unutterable pain;
And there alone it dwelled—
Alone—for with its torment I
Held fierce and friendless unity;—

As with, and in, its lingering life
My spirit on itself had preyed;
Replete with blood, with feeling rife,
And sense, till all decayed—
And died:—last hour of death to me,
And first of immortality!

For, from the trance of buried wo,
I woke:—and light, and life, and air,
In other worlds were mine. But no—
I tell not how, or where.
That lesson must my love deny;
Since, but to hear it, were to die.

Awake!—my pangs are destined thine:
My grave is thy determined bed:
There the same hands shall thee consign,
And place thy wearied head.
A higher power my words doth chain:
I dare not say—WE MEET AGAIN.

Long after I had composed this speculation upon a subject whereon my mind too constantly dwells, and whereto my studies are too frequently devoted, I met an anecdote, related by Dr. Chrichton, physician to the present Czar:—

A young girl, ill of a nervous affection, seemed to be dead; all the tokens of death

* "Thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass."—*Deut.* xxviii. 23.

† The *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1838, in narrating the exhumation of Hampden's body, in that year, nearly two centuries after his death, describes the seat of the brain occupied with "maggots and red worms, on the feed with great activity."

Digitized by Google

appeared. When they were about to place her in her coffin, she revived. Her story was, that she seemed to dream she was dead, but was sensible to every thing passing around her. She distinctly heard the lamentations of her friends, felt them wrap her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. She described her sensations as very contradictory; as if she was and was not in her body at the same instant. She attempted in vain to open her eyes, to move, or to speak. Her agony was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which suddenly resumed its power over her corporeal organization.

There was one, who—had such things been in death, or could they have been told in human ear—would have come to me, sleeping or waking, and partnered me in her sufferings. E. L. L. S.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

New Books

THE SEA-SERVICE.

[This is an entertaining little book, and is cheap in the best sense of the term; for it contains in about 160 pages a concise, historical, and practical outline of the navy, from the origin of ship-building to the present improved state of naval science.]

The writer, a lieutenant in the United States' navy, who has served nearly nineteen years, and more than half of it in cruising ships at sea, must be allowed to have entered on his task with the qualification of experience. Whilst an ardent love of his profession rendered the subject peculiarly agreeable, he felt also that it ought to be of great and universal interest. What person, indeed, of the least reflection, can look upon that perfect and most beautiful of all artificial objects, the sailing ship, with the quiet and ordinary interest that other works of art inspire? Who can behold her gliding proudly and gracefully over the bosom of the deep, braving its perils, and disregarding the opposition even of the element by which she is propelled, and at length arriving safely, freighted with all her treasures of comforts, luxuries, and intellectual stores, without pausing to admire, and to bless this great link in the chain of our civilized existence.

[The work is divided into three sections—Ship-building, Navigation, and Naval Warfare. In the two former, the details are unencumbered with technicalities, and the practice and phenomena of ship-building and navigation are explained in an unadorned and simple manner, so as to make the reader familiar with the leading details of the subject—an object, by the way, of desirable importance; for some acquaintance with nautical technicalities is requisite for every one who wishes to figure in the conversation of the world. Yet the acquaintance of people, generally, with such matters, is little better than lamentable ignorance. The outlines of naval warfare, in the third section, are written with equal simplicity; and such of its stirring scenes as stand most prominently from the canvass of history are sketched with graphic vigour, so as to render this portion by no means unworthy of the vivid pen of the author of *A Year in Spain*, quoted in a former volume of this Miscellany.

The section on Ship-building opens with the]

Origin of Ships.

It is an old tradition, that the first idea of the canoe was suggested by a split reed, seen by some ingenious savage floating safely upon the billow. Be this as it may, there can be little doubt that the raft, as it is the most easy and obvious means of crossing the water, was likewise of most early invention. The savage who first ventured forth upon a solitary tree, that the river had brought within his reach, must have found his situation unsteady and precarious: his ingenuity suggested the idea of fastening several together, and the conveyance became at once a safe one. The earliest records which history affords on this subject, show the Egyptians traversing the Nile upon rafts. The Phœnicians also availed themselves of the invention; and we are told that many islands, even the remote ones of Sicily and Corsica, were colonized with no better assistance. This will seem less improbable, if we remember that the Peruvians still make sea-voyages on their raft, called *balza*, from the spongy tree of which it is made. It consists of a number of logs tightly bound together, and strengthened transversely by beams. They are tapered at the prow, to facilitate the division of the water, whilst vertical planks, descending below the surface, prevent drift, and enable it to sail towards the wind. These *balzas* we have met in the open ocean, loaded with from ten to twenty tons of merchandise, and contending effectually with the trade-wind which prevails along the coast of Peru. This form of ship is not, however, always safe; lifted as the logs are unequally upon the waves, the thongs which bind them together, if old or neglected, sometimes break or disengage; the bark of the mariner disappears treacherously beneath him, or the logs, crashing rudely together, serve for his destruction. Yet the attempts of the uncivilized navigator do not always shun comparison with those of a maturer age. We find the native of north-western America, in his little skin-covered bark of admirable symmetry, venturing forth amid the most boisterous waves, which pass harmless over him,

Digitized by Google

and outstripping the fleetest barge in his rapid course. The flying proa of the Ladrone islands sail towards the wind with unequalled nearness, and with a velocity far greater than civilized man has ever attained, with all the aids of philosophy.

[The papyrus vessels of the Egyptians are noticed—next, those of the Phœnicians, and then the]

Chinese Junks.

It is believed,—and the fact is wonderful,—that the Chinese have floated down through thirty centuries in the same shapeless junk which now excites the ridicule of our seamen, and which they are yet unwilling to exchange for the improved models which daily pass them in their own seas, and continually force upon them the most humiliating comparisons. In the Chinese junk of our day we may, perhaps, see the counterpart of what the ship was in the days of the Phœnicians and of incipient navigation.

[The ships of the Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans, are next noticed, not forgetting the Grecian galleys and war-ships, and the stupendous vessels, or floating palaces, of Trajan and Hiero; the latter a wonder of Syracusan art. Next are the vessels of the Saxon pirates, and others from the Great Harry of the sixteenth century to the American schooner of the present day; till we say, with Sir Walter Raleigh, "whoever was the first inventor of ships, every age has added somewhat to them." Then follow plain and even interesting details, as the qualities of a good ship—the draught, bow and stern, breadth and depth, ship-timber, putting the frame together, floor-timbers, planking, sheathing, and launching—in the latter are these particulars of an]

Ancient Launch.

Among the ancients, a launch was ever an occasion of great festivity. The mariners were crowned with wreaths, and the ship bedecked with streamers and garlands. Safely afloat, she was purified with a lighted torch, an egg, and brimstone, and solemnly consecrated to the god whose image she bore. In our less poetic times, there is no lack of feasting and merriment, though, instead of the torch, the egg, and the brimstone, the oldest sailor breaks a bottle of rum (unless, indeed, he may have slily substituted water as more appropriate to a christening) over the head of the emblem—still, perchance, the image of father Neptune or Apollo.

[Next are shipping the rudder, getting the sheers ready, sparring, masts, sails, equipping, cargo, anchor and cable, weighing, sailing, tacking, veering, lying to before the wind, and, lastly, the]

Perfection of a Ship.

And are we not justified in expressing our admiration at this great achievement of man—the production of this wonderful machine—the most complicated, most perfect, sublimest of all the works of art? If it be well said that man is the noblest work of God, it may with equal truth be asserted that the ship is the noblest work of man. Our language has indeed done well in awarding to her the honours of personification. It were a vain task to attempt enumerating the various geometrical problems involved in her design, or the multiplied mechanical principles combined in her construction. Let us only, forgetting all we know, endeavour to realize the immeasurable distance and difficulties between the trees growing in the forest, the iron and copper buried deep in the bowels of the earth, the hemp and flax waving in the fields, the tar sealed up in its timber, and the actual achievement of the sailing ship! Yet a very short time—a single month—suffices to transform these rude productions into the magnificent machine, which, notwithstanding its mountain-form, obeys each command of the mariner; goes from the wind, towards it, halts, or redoubles its velocity, obedient to his voice; in which he launches boldly forth amid the horrors of a troubled ocean; braves them successfully; conducted by the inspirations of a sublime philosophy, attains the most distant shores; accomplishes his purpose, and returns enriched, enlightened, and triumphant, to his home.

[This is but an outline of the first section of our little sea book. The second embraces Navigation, as the qualifications of the ancient pilot, from our old school friends Acestes and Palinurus to La Perouse and Parry; the ancient custom of propitiating a voyage; the aid of the stars and the construction of the Pharos; and the touching ceremony of]

Offering Vows.

Upon those who had escaped shipwreck, gratitude was more deeply incumbent. In addition to other sacrifices proportioned to their means, they usually offered the garment in which they were saved, together with a picture descriptive of the disaster. If nothing else remained to them, the hair was shorn from the head, and consecrated to the tutelar deity; hence offering the hair was the last vow of the distressed mariner. There is much that is beautiful in these simple acts of piety; but, except in some Catholic countries of the Mediterranean, where pictures of rescue and garments are still hung before the shrine of an invoked intercessor, and where processions are still made, after escape from shipwreck, none of these touching customs now remain. What can be more beautiful than the grateful sense of divine interference with which Columbus and his followers hasten to fulfil their vows after their safe return to Palos? Such piety,

Digitized by Google

if it availed not to avert present danger, at least served to inspire confidence to meet it; and, when past, the gratitude which it occasioned must have tended at once to refine the sentiments and ennoble the heart.

[The Carthaginians are next treated with proper consideration of their services to navigation, which, after the fall of Carthage, remained stationary for centuries. Next is the invention of the compass late in the twelfth century; then of charts and the astrolabe, by Prince Henry of Portugal. Still, these were but slender means wherewith Columbus might effect his discoveries. Then come the improvements of Nunes, Mercator, and the quadrant, sextant, and circle, to Maskelyne's amended tables of the moon. Then the finding of longitude by the watch is explained; next latitude and longitude, the log, and the actual practice of the art.

The section on Naval Warfare is of equal completeness; beginning with the plunder of the Phœnicians, or the origin of maritime war and naval armies. Then comes the earliest battle of ancient times, or]

Salamis.

There are one or two incidents, which took place during the battle, not a little characteristic of the mode of fighting and of the manners of the times. We are told of a Grecian galley being sunk by an Ionian of the Persian fleet; this, in turn, sustained a like fate, being run down by a galley of Egina. But, before their vessel sunk under them, the Ionians had time to throw themselves into the ship of their antagonists, and by the desperate bravery to which they were urged by their situation, seconded by their dexterity in the use of the spear, for which they were famous, gained possession of the Eginetic galley. Still more peculiar was the stratagem by which the queen Artemisia contrived to escape. She had opposed the engagement; but when it was determined to give battle, she displayed greater valour than any of the followers of Xerxes, so that he took occasion to say, as he viewed her conduct from his throne on a neighbouring eminence, that only the women of the fleet behaved like men. This unsustained courage involved her, at length, in imminent danger, and she found herself hotly beset by many enemies, when, as the only means of escape, she resorted to the stratagem of hoisting Grecian colours, and attacking a Persian ship, commanded by one Damasithymus, king of Calynda, which she speedily sent to the bottom. This deed, doubtless, cost her the less, that Damasithymus had once been her enemy. Her pursuers, seeing this, believed her vessel to be one of their own fleet, and so Artemisia escaped.

[Next are described the galleys, war-engines, and fireships of the Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans, not omitting]

Greek Fire.

The Greek fire has lately been reinvented by an American of the name of Brown. He discharges it, like any other fluid, from a common engine, and, from its resinous and cohesive nature, projects it much farther. As it passes out of the tube into the open air, a match, placed at the end, converts it into liquid fire, of a destructive energy, not at all inferior to what is attributed to that of the Greeks. He has offered his invention to the Government; and, as connected with a system of steam-batteries for the defence of our coast, it would prove terribly efficacious.

[Then follow the invention of cannon, and four graphic pages, describing the famed battle of Lepanto. We now come to the *working*, to the mode of engagement, which is admirably marked out. This is followed by brief but satisfactory sketches of celebrated modern engagements, as the Bonne Homme and Serapis—the Nile—and Trafalgar. From the date of the latter victory the writer considers naval warfare has undergone but slight modification; "the English contented with beating the French wherever they met, took little pains to increase that superiority which was already so decided." With the Americans, however, the case was different, and the remainder of the volume is occupied with notices of their naval engagements, as the Guerriere and Constitution, which is described with genuine American enthusiasm; the Wasp and the Frolic, and the deadly battle of Lake Erie. To these are added the projected American improvement, "by bombs discharged horizontally, instead of shot from common cannon."

[With this sketchy outline of its contents we are content to leave "the Sea-Service" to its intrinsic merits; although several bright pages might be quoted as fair and entertaining specimens of the manner in which the writer has executed his task of compressing, by the *hydrostatic* screw, the historical interest and practical details of one of the most important of all arts into—a pocket volume for two shillings and sixpence, or half of what has caused many a battle—a crown.]

The Gatherer.

Ballads.—Fragments of original ballads and lampoons current during the Civil Wars, or immediately after their conclusion.

A man that is arm'd
With liquor is charm'd
And proof against strength and cunning,
He scorns the base humour of running.
Our brains are the quicker,
When seasoned with liquor,
So let's drink and sing,
Here's a health to the King,
And I wish in this thing,
Both the Roundheads and Cavies agree.
Sing hey! trolly, lolly, loe!

Digitized by Google

Literature.—Some literary reputations die in their birth; a few are nibbled to death by critics; but they are weakly ones that perish thus, such only as must otherwise soon have come to a natural death. Somewhat more numerous are those which are overfed with praise and die of the surfeit. Brisk reputations, indeed, are like bottled twopenny, or pop, "they sparkle, are exhaled, and fly," not to heaven, but to the limbo.—*Southey.*

National Holydays.—There are four days which ought to be religiously observed in these kingdoms as national holydays, for thanksgiving and joy: that on which Magna Charta was obtained, Queen Elizabeth's accession, that of the Restoration of the monarchy, and that on which the Prince of Orange landed at Torbay.—*Southey.*

In the reign of Henry VIII. it is affirmed that no fewer than 72,000 criminals were hanged: Sir Thomas More describes them as strung up by scores upon a gibbet all over the country. Even in the golden days of good Queen Bess, the executions were from three to four hundred annually.

Consumption.—Dr. Beddoes remarks that pulmonary consumption is rarely or ever known to occur in a butcher's family; and the reason he assigns for this is, that they have always plenty of animal food.

Turpin.—Mrs. Fountain, a celebrated beauty of her day, and nearly related to Dean Fountain, was once saluted by Turpin in Marylebone Gardens, which occupied the site of the present Manchester Square. "Be not alarmed, Madame," said he; "you can now boast of having been kissed by Turpin!" The hero of the road marched off unmolested.

Lines, by the Princess Olive of Cumberland.

At Eve the lily's head appears
Oppress'd with Nature's dewy tears;
Weeping throughout the live-long night,
Until the sun's returning light
Chases those pearly drops away,
Which fall submissive to the day.
Ev'n thus, while others calm repose,
And lock'd by sleep, their eyelids close,
I count the lingering hours in vain,
Oppress'd with grief—inured to pain:
Fast rain the tear-drops from mine eyes,
While echo pale repeats my sighs;
And, oh! less happy than that flower,
No sunbeam cheers *my* waking hour.

Court Magazine.

We have in England a great deal of what may be more truly called the pride than the spirit of independence.—*Southey.*

A Lord Chancellor and his Mimic.—William Mountfort, the actor and dramatic author, was also a great mimic, and born in the year 1659. He was entertained for some time in the family of the Lord Chancellor Jefferies, "who," says Sir John Reresby, "at an entertainment of the Lord Mayor and court of Aldermen, in the year 1685, called for Mr. Mountfort to divert the compa[ny] lordship was pleased to call it. He an excellent mimic, my lord made him before him in a feigned cause, in whi aped all the great lawyers of the age, i tone of voice, and in their action and of body, to the very great ridicule, no of the lawyers but of the law itself; to me (says the historian) did not see gether prudent in a man of his lofty in the law: diverting it certainly w prudent in the lord high chancellor, never think it." After the fall of J Mountfort returned to the stage.

Plays without a Plot.—Colonel was a great favourite with King Ja and followed the fortunes of that into France. When he came over t land on a secret commission from th cated king, the government gained th mation and wished to have him arrest he eluded their search. He frequent Blue Posts, in the Haymarket, wi Mr. Tredenham, who was seized the his papers (manuscript plays) and ca the Earl of Nottingham, who desi look them over, which having done, turned them to Mr. Tredenham, assuri that he was perfectly satisfied; "For, *my word*," said the Earl, "*I can find n in them.*"

Orestes.—This tragedy was translate Voltaire, by Dr. Francklin, and act Covent Garden, March 13, 1769, for Yates's benefit. This play was origi acted at Paris, January 12, 1750, and written (says Baker) in order to give F some idea of a tragedy without love, wi confidantes, without episodes. When i acted, the initials of this line of Horace printed on the pit tickets,

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dul

O. T. P. Q. M. V. D.—a wag pretended they meant *Oreste; tragedie pitoyable, M. Voltaire donne,* i. e. "A pitiful tra which M. Voltaire exhibits." This play not successful. P. T. V.

Poetic Wit.—If we may believe Baker) the following punning lines, wri upon John Day, the dramatist, by a ge man of Lincoln's Inn, on his running a and bilking his landlord, he was of light principle: viz.—

Here night and *Day* conspire a secret flight;
For *Day*, 'tis said, is gone away by night!
The *Day* is past; but, landlord, where's your
You might have seen that *Day* was almost s
Day sold, at length put off whate'er he migh
Though it was ne'er so dark, *Day* would be

P.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, (*near Somerset House,*) *London. Sold by BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by al men and Booksellers.*

Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 653.] SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1834. [Price 2*d.*

SATIN-WOOD BRIDGE, IN CEYLON.*

s bridge has recently been thrown over Mahavillaganga river, at Peradenia, in lon, the richest and most extensive of all islands appertaining to British India. was designed and set up under the superendence of Lieut.-Colonel Fraser, deputy artermaster-general of the forces in Ceylon, d, independently of its interest as a novelty bridge-building, it must be regarded as a tifying specimen of British skill in the provement of our colonial possessions.

The bridge consists of a single arch, (principally of satin-wood,) of 225 feet span, or lf as wide again as the centre arch of London Bridge. The roadway is twenty feet de, and its height above the river at low- r mark about sixty-seven feet. The arch mposed of four treble ribs transversely nt from each other five feet from centre ntre. The sum of the depths of these s four feet, which, with two intervals of et each, make the whole depth of the ight feet.

e beams of which the arch is built are, h the exception of those next to the abutments, from sixteen to seventeen feet in length, and twelve inches thick. They abut against each other with an unbroken section, and are secured at the joints by the notched pieces which support the road-way: the latter being held in their position by means of cross-ties both below and above the arch and immediately under the road-way. These cross-ties, with the aid of diagonal braces, which are also locked into them, serve to give stability and firmness to the whole structure.

According to the original design, no material but timber has been admitted into the construction of the arch. The arch was commenced in the middle of July, 1832. The centering was struck on the first of October, and the road-way was completed before the first of January, 1833.

Wooden bridges, generally, are condemned as being composed of a very perishable material, but on the principle on which this is constructed, the different parts of the arch may be replaced as they decay. The American wedge bridge is said to be exceedingly flexible: but this has been completely obviated in the bridge at Peradenia.

---

* From the Frontispiece to the Arcana of Science rt. Seventh year. (Just published.)

Digitized by Google

LIVERY COMPANIES OF LONDON.

Mr. William Herbert, the City Librarian, has lately published the first volume of his *History of the Twelve Great Livery Companies of London.* Anything relating to these ancient trading corporations is certainly peculiarly useful at the present time. To the antiquary, or to the lover of research into the manners and customs of our fellow-citizens, who now sleep beneath our feet, buried in the dust of centuries, the fruits of the labours of the City Librarian would at all seasons be welcome; but now, while the "Commission for Inquiring into Municipal Corporations" is sitting, for the purpose of investigating alleged abuses, a work yielding additional evidence, throwing a light on the more hidden parts of the machinery of metropolitan government, and unmystifying the mysteries of the chartered crafts, must be of universal request and value.

We will not stop to discuss the point, whether the interposition of Government with the products of the labours of its subjects be beneficial or not, to the community at large; nor will we argue its right to countenance and protect certain individuals in the rewards of industry, which ought to be free to all of equal merit or talent; but we shall rather proceed to make a few extracts from the historical essay which prefaces the minute and full account of the various Companies, their constitution, government, dress, observances, charities, trust-estates, &c.

Charters.—The charters of Edward III. are the earliest ones enrolled, though instances exist of much older grants: as in the case of the weavers. Edward's first charters were granted to the goldsmiths, linen-armourers, and skinners, whose former guild licenses he confirmed by letters patent, with new privileges in the first year of his reign. In his 27th, 28th, and 37th year, he similarly confirmed the grocers', fishmongers', drapers', salters', and vintners' charters.

The charters furnish abundant information on many points—as the sort of authority on which the guilds existed before such grants were made; then their number and denomination of officers; the mode in which they regulated and governed themselves; and, above all, they afford hints, which are not otherwise to be obtained, of the nature of the domestic trade and commerce of the metropolis at the time. They grant nearly the same species of privileges to all the companies, whose object—though from the first evidently monopoly—is represented in their petitions for such charters to be "for the greater good and profit of the people." They pray in them for the exclusion of strangers from the city, on account of what they term "their irregularities and defects," which are stated to be productive of great inconvenience, and "to the disgrace of the honest men of the said crafts and mysteries."

The societies chartered are mostly stated to be of great antiquity, or to have existed "from time whereof there is no memory." The privileges granted are, as to general meetings, "that they may have and hold their guild once a year;" and may, in the same, "settle and govern their mysteries." As to election of officers, to choose "honest, lawful, and sufficient men." As to acquiring property, the charters grant permission to the fraternities to purchase tenements and rents of small annual value, for relieving the poor and infirm, and for maintaining a chaplain and a chantry. They also confirm the ancient right of search through their respective trades in order that each of them may detect dishonest practices in his own craft, and punish offenders, subject to the cognizance, or, as it is termed, "view of the mayor." The regulation of apprenticeships forms a second grand article in the ordinances of the companies. No man was to be admitted into the livery of the Grocers "who had not served the term of his apprenticeship; and then it was to be by advice of the wardens and fellowship, who were to ascertain that he was of good name, a freeman of no other craft, and exempted therefrom; he was to pay for his admission, at least, 5*s.* Masters were to pay 20*s.* to the common box on taking an apprentice; and, "no member was to keep in his shop an apprentice or journeyman who had not served his time to the craft." They had absolute jurisdiction over their respective trades. The ordinances of the Grocers, (who for several ages had the examination of drugs, amongst numerous other articles,) enjoin their wardens "to go and assay on weights, powders, confeccions, plasters, oyntments, and all other thynges belonging to the same crafte." In like manner, the Goldsmiths had the assay of metals; the Fishmongers, the inspection and rejection of fish brought to London which they disliked; the Vintners, the tasting and gauging of wines; and so of others.

The books of the Brewers' Company (date, 1421) contain a long and curious story of the perverseness of one William Payne, at the sign of the Swan, Threadneedle-street, in refusing to contribute a barrel of ale, to be sent to the king (Henry V.) in France. He was fined 3*s.* 4*d.* for a swan for his master's breakfast, and refusing to pay, was imprisoned; then rejecting the livery, he was brought before the mayor, "and was very long before he could be humbled and brought to good behaviour."

The mayor could fine and imprison the wardens of companies at his pleasure; and it was common to make presents, or what in modern times would be called bribes, in order to obtain favour during his year of mayoralty.

Digitized by Google

The instances we shall quote are from the records of the Brewers. They are curious for giving the character of the mayor, accordingly as he proved favourable or unfavourable to the craft.

The first entry we meet with is in 1422, and respects an information against the company for selling dear ale. The complainant in this case was no less a personage than the renowned Sir Richard Whittington. The substance of the information, translated from the original in Norman French, follows:

"On Thursday, July 30th, 1422, Robert Chichell, the mayor, sent for the masters and twelve of the most worthy of our company to appear at the Guildhall, to whom John Fray, the recorder, objected a breach of government, for which 20*l.* should be forfeited for selling *dear ale*. After much dispute about the price and quality of malt, wherein Whityngtone, the late mayor, declared, 'that the brewers had ridden into the country and forestalled the malt, to raise its price,' they were convicted in the penalty of 20*l.*; which objecting to, the masters were ordered to be kept in prison in the chamberlain's custody until they should pay it, or find security for the payment thereof."

Whittington having obtained his conviction, and the mayor and court of aldermen "gone homeward to their meat," the masters (who, the record proceeds to state, remained in custody,) "asked the chamberlain and clerk what they should do;—who bade them go home, and promised that no harm should come to them; for all this proceeding had been done but to please Richard Whityngtone, for he was the cause of all the foresaid judgment."

The same year furnishes an example of the City's controul in what may be termed the impressment of the companies into the public service. It states, that in "1422, Parliament having enacted, that all the weirs or 'rydells' in the Thames between Staines and Gravesend, and Queensborough, should be destroyed, the mayor and common council ordained that two men from each of the twenty-six crafts should go out with the mayor for this business. With the brewers were joined six other crafts, viz.—the girdlers, fletchers, salters, barbers, dyers, and tallow-chandlers, who were all to go in *one barge*. The fletchers excusing themselves, as being too busy on account of preparing 'artillery' for the king (who was then in France), were permitted to find substitutes, and make payment. Two men were chosen on this occasion to go up to Kingston, on the part of the brewers, and the excursion cost them 13*s.* 4*d.*; and two to Gravesend, who spent 20*s.* 6*d.*; each having a reward of 6*s.* 8*d.*

The following entries are quoted to illustrate the system of bribery:—

In 1422-3.—"A note (in Latin) that William Walderne (mayor that year) behaved well to the company, until two or three weeks before his retirement from office;" when, beginning to annoy them, they "assuaged his displeasure," by presenting him "a *boar*, price 20*s.*, and an *ox*, price 17*s.*" Whittington himself is stated to have received a douceur through his servant, in an item of expenditure in the warden's accounts afterwards; which debits the company 7*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* "for ii. pipes of red wyne to Richard Whetyngton's butler." In a succeeding mayoralty, another sum of 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* is charged "for gyfts to the lord maior." Other entries record the receiving of gifts of different kinds, both by the chief magistrate and his officers; or speak of such gifts as customary compliments to obtain favour.

In 1423 is an entry of "money given to divers serjeants of the maior, for to be good friends to our craft," or "for their labour to the profit of the craft." Mention is also made of 16*l.* "given to a tasker of the king's, to suffer our carpenters still in our work."

In 1424.—"A record in praise of John Michell." He was mayor this year; and though a receiver of presents, like his predecessors, is eulogized, because "he was a good man, and meek, and soft to speak with. When he was sworn into office, the brewers gave to him an *ox*, that cost 21*s.* and 2*d.*, and a *boar*, price 30*s.* 1*d.*; so that he did no harm to the brewers; and advised them to make good ale, that he might not have any complaint against them."

But in the preceding year, a singular example is given of a lord mayor who would not take a bribe:—"William Crowmere, mayor this year, was a good man, and well pleased all the citizens, especially the brewers. When the masters offered gifts to him, he thanked them, but would not receive *any*."

NATIONAL TASTES AND ANTIPATHIES.

Mr. Murray, in his work on Consumption, observes, that almost every thing that moves on earth, in the sea, or air, has been devoured by man. In South America, nothing in the shape of life comes wrong to them—they eat serpents, lizards, and ounces; and Humboldt has seen children drag enormous centipedes out of their holes, and craunch them up. At Emeraldi, their delicate morceau is a roasted monkey. Puppies on the Missouri and Mississippi are choice food. Horse flesh in Arabia; elephant's flesh in India; camel's flesh in Egypt. The Pariahs of Hindostan contend for putrid carrion with the dogs, vultures, and kites. The Chinese devour cats, dogs, rats, and serpents: bears' paws, birds' nests, and sea-shy, are dainty bits. The inhabitants of Cochin-China prefer rotten eggs to fresh ones. The Tonquineze and the inhabitants

of Madagascar prefer locusts to the finest fish. In Australia, a good fat gull would be preferred to every thing else; and in the West Indies, a large caterpillar found on the palm-tree is esteemed a luxury; while the edible nests of the Java swallow are so rich a dainty, that the ingredients of a dish will cost 15*l*. The quantity of frogs seen in the markets of the continent is immense. At Terracina, the host asks his guest whether he prefers the eel of the hedge, or that of the river. The astronomer De la Lande was remarkably fond of spiders.

Great Britain even transcends her continental neighbours. The *brawn* of Scotland is putrid mutton, the sheep having died of the rot; game and venison are seldom relished till *high*, or, in honest language, till a mass of putrefaction, disengaging in abundance one of the most septic poisons the chemist knows of: in numerous cases it is a mass of life and motion, the offspring of putridity. Pigs are still whipped to death; lobsters are boiled alive; cod are crimpled, and eels are skinned, writhing in agony; hares are hunted, and die in fevered inflammation.

The human antipathies are not less remarkable. There is scarcely any product, animal or vegetable, that has not revolted some individuals. Henry III. of France could not endure a cat; Tycho Brahe trembled at the sight of a hare or fox; Erasmus could not taste of fish without falling into a fever; Wadislaus, king of Poland, ran away at the sight of apples; and Johannes de Querceto, secretary to Francis I. of France, would fall a bleeding if an apple were held near him. Cheese is most frequently the subject of antipathy; but we have also heard of cucumbers, and even sweet almonds, and strawberries. Cardan, the philosopher, could not endure eggs; Crassus had an insuperable dislike to bread; and Scaliger was thrown into convulsions at the sight of cresses. The gums of some individuals have bled at the tearing of brown paper. The feel of velvet with some persons produces nausea and syncope. Sir Kenelm Digby says that Lady Heneage had her cheeks blistered by laying a rose upon one of them while asleep. Cardinal Hauy de Cardonne swooned at the smell of a rose. W. G. C.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES FOUND IN THE FLEET DITCH.

In digging this canal between Fleet Prison and Holborn Bridge, several Roman utensils were lately discovered at the depth of fifteen feet; and, a little deeper, a great quantity of Roman coins, in silver, brass, copper, and all other metals except gold. Those of silver were ring money, of several sizes, the largest about the bigness of a crown, but gradually decreasing; the smallest were about the size of a silver twopence, each having a snip at the edge. And at Holborn Bridge were dug up two brazen lares, or household gods, about four inches in length, which were almost incrusted with a petrified matter: one of these was Bacchus, and the other Ceres; but the coins lying at the bottom of the current, their lustre was in a great measure preserved, by the water incessantly washing off the oxydizing metal. Probably, the great quantity of coin found in this ditch was thrown in by the Roman inhabitants of this city, for its preservation, at the approach of Boadicea at the head of her army; but the Roman citizens, without distinction of age or sex, being barbarously massacred by the justly enraged Britons, it was not discovered till this time.

Besides the above-mentioned antiquities, several articles of a more modern date were discovered — as arrow-heads, scales, seals, with the proprietors' names upon them in Saxon characters: spur-rowels of a hand's breadth, keys, and daggers, covered over with livid rust; together with a considerable number of medals, with crosses, crucifixes, and Ave Marias engraven thereupon.

GEORGIANA.

New Books.

EXCURSIONS IN THE HOLY LAND, EGYPT, NUBIA, SYRIA, &c.

By John Madox, Esq.

[THE merits of this work are, in no respect, first-rate; yet it would be a sorry desert, indeed, did not its 900 pages yield a few oases of graphic interest. It comprises nearly five years' excursions, the author having left Naples in 1821, called at various places in Greece, visited Constantinople; thence to Cairo; sailed about the Mediterranean; returned to Egypt, and visited the Red Sea, Palestine, and Jerusalem. But, with all this travel and time, the writer saw little that others have not seen and described before him, and the besetting sin of his journal is being over nice about trifles, so as to give it the valueless character of gossip. To say that the excursions are not altogether amusing would be unjust, and in proof we shall make a few *seasonable* quotations describing ceremonies still peculiar to this hallowed vicinity.]

Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

March 26.—Much rain and snow all the morning till about one o'clock, when I went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on my showing to the Turks, waiting at the door, where they sometimes smoke and drink their coffee, the paper from the Pasha of Damascus, they told me to pass on, and soon after the paper was returned to me in the

Digitized by Google

church. Immediately as you enter, and elevated about a foot above the pavement, is a large slab of yellow-veined marble, with a sort of marble framework, about a foot high. At each end are four large candlesticks with wax-lights, and directly over it eight lamps are burning. On this slab was placed the body of our Lord when taken down from the cross to be anointed before burial; and here, as people enter, they crowd around, men, women, and children, falling upon their knees, kissing the slab, and rubbing their cheeks upon it. I went forward and entered the rotunda, or chapel, between the columns, or pillars which support the dome; of these, there are eighteen, and upon each is a painting.

Sepulchre of Our Saviour.

Directly under the dome was the sepulchre of our Saviour, in a chapel, or screen, of stone, of an oblong shape, with one end as it were cut off, and forming the entrance. Many pilgrims were going in, pulling off their shoes or boots at the door, but this is not done by Franks. Stooping through the low doorway, I entered the chapel, which is about eight or nine feet square, and not more than six or seven in height. It is paved with marble, and has marble ornaments on the sides, with a great number of massive lamps kept constantly alight. As soon as the number of pilgrims, who were kissing the place, permitted me to proceed, I squeezed into the other room, of about the same height but less in breadth, in which there is scarcely room for two people to pass beside the tomb, at least whilst they are kissing and rubbing their faces upon it, which some pilgrims kept doing for so long a time that the attendant told them to go. This is the spot on which our Lord was deposited, and a priest occasionally sprinkled the slab with honey-water. The attendant took money from those who chose to give it, and I observed my servant (who had kissed and rubbed his cheeks upon the marble like the rest) throw him down a three-piastre piece, and on his telling him I was English, he poured some of the scented water into my hand. This room was also well lighted up. At the round end of this screen is a small chapel of the Copts, having been added afterwards to the Sepulchre. This part of the church consists only of the dome, and receives a good light through a large circular aperture at top, which has only an iron network. On entering, the church appears smaller than would have been expected from the external ponderous appearance of the dome, but more lofty, from the whole building being in such a hollow. The entrance of the sepulchre faces a few steps that lead into and through the body of the Greek church, passing under the other dome of the Greek part of the church, to which you ascend by a few steps.

Mount Calvary.

Going through rather an obscure passage, and then ascending about thirteen steps, I came to the part called Mount Calvary, which, however, with the whole church, lies considerably lower than most other parts of the city, and, in approaching it from the Franciscan convent, you descend very considerably, one street being cut into steps. The part called Mount Calvary is higher than that part in which the sepulchre is situated. The rock is all covered with stone, except where a long brass grating is let in to show the bare rock; directly under it, and close to this, is the place where the cross was erected.

Procession of the Palm.

March 27.—Went to the church at eight, and remained four hours, to see the Procession of the Palm. After mass and chanting, the priests went in regular order to the door of the sepulchre. On each side of the door was an armed Turk; and there is a small balustrade, in which were three immense waxlights burning in massive candlesticks. In the sepulchre, branches of the palm-tree, plaited and twisted, are deposited to receive the benediction; they are then given to the priests, to the boys of the convent, to the pilgrims, and to the populace in succession. The singers go in front, leaving a passage for the people, and their chanting in which the boys join with all their might, covers in some measure the shameful confusion and noise which occur at this time.

It seemed strange that armed Turks should guard the entrance to the tomb of Christ, and that others, with short-handled whips, should absolutely flog away some of the rabble; for such they are, appearing dirty and miserably poor. But, if it were not for this, what a scene of noise and confusion would it be during the time the branches are being distributed, which is from twenty minutes to half an hour, according to the number of the pilgrims and the populace. A sort of battle took place during the distribution amongst six or eight, who attacked one poor fellow and pulled off his red cap. Others began beating one another with the branches they had just received; in short, the scene was quite disgraceful.

The sepulchre door being closed, a procession was made round it three times; three crosses were carried, together with wax-lights and palm-branches. There was much chanting all the time. In the front, and near the door of the sepulchre, carpets were laid down, and an altar erected; the singers took their former places, and the way was blocked up so that none could pass; a fine-wrought chair, and silk stools, were placed upon the carpets, and the priests, having changed their handsome silk robes, the regular service was chanted, without the organ, the superior

Digitized by Google

and others standing the whole time with their palm-branches in their hands. The four principal singers then retired, and this part of the ceremony being finished, the sacrament followed, and terminated the service of the day.

March 31.—I again went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and, the mass being over, saw the procession round the tomb and the marble slab at the door. Signor du Requello, the Spanish Consul, who had arrived yesterday from Aleppo, with an attendant, followed the procession, carrying a waxlight. The train was preceded by six janizaries; then followed the boys of the convent, carrying large wax tapers; then the priest, then the canopy, supported by six priests, under which were the superior and two others, one on each side, surrounded by boys carrying waxlights. Having gone three times round, and passed out of the church towards the door, they then encircled the marble slab, and again went into the church and sepulchre. In passing this slab, the boys sprinkled it with honey-water, and a Turk holding out his hands, a boy poured some into them, which he rubbed over his face, wiping his hands upon his beard.

Ceremony of Washing the Feet.

At about two, I went again to the church to see the ceremony of washing the feet, in company with Signor du Requello, the Spanish consul, who was accompanied by some of the friars of the convent at which we both resided. There were but few people in the church, and the sepulchre was lit up inside and out with waxlights. To this they proceeded directly, and entered, accompanied by two priests, a party of six or eight following; but, remaining in the entrance-room, I inquired if I might enter, and was assisted in taking off my boots and requested to take off my turban. I complied: and passing some priests who were kneeling at the entrance-chamber, which was lighted with massive lamps, came to the low door of the tomb, and knelt down to have a better view. Here two priests, the consul, and his attendant, were kneeling, apparently in devout prayer; they nearly filled the room, though two or three more might have crowded in and stood up at the same time. In about ten minutes we retired, the priests to their rooms, and the consul and myself to our seats in the front, to wait whilst the preparations for the next ceremony were going on. By way of passing the time, the superior took us up a flight of eighteen steps into the part which is called Calvary.

We again descended into the church, where they were preparing carpets and seats for washing the feet. This ceremony takes place in front of the sepulchre. The names of the twelve monks of the convent being called over, they seated themselves, six on each side: a large silver dish, containing hot water, was placed upon the carpet. The superior took off his robes of purple and gold, under which he had on a white one, and with the assistance of a priest put on a long white apron, with a red cord over his arms and shoulders, which held up his large sleeves. The first priest had the water placed before him, and, taking his shoe off, just dipped his foot in; the superior, on his knees, washed it, and, a towel being handed by another priest, wiped it. The superior then presented the priest whose foot he had washed with a crucifix, and the latter kissed the superior's hand and then the cross. Another priest was in attendance with the crucifixes. The large silver bowl was passed on, and the next had his right foot washed in the same manner, and so on with all the rest. Another priest handed round a number of strings of beads to each, with a small cross. They now walked in procession, chanting, to their room, and the whole ceremony broke up.

Good Friday.—The Crucifixion.

April 1, Good Friday.—In the afternoon I went again to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and was conducted up to a small apartment at the top, where I found Messrs. Lewis, Fisk, and King, and a young man of the Greek convent. Here we had coffee. About sunset, they began the ceremony of the crucifixion. They pass through the body of the church to the chapel, where, with closed doors and the lights extinguished, a friar at the altar preaches in Italian, and, when he alludes to the cross, one is brought in with a waxlight and taken to him, upon which he falls on his knees, kisses the cross, and finishes his discourse. The doors are now thrown open, and all, elegantly robed and carrying waxlights, with solemn step and singing hymns, pass at the back of the church by the different sanctuaries. The first party proceed with the cross, and a figure of our Saviour of a small size; other priests follow; the superior brings up the rear, and two men follow with a handsome chair. A crowd now pressed onwards, but all was conducted with tolerable propriety. I walked by the side of the Spanish consul, and carried a wax taper (which the superior ordered for me) during the whole procession. In five minutes they halted at a sanctuary, around which we stood; a priest was in front holding the cross, to which the body, painted and crowned with thorns, was now affixed. Here an ecclesiastic preached in Spanish for half an hour, after which we again advanced to the next sanctuary, where another discourse took place.

Slowly proceeding, we arrived at, and ascended the steps which lead to the chapel

Digitized by Google

at Mount Calvary, where, at the furthermost altar of two, they laid down the cross and the body. Here was a crowd of men and women. The altars are handsome, and were well lighted up, and the priests formed a row on each side, with the superior at the farther end from the altar. After a hymn, a priest preached here in Spanish, for three-quarters of an hour. They then moved to the adjoining altar, at which they show the hole in the rock, which they say is the same wherein the original cross was erected, and here they fix that bearing the image. All the priests are arranged before it, and after singing, a priest at the altar preached in Italian for about half an hour; after which two others, one on each side of the cross, proceeded solemnly to draw out the nails holding up the arms, which fall to the body. After kissing these nails, they, with the hammer and pincers, are given to another priest, and the body is taken down and put into a sheet. The procession descends down the eighteen steps, (the effigy coming last, carried by a priest,) to the place where the body of our Saviour was said to be anointed. Here the image is deposited; the superior has his white apron tied on, and, after sprinkling it with rose-water and throwing over it some powdered spices from two silver vases, he kneels down and rubs the body over. A priest from an elevated place, now preached a funeral sermon in Arabic, for near three-quarters of an hour. Tired and worn out, I still followed in the procession, which went with the body to the sepulchre, where it was deposited. The priests then retired to their room, and the people left the church, it being past ten o'clock.

[The work is embellished with several lithographs, some of which possess the recommendation of novelty.]

Spirit of Discovery.

THE HAND—ITS MECHANISM, AND VITAL ENDOWMENTS, AS EVINCING DESIGN.

(*By Sir Charles Bell, K.G.H., &c.*)

This is one of the Bridgewater Treatises, a series of works which will hereafter be regarded as standards of knowledge of their respective subjects at the time they were written. Their origin is briefly as follows: The Right Hon. and Rev. Francis Henry, Earl of Bridgewater, who died in 1829, left by will the sum of 8,000*l.* at the disposal of the President of the Royal Society, to be paid to such person or persons as should write, print, and publish, one thousand copies of a work "On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation; illustrating such work by all reasonable arguments—as for instance, the variety and formation of God's creatures, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; the effect of digestion, and thereby of conversion; the construction of the hand of man, and an infinite variety of other arguments; as also by discoveries, ancient and modern, in arts, sciences, and the whole extent of literature." The President, Mr. Davies Gilbert, accordingly appointed eight different gentlemen to write separate Treatises on the respective branches of the subject, as here stated—that on the Hand being entrusted to Sir Charles Bell, and the above being the title of the volume produced.

The work is divided into ten chapters, with illustrations, of which our limits will but enable us to take a rapid glance. The first chapter contains the Definition of the Hand: its mechanism; under which it is observed:—

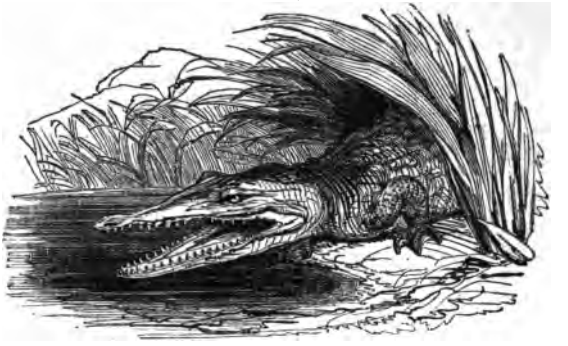
"The hand is not a distinct instrument; nor is it properly a superadded part. The whole frame must conform to the hand, and act with reference to it. Our purpose will not be answered by examining it alone; we must extend our views to all those parts of the body which are in strict connexion with the hand. For example, the bones from the shoulder to the finger ends, have that systematic arrangement which makes it essential to examine the whole extremity; and in order fully to comprehend the fine arrangement of the parts which is necessary to the motions of the fingers, we must also compare the structure of the human body with that of other animals."

Next are "the conformity of the skeleton to the extremity," and proofs that the bones of the extremity are not adapted to Man alone: thus—

"We recognise the bones which form the upper extremity of man in the fin of the whale, in the paddle of the turtle, and in the wing of the bird. We see the same bones, perfectly suited to their purpose, in the paw of the lion or the bear, and equally fitted for motion in the foot of the horse, or in the foot of the camel, or adjusted for climbing or digging in the long-clawed feet of the sloth, or bear. It is obvious, then, that we should be occupied with too limited a view of our subject, were we to consider the human hand in any other light than as presenting the most perfect combination of parts: as exhibiting the bones and muscles which in different animals are suited to particular purposes, so combined in the hand, as to perform actions the most minute and complicated, consistently with powerful exertion."

The adaptation of the most uncouth animals to their condition is next shown, and illustrated by the skeleton of the sloth, and the errors of naturalists in its economy. Then is an illustrated page on the structure and purpose of Fossil animals, showing them to have been suited to the time of their existence, as follows:—

Digitized by Google



(The Crocodile.)

"The animals of the antediluvian world were not monsters: there was no lusus, or extravagance. Hideous as they appear to us, and like the phantoms of a dream, they were adapted to the condition of the earth when they existed. I could have wished that our naturalists had given the inhabitants of that early condition of the globe, names less scholastic. We have the plesiosaurus, and plesiosaurus dolichodeirus—we have the ichthyosaurus and megalosaurus, and igùanodon, pterodactyles, with long and short beaks, tortoises, and crocodiles; and these are found among reeds and grasses of gigantic proportions, algæ and fuci, and a great variety of mollusca of inordinate bulk, compared with those of the present day—as ammonites and nautili. Every thing declares that these animals inhabited shallow seas, and estuaries, or great inland lakes: that the surface of the earth did not rise up in peaks and mountains, or that perpendicular rocks bound in the seas; but that it was flat, slimy, and covered with a loaded and foggy atmosphere. There is, indeed, every reason to believe that the classes mammalia and birds were not then created; and that if man had been placed in this condition of the earth, there must have been around him a state of things unsuited to his constitution, and not calculated to call forth his capacities. But looking to the class of animals as we have enumerated them, there is a correspondence: they were scaly; they swam in water, or crept upon the margins; there were no animals possessed of rapidity of motion, and no birds of prey to stoop upon them; there was, in short, that balance of the power of destruction and of self-preservation, which we see now to obtain in higher animals since created, with infinitely varied instincts and means for defence or attack."

The second chapter is occupied with the Comparative Anatomy of the Hand; from which we select the annexed illustration of

The Skeleton of the Bat,

as one of the best examples of the moulding of the bones of the extremity to correspond with the condition of the animal.

"Contemplating this extraordinary application of the bones of the extremity, and comparing them with those in the wing of a bird, we might say that this is an awkward attempt—'a failure.' But before giving expression to such an opinion, we must understand the objects required in this construction. It is not a wing intended merely for flight, but one which, while it raises the animal, is capable of receiving a new sensation, or sensations in that exquisite degree, so as almost to constitute a new sense. On the fine web of the bat's wing, nerves are distributed, which enable it to avoid objects in its flight, during the obscurity of night, when both eyes and ears fail. Could the wing of

Digitized by Google

a bird, covered with feathers, do this? Here then we have another example of the necessity of taking every circumstance into consideration before we presume to criticize the ways of nature. It is a lesson of humility."*

"In this animal the bones are light and delicate; and whilst they are all marvellously extended, the phalanges of the fingers are elongated so as hardly to be recognised, obviously for the purpose of sustaining a membraneous web, and to form a wing."

Then, these Peculiarities in the Hand:—

"Nothing is more remarkable, as forming a part of the prospective design to prepare an instrument fitted for the various uses of the human hand, than the manner in which the delicate and moving apparatus of the palm and fingers is guarded. The power with which the hand grasps, as when a sailor lays hold of the rope to raise his body in the rigging, would be too great for the texture of mere tendons, nerves, and vessels: they would be crushed, were not every part that bears the pressure defended with a cushion of fat, as elastic as that which is in the foot of the horse and the camel. To add to this purely passive defence, there is a muscle which runs across the palm, and more especially supports the cushion on its inner edge: it is this muscle which, raising the edge of the palm, adapts it to lave water, forming the cup of Diogenes. In conclusion, what says Ray—'Some animals have horns, some have hoofs, some teeth, some talons, some claws, some spurs and beaks: man hath none of all these, but is weak and feeble, and sent unarmed into the world—why, a hand, with reason to use it, supplies the use of all these.'"

The Muscles of the Arm and Hand occupy the third chapter; and the fourth and fifth illustrate the substitution of other organs for the hand. The seventh and eighth chapters relate to Sensibility and Touch, and the senses generally introductory to the sense of Touch, with some interesting pages on the Cuticle, and the Hoofs of Animals and their Sensibility. Chapter nine treats of the Muscular Sense, illustrating the sensibility of infants to impressions and gradual improvements of the sense of Touch; and the same in insects and fishes. From the latter we quote:

"That insects have the most exquisite organs of sense must be allowed; but we do not reflect on the extraordinary accuracy with which they measure distance; which is an adaptation of the muscular exertion to the sense of vision. The spider, the *aranea scenica*, when about to leap, elevates itself upon its fore legs, and lifting its head, seems to survey the spot before it jumps. When this insect spies a small gnat or fly upon the wall, it creeps very gently towards it, with short steps, till it comes within a proper distance, and then it springs suddenly like a tiger. It will jump two feet to seize upon a bee.† We have a more curious instance of the precision of the eye, and of the adaptation of muscular action, in the *chætodon rostratus*.‡ This fish inhabits the Indian rivers, and lives on the smaller aquatic flies.

When it observes one alighted on a twig, or flying near (for it can shoot them on the wing) it darts a drop of water with so steady an aim as to bring the fly down into the water, when it falls an easy prey. These fishes are kept in large vases for amusement; and if a fly be presented on the end of a twig, they will shoot at it with surprising accuracy. In its natural state it will hit a fly at the distance of from three to six feet. The *zeus insidiator*§ has also the power of forming its mouth into a tube, and squirting at flies so as to encumber their wings, and bring them to the surface of the water. Whether led to admire the wonderful power of instinct in these inferior creatures, or the property acquired by our own eye, we must acknowledge here a compound operation."‖

Here we must halt for the present, but promise to scan the remaining chapter and the additional illustrations in our next or following Number.

* Besides the adaptation of the bat for flight, through a new adjustment of the bones of the arm, this animal has cells under its skin; but I know not how far I am authorized to say that they are analogous to the air-cells of birds, or that they are for the purpose of making the bat specifically lighter. They extend over the breast, and under the axillæ in some bats; and they are filled by an orifice which communicates with the pharynx.

† Kirby.

‡ Chœtodon, a genus of the Acanthopterygii.

§ Belonging to another genus of the same order.

‖ In these instances a difficulty will readily occur to the reader. How does the fish judge of position, since the rays of light are refracted at the surface of the water? Does instinct enable it to do this, or is it by experience?

Fine Arts.

LITERATURE OF THE FINE ARTS.

[If the arts themselves in England be not in so flourishing a condition as their professors could wish, their appreciation by the mass of the people is becoming more and more extended. We are inclined to refer these healthy indications of public taste to improvement in the literature of the Fine

Digitized by Google

Arts, not only in magazines devoted exclusively to their study, but to the introduction of artistical criticisms in other literary journals. Foremost among these ranks *Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts, Literature, and Science*, published under the patronage of the King, and already in its third volume; and, as we happen to know, unpolluted by any of the favouritism which but too often pollutes the springs of the critical Helicon. Of the aid which this work is calculated to lend to art generally, and the masterly means by which it aims at such an important object, we could speak in higher terms, had not the Editor of the Journal in question noticed in terms of commendation, a few recent productions in this Miscellany. We are generally proud of the good opinion of our contemporaries, but it gives us peculiar satisfaction to find the illustrative department of our little work receiving the high eulogium of artists.

One of the best signs of the taste of the multitude in estimating works of art in this great metropolis is the little notice taken of Buckingham Palace, and the few Sunday gazers its excrescences attract in St. James's Park; the promenaders preferring the landscape garden to straining their eyes after any points for admiration in this vast assemblage of puny projections and elevations, that would scarcely raise the credit of a journeyman builder. Right glad are we to see this "botch," as Mr. Cobbett would say, visited with fitting severity by the critic in *Arnold's Magazine*: e. g.]

The New Palace.—Most unfortunate and provoking is it, that, at a time when so many noble and palace-like structures have been erected in other parts of the metropolis; the one actually destined for the residence of the sovereign has turned out such an egregious architectural failure—a compound of littleness, insignificance, and hackneyed common-places; with many of the vices and solecisms of the Italian style, without any of that imposing grandeur and stateliness which marks some of its productions. If, indeed, it was the architect's aim to show how a building of this extent, and with the same quantity of decoration, might be put together so as to ensure the least possible effect, and so as to leave out all the character of the orders employed by him; then he must be allowed to have been pre-eminently successful. The first glance convinces us, that, although a brave contempt of economy has been displayed,—for what with pulling down and patching up, and alteration after alteration, the building must have cost half as much again as it otherwise would have done,—the first glance shows that *cheapness* has been studied, for, instead of granite and Portland stone, a material of very inferior quality has been used; such, in fact, as looks little better than Roman cement. By way of apology for this stinginess, we have a pretty little repetition, in marble, of one of the triumphal arches at Rome, as inferior in design and in real grandeur to Decimus Burton's arch, at the corner of Grosvenor-place, as can well be imagined. Had the seventy thousand pounds expended on this toy been flung into the opposite canal, the money would have been just as well disposed of—so far as taste is concerned. It only produces a flaring spot which *kills* the building behind it, and causes it, by a most injudicious contrast, to appear more dingy and shabby than it otherwise would. To be sure, it serves in some degree to be shut out from view the poor little portico, which is skulking between the two projecting wings, and which now looks more insignificant than ever, since Mr. Blore has backed it by a podium, that prevents the pediment from showing its outline against the sky. The columns themselves are so petty, and all the rest of the design so unlike any thing approaching to Grecian architecture, that the solecism of placing them in pairs beneath the pediment is less offensive than it would be if it constituted the only imperfection. Even in this respect, consistency has not been attended to, for the porticoes to the wings have only single columns, although they are so narrow, and have such an air of weakness, that putting consistency out of the question, they would have been improved, perhaps, by an additional column at each angle. In fact, the wings are such narrow strips of building as to give the idea of their being very much squeezed up within, with hardly space for passage between the rooms, unless the latter be made closets, or else thoroughfares. It is true, they may be for very subordinate purposes; still, in a building of this description, an idea of grandeur should have attended every part,—here it is ingeniously avoided altogether. Akin to the economy shown in squandering upon a marble arch—which it would have been quite time enough to think of, when all the rest had been completed—a sum exceeding that allowed for the National Gallery, is that of enriching the frieze of the south side of the palace, for the gratification of the occupiers of the garrets in the paltry houses opposite. Such has turned out to be the edifice, which, some few years back, the newspapers informed us, was to be a magnificent pile in the chastest Grecian taste, and in the most finished style of architecture! And this, too, has often happened at a time when the petty sovereigns of Germany—some of whose capitals are not equal in size to the parish of Marylebone—are rearing truly palatial edifices, whose magnificent halls are to be decorated with various series of frescoes. One is almost tempted to say, that the arts flourish best either in a republic or a despotic monarchy.

Digitized by Google

The Public Journals.

THE CLUBS.

The Literary Union Club has been dissolved —not for ever, but in order to be reconstructed upon an improved principle. White's, the once fashionable and political head-quarters, is in a rapid state of *decadence*,—its members are few, and their number is daily diminishing. The reason for this is evident. To men of no particular politics, Crockford's affords *agrémens* and accommodation highly superior: at White's there is no coffee-room; and if men choose to dine there, it must be by a preconcerted arrangement. At Crockford's, there is an admirable dining coffee-room, with the illustrious Ude himself as *chef de cuisine*. So much for the unpolitical portion of White's men. For the political members of White's, the Carlton Club presents every inducement; it blends all the good qualities of White's with all the convenience and advantage of Crockford's. The consequence is, that the respectable bay-window has become a desert; and although the "King," the "Kang," and the "Colonel," (the three K's, as Sir William Curtis would have said,) may still be seen within its semicircle, its character is lost, its prosperity is blighted.

A good deal of this change is attributable, we really believe, to the extraordinary alterations and improvements which that very extraordinary and shamefully used man, Mr. Nash, has effected in the metropolis near Charing Cross. Before that most splendid of all European streets, Regent-street, had risen from the ruins of alleys, courts, mewses, and markets, the neighbourhood of the Haymarket and Cockspur-street was never thought of, except as the way to or from the houses of Parliament, along which the great and gay hurried to the patrician rise of St. James's-street. Now we have congregated in that once disregarded vicinage not only palace-like mansions, squares, columns, and terraces, but the majority of the London Clubs. The Carlton, the Athenæum, the two United Service Clubs, the University, and the Travellers'. By the success of Regent-street, Bond-street, to which, in other days, St. James's-street formed a sort of ante-chamber, is a desert,—a place where, in wet weather, a man might go to look for a snipe, but where no man now would think of either walking or riding for the sake of meeting anybody. The point of attraction is therefore moved; and for every convenience as relates to official or Parliamentary life, the new region is unquestionably far superior.

Brookes's continues in full vigour, with blinds up and curtains down; while the respectable Boodlers, in top-boots and corduroys, continue to prose and twaddle with as much self-satisfaction as ever. And as for the club with the large window, at the bottom of the street, (name unknown,) it does just as well where it is as anywhere else. And the respectable "Arthur's" (where they shut up the street-door when they go to dinner, for fear of losing their spoons) is of a class of club so amiable, so dull, and so uninteresting, that the gentlemen who compose it hardly know when, as they certainly do not know why, they meet under its very handsome roof.

The Oriental—or, as the hackney-coachmen call it, the Horizontal Club—in Hanover-square, does, however, outdo even Arthur's for quietude. Placed at the corner of a *cul de sac*—at least as far as carriages are concerned, and in a part of the square to which nobody not proceeding to one of four houses which occupy that particular side ever thinks of going, its little windows, looking upon nothing, give the idea of mingled dulness and inconvenience. From the outside it looks like a prison;—enter it, it looks like an hospital, in which a smell of curry pervades the "wards,"—wards filled with venerable patients, dressed in nankeen shorts, yellow stockings and gaiters, and faces to match. *There* may still be seen pigtails in all their pristine perfection. It is the region of calico shirts, returned writers, and guinea-pigs grown into bores. Such is the *nabobery*, into which Harley-street, Wimpole-street, and Gloucester-place, daily empty their precious stores of bilious humanity.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE SUN-STROKE; OR BURIED ALIVE.

[We find the following "deadly-lively" incident in *The Cruise of the Midge*, in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It relates the strange adventure of a Lieutenant (Donovan) commanding a Spanish felucca, captured, and subsequently fitted out from H. M. S. Gazelle, on board of which Sir Oliver Oakplank had his broad pennant hoisted, as the commander-in-chief on the African station. She had been despatched about a fortnight in the direction of Fernando Po, and the narrative commences on the appointed day of rendezvous at Cape Formosa. The narrator is the fourth lieutenant—Brail.]

About three o'clock, P. M., when we were within ten miles of the Cape, without any appearance of the tender, we fell in with a Liverpool trader, who was bound to the Brass River to load palm oil and sandalwood. She reported that the night before they had come across a Spaniard, who fired into them, when they sheered to with an intent to speak him. The master said, that when first seen, the strange sail was standing right in for the river ahead of us; and, from the noises he heard, he was sure he had negroes on board. It was therefore conjectured that she was one of the vessels who had taken in part of her

Digitized by Google

cargo of slaves at the Bonny River, and was now bound for the Nun or Brass River to complete it. They were if anything more confirmed in this by the circumstance of his keeping away, and standing to the south-west, the moment he found they were hauling in for the land, as if anxious to mislead them, by inducing a belief that he was off for the West Indies or Brazil. This was the sum total of the information received from the Liverpool-man; but the same afternoon we fell in with an American, who rejoiced our hearts by saying that he had that morning been chased by a vessel answering the description of the felucca, and immediately after we hove about, and stood out to sea again, making sail in the direction indicated.

The next forenoon I was the officer of the watch, and, about nine o'clock the Commodore, who had just come on deck, addressed me:—"Mr. Brail, do you see any thing of the small hooker yet, to windward there?"

"I thought I saw something like her, sir, about half an hour ago, but a blue haze has come rolling down, and I cannot make any thing out at present."

"She must be thereabouts somewhere, however," continued he, "as she was seen yesterday by the Yankee brig,—so keep by the wind until four bells, Mr. Brail, and then call me, if you please."

"Ay, ay, sir;" and I resumed my walk on the weather-side of the quarter-deck.

As the breeze freshened the mist blew off, and, unexpectedly enough, although we knew she must be in our neighbourhood, in half an hour afterwards the felucca was seen about three miles to windward of us, staggering along before it like a large nautilus under her solitary lateen sail, and presently she was close aboard of us.

I was looking steadfastly at the little vessel as she came rolling down before the wind, keeping my eye, somehow or other, on the man that was bending on the ensign halyards. He immediately began to hoist away the ensign, until it reached about half-way between the end of the long drooping, wire-like yard and the deck, where the man jerked it upwards and downwards for a minute, as if irresolute whether to run it choke up, or haul it down again; at length it did hang half-mast-high, and blew out steadily.

My mind suddenly misgave me, and I looked for the pennant; it was also hoisted half-mast—"Alas! alas! poor Donovan," I involuntarily exclaimed—but loud enough to be overheard by the Commodore who stood by—"another victim to this horrid coast."

"What is wrong, Mr. Brail?" said Sir Oliver.

"I fear Mr. Donovan is dead, sir. The felucca's ensign and pennant are half-mast, sir."

"Bless me, no — surely not," said the excellent old man,—"hand me the glass, Mr. Brail.—Too true—too true—where is all this to end?" said he with a sigh.

The felucca was now within long pistol-shot of our weather-quarter, standing across our stern, with the purpose of rounding-to under our lee. At this time Sir Oliver was looking out close by the tafferel, with his trumpet in his hand. I was still peering through the glass. "Why, there is the strangest figure come on deck, on board the Midge, that ever I saw—what can it be? Sir Oliver, will you please to look at it?"

The Commodore took the glass with the greatest good humour, while he handed me his trumpet,—"Really," said he, "I cannot tell—Mr. Sprawl, can you?" Sprawl (the first lieutenant)—honest man—took his spell at the telescope—but *he* was equally unsuccessful. The figure that was puzzling us, was a half-naked man in his shirt and trousers, with a large blue shawl bound round his head, who had suddenly jumped on deck, with a hammock thrown over his shoulders as if it had been a dressing-gown, the clew hanging half-way down his back, while the upper part of the canvass shroud was lashed tightly round his neck, but so as to leave his arms and legs free scope; and there he was strutting about with the other clew trailing away astern of him, like the train of a lady's gown, as if he had in fact been arrayed in what was anciently called a curricle-robe. Over this extraordinary array, the figure had slung a formidable Spanish *trabuco*, or blunderbuss, across his body; and one hand, as he walked backwards and forwards on the small confined deck of the felucca, held a large green silk umbrella over his head, although the sail of itself was shade enough at the time, while the other clutched a speaking trumpet.

The craft, freighted with this uncouth apparition, was very peculiar in appearance. She had been a Spanish gun-boat—originally a twin-sister to one that we had, during the war, cut out from Rosas Bay. She was about sixty feet long over all, and seventeen feet beam, her deck being as round as her bottom; in fact she was more like a long cask than any thing else, and without exception the roomiest vessel of her size that I ever saw. She had neither bulwarks, nor quarters, nor rail, nor in fact any ledge whatsoever round the gunnel, so she had no use for scuppers. Her stern peaked up like a New Zealand war-canoe, tapering away to a point, which was perforated to receive the rudder-head, while forward she had a sharp beak, shaped like the proa of a Roman galley; but she was as strong as wood and iron could make her—her bottom being a perfect bed of timbers, so that they might almost have been caulked—and tight as a bottle. What answered to a bowsprit was a short thick thumb

Digitized by Google

of a stick about ten feet high, that rose at an angle of thirty degrees to the deck of the vessel; and she had only one mast, a strong stump of a spar, about thirty feet high, stayed well forward, in place of raking aft, high above which rose the large lateen sail already mentioned, with its long elastic spliced and respliced yard tapering away up into the sky until it seemed no thicker than the small end of a fishing-rod, which it greatly resembled, when bent by the weight of the line and bait. It was of immense length, and consisted of more than half-a-dozen different pieces. Its heavy iron-shod heel was shackled by a chain a fathom long, to a strong iron bar, or bolt, that extended athwart the forepart of the little vessel, close to the end of the bowsprit, and to which it could be hooked and unhooked, as need were, when the little vessel tacked, and it became necessary to jibe the sail.

The outlandish-looking craft slowly approached, and we were now within hail. "I hope nothing is amiss with Mr. Donovan?" sung out the Commodore.

"By the powers, but there is though!" promptly replied the curious figure with the trumpet and umbrella, in a strong clear voice. A pause.

All our glasses were by this time levelled at the vessel, and every one more puzzled than another what to make of this.

"Who are you, sir?" again asked the Commodore. "Where is Mr. Donovan, sir?"

Here Mr. Binnacle, a midshipman on board, hailed us through his hand, but we could not hear him; on which the man in the hammock struck him, without any warning, across the pate with his trumpet. The midshipman and the rest of the crew, we could see, now drew close together forward, and, from their gestures, seemed to be preparing to make a rush upon the figure who had hailed.

Sir Oliver repeated his question—"Who are you, sir?"

"Who am I, did you say? That's a good one," was the answer.

"Why, Sir Oliver," said I, "I believe that is Mr. Donovan himself. Poor fellow, he must have gone mad."

"No doubt of it—it is so, sir," whistled Sprawl.

Here the crew of the felucca, led by little Binnacle, made a rush, and seized the Lieutenant, and having overpowered him, they launched their little shallop, in which the midshipman, with two men, instantly shoved off; but they had not paddled above half-a-dozen yards from the felucca's side, when the maniac, a most powerful man, broke from the men that held him, knocked them down, right and left, like so many nine-pins, and, seizing his *trabuco*, pointed it at the skiff, while he sung out in a voice of thunder—"Come back, Mr. Binnacle; come back, you small villain, or I will shoot you dead."

The poor lad was cowed, and did as he was desired.

"Lower away the jolly boat," cried the Commodore; but checking himself, he continued—"Gently, men—belay there—keep all fast with the boat, Mr. Brail,"—I had jumped aft to execute the order—"We must humour the poor fellow, after all, who is evidently not himself."

I could hear a marine of the name of Lennox, who stood by, whisper to his neighbour—"Ay, Sir Oliver, better fleech with a madman than fecht with him."

"Are you Mr. Donovan, pray?" said the Commodore mildly, but still speaking through the trumpet.

"I *was* that gentleman," was the startling answer.

"Then come on board, man; come on board," in a wheedling tone.

"How would you have me to do that thing?" said poor Donovan. "Come on board, did you say? Divil now, Sir Oliver, you are mighty unrasonable."

His superior officer was somewhat shoved off his balance by this reply from his Lieutenant, and rapped out fiercely enough—"Come on board this instant, sir, or by the Lord, I—"

"How can I do that thing, and me dead since three bells in the middle watch last night?" This was grumbled as it were through his trumpet, but presently he shouted out as loud as he could bellow—"I can't come; and, what's more, I won't; for I died last night, and am to be buried whenever it goes eight bells at noon."

"Dead!" said the Commodore, now *seriously* angry. "Dead, did he say? Why, he is drunk, gentlemen, and not mad. There is always *some* method in madness; here there is none." Till recollecting himself—"Poor fellow, let me try him a little farther; but really it is too absurd"—as he looked round and observed the difficulty both officers and men had in keeping countenance—"Let me humour him a little longer," continued he. "Pray, Mr. Donovan, how can you be dead, and speaking to me now?"

"Because," said Donovan, promptly, "I have a forenoon's leave from purgatory to see myself decently buried, Sir Oliver."

Here we could no longer contain ourselves, and, notwithstanding the melancholy and humiliating spectacle before us, a shout of laughter burst from all hands simultaneously, as the Commodore, exceedingly tickled, sung out—"Oh, I see how it is—I see—so do come on board, Mr. Donovan, and we will see you properly buried."

"You *see*, Sir Oliver!" said the poor fellow; "to be sure you do—a blind horse might persave it."

Digitized by Google

"I say, Dennis, dear," said I, "I will be answerable that all the honours shall be paid you." But the deceased Irishman was not to be had so easily, and again refused, point-blank, to leave the Midge.

"Lower away the boat there, Mr. Sprawl," said Sir Oliver; "no use in all this; you see he won't come. Pipe away her crew; and, Mr. Brail, do you hear, take half-a-dozen marines with you. So, brisk now—brisk—be off. Take the surgeon with you, and spill no blood if you can help it, but bring that poor fellow on board instantly, cost what it may."

I shoved off—two of the marines being stuck well forward in the bows, the remaining four being seated beside me on the stern-sheets. Instantly we were alongside—"What cheer, Donovan, my darling? How are you, man, and how do ye all do?"

"Ah, Benjamin, glad to see you, my boy. I hope you have come to read the service: I'm to be buried at noon, you know."

"Indeed!" said I, "I know nothing of the kind. I have come on board from the Commodore to know how you are; he thought you had been ill."

"Very much obliged," continued the poor fellow; "all that sort of thing might have brought joy some days ago—but now!"——

"Well, well, Donovan," said I, "come on board with me, and buried you shall be comfortably from the frigate."

"Well, I will go. This cursed sailmaker of ours has twice this morning refused to lash me up in the hammock, because he chose to say I was not dead; so go with you I will."

The instant the poor fellow addressed himself to enter the boat, he shrank back. "I cannot—I cannot. Sailmaker, bring the shot aft, and do lash me up in my hammock, and heave me comfortably overboard at once."

The poor sailmaker, who was standing close to, caught my eye, and my ear also. "What shall I do, sir?" said he.

I knew the man to be a steady, trustworthy person.

"Why, humour him, Walden; humour him. Fetch the shot, and lash him up; but sling him round the waist by a strong three-inch rope, do you hear."

The man touched his forehead, and slunk away. Presently he returned with the cannon-balls slung in a canvass bag, the usual receptacle of his needles, palms, and thread, and deliberately fastened them round Mr. Donovan's legs. He then lashed him up in the hammock, coaxing his arms under the swathing, so that presently, while I held him in play, he had regularly sewed him up into a most substantial strait waistcoat. It would have been laughable enough, if risibility had been pardonable under such melancholy circumstances, to look at the poor fellow as he stood stiff and upright, like a bolt of canvass, on the deck, swaying about, and balancing himself, as the vessel rolled about on the heave of the sea; but by this time the sail-maker had fastened the rope round his waist, one end of which was in the clutch of three strong fellows, with plenty of the slack coiled down and at hand, had it proved necessary to pay out, and give him scope.

"Now, Donovan, dear, come into the boat; do, and let us get on board, will ye?"

"Benjamin Brail, I expected kindlier things at your hands, Benjie. How can I go on board of the old Gazelle, seeing it has gone six bells, and I'm to be hove overboard at twelve o'clock?"

I saw there was nothing else for it, so I whispered little Binnacle to strike eight bells. At the first chime, poor Donovan pricked up his ear; at the second, he began to settle himself on deck; and before the last struck, he was stretched out on a grating with his eyes closed, and really as still and motionless as if he had been actually dead. I jumped on board, muttered a sentence or two, from recollection, from the funeral service, and tipping the wink, we hove him bodily, stoop and roop, overboard, where he sank for a couple of fathoms, when we hauled him up again. When he sank, he was much excited, and flushed, and feverish, to look at; but when he was now got into the boat, he was still enough, God knows, and very blue and ghastly; his features were sharp and pinched, and he could only utter a low moaning noise, when we had stretched him along the bottom of the boat. "Mercy!" said I, "surely my experiment has not killed him." However, my best plan now was to get back to the frigate as soon as might be, so I gave the word to shove off, and in a minute we were all on the Gazelle's quarterdeck, poor Donovan being hoisted up, lashed into an accommodation chair. He was instantly taken care of, and, in our excellent surgeon's hands, I am glad to say that he recovered, and lived to be an ornament to the service, and a credit to all connected with him for many a long day afterwards.

The first thing little Binnacle did was to explain to Sir Oliver that poor Donovan had been ill for three days with brain fever, having had a stroke of the sun; but aware of the heavy responsibility of taking forcibly the command of a vessel from one's superior officer, he was allowed to have it all his own way until the Gazelle hove in sight.

After little Binnacle had made his report to Sir Oliver, he, with an arch smile, handed me the following letter open, which I have preserved to this hour for the satisfaction of the curious. Many a time have I since laughed and cried over this production of poor Donovan's heated brain.

"My dear Brail,—When you receive this

Digitized by Google

I shall be at rest far down amongst the tangleweed and coral branches at the bottom of the deep green sea, another sacrifice to the insatiable demon of this evil climate—another melancholy addition to the long list of braver and better men who have gone before me. Heaven knows, and I know, and lament with much bitterness therefore, that I am ill prepared to die, but I trust to the mercy of the Almighty for pardon and forgiveness.

"It is now a week since I was struck by a flash of lightning at noon-day, when there was not a speck of cloud in the blue sky, that glanced like a fiery dart right down from the fierce sun, and not having my red woollen nightcap on, that I purchased three years ago from old Jabos of Belfast, the Jew who kept a stall near the quay, it pierced through the skull just in the centre of the bald spot, and set my brain a-boiling and poppling ever since, making a noise for all the world like a buzzing bee-hive; so that I intend to depart this life at three bells in the middle watch this very night, wind and weather permitting. Alas, alas! who shall tell this to my dear old mother, Widow Donovan, who lives at No. 1050, in Sackville-street, Dublin, the widest thoroughfare in Europe?—or to poor Cathleen O'Haggarty? You know Cathleen, Benjie; but you must never know that she has a glass eye—Ah, yes, poor thing, she had but one eye, but that *was* a beauty, the other was a quaker;* but then she had five thousand good sterling pounds, all in old Peter Macshane's bank at the back of the Exchange; and so her one eye was a blessing to me; for where is the girl with two eyes, and five thousand pounds, all lodged in Peter Macshane's bank at the back of the Exchange, who would have looked at Dennis Donovan, a friendless, penniless lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and son of widow Donovan, who lives at 1050, Sackville-street, Dublin, the widest thoroughfare in Europe—Ah how Cathleen will pipe her real eye—I wonder if she will weep with the false one—I am sure my story might bring tears from a stone, far more a piece of glass—Oh, when she hears I am gone, she will be after breaking her tender little heart—Oh, murder for the notion of it—that's the thought that I can't bear—that is the blow that kills Ned! The last words of Dennis Donovan, who has nothing on earth to brag of beside a mighty pretty person, and a brave soul—that's a good one. Adieu, adieu. God bless the King and the Royal Family entirely. DENNIS DONOVAN, Lieutenant, R. N.; and son of Widow Donovan, who lives at 1050, Sackville-street, Dublin, the widest thoroughfare in Europe."

* A sham wooden gun.

Manners and Customs.

FENCING.

"I bruised my shin the other day, with playing at sword and dagger with *a master of fence*."
SHAKSPEARE.

PYRARD assures us, that the art of fencing is so highly esteemed in the East Indies that none but princes and noblemen are allowed to teach it. These masters wear a badge, or cognizance, on their right arm, called in their language *esaur*, which is put on with great ceremony, like the badges of our knighthood, by the kings themselves.

Montaigne informs us, that when he was a youth, the nobility all shunned the reputation of being good fencers, as something too subtle and designing, and apt to corrupt virtuous manners.

Beat denotes a blow given with the sword: there are two kinds of beats.

Caveating is the act of disengaging the sword of your adversary from one side to the other.

Flanconnade is the action of dropping the point of your sword under your adversary's hilt.

Glizarde is an operation performed by dexterously making your blade slip along that of your adversary by a movement of the arm, without deviating from the line of direction.

To *lock* is to seize your adversary's sword-arm, by twining your left arm round it, after you close your parade, shell to shell, to disarm him.

To *lurch* is to make an opening, in order to invite your adversary to thrust at you, when you, being ready, may find a favourable repost at him, &c.

I learn (says Steevens) from one of the Sloanian MSS. (now in the British Museum) which seems to be the fragment of a register formerly belonging to some of our schools where the "noble science of defence" was taught, from the year 1568 to 1583, that in this art there were three degrees: viz.—a *master's*, a provost's, and a scholar's. For each of these a prize was played, as exercises are kept in universities for similar purposes. The weapons they used were the axe, the pike, rapier, and target, rapier and cloke, two swords, the two-hand sword, the dagger and staff, the sword and buckler, the rapier and dagger, &c. The places where they exercised were commonly theatres, halls, or other inclosures sufficient to contain a number of spectators—as Ely-place, in Holborn; the Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill; the Curtain, in Holywell; the Grey Friars, within Newgate; Hampton Court; the Bull, in Bishopsgate-street; the Clink; Duke's-place; Salisbury-court; Bridewell; the Artillery Garden, &c. Among those who distinguished them-

Digitized by Google

selves in the science, I find *Tarleton*, the comedian, who "was allowed a master," the 23rd of October, 1587, (I suppose, either as grand compounder, or by mandamus,) he being "ordinary grome of her majesty's chamber;" and Robert Greene, who "plaide his maister's prize at Leadenhall, with three weapons, &c." The book from which these extracts are made is a singular curiosity, as it contains the oaths, customs, regulations, prizes, summonses, &c., of this once fashionable society. King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Philip and Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, were frequently spectators of their skill and activity. P. T. W.

The Gatherer.

The Church.—The following calculation of the average annual income of rectors, in different countries of Europe, appeared a short time since in a German paper:—France, (Catholic), 756 francs; European Russia, (Greek Church), 244; Prussia, (Protestant and Catholic), 1,460; Austria and Bohemia, 1,263; Hungary, 1,482; Spain, 1,430; Portugal, 2,906; England, (Established Church), 10,155—Dissenters, 1,560; Scotland, (Presbyterian), 5,560—Dissenters, 2,057; Ireland, (Established Church,) 10,090—Catholic and others, 2,900.

In 1829, the number of Cathedral Dignitaries were 755;—of Church Livings, 10,872. Of the latter, 1,014 are in the gift of Government; 3,769, of the Church; 794, of the Universities; 197, of public bodies; 5,030, of the nobility and gentry; and 63, of the inhabitants of respective parishes.—The total number of Dissenting Congregations was 7,094. Of these, 389 were Roman Catholics; 258 Presbyterians; 1,663 Independents; 940 (Particular) Baptists; 107 General Baptists; 296 Quakers; 2,827 Wesleyan Methodists; 424 Calvinistic Methodists; 660 Methodists of other descriptions; and 241 belonging to the Home Missionary Society and to other connexions. W. G. C.

Average.—The origin of average is of very ancient date, for it has a principal place in the laws of Rhodes, which were, it is said, formed and promulgated nine hundred years before the Christian era; and were afterwards adopted by Justinian into his digest. They provide that, if goods be thrown overboard in order to lighten a vessel, the loss sustained thereby shall be made good by the contributions of those who have benefited by it. The writers on this subject have extended this rule of the Rhodian law—first, to all goods sacrificed as the price of safety; and, secondly, to the expenses necessary for the attainment of safety. W. G. C.

Lord Bacon's Summer House.—Sir Francis Bacon erected in Gray's Inn Gardens, upon a small mount, a summer-house. It was open on all sides, and the roof supported by slender pillars. It had an uninterrupted view of the neighbouring fields, as far as the hills of Highgate and Hampstead; which was destroyed by the buildings on the north, and the summer-house levelled. Here he partly composed some of those works which now adorn the page of literature; but, alas! how frail is human nature! As Pope says—

> Do parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined;
> The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

GEORGIANA.

Stage Effect.—One night, at the Dublin theatre, Moss, a good low comedian, but full of the *furor* of extravagance in his acting, played the character of Lovegold, in the comedy of the Miser. To give an additional, and, as he thought, a happy stroke to the part, when he was frantic for the loss of his money, he ran to the front of the stage, and snatched the harpsichord-player's wig off, exclaiming, as loud as he could—"You have got my money! you have got my money! and I'll keep your wig till you return it!" The gentlemen of Cecilia's band instantly put their hands on their heads to secure their wigs, and immediately quitted the orchestra. The poor man whose bald head had been exposed, and the sight of which got the ridiculous player a thunder of applause, could get no satisfaction from Moss for the insult, for he called it a theatrical joke. W. G. C.

Money of no use.—When Spencer (the author of *View of the State of Ireland*,) and his wife were forced in great distress to fly from their house, which was burnt in the Irish rebellion, the Earl of Essex sent him twenty pieces; but he refused them, telling the person that brought them, he was sure he had no time to spend them. P. T. W.

With 43 Engravings, price 5s.,
ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART,
Seventh Year.

(*From the Literary Gazette, March* 15, 1834.)
"This is the seventh annual volume of a useful summary, in which the principal improvements, &c. within the preceding twelve months are concisely recorded. Above forty engravings add to its value; and it will be found a very convenient and instructive work in mechanics, chemistry, botany, and indeed in the general circle of the sciences. The compiler very honourably quotes his authorities."

With the next Number,
A SUPPLEMENTARY SHEET
OF
LITERARY NOVELTIES,
from Books published within the last Six Weeks: with Two fine Engravings.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by C. C. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 654.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2d.

Entertaining Novelties;

From Books published within the last Six Weeks.

TOMB OF THE THREE KINGS OF COLOGNE.

(*From "The Pilgrims of the Rhine."*)

Digitized by Google

The Rhine.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

By the Author of Pelham, &c.

[Our revisit to this *bijou* of the publishing season is chiefly for the purpose of quoting one of its exquisite engravings, as above. The original drawing is by Mr. D. Roberts; and in transferring it to our pages, labour has not been spared to render justice to that meritorious artist. By way of accompaniment we quote that chapter of the tour which relates to]

COLOGNE.

Rome — magnificent Rome! wherever the pilgrim wends, the traces of thy dominion greet his eyes. Still, in the heart of the bold German race, is graven the print of the eagle's claws; and amidst the haunted regions of the Rhine, we pause to wonder at the great monuments of the Italian yoke.

At Cologne our travellers rested for some days. They were in the city to which the camp of Marcus Agrippa had given birth: that spot had resounded with the armed tread of the legions of Trajan. In that city, Vitellius, Sylvanus, were proclaimed emperors. By that church, did the latter receive his death.

As they passed round the door, they saw some peasants loitering on the sacred ground; and when they noted the delicate cheek of Gertrude, they uttered their salutations with more than common respect. Where they then were, the building swept round in a circular form; and at its base it is supposed, by tradition, to retain something of the ancient Roman masonry. Just before them rose the spire of a plain and unadorned church—singularly contrasting the pomp of the old, with the simplicity of the innovating creed.

The Church of St. Maria occupies the site of the Roman Capitol; and the place retains the Roman name; and still something in the aspect of the people betrays the hereditary blood.

Gertrude, whose nature was strongly impressed with the venerating character, was singularly fond of visiting the old Gothic churches, which, with so eloquent a moral, unite the living with the dead.

"Pause for a moment," said Trevvlyan, before they entered the church of St. Mary. "What recollections crowd upon us. On the site of the Roman Capitol, a Christian church and a convent are erected! By whom? The mother of Charles Martel—the conqueror of the Saracen—the arch hero of Christendom itself! And to these scenes and calm retreats, to the cloisters of the convent, once belonging to this church, fled the bruised spirit of a royal sufferer—the wife of Henry IV.—the victim of Richelieu—the unfortunate Mary de Medicis. Alas! the cell and the convent are but a vain emblem of that desire to fly to God which belongs to distress; the solitude soothes, but the monotony recalls, regret. And for my own part, I never saw, in my frequent tours through Catholic countries, the still walls in which monastic vanity hoped to shut out the world, but a melancholy came over me! What hearts at war with themselves!—what unceasing regrets!—what pinings after the past!—what long and beautiful years devoted to a moral grave, by a momentary rashness—an impulse—a disappointment! But in these churches the lesson is more impressive and less sad. The weary heart has ceased to ache—the burning pulses are still—the troubled spirit has flown to the only rest which is not a deceit. Power and love—hope and fear——avarice—ambition, they are quenched at last! Death is the only monastery—the tomb is the only cell; and the grave that adjoins the convent is the bitterest mock of its futility!"

"Your passion is ever for active life," said Gertrude. "You allow no charm to solitude; and contemplation to you, seems torture. If any great sorrow ever come upon you, you will never retire to seclusion as its balm. You will plunge into the world, and lose your individual existence in the universal rush of life."

"Ah, talk not of sorrow!" said Trevlyan, wildly—"let us enter the church."

They went afterward to the celebrated cathedral, which is considered one of the noblest ornaments of the architectural triumphs of Germany; but it is yet more worthy of notice from the Pilgrim of Romance than the searcher after antiquity, for here behind the grand altar, is the Tomb of the Three Kings of Cologne—the three worshippers, whom tradition humbled to our Saviour. Legend is rife with a thousand tales of the relics of this tomb. The Three Kings of Cologne are the tutelary names of that golden superstition, which has often more votaries than the religion itself from which it springs: and to Gertrude the simple story of Lucille sufficed to make her for the moment credulous of the sanctity of the spot. Behind the tomb three Gothic windows cast their "dim, religious light" over the tesselated pavement and along the Ionic pillars. They found some of the more credulous believers in the authenticity of the relics kneeling before the tomb, and they arrested their steps, fearful to disturb the superstition which is never without something of sanctity when contented with prayer, and forgetful of persecution. The bones of the Magi are still supposed to consecrate the tomb, and on the higher part of the monument the artist has delineated their adoration to the infant Saviour. (*See the Engraving.*)

[To this we add a few elegant passages:]

Digitized by Google

Sails of Windmills.

There is something in the stilled sails of one of those inventions of man's industry peculiarly eloquent of repose; the rest seems typical of the repose of our own passions—short and uncertain, contrary to their natural ordination; and doubly impressive from the feeling which admonishes us how precarious is the stillness—how utterly dependent on every wind rising at any moment and from any quarter of the heavens!

Literary Fame.

It is in vain to tell the author that the public is the judge of his works. The author believes himself above the public, or he would never have written, and, continued Trevylyan, with enthusiam, "he *is* above them; their fiat may crush his glory, but never his self-esteem. He stands alone and haughty amidst the wrecks of the temple he imagined he had raised 'TO THE FUTURE,' and retaliates neglect with scorn. But is this, the life of scorn, a pleasurable state of existence? Is it one to be cherished? Does even the moment of fame counterbalance the years of mortification? And what is there in literary fame itself present and palpable to its heir? His work is a pebble thrown into the deep; the stir lasts for a moment, and the wave closes up, to be susceptible no more to the same impression? The circle may widen to other lands and other ages, but around *him* it is weak and faint. The trifles of the day, the low politics, the base intrigues, occupy the tongue, and fill the thought of his contemporaries; he is less rarely conversed of than a mountebank, or a new dancer; his glory comes not home to him; it brings no present, no perpetual reward, like the applauses that wait the actor, or the actor-like mummer of the senate; and this which vexes, also lowers him; his noble nature begins to nourish the base vices of jealousy, and the unwillingness to admire. Goldsmith is forgotten in the presence of a puppet: he feels it, and is mean; he expresses it, and is ludicrous. It is well to say that great minds will not stoop to jealousy; in the greatest minds it is most frequent.* Few authors are ever so aware of the admiration they excite, as to afford to be generous; and this melancholy truth revolts us with our own ambition. Shall we be demigods in our closet, at the price of sinking below mortality in the world? No!"

Retirement.

Retirement is happy only for the poet, for to him it is *not* retirement. He secedes from one world but to gain another, and he finds not *ennui* in seclusion—why?—not because seclusion hath *repose*, but because it hath *occupation*.

Travelling Acquaintance.

What tries the affections of people for each other so severely as a journey together. That perpetual companionship from which there is no escaping, that confinement, in all our moments of ill-humour and listlessness, with persons who want us to look amused—ah, it is a severe ordeal for friendship to pass through! A post chaise must have jolted many an intimacy to death.

* See the long list of names furnished by D'Israeli, in that most exquisite work, "The Literary Character," vol. ii. p. 75. Plato, Xenophon, Chaucer, Cornèille, Voltaire, Dryden, the Caracci, Domenico Venetiano, murdered by his envious friend, and the gentle Castillo fainting away at the genius of Murillo. Let us add Wordsworth, cold to the lyre of Byron; and Byron at once stealing from Wordsworth, and ridiculing while he stole.

The Navy.

THE SEA SERVICE.

By the Author of "A Year in Spain."

[WE quote half a dozen of the most animated pages of this little volume; premising only that the writer is a young American.]

Among many naval battles that shed lustre on our annals during the late war, we shall only mention two of the most brilliant, in which, though our forces were decidedly inferior, the victories were speedy and complete. One was a battle of single ships, the other of fleets.

The Wasp and Frolic.

Shortly after the declaration of war, the United States' sloop Wasp, mounting eighteen guns, and commanded by Captain Jones, fell in at sea with the British sloop Frolic, mounting twenty-two guns, and commanded by Captain Whineyates. The superiority of the Frolic in metal consisted of four long twelve pounders, and her superiority in crew and other respects was proportionate. Notwithstanding this extreme disparity of force, Captain Jones did not a moment decline the encounter, when the enemy offered it. The Frolic began the action with her cannon and musketry, which the Wasp did not return until within pistol shot. The British fired high, and greatly crippled the spars of the Wasp, bringing down the main-top-mast, mizzen-top-gallant-mast, and gaff, and thereby seriously embarrassed all her evolutions. In return, the Americans were not idle; they fired low, hulling the Frolic at every shot, and making up in celerity of fire what they wanted in force. Meantime both vessels had approached so near that the rammers touched in loading the guns, and the shot took terrible effect; especially that of the Wasp, which had ranged ahead, and taken a raking position, so as to sweep the whole length of her adversary's deck. The carnage caused by this fire was so dreadful that the British seamen were driven from their quarters below. At this time Captain Jones, seeing that he

Digitized by Google

had the advantage, and dreading lest the crippled condition of his spars might enable the enemy to escape, determined to board, notwithstanding the danger which both vessels incurred, by encountering in so rough a sea. The helm was put up, and the Wasp ran across the bow of the Frolic. As they struck, Lieutenants Biddle and Rodgers rushed on board, sword in hand, at the head of the boarders. They found no enemies to oppose them; the decks were covered with mutilated limbs and bodies, and were slippery with blood. Three officers alone remained standing on the quarter deck; and they hastened to throw down their swords in signal of submission. The British ensign which remained flying was quickly hauled down by Lieutenant Biddle. Thirty of the British were found dead, and forty wounded; the Americans lost but ten killed and wounded. The disparity proves conclusively the superiority of our fire. The victory won, the wounded were dressed, and every exertion was made to clear the wreck to which both vessels had been so quickly reduced. The masts of both vessels had fallen by the board; and when, soon after, in an evil hour, the Poictiers British ship-of-the-line came in sight, and bore down upon them, escape and resistance were alike impossible. Both were captured.

Battle of Lake Erie.

The battle of Lake Erie, of which we shall now speak, was fought under singular circumstances. A few months before the 10th of September, 1813, on which day it occurred, we were without any naval force upon that inland sea. The canoe of the savage or the bark of the trader had alone floated upon its hitherto peaceful surface. But now war was to visit it; and the solitudes of nature, as yet accustomed only to reverberate the thunders of heaven, were to be disturbed by the more terrible engines of human wrath. The force with which Perry put forth to meet the British fleet, consisted of two large brigs, the Lawrence and Niagara, of twenty guns each, and seven smaller vessels, making in all a force of fifty-four guns and about six hundred men, a large number of whom were backwoodsmen, who had never before seen a ship. The British fleet, consisted of six vessels, mounting in all sixty-three guns, and near eight hundred men. It was commanded by Captain Barclay, a veteran officer, who had lost an arm at Trafalgar; whilst Perry, his antagonist, was almost a youth.—When the British came first in sight, they were to windward; but before the action commenced, the wind changed in favour of the Americans: it was light, with clear and beautiful weather. At eleven, the British were formed in a line on the wind, and the Americans bore gallantly down upon them, the Lawrence, which led the van, displaying from her mast-head the dying words of the commander whose name she bore—"Don't give up the ship!" The order of attack had been accurately arranged; but in case of any interruption of it, Perry told his captains that he could not advise them better than in the words of Nelson—"If you lay your enemy alongside closely and quickly, you cannot be out of your place." At a little before noon the fire was opened upon the Lawrence; and it was not until some time after that her carronades would reach to return it. At length the battery was opened, and, the rest of the fleet not coming up, she remained during two hours exposed to the attack of nearly the whole British fleet. She was only supported by the small vessels Caledonia, Ariel, and Scorpion, which had been enabled to come up. The Niagara, Captain Elliot, equal to the Lawrence in force, and better manned, had been within hail of her shortly before the fire commenced. By backing her main-top-sail, however, she dropped so far astern, as to be in no condition to render assistance. The consequences to the Lawrence were dreadful; she was cut to pieces, and left a complete wreck: every gun, except one, which Perry himself assisted in firing, was dismounted, and scarce a dozen men remained who were not among the killed or wounded. To continue the action any longer in the Lawrence was a vain exposure of her few surviving men. But Perry was unwilling to surrender himself, and notwithstanding the increased disparity in favour of the British, which the destruction of the Lawrence occasioned, he did not yet despair of the victory. "The American flag," said he "shall not this day be hauled down from over my head."—He entered his boat, and put off from the Lawrence, and, under a deadly fire of grape and musketry showered upon him by the enemy, steered for the Niagara, standing erect in his boat, with his sword in one hand, and in the other his battle-flag of "Don't give up the ship."—Perry passed on unhurt, and, reaching the Niagara, he hoisted his flag anew, and bore down upon the enemy. Breaking through the British ships, he raked them at pistol-shot with both broadsides. In one of the ships the British seamen were driven from the deck by the deadliness of this fire; and, the other vessels of the squadron arriving opportunely to support the Niagara, the enemy's ships began one by one to haul down their colours, until at three o'clock not a single British ensign remained flying. The Lawrence, which had been compelled to strike soon after Perry removed his flag, was now enabled to rehoist her ensign. The American loss in killed and wounded amounted to 123; that of the British to 200: the number of prisoners exceeded that with which the Americans went originally into action. The treatment of these prisoners by the victors was

Digitized by Google

not less a subject of commendation than their bravery during the battle. Captain Barclay, who had been severely wounded, was in a peculiar manner the subject of Perry's attentions, and he afterwards took occasion to speak of him in terms of equal commendation of his skill, his valour, and his humanity.

Poetry.

THE SEVEN TEMPTATIONS.

By Mary Howitt.

[This volume contains seven minor dramas, the aim and end of which is to paint in fitful scenes and fearful colours, a few of the trials to which the human soul is subjected in this lower world. The moral is excellent; for, in the words of the author's preface—]

We see the awful mass of sorrow and crime in the world, but we know only in part, in a very small degree, the fearful weight of solicitations and impulses of passion, and the vast constraint of circumstances, that are brought into play against suffering humanity. In the luminous words of my motto,

> "What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's resisted."—*Burns.*

Thus, without sufficient reflection, we are furnished with data on which to condemn our fellow-creatures, but without sufficient grounds for their palliation and commiseration. It is necessary for the acquisition of that charity, which is the soul of christianity, for us to descend into the depths of our own nature; to put ourselves into many imaginary and untried situations, that we may enable ourselves to form some tolerable notion how we might be affected by them; how far we might be tempted; how far deceived; how far we might have occasion to lament the evil power of circumstances, to weep over our own weakness, and pray for the pardon of our crimes; that having raised up this vivid perception of what we might do, suffer, and become, we may apply the rule to our fellows, and cease to be astonished in some degree, at the shapes of atrocity into which some of them are transformed; and learn to bear with others as brethren, who have been tried tenfold beyond our own experience, or perhaps our strength.

[The framework of the volume is as follows: Achzib, the liar, or the runner to and fro, a restless, ambitious spirit, who, hating good, covets distinction among the bad, proposes to two other of the lower order of spirits, to prove the supremacy of evil by selecting seven human beings, and tempting them according to their several natures. He first assails a poor scholar, "young, worn out with study, and as simple, unpractised, and inexperienced in the ways of men as a child," whom he tries to allure with specious philosophy and the love of fame; but fails in his object, his attack being too direct: "the integrity of principle may be undermined, but is seldom taken by storm." The tempter passes on to a ruined votary of pleasure, whom he tempts with love of gold: he watches the gradual strengthening of the passion; the sealing up, as it were, of the heart against both God and man, and succeeds. The victim of the third temptation is from the bosom of affection, and enticed from the unsullied domestic hearth to ruin, by the sapping of principle, familiarity with vice, and the loosening of some one tie which had hitherto bound him to virtue; "for the first dereliction of duty, the first swerving aside from the integrity of virtue, is the act by which a human soul becomes the chartered victim of evil:" the tempter succeeds in leading him on from pleasure to crime, from robbery to murder or piracy. The fourth temptation is to persuade old age to murmur against Providence; but this is foiled by piety; for, as is beautifully observed: "old age finds a natural aliment in religion; and as its ties to the earth are sundered, the very necessities of its nature unite it more closely with heaven." The fifth essay is upon Raymond, "young and filled with high resolves, panting in the chase of fame," in which the tempter as a man of pleasure, succeeds. Philip of Maine, the sixth temptation, is the tempter working upon baffled ambition and mortified pride, writhing under a tyrannous ruler, and among an oppressed people, but falling by the treachery of his compatriots. The seventh tempted one is Teresa, whose grief for the loss of her child is overcome by faith; for "the dearly beloved child is often a snare to a parent's heart; it has been an idol between the soul and God, and he has sometimes mercifully taken the child to keep the parent from sin." The result of the tempter's mission is the exultation that he has proved the supremacy of evil, for, of the seven whom he has tried, he has won four; he cries, "Let me no longer be called Achzib the Liar, for I have proved that evil obtains a wider and more powerful agency than good. I have won four young men in the strength of manhood, and in the full force of intellect: I have lost only a poor scholar, an old man, and a woman!"

Of the dramatic merits of this work it is not convenient to quote any specimen; nor is such desirable. Every page abounds with vivid writing, and not overwrought description; but the strength of the writer does not lie in the dramatic developement, nor is the design adequately wrought out by the characters. Our extracts shall therefore be in detached beauties rather than entire scenes.]

CHOIR OF SPIRITUAL VOICES.

No more sighing,
No more dying,
Come with us, thou pure and bright!

Digitized by Google

Time is done,
Joy is won,
Come to glory infinite!
Hark! the angel-songs are pealing!
Heavenly mysteries are unsealing,
Come and see, oh come and see!

Here the living waters pour,
Drink and thou shalt thirst no more,
Dweller in eternity!
No more toiling, no more sadness!
Welcome to immortal gladness,
Beauty and unending youth!
Thou that hast been deeply tried,
And like gold been purified,
Come to the eternal truth!
Pilgrim towards eternity,
Tens of thousands wait for thee,
Come, come!

THE RUINED LORD.

That was my home, the noble hall of Torres!
Mine were those meadows, you bright lake was mine,
Where when a boy I fished, and swam, and hurled
Smooth pebbles o'er its surface; those green hills
Were mine, and mine the woods that clothed them;
This was my patrimony! a fair spot,
Than which this green and pleasant face of earth
Can show none fairer! With this did descend
An honourable name, the lord of Torres!
An unimpeachable and noble name,
Without a blot on its escutcheon,
Till it descended to a fool like me;
A spendthrift fool, who is become a proverb!

My father was a good and quiet man;
He wedded late in life; and I was born
The child of his old age; my mother's face
I knew not, saving in its gilded frame,
Where, in the chamber of her loving husband,
It hung before his bed. My father died
When I was in my nonage. Marvellous pains,
Reading of books, study, and exercise,
Made me, they said, a perfect gentleman:
Such was the lord of Torres three years since!

He rode, he ran, he hunted, and he hawked.
And all exclaimed, "a gallant gentleman!"
He had his gay companions, what of that?
They said that youth must have its revelries.
He laughed, he sang, he danced, he drank his wine,
And all declared, "a pleasant gentleman!"
They came to him in need, his many friends,
Money he had in plenty, it was theirs!
He paid their debts; he gave them noble gifts;
He feasted them; he said, "they are my friends,
And what I have is theirs!" and they exclaimed,
"Oh, what a noble, generous gentleman!"
He had his friends too, of another sort,
Fair women *that* seduced him with their eyes;
For these he had his fetes, his pleasant shows,
His banquetings in forest solitudes,
Beneath the green boughs, like the sylvan gods:
And these repaid him with sweet flatteries,
And with bewitching smiles and honeyed words!

The lord of Torres did outgo his rents;
His many friends had ta'en his ready cash;
"What then!" said they, "thy lands are broad and rich,
Get money on them." Ah, poor thoughtless fool,
He listened to their counsels!—Feasts and gifts,
And needy friends, again have made him bare!
"Cut down thy woods!" said they. He cut them down;
And then his wants lay open to the day,
And people said "this thriftless lord is poor!"
This touched his pride, and he grew yet more lavish.
"Come to my heart," said he, "my faithful friends;
We'll drink and laugh, to show we yet can spend!"
—"The woods are felled; the money is all spent;
What now remains?—The land's as good as gone,
The usurer doth take its yearly rent!"

So spake the lord again unto his friends:
"Sell house and all!" exclaimed the revellers.
The young lord went to his uneasy bed
A melancholy man. The portraits old
Looked from their gilded frames as if they spoke
Silent upbraidings; all seemed stern but one,
That youthful mother, whose kind eye and smile
Appeared to say, Return, my son, return!

The lord of Torres is a thoughtful man:
His days are full of care, his nights of fear;
He heedeth not which way his feather sits;
He wears the velvet jerkin for the silk;
He hath forgot the roses in his shoes;
He drinks the red wine, and forgets the pledge;
He hears the jest, and yet he laugheth not;
Then said his friends "Our lord hath lost his wits,
Let's leave him ample space to look for them!"
They rode away, and left his house to silence;
The empty rooms echoed the closing doors;
The board was silent! silent was the court,
Save for the barking of the uneasy hounds.
Soon spread those friends the news of his distress!
And then again a crowd was at his doors:
This was a jeweller, and must be paid;
This was a tailor, this had sold perfumes,
This silks, and this confectionery and wine:
They must, they must be paid; they would be paid!

"The lord of Torres is a ruined man!"
So said the cunning lawyer; and they sold
Horses, and hounds, and hawks, and then they said
The house itself must go! The silent lord
Rose up an angry man: "Fetch me my horse!"
Said he; for now a thought had crossed his mind
Wherein lay hope. Alas! he had no horse;
The lord of Torres walked a foot that day!
"I'll seek my friend!" said he, "my right good friends;
They'll help me in my need, each one of them."
He sought their doors: this saw him through the blind,
And bade his valet say, he was abroad;
This spoke him pleasantly, and gave him wine,
And pledged him in the cup, his excellent friend!
But when he told the purport of his visit,
He shook his head, and said he had no gold,
Even while he paid a thousand pieces down
For a vain bauble! From another's lips
He heard the mocking words of "spendthrift," "beggar."

The lord of Torres turned upon his heel,
And muttered curses while his heart was sad.
"There's yet another friend," said he, "beloved
Beyond them all; for while I held them churls,
This was the chosen brother of my heart!"
The lord of Torres stood beside his gate;
There was a show as for a festival.
"I come in a good hour!" said he to one
Who stood hard by; "what means this merry show?"
"How! know you not," said he, "this very morn
The noble Count hath wedded the fair daughter
Of Baron Vorm!" The young lord's cheek is white,
His brain doth reel, he holds against the gate,
And hides his face that none may see his tears!
He back returned unto his father's house,
And entering in his chamber, barred the door,
And passed a night of sleepless agony!

The lord of Torres was an altered man:
A woe had shadowed o'er his countenance;
His speech was low, and tremulous, and sad;
He bore a wounded heart within his breast.
Then came his aged steward with streaming eyes,
And gave to him a little bag of gold;
"Take it," he said, I won it in thy service,
And in the service of thy noble father!"
The lord of Torres took the old man's hand,
And wept as weeps a child; his heart was touched.
"Take back thy gold," said he; "I wasted mine,
Yet will I not expend thy honest gains;
Friend, take it back: I will not touch thy gold!"

The house was sold; the lands, the lakes were sold;
And debts and charges swallowed up the price;
And now he is a landless, homeless man:
He is no lord, he hath no heritage!
Thomas of Torres, get thee from this place,
What dost thou here? Art like a cursed sprite

Digitized by Google

Looking into the heaven that thou hast lost?
Ay, look and long, for yonder do they lie,
Thy fair lands and thy broad! Poor outcast wretch,
Thou mayst not set thy foot within those fields;
Thou mayst not pull a sapling from the hills;
Thou mayst not enter yon fair mansion-house:
Another man is called the lord of Torres!
Out with thee! thou art but a thriftless hind;
They'll drive thee hence if thou but set thine eyes
Upon their fair possessions! What art now
Better than him who wins his bread by toil?
Better than that poor wretch who lives by alms?
Thou canst not dig; to beg thou art ashamed:
Oh, worse than they, thou, one-time, lord of Torres!

DRINKING SONG.

Down, down with the sorrows
And troubles of earth!
For what is our life made
But drinking and mirth!
Drink and be glad, sirs,
Laugh and be gay;
Keep sober to-morrow,
But drink to-day!

Love's a deceiver,
He'll cheat if he can;
Sweet innocent woman
Is wiser than man!
Trust her not, trust her not,
She will deceive!
Who wins her may gather
The sea in a sieve!

Laying up money
Is labour and care;
All you have toiled for
Is spent by the heir!
Knowledge is wearisome,
Save when the wise
Study whole volumes
In beautiful eyes!

So down with the sorrows
And troubles of earth!
For what was our life made
But drinking and mirth!
Then drink and be glad, sirs,
Laugh and be gay;
Keep sober to-morrow,
But drink to-day!

Legend.

BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNENS OF NASSAU.

[We have already paid our respects to this pleasant volume, but have reserved the most interesting quotation, (graphic as well as literary,) for the present sheet; its scene being on the road from the little village of Schlangenbad to Mainz.]

Upon a rock overhanging the hamlet (Frauenstein) there stood solemnly before me the remains of the old castle of Frauenstein, or Frankenstein, supposed to have been built in the thirteenth century. In the year 1300 it was sold to the Archbishop Gerhardt, of Mainz, but soon afterwards, being ruined by the Emperor Albrecht I. in a tithe war which he waged against the prelate, it was restored to its original possessors.

But what more than its castle attracted my attention in the village of Frauenstein, was an immense plane tree, the limbs of which had originally been trained almost horizontally, until, unable to support their own weight, they were now maintained by a scaffolding of stout props. Under the parental shadow of this venerable tree, the children of the village were sitting in every sort of group and attitude; one or two of their mothers, in loose dishabille, were spinning, many people were leaning against the upright scaffolding, and a couple of asses were enjoying the shade of the beautiful foliage, while their drivers were getting tipsy in a wine-shop, the usual sign of which is in Germany the branch of a tree affixed to the door-post.

As I had often heard of the celebrated tree of Frauenstein, before which I now stood, I resolved I would not quit it until I had informed myself of its history, for which I well knew I had only to apply to the proper authorities; for in Germany, in every village, there exists a huge volume either deposited in the church, or in charge of an officer called the Schuldheisz, in which the history of every castle, town, or object of importance is carefully preserved. The young peasant reads it with enthusiastic delight, the old man reflects upon it with silent pride, and to any traveller, searching for antiquarian lore, its venerable pages are most liberally opened, and the simple information they contain generously and gratuitously bestowed.

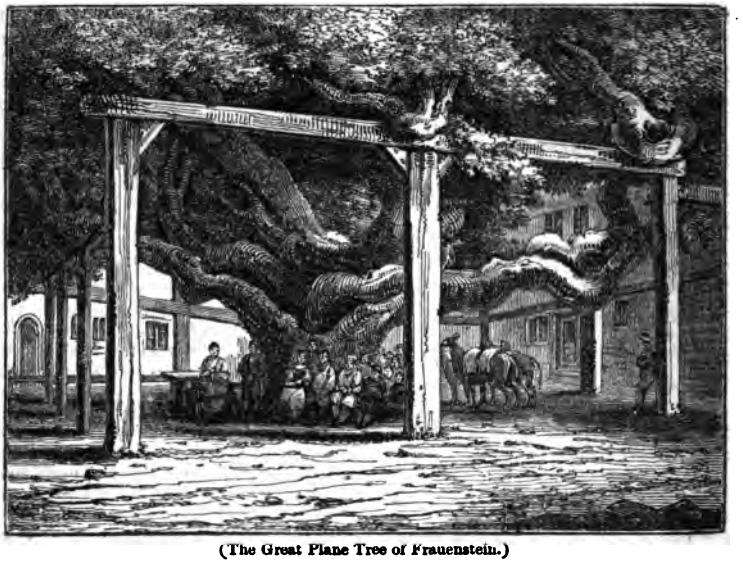
On inquiring for the history of this beautiful tree, I was introduced to a sort of doomsday book about as large as a church Bible, and when I compared this volume with a little secluded spot so totally unknown to the world as the valley or glen of Frauenstein, I was surprised to find that the autobiography of the latter could be so bulky,—in short, that it had so much to say of itself. But it is the common error of man, and particularly of an old man, to fancy that all his thoughts as well as actions are of vast importance to the world; why, therefore, should not the humble Frauenstein be pardoned for an offence which we are all in the habit of committing?

In this ancient volume, the rigmarole history of the tree was told with so much eccentric German genius, it displayed such a graphic description of highborn sentiments and homely life, and altogether it formed so curious a specimen of the contents of these strange sentimental village histories, that I procured the following literal translation, in which the German idiom is faithfully preserved at the expense of our English phraseology.

Legend of the great Plane Tree of Frauenstein.

The old Count Kuno seized with a trembling hand the pilgrim's staff—he wished to seek peace for his soul, for long repentance consumed his life. Years ago he had banished from his presence his blooming son, because he loved a maiden of ignoble race. The son marrying her, secretly withdrew. For some time the Count remained in his castle in good spirits—looked cheerfully down

Digitized by Google



(The Great Plane Tree of Frauenstein.)

the valley—heard the stream rush under his windows—thought little of perishable life. His tender wife watched over him, and her lovely daughter renovated his sinking life; but he who lives in too great security is marked in the end by the hand of God, and while it takes from him what is most beloved, warns him that here is not our place of abode.

The "Haus-frau" (wife) died, and the Count buried the companion of his days; his daughter was solicited by the most noble of the land, and because he wished to ingraft this last shoot on a noble stem, he allowed her to depart, and then solitary and alone he remained in his fortress. So stands deserted upon the summit of the mountain, with withered top, an oak! moss is its last ornament, the storm sports with its last few dry leaves.

A gay circle no longer fills the vaulted chambers of the castle—no longer through them does the cheerful goblet's "clang" resound. The Count's nightly footsteps echo back to him, and by the glimmer of the chandeliers the accoutred images of his ancestors appear to wreath and move on the wall as if they wished to speak to him. His armour, covered by the web of the vigilant spider, he could not look at without sorrowful emotion. Its gentle creaking against the wall made him shudder.

"Where art thou," he mournfully exclaimed, "thou who art banished? oh, my son, wilt thou think of thy father, as he of thee thinks—or——art thou dead? and is that thy flitting spirit which rustles in my armour and so feebly moves it? Did I but know where to find thee, willingly to the world's end would I in repentant wandering journey—so heavily it oppresses me, what I have done to thee—I can no longer remain—forth will I go to the God of Mercy, in order, before the image of Christ, in the Garden of Olives, to expiate my sins."

So spoke the aged man—enveloped his trembling limbs in the garb of repentance—took the cockle hat—and seized with the right hand (that formerly was accustomed to the heavy war sword) the light long pilgrim's staff. Quietly he stole out of the castle, the steep path descending, while the porter looked after him astounded, without demanding "Whither?"

For many days the old man's feet bore him wide away; at last he reached a small village, in the middle of which, opposite to a ruined castle, there stands a very ancient plane tree. Five arms, each resembling a stem, bend towards the earth, and almost touch it. The old men of former times were sitting underneath it, in the still evening, just as the Count went by; he was greeted by them, and invited to repose. As he seated himself by their side, "You have a beautiful plane tree, neighbours," he said.

"Yes," replied the oldest of the men, pleased with the praise bestowed by the pilgrim on the tree, "it was nevertheless PLANTED IN BLOOD!"

"How is that?" said the Count.

"That will I also relate," said the old man. "Many years ago there came a young man here, in knightly garb, who had a young woman with him, beautiful and delicate, but, apparently from their long journey, worn out. Pale were her cheeks, and her head, covered

Digitized by Google

with beautiful golden locks, hung upon her conductor's shoulder. Timidly he looked round—for from some reason he appeared to fear all men, yet, in compassion for his feeble companion, he wished to conduct her to some secure hut, where her tender feet might repose. There, under that ivy-grown tower, stands a lonely house belonging to the old lord of the castle; thither staggered the unhappy man with his dear burden, but scarcely had he entered the dwelling, than he was seized by the Prince, with whose niece he was clandestinely eloping. Then was the noble youth brought bound, and where this plane tree now spreads its roots flowed his young blood! The maiden went into a convent; but before she disappeared, she had this plane tree planted on the spot where the blood of her lover flowed: since then it is as if a spirit life were in the tree that cannot die, and no one likes a little twig to cut off, or pluck a cluster of blossoms, because he fears it would bleed."

"God's will be done!" exclaimed suddenly the old Count, and departed.

"That is an odd man," said the most venerable of the peasants, eyeing the stranger who was hastening away; "he must have something that heavily oppresses his soul, for he speaks not, and hastens away; but, neighbours, the evening draws on apace, and the evenings in spring are not warm; I think in the white clouds yonder, towards the Rhine, are still concealed some snow-storms—let us come to the warm hearth."

The neighbours went their way, while the aged Count, in deep thought, passed up through the village, at the end of which he found himself before the churchyard. Terrific black crosses looked upon the traveller—the graves were netted over with brambles and wild roses—no foot tore asunder the entwinement. On the right hand of the road there stands a crucifix, hewn with rude art. From a recess in its pedestal a flame rises towards the bloody feet of the image, from a lamp nourished by the hand of devotion.

"Man of sorrow," thus ascended the prayer of the traveller, "give me my son again—by thy wounds and sufferings give me peace—peace!"

He spoke, and turning round towards the mountain, he followed a narrow path which conducted him to a brook, close under the flinty, pebbly grape hill. The soft murmurs of its waves rippling here and there over clear, bright stones, harmonized with his deep devotion. Here the Count found a boy and a girl, who, having picked flowers, were watching them carried away as they threw them into the current.

When these children saw the pilgrim's reverend attire, they arose—looked up—seized the old man's hand, and kissed it. "God bless thee, children!" said the pilgrim, whom the touch of their little hands pleased. "Seating himself on the ground, he said, "Children, give me to drink out of your pitcher."

"You will find it taste good out of it, stranger-man," said the little girl; "it is our father's pitcher in which we carry him to drink upon the vine-hill. Look, yonder he works upon the burning rocks—alas! ever since the break of day; our mother often takes out food to him."

"Is that your father," said the Count, "who with the heavy pickaxe is tearing up the ground so manfully, as if he would crush the rocks beneath."

"Yes," said the boy, "our father must sweat a good deal before the mountain will bring forth grapes; but when the vintage comes, then how gay is the scene!"

"Where does thy father dwell, boy?"

"There in the valley beneath, where the white gable end peeps between the trees; come with us, stranger-man, our mother will most gladly receive you, for it is her greatest joy when a tired wanderer calls in upon us."

"Yes," said the little girl, "then we always have the best dishes; therefore *do* come—I will conduct thee."

So saying, the little girl seized the old Count's hand, and drew him forth—the boy on the other side, keeping up with them, sprung backwards and forwards, continually looking kindly at the stranger, and thus, slowly advancing, they arrived at the hut.

The Haus-frau (wife) was occupied in blowing the light ashes to awaken a slumbering spark, as the pilgrim entered: at the voices of her children she looked up, saw the stranger, and raised herself immediately; advancing towards him with a cheerful countenance, she said—

"Welcome, reverend pilgrim, in this poor hut—if you stand in need of refreshment after your toilsome pilgrimage, seek it from us; do not carry the blessing which you bring with you farther."

Having thus spoken, she conducted the old man into the small but clean room. When he had sat down, he said—

"Woman! thou hast pretty and animated children; I wish I had such a boy as that!"

"Yes!" said the Haus-frau, "he resembles his father—free and courageously he often goes alone upon the mountain, and speaks of castles he will build there. Ah! sir, if you knew how heavy that weighs upon my heart!" (the woman concealed a tear.)

"Counsel may here be had," said the Count; "I have no son, and will of yours, if you will give him me, make a knight—my castle will some of these days be empty—no robust son bears my arms."

"Dear mother!" said the boy, "if the castle of the aged man is empty, I can surely, when I am big, go thither."

Digitized by Google

"And leave me here alone?" said the mother.

"No! you will also go," said the boy warmly; "how beautiful is it to look from the height of a castle into the valley beneath!"

"He has a true knightly mind," said the Count; "is he born here in the valley?"

"Prayer and labour," said the mother, "is God's command, and they are better than all the knightly honours that you can promise the boy—he will, like his father, cultivate the vine, and trust to the blessing of God, who rain and sunshine gives: knights sit in their castles and know not how much labour, yet how much blessing and peace can dwell in a poor man's hut! My husband was oppressed with heavy sorrow; alas! on my account was his heartfelt grief; but since he found this hut, and works here, he is much more cheerful than formerly; from the tempest of life he has entered the harbour of peace—patiently he bears the heat of the day, and when I pity him he says, 'Wife, I am indeed now happy;' yet frequently a troubled thought appears to pierce his soul—I watch him narrowly—a tear then steals down his brown cheeks. Ah! surely he thinks of the place of his birth—of a now very aged, grey father—and whilst I see you, a tear also comes to me—so is perhaps now—"

At this minute, the little girl interrupted her, pulled her gently by the gown, and spoke—

"Mother! come into the kitchen; our father will soon be home."

"You are right," said the mother, leaving the room, "in conversation I forget myself."

In deep meditation the aged Count sat and thought, "Where may then this night my son sleep——?"

Suddenly he was roused from his deep melancholy by the lively boy who had taken an old hunting spear from the corner of the room, and placing himself before the Count said—

"See! thus my father kills the wild boar on the mountains—there runs one along! My father cries 'Huy!' and immediately the wild boar throws himself upon the hunter's spear; the spear sticks deep into the brain! it is hard enough to draw it out!" The boy made actions as if the boar was there.

"Right so, my boy!" said the aged man; "but does thy father then often hunt upon these mountains?"

"Yes! that he does, and the neighbours praise him highly, and call him the valiant extirpator, because he kills the boars which destroy the corn!"

In the midst of this conversation, the father entered, his wife ran towards him, pressed his sinewy hand, and spoke—

"You have had again a hot labouring day!"

"Yes," said the man, "but I find the heavy pickaxe light in hand when I think of you. God is gracious to the industrious and honest labourer, and that he feels truly when he has sweated through a long day."

"Our father is without!" cried suddenly the boy; threw the hunter's spear into the middle of the room, and ran forwards. The little girl was already hanging at his knees.

"Good evening, father," cried the boy; "come quick into the room—there sits a stranger-man—a pilgrim whom I have brought to you!"

"Ah! there you have done well," said the father; "one must not allow one tired to pass one's gate without inviting him in. Dear wife," continued he, "does not labour well reward itself, when one can receive and refresh a wanderer? Bring us a glass of our best home-grown wine—I do not know why I am so gay to-day, and why I do not experience the slightest fatigue."

Thus spoke the husband—went into the room—pressed the hand of the stranger, and spoke—

"Welcome, pious pilgrim! your object is so praiseworthy; a draught taken with so brave a man must taste doubly good!"

They sat down opposite to each other, in a room half dark, the children sat upon their father's knees.

"Relate to us something, father, as usual!" said the boy.

"That won't do to-day," replied the father; "for we have a guest here—but what does my hunter's spear do there? have you been again playing with it? carry it away into the corner."

"You have there," said the pilgrim, "a young knight who knows already how to kill boars—also you are, I hear, a renowned huntsman in this valley, therefore you have something of the spirit of a knight in you."

"Yes!" said the vine-labourer, "old love rusts not, neither does the love of arms; so often as I look upon that spear, I wish it were there for some use——formerly——but, aged sir, we will not think of the past! Wife! bring to the revered—"

At this minute the Haus-frau entered, placed a jug and goblets on the table, and said—

"May it refresh and do thee good!"

"That it does already," said the pilgrim, "presented by so fair a hand, and with such a friendly countenance!"

The Haus-frau poured out, and the men drank, striking their glasses with a good clank; the little girl slipped down from her father's knee, and ran with the mother into the kitchen; the boy looked wistfully into his father's eyes smilingly, and then towards the pitcher—the father understood him, and gave him some wine; he became more and more lively, and again smiled at the pitcher.

Digitized by Google

"This boy will never be a peaceful vine-labourer, as I am," said the father; "he has something of the nature of his grandfather in him; hot and hasty, but in other respects a good-hearted boy—brave and honourable. ——Alas! the remembrance of what is painful is most apt to assail one, by a cheerful glass——If he did but see thee——thee ——child of the best and most affectionate mother—on thy account he would not any longer be offended with thy father and mother; thy innocent gambols would rejoice his old age—in thee would he see the fire of his youth revived again—but—"

"What dost thou say there," said the pilgrim, stopping him abruptly; "explain that more fully to me!"

"Perhaps I have already said too much reverend father, but ascribe it to the wine, which makes one talkative; I will no more afflict thee with my unfortunate history."

"Speak!" said the pilgrim, vehemently and beseechingly, "Speak! who art thou?"

"What connexion hast thou with the world, pious pilgrim, that you can still trouble yourself about one who has suffered much, and who has now arrived at the port of peace?"

"Speak!" said the pilgrim, "I must know thy history."

"Well!" replied he, "let it be!—I was not born a vine-labourer—a noble stem has engendered me—but love for a maiden drove me from my home."

"Love?" cried the pilgrim, moved.

"Yes! I loved a maiden, quite a child of nature, not of greatness—my father was displeased—in a sudden burst of passion he drove me from him—wicked relations, who, he being childless, would inherit, inflamed his wrath against me, and he, whom I yet honour, and who also surely still cherishes me in his heart—he—"

The pilgrim suddenly rose and went to the door.

"What is the matter with thee?" said the astonished vine-labourer; "has this affected thee too much?"

The boy sprang after the aged man, and held him by the hand. "Thou wilt not depart, pilgrim?" said he.

At this minute the Haus-frau entered with a light. At one glance into the countenance of the vine-labourer the aged Count exclaimed, "My Son!" and fell motionless into his arms. As his senses returned, the father and son recognised each other. Adelaide, the noble, faithful wife, weeping, held the hands of the aged man, while the children knelt before him.

"Pardon, father!" said the son.

"Grant it to me!" replied the pilgrim, "and grant to your father a spot in your quiet harbour of peace, where he may end his days. Son! thou art of a noble nature, and thy lovely wife is worthy of thee—thy children will resemble thee—no ignoble blood runs in their veins. Henceforth, bear my arms; but, as an honourable remembrance for posterity, add to them a pilgrim and the pickaxe, that henceforth no man of high birth may conceive that labour degrades man—or despise the peasant who in fact nourishes and protects the nobleman."

Natural History.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY. SECOND SERIES.

By Edward Jesse, Esq.

[We noticed the first series of these delightful "Gleanings" in such terms as to induce the reader to look for its successor with no ordinary anxiety, which must be fully gratified by the volume before us. It is, in fact, what many a book has promised to be, the Note-book of an Observer of Nature; for the writer, (who is Surveyor of his Majesty's parks, palaces, &c.) has made these gleanings or observations during his various rides in the parks, and written down in the evening whatever interested him in the course of the day. He is, therefore, no closet naturalist, or philosophical speculator, but, with singleness of purpose, which, we hope, will not be misconstrued, he confesses himself completely ignorant of the scientific part of natural history; yet is he more of a "Field Naturalist" than if he were professor of all the natural sciences. His little book beams with enthusiastic and genuine love of nature; he is not stiffened with philosophy or the fantasies of over-education, which designing men are just now turning to their own profit; for in one of his pages, Mr. Jesse observes with simplicity which may subject him to animadversion: "Could I but see our peasantry prosperous and happy, all their little superstitions, their prejudices, and their many virtues would only serve to increase the gratification I should experience in living among them." One of the most welcome features of this work is its religious and moral feeling blended with the writer's admiration of natural beauties; for he, kind-hearted man he must be, writes in his preface:]

It has been well said that Religion and Nature, like two sisters, should always walk hand in hand, that they may reciprocally aid and assist each other. It is with this impression that I have ventured to draw the attention of my readers, in a few instances, to those beautiful traits in Nature which prove, (at least to my feelings,) not only that there is a great Parent of the universe, but that He is always engaged for the benefit of His creatures. Feeble as may be my attempts to do good, I should greatly regret if I thought they would be altogether fruitless. The human mind perhaps knows no pleasure

Digitized by Google

greater than the consciousness of having been useful to others.

[These few lines should be a lesson for those public instructors who are straining at mental apart from religious improvement.

Mr. Jesse's volume is enriched with the contributions of a few observant friends, as well as with some extracts from the unpublished MSS. of the late Mr. White, of Selborne, and of the interesting character of the whole we shall proceed to quote a few specimens.]

Affection in Animals.

An instance of the affection of beasts for their young recently occurred in Bushy Park. A cow, for some reason or other, was driven from that place, and sold in Smithfield market, her calf being left at the head-keeper's yard in the park. Early the next morning she was found at the gate of the yard, having made her way through all the intricacies and impediments of London, and traversed twelve miles of road in order to get to her calf again. She must also have watched the opportunity when the park gates were opened to get through them.

Such is the jealous care which a cat shows for her kittens that I have known one to remove a whole litter to the leads at the top of a house after they had been handled by a stranger, though she had previously allowed every inmate of the house to touch them.

In riding about the King's Parks, I have frequently observed a doe come up to a dog, who has approached the lair where her fawn was concealed, and putting her feet together, she has made a spring and alighted upon the dog, frequently either maiming or killing it. A friend of mine observed an instance of this courage in a doe. He was walking in Hagley Park, Worcestershire, with a party of friends, when the discharge of a gamekeeper's gun reverberated through the trees and hills of that lovely scene. Soon afterwards a bleeding fawn bounded by, followed by the keeper's hound, and, in close pursuit of the hound, came a doe, the dam of the wounded fawn. Loss of blood (which, trickling down copiously, marked the course of the poor alarmed creature) so weakened it, that the dog soon brought it to the ground near the spot where the party stood observing the incident. The parent doe, losing all her natural timidity in affection for her offspring, attacked the hound with the utmost ferocity; nor did the interference of the keeper intimidate her. Having terminated the sufferings of her young one with his knife, he carried it from the place: and when the dam, as if agitated by excessive grief, had surveyed the pool of blood, she followed the dead fawn and its destroyers, uttering a tremulous cry of maternal distress. This cry I often hear during the season for killing fawns, and it is one of peculiar agony.

A cat belonging to Mr. Smith, the respectable bailiff and agent of the Earl of Lucan, at Laleham, is in the constant habit of taking her place on the rug before the parlour fire. She had been deprived of all her litter of kittens but one, and her milk probably incommoded her. I mention this, in order to account in some degree for the following circumstance. One evening as the family were seated round the fire, they observed a mouse make its way from the cupboard which was near the fire-place, and lay itself down on the stomach of the cat, as a kitten would do when she is going to suck. Surprised at what they saw, and afraid of disturbing the mouse, which appeared to be full grown, they did not immediately ascertain whether it was in the act of sucking or not. After remaining with the cat a considerable length of time, it returned to the cupboard. These visits were repeated on several other occasions, and were witnessed by many persons. The cat not only appeared to expect the mouse, but uttered that sort of greeting purr which the animal is so well known to make use of when she is invited by her kitten. The mouse had every appearance of being in the act of sucking the cat; but such was its vigilance, that it retreated as soon as a hand was put out to take it up. When the cat, after being absent, returned to the room, her greeting call was made, and the mouse came to her. The attachment which existed between these two incongruous animals could not be mistaken, and it lasted some time. The fate of the mouse, like that of most pets, was a melancholy one. During the absence of its nurse, a strange cat came into the room. The poor mouse, mistaking her for its old friend and protectress, ran out to meet her, and was immediately seized and slain before it could be rescued from her clutches. The grief of the foster-mother was extreme. On returning to the parlour she made her usual call, but no mouse came to meet her. She was restless and uneasy, went mewing about the house, and showed her distress in the most marked manner. What rendered the anecdote I have been relating the more extraordinary, is the fact of the cat being an excellent mouser, and that during the time she was showing so much fondness for the mouse, she was preying upon others with the utmost avidity. She is still alive.

Thieving Raven.

The propensity which the raven has to hide things is one of the peculiarities of its character. Many persons must recollect a raven, which used to hop about amongst the workmen employed in the construction of the bridge, at the top of the Serpentine river in Hyde Park. This bird, from its familiarity and odd habits, attracted at the time the notice of many persons, and amongst others that of a friend of mine. He constantly noticed and made many inquiries respecting

Digitized by Google

it. It was taken from a nest on the top of an elm tree in Hyde Park, with two or three others, all of which died. The one in question, however, survived, and became perfectly tame and sociable. It haunted the spot I have mentioned, and would sometimes take long flights and be absent some days, but always returned to the bridge. One day a lady was passing over it, and dropped a valuable bracelet. She turned round to pick it up, but before she could do so, the raven had seized and immediately flew away with it out of sight. It was conjectured that he had a hiding place in some distant tree, where probably, at some future time, the bracelet and other things may be found. The fate of this raven was a melancholy one. He was stolen, and was not heard of for a long time. At last, however, he returned, and one of his wings was cut. He was unable, therefore, to resume his former habits, and moped about, and one morning he was found dead in the Serpentine river, to the great regret of many of his admirers.

Generation of Eels.

[In his first series, Mr. Jesse concluded that eels were viviparous: Mr. Yarrell, on the other hand, thought them oviparous, and he has convinced Mr. Jesse of his error. Several pages are occupied by a paper by Mr. Yarrell on this interesting problem in Natural History; but we can only quote a portion of Mr. Jesse's proofs.]

I have had frequent conversations with Mr. Yarrell on the subject, and it was agreed that I should endeavour to supply him with a large eel for dissection, about once a fortnight throughout that portion of the year in which it was considered that eels matured their roe. This I have accordingly done, having procured one either from the river Thames, or the Longford river which runs through Bushy Park, but generally from the latter, the eels having been taken in a trap at the mill on Hampton Common. Some of these, on one occasion, were dissected by Mr. Yarrell at my house in the presence of several scientific gentlemen, and no doubt remained on the minds of any of those present that what have been called the "fringes" of eels, are in fact roe, each grain or particle being very minute, but quite apparent when seen through a magnifying glass.

In order to corroborate as much as possible the fact of eels being oviparous, I will mention the following circumstance. A respectable gardener, and also an old angler, in this neighbourhood, of the name of Sylvester, lately informed me, that as he heard I had been making inquiries respecting eels, he had called to tell me all he knew respecting them. He told me, that fishing one day in the month of March, he caught an eel, about three quarters of a pound in weight, whose stomach was so much distended that he thought it must have swallowed a roach or gudgeon. On returning home he opened it and found it full of roe. On asking him to mention the position and size of the roe, he described it as about the length and almost the size of his finger, running down to the vent on each side of the back bone of the fish, and on describing the fringes to him, which I find our Thames fishermen call the *fat* of eels, he immediately said that the roe was only an enlargement of them. He described the vent of the eel as appearing much inflamed, and the particles of roe as being extremely small, observing that he thought it would have been discharged in the course of a day or two. The eel was caught on a mild day otherwise he thought it would have *gone to bed*, as he expressed it, and that it got into the mud, where as he supposes, they bring forth their spawn. Sylvester offered, if I entertained any doubt of the accuracy of his statement, to make an affidavit of the truth of it before a magistrate.

As the term *eel-fair* may not generally be understood as applied to the vernal movement of these fish, I may mention that an old custom formerly existed amongst the Thames fishermen of keeping a sort of holiday on the occasion of the first appearance of the young eels in the river. Indeed the eel was a fish of no small value and importance to them, as they chiefly got their living by catching them in their traps, weirs, and eel-pots, and therefore the annual migration of the young eels was looked upon probably as a fair, or public festivity. On looking, however, into Rees' Cyclopædia, under the article *eel*, it is mentioned cursorily that "eel fares is used for the fry or brood of eels." A *fure* of pigs is a common mode, in the country, of mentioning the number of pigs a sow has recently produced, and is perhaps the origin of the word farrow. It is not improbable, therefore, that this mention of eel-fares in Rees, may be one and the same thing with our eel-fair of the Thames. I should, however, add that the verb *to fare*, signifies to travel or to voyage, and as the annual performance of the eel is an undoubted act of this nature, *fare* may be a proper term to apply to their migration in this sense of the word.

(*Continued in the No. published with the present.*)

Travels.

JOURNAL OF A WEST INDIA PROPRIETOR.
By the late M. G. Lewis, Esq., M.P.

[The advertisement to this book is as brief as can be wished:—"The following Journals of two residences in Jamaica in 1815-16, and in 1817, are now printed from the MS. of Mr. Lewis; who died at sea, on the voyage homewards from the West Indies, in the year 1818." What! a work by Mr. (vulgo *Monk*) Lewis lay fourteen years torpid in pen and

Digitized by Google

ink! some weasel must have slept! Lord Byron said, or rather sung:

"I would give many a sugar-cane,
Mat Lewis were alive again."

—and here he is in the plenitude of whim, humour, and anecdote. Would that the master-poet were here too to witness Lewis in resuscitation in these 400 pages of as entertaining type as ever filled fair paper. Without more ado we shall set sail on our pleasant voyage through the volume, in our selection, omitting the dates of the incidents and substituting title lines.]

Contrary Wind.

The wind continues contrary, and the weather is as disagreeable and perverse as it can well be; indeed, I understand that in these latitudes nothing can be expected but heavy gales or dead calms, which makes them particularly pleasant for sailing, especially as the calms are by far the most disagreeable of the two: the wind steadies the ship; but when she creeps as slowly as she does at present (scarcely going a mile in four hours), she feels the whole effect of the sea breaking against her, and rolls backwards and forwards with every billow as it rises and falls. In the mean while, every thing seems to be in a state of the most active motion, except the ship; while we are carrying a spoonful of soup to our mouths, the remainder takes the "glorious golden opportunity" to empty itself into our laps, and the glasses and salt-cellars carry on a perpetual domestic warfare during the whole time of dinner, like the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Nothing is so common as to see a roast goose suddenly jump out of its dish in the middle of dinner, and make a frisk from one end of the table to the other; and we are quite in the habit of laying wagers which of the two boiled fowls will arrive at the bottom first.

N.B. To-day the fowl without the liver wing was the favourite, but the knowing ones were taken in; the uncarved one carried it hollow.

Night at Sea.

The moon now does not rise till near ten o'clock, and during her absence the size and brilliancy of the stars are admirable. In England they always seemed to me (to borrow a phrase of Shakspeare's, which, in truth, is not worth borrowing,) to "peep through the blanket of the dark;" but here the heavens appear to be studded with them on the outside, as if they were chased with so many jewels: it is really Milton's "firmament of living sapphires;" and what with the lightning, the stars, and the quantity of floating lights which just gleamed round the ship every moment, and then were gone again, to-night the sky had an effect so beautiful, that when at length the moon thought proper to show her great, red, drunken face, I thought that we did much better without her.

Crossing the Line.

At three o'clock this afternoon we entered the tropic of Cancer; and if our wind continues tolerably favourable, we may expect to see Antigua on Sunday se'nnight. On crossing the line, it was formerly usual for ships to receive a visit from an old gentleman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Cancer: the husband was, by profession, a barber; and, probably, the scullion, who insisted so peremptorily on shaving Sancho at the duke's castle, had served an apprenticeship to Mr. Cancer, for their mode of proceeding was much alike, and, indeed, very peculiar: the old gentleman always made a point of using a rusty iron hoop instead of a razor, tar for soap, and an empty beef-barrel was, in his opinion, the very best possible substitute for a basin; in consequence of which, instead of paying him for shaving them, people of taste were disposed to pay for not being shaved; and as Mrs. Cancer happened to be particularly partial to gin (when good), the gift of a few bottles was generally successful in rescuing the donor's chin from the hands of her husband; however, to-day this venerable pair "peradventure were sleeping, or on a journey," for we neither saw nor heard anything about them.

Catching a Dolphin.

We caught a dolphin, but not with the spear: he gorged a line which was fastened to the stern, and baited with salt pork; but being a very large and strong fish, his efforts to escape were so powerful, that it was feared that he would break the line, and a *grainse* (as the dolphin-spear is technically termed) was thrown at him: he was struck, and three of the prongs were buried in his side; yet, with a violent effort, he forced them out again, and threw the lance up into the air. I am not much used to take pleasure in the sight of animal suffering; but if Pythagoras himself had been present, and "of opinion that the soul of his grandam might haply inhabit" this dolphin, I think he must still have admired the force and agility displayed in his endeavours to escape. Imagination can picture nothing more beautiful than the colours of this fish: while covered by the waves he was entirely green; and as the water gave him a case of transparent crystal, he really looked like one solid piece of living emerald; when he sprang into the air, or swam fatigued upon the surface, his fins alone preserved their green, and the rest of his body appeared to be of the brightest yellow, his scales shining like gold wherever they caught the sun, while the blood which, as long as he remained in the sea, continued to spout in great quantities, forced its way upwards through the water, like a wreath of crimson smoke, and then dispersed itself in several globules among the spray. From the

Digitized by Google

great loss of blood, his colours soon became paler; but when he was at length safely landed on deck, and beating himself to death against the flooring, agony renewed all the lustre of his tints: his fins were still green and his body golden, except his back, which was olive, shot with bright deep blue; his head and belly became silvery, and the spots with which the latter was mottled changed, with incessant rapidity, from deep olive to the most beautiful azure. Gradually his brilliant tints disappeared: they were succeeded by one uniform shade of slate colour; and when he was quite dead, he exhibited nothing but dirty brown and dull dead white. As soon as all was over with him, the first thing done was to convert one of his fins into the resemblance of a flying fish, for the purpose of decoying other dolphins; and the second, to order some of the present gentleman to be got ready for dinner. He measured above four feet and a half.

Shark Story.

As I am particularly fond of proofs of conjugal attachment between animals (in the human species they are so universal that I set no store by them), an instance of that kind which the captain related to me this morning gave me great pleasure. While lying in Black River harbour, Jamaica, two sharks were frequently seen playing about the ship; at length the female was killed, and the desolation of the male was excessive. What he did *without* her remains a secret, but what he did *with* her was clear enough; for scarce was the breath out of his Eurydice's body, when he stuck his teeth in her, and began to eat her up with all possible expedition. Even the sailors felt their sensibility excited by so peculiar a mark of posthumous attachment; and to enable him to perform this melancholy duty the more easily, they offered to be his carvers, lowered their boat, and proceeded to chop his better half in pieces with their hatchets; while the widower opened his jaws as wide as possible, and gulped down pounds upon pounds of the dear departed as fast as they were thrown to him, with the greatest delight and all the avidity imaginable. I make no doubt that all the while he was eating, he was thoroughly persuaded that every morsel which went into his stomach would make its way to his heart directly! "She was perfectly consistent," he said to himself; "she was excellent through life, and really she's extremely good now she's dead!" and then, "unable to conceal his pain,"

"He sigh'd and swallow'd, and sigh'd and swallow'd,
And sigh'd and swallow'd again."

I doubt, whether the annals of Hymen can produce a similar instance of post-obitual affection. Certainly Calderon's "*Amor despues de la Muerte*" has nothing that is worthy to be compared to it; nor do I recollect in history any fact at all resembling it, except perhaps a circumstance which is recorded respecting Cambletes, King of Lydia, a monarch equally remarkable for his voracity and uxoriousness; and who, being one night completely overpowered by sleep, and at the same time violently tormented by hunger, ate up his queen without being conscious of it, and was mightily astonished, the next morning, to wake with her hand in his mouth, the only bit that was left of her. But then, Cambletes was quite unconscious what he was doing; whereas, the shark's mark of attachment was evidently intentional. It, may, however, be doubted, from the voracity with which he ate, whether his conduct on this occasion was not as much influenced by the sentiment of hunger as of love; and if he were absolutely on the point of starving, Tasso might have applied to this couple, with equal truth, although with somewhat a different meaning, what he says of his "Amanti e Sposi;"

—— "Pende
D'un fato sol e l'una e l' altra vita:"

for if Madam Shark had not died first, Monsieur must have died himself for want of a dinner.

(*Continued in the No. published with the present.*)

Sir John Moore.

THE LIFE OF LIEUT. GEN. SIR JOHN MOORE, K. B.

By his Brother, James Carrick Moore.

[We have only space to quote from this important work the following page, detailing the last moments of Moore, at Corunna.]

The French having brought up reserves, the battle raged fiercely: fire flashing amidst the smoke, and shot flying from the adverse guns; when Captain Hardinge* rode up and reported that the Guards were coming quickly. As he spoke, Sir John Moore was struck to the ground by a cannon-ball, which lacerated his left shoulder and chest.

He had half-raised himself, when Hardinge having dismounted, caught his hand; and the General grasped his strongly, and gazed with anxiety at the Highlanders, who were fighting courageously; and when Hardinge said "They are advancing," his countenance lightened.

Colonel Graham now came up, and imagined, from the composure of the General's features, that he had only fallen accidentally, until he saw blood welling from his wound. Shocked at the sight, he rode off for surgeons. Hardinge tried in vain to stop the effusion of blood with his sash: then by the help of some Highlanders and Guardsmen, he placed the General upon a blanket. In lifting him, his sword became entangled, and Hardinge

* At present Major-General Sir Henry Hardinge.

Digitized by Google

endeavoured to unbuckle the belt to take it off; when he said with soldierly feelings, "It is as well as it is: I had rather it should go out of the field with me."

His serenity was so striking, that Hardinge began to hope the wound was not mortal; he expressed this opinion, and said, that he trusted the surgeons would confirm it, and that he would still be spared to them.

Sir John turned his head, and cast his eyes steadily on the wounded part, and then replied, "No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible. You need not go with me; report to General Hope that I am wounded and carried to the rear." He was then raised from the ground by a Highland sergeant and three soldiers, and slowly conveyed towards Corunna.

The soldiers had not carried Sir John Moore far, when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Sir David Baird; who, hearing of the disaster which had occurred to the commander, generously ordered them to desist, and hasten to give him help. But Moore, who was bleeding fast, said to them, "You can be of no service to me: go to the wounded soldiers, to whom you may be useful; and he ordered the bearers to move on. But as they proceeded, he repeatedly made them turn round to view the battle, and to listen to the firing; the sound of which, becoming gradually fainter, indicated that the French were retreating.

Before he reached Corunna it was almost dark, and Colonel Anderson met him; who seeing his general borne from the field of battle for the third and last time, and steeped in blood, became speechless with anguish. Moore pressed his hand, and said in a low tone, "Anderson, don't leave me." As he was carried into the house, his faithful servant François came out, and stood aghast with horror: but his master, to console him, said smiling, "My friend, this is nothing."

He was then placed on a mattres on the floor, and supported by Anderson, who had saved his life at St. Lucia; and some of the gentlemen of his staff came into the room by turns. He asked each, as they entered if the French were beaten, and was answered affirmatively. They stood around; the pain of his wound became excessive, and deadly paleness overspread his fine features; yet, with unsubdued fortitude, he said at intervals, "Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!"

"Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them——every thing. Say to my mother——." Here his voice faltered, he became excessively agitated, and not being able to proceed, changed the subject.

"Hope!* Hope! I have much to say him; but cannot get it out. Are Colo Graham,† and all my aides-de-camp, safe (At this question, Anderson, who knew warm regard of the General towards the cers of his staff, made a private sign not mention that Captain Burrard‡ was mort wounded.) He then continued:

"I have made my will, and have rem bered my servants. Colborne§ has my and all my papers." As he spoke words, Major Colborne, his military secr entered the room. He addressed him his wonted kindness; then, turning to derson, said, "Remember you go to Willo by Gordon,‖ and tell him it is my requ and that I expect he will give a Lieuten Colonelcy to Major Colborne; he has long with me, and I know him to be worthy of it."

He then asked the Major, who had co last from the field, "Have the French b beaten?" He assured him they had one point. "It's a great satisfaction," he "for me to know that we have beaten French. Is Paget¶ in the room?" On b told he was not, he resumed, "Remem me to him; he is a fine fellow."

Though visibly sinking, he then sa feel myself so strong; I fear I shall be dying. It's great uneasiness: it's great

"Every thing François says is right have great confidence in him." He thank the surgeons for their attendance. seeing Captains Percy** and Stanho two of his aides-de-camp, enter, he sp them kindly, and repeated to them the tion, "If all his aides-de-camp were sa and was pleased on being told they were.

After a pause, Stanhope caught his and he said to him, "Stanhope! rem me to your sister.†† He then became Death, undreaded, approached; and th departed, leaving the bleeding bo tion offered up to his country.

* Sir John Hope, who succeeded to Comm afterwards the Earl of Hopetown.

† Of Balgowan, now Lord Lynedoch.

‡ A very promising officer, son of Sir Harry Burra

§ Now Sir John Colborne, and Major General.

‖ Sir Willoughby Gordon, Secretary to the Du of York, &c.

¶ The Honourable Brigadier Paget, who co manded the reserve; since Sir Edward, and a Lie tenant-General.

** The Honourable Captain Percy, son of t Earl of Beverley.

†† The Honourable Captain Stanhope, son Earl Stanhope.

‡‡ The Lady Hester Stanhope, niece to Will Pitt.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Stra (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Par CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Ne men and Booksellers.

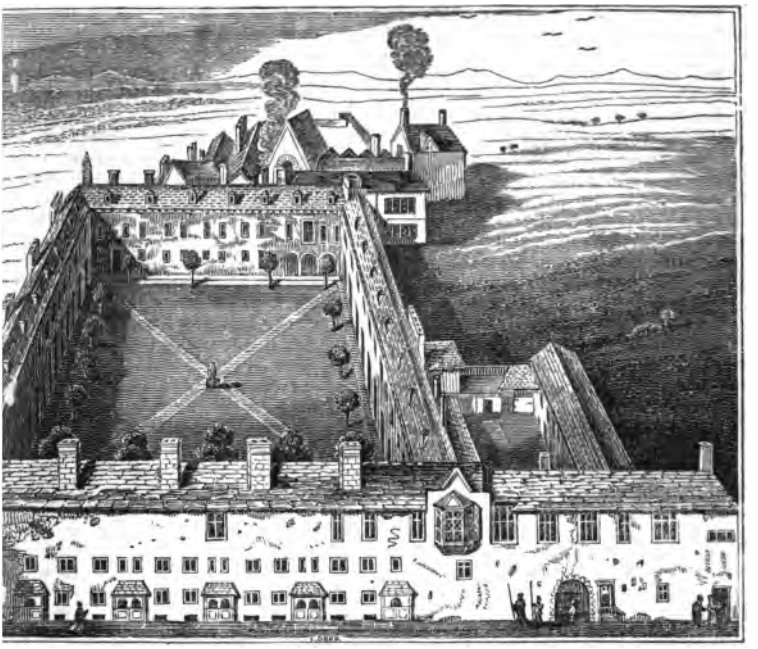
Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

655.] SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1834. [PRICE 2*d.*



GRESHAM COLLEGE.

OMAS GRESHAM ranks high in the roll of British worth, and deservedly was a loyal subject, and a mer- ess integrity;* and he not only wit.. od of his country in his life- ome magnificent memorials of Bri..h spirit. Of these, the Royal e exists, in renovated splendour—a nt of individual munificence, unsur- y any similar foundation in Europe.

Thomas Gresham's shop was in Lombard- arly opposite to the Post Office, on the site pied by the banking-house of Messrs. Mar- o. who are still, Pennant says, in posses- r Thomas's original sign, the Grasshopper. sign was taken from Lombard-street nearly s since, by one of the then partners in the is supposed to have been long ago destroyed. Swift's "Wonderful Prophecy," &c. there us allusion to the Grasshopper on the Royal , and the Dragon on Bow steeple, but what re curious is, that during the late repairs of ding and Bow Church, both vanes were leposited together in one yard, though not -market, which now forms the site of the house. The lines are as follow: "The pon Bow Church and the Grasshopper of l Exchange, shall meet together upon arket, and shake hands like brethren."

Not so, however, the College founded by Gresham with the most liberal and enlightened views; which the selfishness of succeeding generations has narrowed into a safe stream of preference and patronage.

This College, or to speak more properly, the residence of Gresham, occupied the site of the present Excise Office. By the last will of Sir Thomas, dated on July 5, 1575, he bequeathed all his interest in the Royal Exchange, and his dwelling-house, (after the decease of the Lady Anne, his wife,) jointly, for ever, to the Corporation and Citizens of London, and the Company of Mercers, upon trust, that, among other conditions, they should provide seven persons, unmarried, to deliver public lectures, gratuitously, in the seven liberal sciences, viz. Divinity, Astronomy, Music, Geometry, Law, Physic, and Rhetoric, within his own mansion, in Bishopsgate-street; which, with its gardens and all appurtenances, were to be appropriated to the use of the said persons, "for them and every of them there to inhabite, study, and *daylie to read* the said severall lectures."

Stow, in his *Survey*, after speaking of

Digitized by Google

Bishopsgate, and of one fair conduit, hard by, within the gate, proceeds thus: "from this conduit have ye (amongst many faire tenements) divers fayre innes, large for receipt of travellers and some houses for men of worship; namely, one most spacious of all thereabouts, builded of bricke and timber, by Sir Thomas Gresham, knight, who deceased in the yeere 1579, and was buried in St. Helen's Church, under a faire monument, by him prepared in his life: hee appointed by his testament, this house to be made a Colledge of Readers."

Sir Thomas died very unexpectedly, November 21, 1579, when in the 61st year of his age. Holinshed says, that coming from the Exchange to his house, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, "he suddenly fell down in his kitchen, and being taken up was found speechlesse, and presentlie dead." His lady survived till November, 1596. In the following year, the seven professors were appointed, under the directions of Sir Thomas's will, and distinct apartments were assigned to each within his late mansion. According to most authorities, the first lectures were delivered in Trinity Term, 1597; but Ward argues from two *Orations*, published by Dr. Gwynne, the first professor of physic, that they could not have commenced until Michaelmas Term, 1598.*

That partiality might not mislead their choice, the Company applied to the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge, from each of which they elected three Professors, and a seventh, who was graduate of both, upon the recommendation of Queen Elizabeth.

Although Sir Thomas's foundation was not precisely a collegiate one, yet, by general consent, it acquired the appellation of Gresham College almost immediately after it was occupied by the Professors. To this, probably, the regulations originally established by the trustees contributed, as the Professors were to have "a common table" within the house, and, for "the more order and comeliness, to read their lectures as the manner is in the universities—viz., in such hoods and habits as fit their degree." Ward says, "The situation of the place, spaciousness of the fabric, extending westward from Bishopsgate-street into Broad-street, with the eight almshouses situated at the back part of the house; the accommodations for separate apartments of the several Professors, and other rooms for common use; the open courts and covered walks; with the several offices, stables, and gardens—seemed all so well suited for such an intention, as if Sir Thomas had it in view at the time he built the house."

In this College was originated the Royal Society, from the weekly conferences of certain erudite scholars and philosophers; the first of which meetings was held here about the year 1645. But their pursuits were interrupted by the Civil War; and, on the death of the Protector Oliver, in September, 1658, the college was occupied as a military garrison, and all the Professors, except one, constrained to leave it. After the Restoration, the lectures were resumed; and the members of the Royal Society, which was incorporated by Charles II. in 1662, held their regular assemblies here until the Great Fire of 1666; after which Gresham College, which had fortunately escaped the flames, was, for several years, "employed for carrying on the trade and transacting the public affairs of the city."† During this second interruption, the Royal Society met at Arundel House, in the Strand; but, on the completion of the Royal Exchange, in 1673, they returned thither, and continued their meetings till November, 1710, when they removed to Crane Court, in Fleet-street, and thence to Somerset House. By this removal, the Gresham Professors were deprived of the use of the valuable museum and library which belonged to the Society. From other circumstances, disunions arose between the Professors and the College trustees, and the utility of the institution was progressively deteriorated. The buildings were suffered to fall into ruinous decay, till, at last, they were entirely unfit for habitation; and the ground having become of much greater value, the trustees became desirous of appropriating it to purposes of pecuniary interest. To do so, however, legislative interest was requisite. The first application to Parliament, made in 1704, was opposed by the Professors, and was unsuccessful; but, upwards of sixty years afterwards, viz., in 1768, an Act was obtained, authorizing the sale of Gresham College to the Commissioners of Excise, for the purpose of building a new Excise Office upon its site. This was almost immediately effected; and thus, upon the ground

Where once the fairest flowers of science grew,

are to this day calculated the grosser profits of Excise revenue. The Corporation were to find "a sufficient and proper place for the Professors to read their lectures in." The place thus appropriated is a room on the

* Ward's *Lives of the Professors.*

† Ward's *Lives.* The lodgings of the Divinity and Law Professors were assigned for the accommodation of the Lord Mayor and the Mercers' Company, and the residue of the apartments (except the astronomer's lodgings), with the Reading Hall, &c. for the city courts and officers. In the south and west galleries, and in the piazza under the former, small shops were erected for the Exchange tenants; and the quadrangle was allotted for the regular meetings of the merchants, as in the Exchange itself. Sheds were also erected, in every available place, for the general convenience of the citizens. "Thus," continues our author, "Gresham College became an epitome of this great city, and the centre of all affairs, both public and private, which were then transacted in it."

Digitized by Google

south-east side of the Royal Exchange, and the lectures were thus arranged:—

Monday—Divinity.	*Thursday*—Geometry.
Tuesday—Civil Law.	*Friday*—Rhetoric.
Wednesday—Astronomy and Music.	*Saturday*—Physic.

The whole matter seems to have been one of mere convenience with the Corporation; for a less appropriate place than the Royal Exchange for the seats of learned professors could scarcely have been chosen; the turmoil of commerce having little in common with the ease and quiet of literary and scientific pursuits. By the Act of Parliament of 1768, the annual salary of each lecturer was increased to 100*l.* an additional 50*l* being given in lieu of the household accommodations that were first provided in the College. Lecturers also were authorized to retain their respective situations even in the marriage state, which was not permitted under the original injunctions of the Founder's will; and it may be imagined that these two *douceurs* by way of compensation, reconciled the Professors to the change, if not the public to the loss.

The annexed engraving, copied from a plate by Vertue, in Ward's *Lives of the Professors*, shows the College about the year 1740, or twenty-eight years before its removal. The view is looking eastward: the more distant buildings are those which communicated with Bishopsgate-street, among which the reading-hall is discoverable by its gable-end nearly in front. On the south and north sides of the quadrangle, the area of which was about 100 feet square, were arcades; and over the southern arcade was a long gallery, of which a projecting window shows the west end. There was likewise a gallery on the west side, above the eight alms-houses in front, distinguished by projecting doorways; the other parts were appropriated to the Professors. This side was upwards of 200 feet in length, and opened towards Broad-street.

"A singular anecdote is connected with this print. At the entrance of the open archway, seen in front, (which led to the stables and other offices,) two persons are represented, the one on his knees, with his arms extended, and his sword dropt, and the other standing over him with his sword elevated. These figures were designed for Drs. Mead and Woodward, the latter of whom was Professor of Physic in Gresham College, and they allude to a transaction of which the following is the history: 'In the exertion of his profession, Dr. Woodward had said or done something that had given offence to Dr. Mead. Mead, resenting it, was determined to have satisfaction, and meeting Woodward in this place, when he was returning to his lodgings in the College, drew, as did his adversary; but Mead, having obtained the advantage of him, commanded him to beg his life. Woodward answered with some wit, "No! Doctor, that I will not, till I am your patient." However, he yielded, and his submission is marked by a situation that represents him tendering his sword. Dr. Mead was the friend and patron of Ward, which may possibly account for the above fact being so singularly recorded.' "*

It should be added, that for many years, the inadequacy of the Gresham lectures to effect any useful purpose has been a subject of complaint, and the respective Professorships have been considered almost sinecures. It is true the public are not excluded from attending the lectures; but the arrangements, in respect to time, have been so precise, and the lectures so purposely unattractive in themselves, that few persons cared to be at the trouble of seeking admission a second time. The lecture-room is at the eastern extremity of the south front of the Exchange, and opens from the gallery. It is a lofty apartment, arranged with a rostrum for the pulpit, and benches for an audience of 100 persons, or upwards. The lectures are delivered in *term-time* only, agreeably to the practice of the Universities: they are then read twice daily, the first time in Latin precisely at twelve at noon; the second time in English, precisely at one o'clock; the duration of each being from about twenty minutes to half an hour. The doors are opened exactly as the clock strikes, and should there not be three persons attending for admission, they are immediately closed again, and no lecture is delivered on that day. About three years ago, an attempt was made to induce the lecturers to change the place of their delivery to one at which there was a probability of their having an auditory beyond that of four or five boys from the Mercers' school, which was the general attendance; and Sir James Scarlett and Sir Edward Sugden were consulted on this point. These learned persons gave it as their opinion, that it was competent for the Gresham Committee to alter the place of delivery to any one within the jurisdiction of the City of London, and to alter the language in which the lectures are read: but the lecturers refused to hold forth in any other place. The Committee consists of twenty-four members: twelve appointed by the Mercers' Company, and twelve by the Corporation of London.

These facts, in substance, were stated at one of the recent sittings of the Committee for Inquiring into Municipal Corporations, at Guildhall; and it is to be hoped that the measure of reform for which this inquiry has been instituted, will provide some means of the Gresham lectureships being made available by those for whose benefit they were originally founded. Nearly six years since we noticed the abuse of Gresham College in plain terms,† with a hope that

* Monthly Magazine, vol. xxii. p. 243.

† See *Mirror*, vol. xii. p. 34.

Digitized by Google

"scrutiny would not be stone-blind" in the matter; and in the *Quarterly Review*, a few months after, it was suggested that the lectureships should be converted into fourteen scholarships for King's College, retaining the name and reserving the right of presentation. Another party would have them for the London University; and, in this contest, we trust the prize will not be lost sight of.

We are indebted for some of the preceding antiquarian details to Mr. Brayley's treasurable *Londiniana*.

STRATFORD-LE-BOW.

(*To the Editor.*)

In No. 647 of the *Mirror*, I observe some errors in the communication from *F. A. S.* on the new church at Stratford. In his digression to West Ham Abbey, he says that "not one stone is left upon another;" the fact is, a curious, old, arched doorway still exists, and forms part of the premises attached to the Adam and Eve inn and tea-gardens; and was formerly included in the space inclosed within the abbey gates. Secondly, the parish of St. Mary, Stratford-le-Bow, could not have obtained its cognomen from the bridge, the parish having probably existed previous to the pontine erection: *le bow* is supposed to be derived from the arches or arched entrance of a church, witness Bow Church, Cheapside, in which is still held the Court of Arches. At Exeter, the arched entrance to a church is still called John's Bow; and in the same city may be seen the parish church of St. Mary Arches. Neither is the workhouse erected on the ruins of the West Ham Abbey: the eastern gateway recently in existence, and of which part of the brickwork foundation yet remains, was at some distance from the site of the former.

May I request your antiquarian Correspondents to correct or confirm my opinion, that the ancient route to "owre ladye of Berkynge" crossed the Lea in the direction of Temple Mills. J. R. Limehouse.

THE BATTLE OF LUTZEN, AND DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

[To the details of this memorable event, accompanying the engraving of the Swede-Stone, in our No. 653, we now add the following version from the graceful pen of the late Lord Dover.]

On the 5th of November, Gustavus had defeated the Croatian rear-guard of Wallenstein; and the same evening he appeared also on the plain of Lutzen, and drew up his army in order of battle, and then waited for daylight to commence the contest.

As soon as the morning dawned, Gustavus threw himself on his knees in front of his lines, in which he was followed by the whole army. After reciting some short prayers, they sang two hymns taken from the forty-sixth and sixty-seventh Psalms; and then the king, mounting his horse, rode along the regiments. He was this day clothed in a plain cloth coat with a leathern collar; the pain of an old wound making it unpleasant to him to wear a cuirass. His attendants however urged him to put one on, but he only answered them by saying, "The Lord is my armour!" The morning was foggy; this prevented the troops from engaging till eleven o'clock; when the mist cleared away, and discovered the Duke of Friedland's army, and the village of Lutzen in flames. In front of the army of Gustavus were some deep ditches, which had been taken possession of by the infantry of Wallenstein; who had also planted artillery on their banks. In spite of these dispositions the attack of the Swedes proved irresistible, the ditches were passed, and the imperial artillery turned against its original possessors. The first brigade of Wallenstein's infantry, and the second had been already beaten, and the third was preparing to fly; when that commander himself appeared, and in an instant rallied his troops. Now began a most furious combat, in which the soldiers engaged one another hand to hand, and the carnage was great. At length the Swedes, fatigued with their labours, gave way, and retired beyond the ditches; and the Imperialists recovered their cannon.

Meanwhile Gustavus, at the head of his right wing, had beaten the enemies opposed to him; when he heard of the retreat of the other part of his army. He then charged Horn to follow up his victory, and set off at full gallop, followed by a few of his attendants. He passed the ditch, and directed his course to the part where his troops seemed the most pressed. As he passed rapidly along, a corporal of the Imperialists, observing that every one made way for him, said to a musqueteer near him, "Take aim at that man, he must be a person of consequence." The man fired, and broke the king's arm. In a moment a cry of horror broke from the Swedes, "The king bleeds! the king is wounded!"—"It is nothing," replied Gustavus, "follow me;" but overcome with pain, he was obliged to desist, and turning to Francis Albert, duke of Saxe Lauenberg, he entreated him to lead him quietly out of the crowd. They rode away together, and proceeded towards the right wing, in order to arrive at which they were obliged to make a considerable circuit. By the way Gustavus received another ball in the back, which took away the rest of his strength. "I am a dead man," said he, with a feeble voice, "leave me, and only try to save your own life." At the same time he fell from his horse, and pierced with many wounds, expired in the hands of the Croatians, who were scouring that part of the field. While on the ground

he was asked who he was, and replied boldly, "I am the king of Sweden, and seal with my blood the Protestant religion, and the liberties of Germany"—a sentence of almost prophetic truth. He then added, in a faltering voice, "Alas, my poor queen!"—and as he was expiring he said, "My God! my God!" In an instant his body was stripped; so anxious were the Imperialists to have any trophies of so great an enemy. His leathern collar was sent to the emperor—a common soldier seized his sword. His ring and spurs were sold—and Schnèberg, a lieutenant in the Imperial army, seized his gold chain, which is still preserved in the family of that officer at Paderborn.

But the king's horse, bathed with blood, and dashing along without his rider, soon discovered to the cavalry the horrible truth of their loss. They instantly rushed forward to obtain possession of his remains; and a bloody combat took place around his body. The news of his death, instead of discouraging his army, only excited their fury, and urged them to more desperate deeds of valour. Again the ditches were passed and the artillery retaken—the right wing of the Imperialists was routed—and the centre was beginning to give way. The victory of the Sweeds seemed inevitable, when at this critical moment Pappenheim appeared. The order to recall this general had reached him at Halle. His soldiers were engaged in the sack of that town, and he was not therefore able to collect his infantry, and bring them with him: but he instantly set off himself at the head of his cavalry. This apparition re-established the battle; the Swedes were driven back, and the cannon again retaken. But the term of Pappenheim's career was arrived: two musket balls pierced his breast, and he fell, contented, as he said to die, when he heard that the enemy of his religion had already perished. At the time of his death, though only thirty-five years of age, Pappenheim had the scars of one hundred wounds on his person. After his death, the Imperialists again gave way, and the cannon were again retaken by the Swedes; but nothing could stop the bloody contest but the darkness of night. The Swedes, however, had decidedly the advantage, as they remained possessors of the field of battle (Wallenstein retiring upon Leipsick, and shortly afterwards to Prague), and took possession of all the enemies' artillery.

Thus perished in the flower of his age and the zenith of his glory, the great Gustavus; deplored by his followers and friends; and admired even by his greatest enemies. But, though dead, his spirit still seemed to watch over the Swedish arms, and to ensure their success. For sixteen long years did they nobly contend to support the fame they had already won, and to obtain an honourable peace; nor were their efforts vain. Contemporaries were anxious to prove that the king of Sweden had perished by treachery; and they designated Duke Francis Albert of Saxe Lauenberg (a man of bad character, who had served all sides, and all parties, and who on the memorable day of Lutzen, had followed Gustavus like his evil genius, had been with him when he was wounded and when he died), as the author of this execrable treason. But we have no evidence to support this hypothesis; which indeed would appear to have been founded chiefly upon the love of the world for the mysterious and the marvellous.

"The good fortune, which had never abandoned the king of Sweden during his career," observes Schiller, "accorded to him also the rare favour of dying in the plenitude of his glory, and in all the purity of his renown. By a premature death, his guardian angel preserved him from the inevitable lot of humanity; the forgetfulness of modesty in the extreme height of success, and that of justice in the height of power."

The same author also thus sketches the salient points of his character—"He was never seduced by the equivocal glory of a conqueror, who lavishes the blood of his people in unjust wars; but a war of justice found him ever disposed to dare greatly. A lively and unaffected piety exalted the courage which animated his great heart.

[The work whence this passage is extracted —*Lives of the most Eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe*,—has a peculiarly melancholy interest. It was written by Lord Dover for "the instruction and amusement of his eldest son," and his Lordship corrected the last proof sheet a few days before his lamented death. The volume contains memoirs of Gustavus Adolphus, John Sobieski, Peter the Great, and Frederick the Great: it is written in a charming style, and is in every respect worthy of the success of Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, beside which it may advantageously rank in the juvenile library.]

Anecdote Gallery.

SUDDEN DEATHS ON THE STAGE.

It is related, (says Baker,) that a gentleman of the name of Bond, collecting a party of his friends, got up the play of *Zara*, at the music room in Villiers-street, York-buildings, and chose the part of Lusignan for himself. His acting was considered as a prodigy; and he yielded himself up so to the force and impetuosity of his imagination, that, on the discovery of his daughter, he fainted away. The house rang with applauses; but, finding that he continued a long time in that situation, the audience began to be uneasy and apprehensive. With some difficulty, the representatives of Chatillon and Nerestan

Digitized by Google

placed him in his chair; he then faintly spoke, extended his arms to receive his children, raised his eyes to heaven, and then closed them for ever.

In October, 1758, Joseph Peterson, (an actor long attached to the Norwich company,) was performing the Duke in *Measure for Measure*, which he played in a masterly style, and had just uttered these words,

"————Reason thus with life
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,"*

when he dropped into Mr. Moody's arms and never spoke again.

A similar end was that of Mr. John Palmer: on the 2nd of August, 1798, while performing in the play of the *Stranger* at the Liverpool theatre, after uttering the line

"There is another and a better world,"

he fell on his back, heaved a convulsive sigh and instantly expired. P. T. W.

TAYLOR THE WATER POET.

This writer is usually distinguished by the title of the water poet, having been of no higher occupation than a sculler on the river Thames. He was born in the city of Gloucester, in 1580; but received hardly any education, as he declares he scarcely learnt his Accidence; and that Latin and French were to him Heathen Greek. He was bound apprentice to a waterman in London, and at the intervals which he could spare from his business, used to employ himself in writing pamphlets, of which some are not destitute of merit. He was fourteen or fifteen years servant in the Tower, and once was mad enough to venture himself and a companion in a boat made of paper to Rochester; but before they landed, the water soaked through, and, if it had not been for corks or bladders, they had been both drowned. In the year 1632, a folio volume of his works was published, containing about half the number of pieces which he produced. He was a violent loyalist, and at the beginning of the rebellion retired to Oxford, from whence on the surrender of that place, he returned to London, and kept a public-house in Phœnix Alley, Long Acre. On the death of the king, he set up the sign of the Mourning Crown; but that giving offence to the reigning powers, he was obliged to pull it down; on which he hung up his own picture, under which were written these two lines: viz.

"There's many a king's head hang'd up for a sign,
And many a saint's head too. Then why not mine."

Taylor died in the year 1654, aged 74, and was buried in Covent Garden churchyard.

P. T. W.

* These words are on his gravestone.

LAWYERS.

Lord Ellesmere, who was made keeper of the seals in the 38th of Queen Elizabeth, was son to a servant maid named Sparks, who had lived with his father, Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley. His mother had been so neglected by her seducer, that she was compelled to beg for support; when a neighbouring gentleman, a friend of Sir Richard, saw her asking alms, followed by her child. He admired its beauty, and saw in it the evident features of the knight. He immediately went to Sir Richard, and laid before him the disgrace of suffering his own offspring, illegitimate as he was, to wander from door to door. He was touched with the reproof, adopted the child, and, by a proper education, laid the foundation of its future fortune. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, says that "surely Christendom afforded not a person who carried more gravity in his countenance than Sir Thomas Egerton; insomuch that many who have gone to the Chancery on purpose only to see his venerable aspect and garb, were highly pleased at so acceptable a spectacle."

The patent of the Harcourt barony, (now extinct,) recites, that Lord Chancellor Harcourt "daily despatches a multitude of suits in Chancery, removes obstacles which delay judgment in that court, and takes special care that the successful issue of an honest cause should cost every plaintiff as little as may be."

Lady Hardwicke, the lady of the Chancellor, loved money as well as he did, and what he got she saved. The purse in which the great seal is carried is of very expensive embroidery, and was provided, during Hardwicke's time, every year. Lady Hardwicke took care that it should not be provided for the seal-bearer's profit, for she annually retained the purse herself, having previously ordered that the velvet should be of the length of one of the state-rooms at Wimpole. So many of them were saved, that at length she had enough to hang the state-room, and make curtains for the bed.

Lord Erskine one morning called upon a friend, and was scarcely shown into the parlour when he exclaimed, "I seldom put my foot in a hackney coach that I do not lose something!" "What has your lordship lost?" "My great coat, and very provoking it is, for it was quite a new one." "Does your lordship usually wear two at a time?" inquired his friend, who perceived Lord Erskine had forgotten he was bearing the lost garment on his back.

When Lord Norbury was once presiding in one of the Irish criminal courts, the regis-

trar complained to him that witnesses were in the habit of stealing the Testament after they had been sworn upon it. "Never mind," said his lordship, "if the rascals read the book it will do them more good than the petty larceny may do them mischief. However, if they are not afraid of the cord, hang your book in chains, and that, perhaps, by reminding the fellows of the fate of their fathers and grandfathers, may make them behave themselves." This strange expedient was adopted, and the Testament remained afterwards secure.

According to Whitelocke, (says Lord Nugent,) Chief Justice Coke was preparing, against his own conscience and conviction, to give judgment for the king, (in the memorable case of ship-money,) but he was reproached for his baseness by his wife. This noble lady cast the shield of her feminine virtue before the honour of her husband, to guard it from the assaults equally of interest and fear; and with that moral bravery which is so often found in the purest and brightest of her sex, she exhorted him to do his duty, at any risk to herself or her children; and she prevailed. W. G. C.

THE POET COWPER.

When William Cowper the poet resided at East Dereham, Norfolk, he was in the habit of frequently conversing with Mr. Phylo, the parish clerk. One day, when the former was returning from his morning walk, he met the latter who accosted him with "Good morning, sir; I am afraid you have been ill, as I have not seen you at church these several Sundays past;" to which the poet replied, "I thank you, Mr. Phylo, I have not been more indisposed than usual: the reason I have not attended the church is, I do not consider myself good enough."

James Hipkins.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

[In setting before our readers the latest intelligence from the scene of these exertions, we may mention the following matters connected with them, which have reached us from various quarters. A friend in Glasgow informs us, that, stimulated by reports of the extreme cheapness of those staple articles, ivory and indigo, at Rabba, and other encouraging mercantile news, and also by higher motives, the design of sending out another Niger expedition is contemplated by an association of Glasgow merchants. This patriotic undertaking is, we have reason to believe, actually in progress. Never, indeed, was there a more favourable opportunity than is now offered for penetrating into the unknown regions of Africa, to explore the magnificent Lake Tshad, and correct the geography of the central parts of this interesting continent—left vague and incorrect by Herodotus, Pliny, Ptolemy, Leo Africanus, and all the Arabian authorities.

The African indigo is, we are assured by competent judges who have examined specimens of it on the coast, superior to that imported from the East Indies; and this accounts for the beautiful blue dye and brilliant colour of the native clothing. We are convinced that eminent benefit to the trade of England may speedily result from this alone; but when we add, that its prime cost on the Niger was not *three-halfpence per pound*, and that the ivory was less than *twopence*, we have said enough to awaken the spirit of commercial speculation to a pursuit which promises such returns.—*Editor of the Literary Gazette.*]

Accounts of this interesting expedition, up to the 5th of January, have been received. At that date, Lander was on board the Curlew ship of war, on his way to Cape Coast Castle, for the purpose of procuring a particular species of goods for the markets in the interior, of which he had not previously taken a sufficient supply. If successful in this object, it was his intention to return to the mouth of the Nun; thence to *re-ascend the Niger for the third time*, and endeavour to penetrate as far up the river as Boussà. It is highly interesting to know that, previous to his last return to the coast, Lander and Lieut. Allen had fortunately reached Rabbah, or Rabba (a large Falàtah town), in the iron steam-boat; and for the space of thirteen or fourteen days, had maintained a friendly intercourse, and carried on an advantageous trade, with its inhabitants. The depth of the water at that place was between two and three fathoms, and as far as could be seen beyond it, the Niger was free from rocks and other obstructions, and assumed a majestic and very encouraging appearance. For the reason already mentioned, Lander was obliged to return to the coast, though it has been intimated to us that he hastily quitted Rabbah on account of some unfavourable rumours which had reached him, to the effect that the people wished to inveigle our countrymen on shore, in order to seize their persons and destroy their boat. This is, however, an improbable supposition; for as far as we can learn, the general bearing of the inhabitants towards the English was any thing but hostile. This important town is inhabited by Falàtahs and negroes, and realizes the expectations that had been formed of it, as regards its extent, its wealth, and its population. A few Tuâricks, from the borders of the desert, and other Arabs, were observed by our countrymen in the streets of Rabbah.

Another important feature of this expedition is, the circumstance that our travellers have ascended the river *Tshadda*, as high as 150 miles from its junction with the Niger. At that point, and at some distance below and above it, the river was found to be intersected with islands, and comparatively shallow, alternately becoming broad and narrow, in proportion as its channel was free from, or obstructed by, these islands. No traces of inhabitants appeared on the banks of this very interesting river; and Lander and his valuable coadjutor were compelled to return to the Niger for want of provisions. All the natives in this part of the country agree in the assertion that the *Tshadda* communicates with Lake *Tshad*, the

inland sea of Africa. They do not hazard this as a mere conjecture, but state it with confidence as a well-known and undisputed fact. This being the case, though it be at variance with the opinion entertained of it by many of our scientific countrymen, the concurrent testimony of the natives, who, after all, are better acquainted than we are with the geography of their own country, is entitled to respect. It should also be remembered, that the *Tshadda* has not received its name, (any more than its gigantic namesake,) from Europeans, but from the natives themselves, who have never bestowed on it any other appellation. On a small island near Attà, Lander has erected a kind of mud fort, which will also answer the purpose of a dépôt for British goods. This place has been named English Island, and it possesses peculiar facilities for trading purposes in that part of the country. The King of Attà, who seems to have formed an attachment to Lander, had presented him with four small but very beautiful horses, which he succeeded in conveying to Fernando Po. Poor old Pasko, the black who buried Belzoni, and whose name occurs so frequently in Clapperton's journal and the narrative of the Landers, is dead. He had joined the present expedition at Cape Coast Castle, and expired up the Niger after a short illness. Lieut. Allen has rendered an important service to the cause of science by the observations he made while on the *Niger* and *Tshadda*. In fact, they must be invaluable. We believe this enterprising and intrepid young officer is expected to arrive shortly from the coast of Africa; and it is almost needless to say, we shall hail his return to his native country with infinite pleasure. Lander has lost every symptom of his late severe indisposition, and looks as hardy as an Arab. He wears a luxuriant beard, which extends to his waist.

Fine Arts.

(Hogarth's Card.)

HOGARTHIANA.

The late Mr. Samuel Ireland, a laborious collector of scarce books, prints, and other rarities of art, possessed a large assemblage of pictures, drawings, and prints, by our inimitable painting moralist, Hogarth; of which he etched copies, just forty years ago, and published the same in a volume of "Graphic Illustrations." Of these curiosities the two following are specimens.

The first is Hogarth's own shop bill, or message card, which bears the date of April, 1720; "a period," says Ireland, "at which this artist with his superior abilities, seems to have been compelled to drudge in the humble pursuit of engraving ornaments in silver, shop-bills for mechanics, or inferior plates for booksellers." In the card, the female figure is looking up towards a boy who is probably meant allegorically to express Design or Invention; and the figure of the old man writing on the opposite side, that of History. An impression of the original print of this card was once sold for the enormous sum of twenty-five pounds.

The second cut represents the lion's head letter-box of Button's Coffee-house, also designed by Hogarth.

Button's will be recollected by every one who has read the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, or *Guardian*, as a place of great resort among the first-rate wits of the last century. It was situated on the south side of Russell-street, Covent Garden, nearly opposite Tom's. The

master was one Daniel Button, who, Dr. Johnson says, had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, and was placed in this coffee-house under the patronage of Mr. Addison. If we may judge from the political character of Addison, and from a passing remark in the *Spectator*, Button's seems to have been mostly frequented by Tories: the writer of that paper saying, "I was a Tory at Button's, and a Whig at Childs." On the north side of Russell-street and at the west corner of Bow-street, stood Wills' coffee-house, much resorted to by Dryden. Here it was not an uncommon practice of a celebrated Middlesex magistrate of that day, one Giles Earl, "a creature of Sir Robert Walpole's," to examine culprits in the public room, for the entertainment of the company; which, at times, became so numerous as to give rise to a new coffee-house in the neighbourhood; and this we find to be Button's. Soon after this was established, Tom's in Russell-street was likewise opened by a waiter from Wills', named Thomas Irvin, from whom it derived its name.

(Button's Letter-box.

Through the mouth of this lion's head, letters were dropped into a till at Button's. It was tolerably well carved, and upon the coffee-house being taken down about 1744, it was removed to the Shakspeare Tavern, and given to the landlord. We know not whether it is still preserved; but Lord Chesterfield is said to have once offered for this relic, fifty guineas. The first sentence of the verse beneath the lion's mouth is from the 23rd epigram of Martial, and the latter from the 61st, lib. 1.

Manners and Customs.

ANCIENT DOLES.

Stow, in his examples of housekeeping, laments the decline of the laudable custom of giving relief to the indigent at the gates of great men, in his day; which before had been so general that alms-dishes (into which certain portions of meat for the needy were carved) were to be seen at every nobleman and prelate's table. Richard de Berry, Bishop of Durham, in the reign of Edward III., had every week eight quarters of wheat made into bread for the poor, besides his alms-dishes, fragments of his house, and great sums of money bestowed by him in his journeys. West, Bishop of Ely, in 1532, daily fed two hundred poor people at his gates; and the Lord Cromwell usually the same number. Edward, Earl of Derby, fed upwards of sixty aged poor, besides all comers, thrice a week, and furnished on Good Friday two thousand seven hundred people with meat, drink, and money. Robert Winchelsey, Archbishop of Canterbury, during his primacy, not only maintained many poor scholars at the Universities, but was exceeding bountiful to other persons in distress. Besides the daily fragments of his house (says Godwin), he gave every Friday and Sunday, unto every beggar that came to his door, a loaf of bread of a farthing price; and there were usually such alms-day, in time of dearth, to the number of five thousand, but, in a plentiful season, four thousand, and seldom or never under; which, *communibus annis*, amounted unto five hundred pounds a year. Over and above this, he used to give, every great festival day, one hundred and fifty pence to so many poor people—to send daily meat, drink, and bread, unto such as by reason of age and sickness were not able to fetch alms at his gate, and to send money, meat, apparel, &c., to such as he thought wanted the same, and were ashamed to beg. But of all other, he was wont to take the greatest compassion upon those that by any misfortune were decayed, and had fallen from wealth to poor estate.

W. G. C.

FONTS AND BAPTISM.

(From various Authorities.)

In the primitive times, fonts were not placed in churches, but it was the custom to baptize in rivers; or the baptistery was a kind of font in which the catechumens were plunged. Justin Martyr describes the baptized persons as being washed in water, and calls the place where they were baptized, a washing-place or a bath. But this practice was discontinued through persecution, and private houses were chosen for their reception. In more peaceable times, they were established near the church, in a little building purposely appointed;—

afterwards leave was given to erect them in the church porch, and, at last, about the sixth century, they were placed inside the church, had oratories and altars, and were adorned with various pictures, such as John baptizing our Lord, Peter, Cornelius, &c., the font being of very rich workmanship: one is described as being supported by twelve oxen. The fonts were anciently locked up in Lent, because Easter and Whitsuntide, except upon peril of death, were seasons of baptism. This custom was abolished about the year 1100, chiefly because it was dangerous, from fear of death, and the number of infants which died; but the old custom of baptizing at Easter and Pentecost remained long after. Sometimes fonts were constructed of silver, of which kind were those for ancient princes, &c. The water was changed every seventh day. Wheresoever they were placed, they were held in the highest veneration. At first, there were several fonts in each baptistery, because a number were baptized at once, all of whom received the eucharist and confirmation immediately after. But these baptisteries were only established in great cities where bishops resided, who alone had the right of baptizing; afterwards they allowed parish churches to have fonts, for the more commodious administration of this ceremony. The ancient duty for christening was the chrysome, or face-cloth, which covered the child at its baptism; but if it died, only twopence, the woman's offering at her churching, the face-cloth, being kept to wind the child in. Mr. Douce says that it was the ancient practice, in baptism, not only to use water but oil, which was called chrism; with this the priest made the sign of the cross on the child's breast and between the shoulders; and, after immersion, made another cross on the head with the oil; then the chrysome was put on, the priest asking, at the same time, the child's name, and saying a prayer. The chrysome was sometimes ornamented with a crown, worked in crimson thread, alluding to the passion of Christ and the crown of eternal life obtained by his sacrifice: it was to be worn seven days, symbolical of the seven ages of man's life, and taken off on the eighth. After the Reformation, the oil was omitted, and the chrysome worn till the mother's churching.

The following description of a mystical ceremony relating to baptism, as observed in the Romish Church on the Saturday after Good Friday, is given in the *Office of Holy Week*:—1. The priest divides the water in the form of a cross, to teach us that it confers grace and sanctity by the means of Christ crucified. 2. He touches it with his hand, praying that it may be free from all impression of evil spirits. 3. He signs it thrice with the sign of the cross, to bless it in the name of the Holy Trinity. 4. He parts it with his hand, and casts out some of it towards the four quarters of the world, to instrust us that the grace of baptism, like the rivers of Paradise, flows all over the earth. 5. He blows thrice upon it in the form of a cross, beseeching God to bless it by the infusion of his Holy Spirit, that it may receive the virtue of sanctifying the soul. 6. He plunges the paschal candle thrice into it, praying that the Holy Ghost may descend upon it, as it did at the baptism of Christ in the waters of Jordan. 7. He mixes holy oil and chrism with it, to signify that baptism consecrates us to God, and gives us spiritual strength to contend with and overcome all the enemies of our soul. W. G. C.

PERIAPTS.

Periapts were amulets, or charms, worn as preservatives from danger or disease. Of these, says Steveens, the first chapter of *St. John's Gospel* was deemed the most efficacious. Whoever is desirous to know more about them, may consult Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c. The following story, which is related in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595, proves, says Malone, what Mr. Steveens has asserted:—"A cardinal seeing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuse was, that he only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. 'Wherefore, I pray you,' replied the cardinal, 'serves *St. John's Gospel*?' 'Alas! my lord,' said the priest, 'these curs understand no Latin.'"

P. T. W.

CURIOUS LANGUAGES AND COMPUTATIONS.

Mungo Park tells us that the Mandingo nation calls fruit, *èree-ding*, i. e., child of the trees; noon, *teeleekoniata*, the sun over our head; finger, *boullakonding*, child of the hand or arm; brother, *bading-kea*; mother's male child; sister, *bading-moosa*, mother's female child.

The North American Indians call the moon *tibisca-pesum*, signifying the night sun. The Otaheitans call the gun *tick-tick-bow*, from its cocking and report.

The Kamtschatkans denominate the Russian clergymen *bog-bog*, because they often repeat the sound *bog*, which, in the Russian language, signifies God.

The Esquimaux word for much is expressed *wonnaweucktuckhuit*; the word little is *mikkenawkroot*.

Among the South Americans, three is called *poellarrarorincourac*.

Among the Mexicans, a title of address is named *notlazomahnitateopixcatalzin*, and signifies my very revered father, or my revered priest.

There is a very curious work, which is very rare, published at Paris in the year 1632, viz. *Le Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons*

avec un Dictionnaire de la Langue Huronnes. Mr. Evans, in his Descriptive Catalogue of Mr. Hanrott's late sale of books, says—"This work is extremely rare when found complete. The Dictionary is almost always wanting." "It was the perusal of this Dictionary," says Lord Monboddo," and the account of the language prefixed to it, that first made me think of this work—*The Origin and Progress of Language.*

Sagard's account of the Hurons abounds in curious and entertaining matter. "Their language is very defective. It has neither tenses, persons, numbers, nor genders. The Hurons supply the deficiency by accents only, by means of which they can impart different significations to the same word."

Computations.—There are nations which reckon only by a computation with their fingers, and carry their ideas of numbers no farther than ten; but the Kamtschatkans (thanks to the *march* of intellect) take in the *toes*, and can go as far as twenty: these people can reckon no farther; and, when they have advanced to this limit, they say, "Where shall we go now?"

According to Lord Monboddo, the Indians stick fast at the number three.

P. T W.

The Public Journals.

PIEDRA DE LA MADRE; OR, THE MOTHER'S ROCK.

[NEAR the spot where Atabapo flows into the Rio Temi, there rises a mass of granite called the Rock of the Guahibi woman, and sometimes the Piedra de la Madre. Natural charity, which will assert its rights, even where it is most brutally outraged, has given this name to the spot. The story is related by Humboldt; and we could have wished to see it appropriated by Mrs. Hemans, in her "Songs of the Affections." Modern history affords few themes so full of simple and pathetic interest. About fifty years back, the Spanish missionary at San Fernando, led his Indians to the banks of the Guviare, to seize by violence some of the native children, to be made slaves to the mission, and converts to the religion of Him who took little children in his arms, and blessed them, and said, "Suffer little children to come to Me." In a hut, the men-hunters found a Guahibi mother, with three children, of whom two were still infants. Her husband was absent fishing; and she was employed in preparing the flour of the cassava root, for the sustenance of her family. In vain she attempted to flee with her little ones. The captive group were bound and carried to the station of the mission. The mother repeatedly afterwards attempted to escape with her children; but was as often tracked and dragged back by the Indians. At length the cruel resolution was taken to separate her from the children. She was conveyed up the river to a distant missionary station, without knowing whither she was going; save that the current and the course of the sun indicated that it was farther and farther from her children and her native plains. She succeeded in bursting her bands, and plunging into the stream, to return to her children, swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The spot to which she floated was the rock which now takes its name from her history. In the tangled forests on the banks of the river, she tried to conceal herself; but was once more discovered, brought back, and stretched on the rock. But the poet shall tell the rest.]

They stretched her on the rugged rock,
They scourged her naked frame,—
While taunting jest and mockery
Were lavished on her shame.

The burning rock was wet with tears
Shed for a mother's wrong;
As agonized, she writhed beneath
The keen, the torturing thong.

Swift fell the arm of vengeful power,
Wielded by natures fierce,
Whose stony hearts no pity felt,
Nor prayers nor cries could pierce.

The Mother's Rock was spotted o'er
With drops of crimson blood;
Her piercing shrieks, her anguished groans,
Rose wildly o'er the flood.

Oh, Heaven! were these thy messengers,
Man's sinful soul to save,
Whose piety lind led them forth
To cross the boundless wave?

They spoke of love, of charity,
Yet treated men as slaves;
They made that Paradise a Hell,
Thick-floored with tear-worn graves.

No, no! thy mission breathed of love—
Of peace to all—of joy—
Of holy calm—of happiness—
Of hope, without alloy.

A curse upon the blasphemers,
Who stole thy sacred garb,
Who flung, amidst those quiet homes,
Their arrows, poison-barbed.

Oh, mother! broken, bud-stript flower!
Was this thy sole reward,
For untold dangers overcome—
For all thy perils dared?

Robbed of her treasured joys—her loves—
Despair froze up her tears,
And iced the very springs of life—
Destroyed her hopes, her fears.

Heart-broken, withering, dying fast—
With spirit unsubdued—
Firmly she shuts her parched lips,
Refuses drink or food.

Bleeding, fast-fettered, far away,
Beyond her children's cry,
High tow'rds the Orinoco's source
They bore her—but to die!

Passive, listless, stirless now,
With closing, sunken eyes—
With thin, attenuate, woe-worn cheeks,—
The Indian mother lies.

Roused by the river's rush—the voice
Of whispering, tuneful trees—
Or by the freshness eddying round,
Brought by the passing breeze,—

Digitized by Google

She looks abroad—a quiet smile
Upon her pale cheeks played—
She thinks that midst her happy home,
Her dying limbs are laid.
Brightly the quivering sunbeams danced,
Their broken radiance shed—
The cocoa and the gleaming palm
Waved high above her head.
Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

A FOX YARN.

(*From Jacob Faithful.*)

I RECOLLECT once when I was very near eaten alive by foxes, and that in a very singular manner. I was then mate of a Greenland ship. We had been on the fishing ground for three months, and had twelve fish on board. Finding we were doing well, we fixed our ice-anchors upon a very large iceberg, drifting up and down with it, and taking fish as we fell in with them. One morning we had just cast loose the carcass of a fish which we had cut up, when the man in the crow's nest, on the look out for another 'fall,' cried out that a large polar bear and her cub were swimming over to the iceberg, against the side of which, and about half a mile from us, the carcass of the whale was beating. As we had nothing to do, seven of us immediately started in chase; we had intended to have gone after the foxes, which had gathered there also in hundreds, to prey upon the dead whale. It was then quite calm; we soon came up with the bear, who at first was for making off, but as the cub could not get on over the rough ice, as well as the old one, she at last turned round to bay. We shot the cub to make sure of her, and it did make sure of the dam not leaving us till either she or we perished in the conflict. I never shall forget her moaning over the cub, as it lay bleeding on the ice, while we fired bullet after bullet into her. At last she turned round, gave a roar and a gnashing snarl, which you might have heard a mile, and, with her eyes flashing fire, darted upon us. We received her in a body, all close together, with our lances to her breast; but she was so large and so strong, that she beat us all back, and two of us fell; fortunately the others held their ground, and she was then an end, three bullets were put into her chest, which brought her down. I never saw so large a beast in my life. I don't wish to make her out larger than she really was, but I have seen many a bullock at Smithfield which would not weigh two thirds of her. Well, after that, we had some trouble in despatching her; and while we were so employed, the wind blew up in gusts from the northward, and the snow fell heavy. The men were for returning to the ship immediately, which certainly was the wisest thing for us all to do; but I thought that the snow storm would blow over in a short time, and not wishing to lose so fine a skin, resolved to remain and flay the beast; for I knew if left there a few hours, as the foxes could not get hold of the carcass of the whale, which had not grounded, that they would soon finish the bear and cub, and the skins be worth nothing. Well, the other men went back to the ship, and as it was, the snow storm came on so thick, that they lost their way, and would never have found her, if it was not that the bell was kept tolling for a guide to them. I soon found that I had done a very foolish thing: instead of the storm blowing over, the snow came down thicker and thicker; and before I had taken a quarter of the skin off, I was becoming cold and numbed, and then I was unable to regain the ship, and with every prospect of being frozen to death before the storm was over. At last, I knew what was my only chance. I had flayed all the belly of the bear, but had not cut her open. I ripped her up, tore out all her inside, and contrived to get into her body, where I lay, and, having closed up the entrance hole, was warm and comfortable, for the animal heat had not yet been extinguished. This manœuvre no doubt saved my life; and I have heard that the French soldiers did the same in their unfortunate Russian campaign, killing their horses, getting inside to protect themselves from the dreadful weather. Well, Jacob, I had not lain more than half an hour, when I knew by sundry jerks and tugs at my new invented hurricane-house, that the foxes were busy—and so they were, sure enough. There must have been hundreds of them, for they were at work in all directions, and some pushed their sharp noses into the opening where I had crept in; but I contrived to get out my knife and saw their noses across whenever they touched me, otherwise I should have been eaten up in a very short time. There were so many of them, and they were so ravenous, that they soon got through the bear's thick skin, and were tearing away at the flesh. Now I was not so much afraid of their eating me, as I thought that if I jumped up and discovered myself, they would have all fled. No saying, though: two or three hundred ravenous devils take courage when together; but I was afraid that they would devour my covering from the weather, and then I should perish with the cold; and I also was afraid of having pieces nipped out of me, which would of course oblige me to quit my retreat. At last daylight was made through the upper part of the carcass, and I was only protected by the ribs of the animal, between which every now and then their noses dived and nipped my seal-skin jacket. I was just thinking of shouting to frighten them away, when I heard the report of half a dozen muskets, and some of the bullets struck the carcass, but fortunately did not hit me. I immediately hallooed as loud as I could, and the men hearing me, cased firing. They

Digitized by Google

had fired at the foxes, little thinking that I was inside of the bear. I crawled out, the storm was over, and the men of the ship had come back to look for me. My brother, who was also a mate on board of the vessel, who had not been with the first party, had joined them in the search, but with little hopes of finding me alive. He hugged me in his arms, covered as I was with blood, as soon as he saw me. He's dead now, poor fellow!—That's the story, Jacob."—*Metropolitan.*

BRING ME ROSES!

Welsh Air—"*Arhyd Y nos.*"

BRING me roses, I will weave them,
Le don de l'Amour!
Ere the dews of heaven leave them,
Le don de l'Amour!
Love's own blushes glow around them,
Breathing odours all surround them,
See! in sportive wreath I've bound them,
Le don de l'Amour!

Take, O take some winged fairy
Le don de l'Amour!
And bind round the brow of Mary,
Le don de l'Amour!
From her lips, sweet beds of pleasure,
Bring me words of golden measure,
Tell, ah! tell me, she will treasure
Le don de l'Amour!

Ah! they fall—my cherish'd roses!
Le don de l'Amour!
Leaf by leaf on earth reposes
Le don de l'Amour!
So the hopes of love deceive us,
So our wreathed blessings leave us,
Given but the more to grieve us,
Le don de l'Amour!

Metropolitan.

Notes of a Reader.

VIRGINIA WATER.

[To the fidelity of this scene we can bear testimony from one of our last summer's rambles, save and except the writer's admiration of the fishing-temple, which is in bad and tawdry taste.]

The drive from this part of the park (the end of the long walk) to Virginia Water, and from thence through the Black-ness gate is exceedingly beautiful. The clumps of beech trees, the oak wood, the whole of the scenery, form together a charming picture. The lodge occupied by his late Majesty has been pulled down, with the exception of the banqueting room and the conservatory.

On the descent of the hill, leading to the Virginia Water, stands a fine old beech tree which might serve as a study to a painter. Its roots appear above the soil with curious contortions, and add very much to the picturesque effect of the tree.

The first view of the Virginia Water is very striking. The fishing temple—the tents—the lake and the cottage, all produce a good effect, and the banks of the water are particularly well planted. The Belvidere and the Obelisk are happily placed, and a pretty frigate in miniature adds to the charm of the scene. The fishing boats are fitted up with every comfort and convenience, and are exceedingly well kept. The only regret I felt on visiting this charming spot, was not being allowed to bring my trolling rod with me.

His Majesty's magnificent present to the Zoological Society, of the beasts lately kept in this park, has deprived visiters of one of the objects of curiosity which brings them to Windsor. The animals, however, are more accessible in the Regent's Park than they were at the Sandpit Gate. I was informed that the person who had the care of them once very nearly lost his life. The circumstance was as follows. He not unfrequently allowed the boa constrictor to enjoy a certain degree of liberty by turning it loose in his sitting room. On one of these occasions the animal wound himself round the body of the keeper, and would probably have crushed him to death in a few moments, had not his cries brought some one to his assistance, when the animal was disengaged. The snake, I believe, cannot apply the whole force of its body till the tail is firmly attached to some object, and then, having obtained a purchase, as it were, the *crush* is instantaneous.

I must now bid adieu to

"Thy forests, Windsor, and thy green retreats."

But the Forest is now, alas! no more. The hundred miles of green drive which were kept up for the convenience of his late Majesty George III., at a trifling expense, and where he followed his stag hounds, have all disappeared. Perhaps no monarch in Europe could have boasted of such an appanage to the seat of royalty. The Forest has been divided and subdivided, and scarce a vestige of it is left, except what has been apportioned to the crown, adjoining the Great Park.—*Jesse's Gleanings.**

NEGRO FUNERALS.

THE negroes are always buried in their own gardens, and many strange and fantastical ceremonies are observed on the occasion. If the corpse be that of a grown person, they consult it as to which way it pleases to be carried; and they make attempts upon various roads without success, before they can hit upon the right one. Till that is accomplished, they stagger under the weight of the coffin, struggle against its force, which draws them in a different direction from that in which they had settled to go; and sometimes in the contest the corpse and the coffin jump off the shoulders of the bearers. But if, as is frequently the case, any person is suspected of having hastened the catastrophe, the corpse will then refuse to go any road but the one

* See also Supplement, published with the present Number.

Digitized by Google

which passes by the habitation of the suspected person, and as soon as it approaches his house, no human power is equal to persuading it to pass. As the negroes are extremely superstitious, and very much afraid of ghosts (whom they call the *duppy*), it is surprising that they choose to have their dead buried in their gardens; but their argument is, that they need only fear the duppies of their enemies, and have nothing to apprehend from those after death, who loved them in their lifetime; but the duppies of their adversaries are very alarming beings, equally powerful by day as by night, and who not only are spiritually terrific, but who can give very hard substantial knocks on the pate, whenever they see fit occasion, and can find a good opportunity.—*Lewis's Journal of a West India Proprietor.**

A WATER MELON.

I NEVER met with a worse article in my life; the pulp is of a faint greenish yellow, stained here and there with spots of moist red, so that it looks exactly as if the servant in slicing it had cut his finger, and suffered it to bleed over the fruit. Then the seeds, being of a dark purple, present the happiest imitation of drops of clotted gore; and altogether (prejudiced as I was by its appearance), when I had put a single bit into my mouth, it had such a kind of Shylocky taste of raw flesh about it (not that I recollect having ever eaten a bit of raw flesh itself,) that I sent away my plate, and was perfectly satisfied as to the *merits* of the fruit.—*Lewis.*

CHEAP LITERATURE.

IF it were not for the unfortunate consequences with which the mania for cheap literature has been attended, and the total inefficacy of the scientific barrier which its authors are now seeking to oppose to its devastation, it would be one of the happiest subjects of the novelist's satire, or the poet's ridicule. They put us in mind of the admirable picture in Old Mortality of the corresponding frenzy of the Covenant: would that we had a Sir Walter to crush by ridicule, the still more perilous mania of the present times! Well may the political fanatics of these days say to their scientific instructors, with old Mause and the religious fanatics of Bothwell Brig, "The mouths of fasting multitudes are crammed wi' fuzenless bran, instead of the sweet word in season; and mony a hungry, starving creature, when he sits down on a Sunday forenoon to get something that may warm him to the great work, has a dry clatter of *science* driven about his lugs."—*Blackwood's Mag.*

---

* See also Supplement, published with the present Number.

AGE AND YOUTH.

How dangerous, how foolish, how presumptuous, is it in adults to suppose that they can read the thoughts and the feelings of those of a tender age! How often has this presumption, on their part, been the ruin of a young mind, which, if truly estimated and duly fostered, would have blossomed and produced good fruit! The blush of honest indignation is as dark as the blush of guilt—and the paleness of concentrated courage as marked as that of fear—the firmness of conscious innocence is but too often mistaken as the effrontery of hardened vice—and the tears springing from a source of injury, the tongue tied from the oppression of a wounded heart, the trembling and agitation of the little frame convulsed with emotion, have often and often been ascribed by prejudging and self-opiniated witnesses, to the very opposite passions to those which have produced them. Youth should never be judged harshly, and even when judged correctly, should it be in an evil course, may always be reclaimed; —those who decide otherwise, and leave it to drift about the world, have to answer for the *cast away.*—*Jacob Faithful in the Metropolitan.*

ON SLEEP.

(*From Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep.*)

Magnetic Sleep.—According to the report made by a Committee of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, animal magnetism appears to have the power of inducing a peculiar species of somnambulism. The circumstances seem so curious, that, even authenticated as they are by men of undoubted integrity and talent, it is extremely difficult to place reliance upon them. The person who is thrown into the magnetic sleep is said to acquire a new consciousness, and entirely to forget all the events of his ordinary life. When this sleep is dissolved, he gets into his usual state of feeling and recollection, but forgets everything that happened during the sleep; being again magnetized, however, the remembrance of all that occurred in the previous sleep is brought back to his mind. In one of the cases above related, the patient, a lady of sixty-four years, had an ulcerated cancer in the right breast. She had been magnetized for the purpose of dissolving the tumour, but no other effect was produced than that of throwing her into a species of somnambulic sleep, in which sensibility was annihilated, while her ideas retained all their clearness. In this state, her surgeon, M. Chapelain, disposed her to submit to an operation, the idea of which she rejected with horror *when awake.* Having formally given her consent, she undressed herself, sat down upon a chair, and the diseased glands were carefully and deliberately dissected out, the

Digitized by Google

patient conversing all the time and being perfectly insensible of pain. On awaking, she had no consciousness whatever of having been operated upon; but being informed of the circumstance, and seeing her children around her, she experienced the most lively emotion, which the magnetizer instantly checked by again setting her asleep. These facts appear startling and incredible. I can give no opinion upon the subject from anything I have seen myself; but the testimony of such men as Cloquet, Georget, and Itard, is not to be received lightly on any physiological point; and they all concur in bearing witness to such facts as the above.

EFFECT OF DRYNESS UPON ANIMALS.

WANT of moisture produces torpor in some animals. This is the case with the garden snail, which revives if a little water is thrown on it. Snails, indeed, have revived after being dried for fifteen years. Mr. Baucer has restored the *vibris tritici* (a species of worm) after perfect torpitude and apparent death for five years and eight months, by merely soaking it in water. The *furcularia anostobea*, a small microscopic animal, may be killed and revived a dozen times by drying it and then applying moisture. According to Spallanzani, animalculi have been recovered by moisture after a torpor of twenty-seven years. Larger animals are thrown into the same state from want of moisture. Such, according to Humboldt, is the case with the alligator and boa constrictor during the dry season in the plains of Venezuela, and with the *centenes solosus*, a species of hedgehog, found in Madagascar; so that dryness, as well as cold, produces hybernation, if, in such a case, we may use that term.

THE SECOND SIGHT.

WHAT is called the *Second Sight* originated, in most cases, from spectral illusions; and the seers, of whom we so often read, were merely individuals visited by these phantoms. The Highland mountains, and the wild, lawless habits of those who inhabited them, were peculiarly adapted to foster the growth of such impressions in imaginative minds; and, accordingly, nothing was more common than to meet with persons who not only fancied they saw visions, but on the strength of this belief, laid claim to the gift of prophecy. The more completely the mind is abstracted from the bustle of life —the more solitary the district in which the individual resides—and the more romantic and awe-inspiring the scenes that pass before his eyes—the greater is his tendency to see visions, and to place faith in what he sees. A man, for instance, with the peculiar temperament which predisposes to see, and believe in, spectral illusions, is informed that his chieftain and clan have set out on a dangerous expedition. Full of the subject, he forces their images before him—sees them engaged in fight—beholds his chieftain cut down by the claymore of an enemy—the clansmen routed and dispersed, their houses destroyed, their cattle carried off. This vision he relates to certain individuals. If, as is not unlikely, it is borne out by the event, his prophecy is spread far and wide, and looked upon as an instance of the second sight; while, should nothing happen, the story is no more thought of by those to whom it was communicated.

FULFILMENT OF A DREAM.

PERSONS are said to have had the period of their own death pointed out to them in dreams. I have often heard the case of the late Mr. M. of D— related in support of this statement. It is certainly worth telling, not on account of any supernatural character belonging to it, but simply from the extraordinary coincidence between the dream and the subsequent event. This gentleman dreamed one night that he was out riding, when he stopped at an inn on the road-side for refreshment, where he saw several people whom he had known some years before, but who were all dead. He was received kindly by them, and desired to sit down and drink, which he accordingly did. On quitting this strange company, they exacted a promise from him that he would visit them that day six weeks. This he promised faithfully to do; and, bidding them farewell, he rode homewards. Such was the substance of his dream, which he related in a jocular way to his friends, but thought no more about it, for he was a person above all kind of superstition. The event, however, was certainly curious enough as well as melancholy; for, on that very day six weeks on which he had engaged to meet his friends at the inn, he was killed in attempting to spring his horse over a five-barred gate.

DECAY OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

NOTWITHSTANDING the renovating influence of sleep, which apparently brings up the lost vigour of the frame to a particular standard, there is a power in animal life which leads it almost imperceptibly on from infancy to second childhood, or that of old age. This power sleep, however healthy, is incapable of counteracting. The skin wrinkles, and everywhere shows marks of the ploughshare of Saturn; the adipose structure dissolves; the bones become brittle; the teeth decay or drop out; the eye loses its exquisite sensibility to sight; the ear to sound; and the hair is bleached to whiteness. These are accompanied with a general decay of the intellectual faculties; there is a loss of memory, and less sensibility to emotion; the iris hues of fancy subside to twilight; and the sphere of thought and action is narrowed. The principle of decay

Digitized by Google

is implanted in our nature, and cannot be counteracted. Few people, however, die of mere decay, for death is generally accelerated by disease. From sleep we awake to exertion —from death not at all, at least on this side of time. Methuselah in ancient, and Thomas Parr in modern times ate well, digested well, and slept well; but at length they each died. Death is omnivorous. The worm which crawls on the highway, and the monarch on his couch of state, are alike subjected to the same stern and inexorable law; they alike become the victims of the universal tyrant.

The Gatherer.

Bensley's Wig.—One evening at the Dublin Theatre, when Bensley came on for his first soliloquy in Richard the Third, a nail at the wing caught the tail of his majestic wig, and, dismounting his hat, suspended the former in the air. An Irish gallery know how to laugh, even in tragedy. Bensley caught his hat as it fell by a feather, and replacing it on his head, "shorn of its beams," advanced to the front, and commenced his soliloquy, amidst a volley of importunities to resume his wig. "Mr. Bensley, my darling, put on your jasey—bad luck to your politics—will you suffer a wig (whig) to be hung?" &c. The tragedian, however, considering that such an act would have compromised, in some measure, his dukely dignity, continued his meditations in despite of their advice, and stalked off at the conclusion as he had stalked on. An underling then made his appearance, and released his captured hair, with which he exited in pursuit of Richard, to as loud a demonstration of approval as Richard himself.

Cooke was announced one evening to play the Stranger at the Dublin theatre. When he made his appearance, evident marks of agitation were visible in his countenance and gestures; this, by the generality of the audience, was called fine acting; but those who were acquainted with his failing, classed it very properly under the head of intoxication. When the applause had ceased, with difficulty he pronounced "Yonder hut—yonder hut," pointing to the cottage; then beating his breast, and striking his forehead, he paced the stage in much apparent agitation of mind. Still this was taken as the *chef d'œuvre* of fine acting, and was followed by loud plaudits, and "Bravo, bravo!" At length, having cast many a menacing look at the prompter, who repeatedly, though in vain, gave him the word, he came forward, and with overacted feeling, thus addressed the audience: "You are a mercantile people —you know the value of money—a thousand pounds, my all, lent to serve a friend, is lost for ever. My son too—pardon the feelings of a parent—my only son—as brave a youth as ever fought his country's battles, is slain —not many hours ago I received the intelligence, but, thank God, he died in the defence of his king!" Here his feelings became so powerful, that they choked his utterance, and, with his handkerchief to his eyes, he staggered off the stage, amidst the applause of those who, not knowing the man, pitied his situation. Now, the fact is, Cooke never possessed 1,000*l.* in his life, nor had he ever the honour of being a father; but too much intoxicated to recollect his part, he invented this story, as the only way by which he could decently retire; and the sequel of the business was that he was sent home in a chair, whilst another actor played the part.

Cooke, performing at Bath in Richard the Third, in the second scene when he killed King Henry, a person in the gallery conceiving it was not well done, cried out, "That is not like the Duke of Glo'ster!" Cooke came to the front of the stage, and putting on one of his inimitable looks, exclaimed, "That is not like a Bath auditor." This so delighted the audience, that the censurer was turned out of the house, and Cooke went on without further interruption. W. G. C.

Aged Actress.—A farce called the Half-pay Officer, by Charles Molloy, was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre in 1720; and to Mrs. Fryer (an Irishwoman, who had quitted the stage from the reign of Charles II.) was assigned the part of an old grandmother. In the bills it was mentioned—"The part of Lady Richlove to be performed by Peg Fryer, who has not appeared on the stage these fifty years." The character in the farce was supposed to be a very old woman, and Peg exerted her utmost abilities. The farce being ended, she was brought again upon the stage to dance a jig, at the age of 85. She came tottering in, and seemed much fatigued; but on a sudden, the music striking up the Irish trot, she danced and footed it almost as nimbly as any girl of 20. She afterwards kept a public-house, in the Tottenham-court-road, where she resided until her decease, which took place in November, 1747, aged 117 years. W. G. C.

With the present Number
A SUPPLEMENTARY SHEET
of
Entertaining Novelties
From Books published within the last Six Weeks:
With two Fine Engravings:
1. Tomb of the Three Kings at Cologne.
2. The Great Plane Tree of Franenstein.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

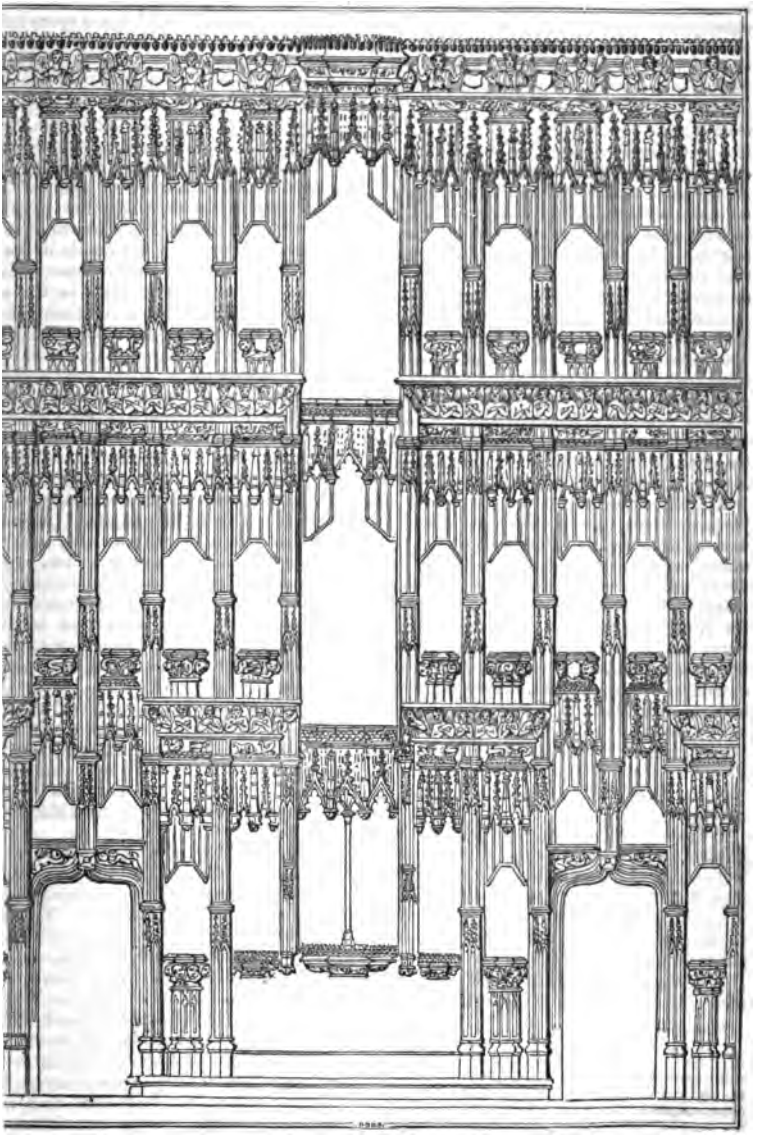
Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

o. 656.] SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1834. [PRICE 2d.



THE ALTAR-SCREEN,
AT ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK.

Digitized by Google

THE ALTAR-SCREEN, (*Restored,*) AT ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK.

In describing the magnificent church of St. Mary Overy, about eight months since,* we referred to the removal of the oak and plaster covering of the interior eastern wall, and the consequent discovery of the original altar-screen. In its uncasing, a series of niches was first discovered, the canopies of which had been unsparingly hacked, almost to a plane surface; but even in this mutilated state, they possessed so much beauty, that the restoration of the entire composition became immediately an object of great interest. At the same time, we noticed the raising of a subscription for this purpose, and we are happy to learn that by the exertions of the "excellent individuals who composed the Committee," the restoration of this splendid specimen of ancient art has been nearly completed.†

Upon comparing the St. Saviour's screen with that of Winchester Cathedral, it has been inferred that the designs of both structures were the work of one pencil, and the gifts of Bishop Fox. Mr. Carlos observes: "it was probably erected shortly after he had bestowed on his own cathedral (at Winchester,) the screen which still remains there, resplendent in its architectural beauties."

The Church of St. Mary Overy, closely adjacent to the episcopal residence of the see, was, at all times, an object of the regard and attention of the Bishops of Winchester. Fox found perfect and unimprovable the nave, choir, and lady-chapel: "all that was left for him to bestow," observes Mr. Carlos, "was the altar-screen, and he embraced the opportunity of becoming a benefactor to the church by a similar donation to that which he had made to his cathedral;" while, in doing so, he stamped the valuable legacy with his peculiar device, (the Pelican feeding her young ones,) to point out to posterity its history and founder, in a modest but appropriate manner.

"The screens of St. Saviour's and Winchester agree in several important particulars, not only in the arrangement and general design, but in the actual number of the niches; a coincidence which can alone be attributed to the circumstance of the two subjects being the work of one hand."

Mr. Carlos continues: "the design is made in height into three stories, and in breadth it is again divided into the same number of portions, thus preserving in all its parts an allusion to the sacred number *Three*." Mr. Carlos then notices in the Winchester screen, certain points of difference, which do not interrupt its general resemblance to that of St. Saviour's, and continues: "in the centre of the lower division is a space left for the altar-table, about‡ which was a blank, occupied at Winchester by a painting, and here by three niches, (designed by the restoring architect,) and intended apparently for inscriptions." "The side divisions show a doorway, with a depressed ogee arch, in the last stage of declension, and which when compared with the pointed arch of Winchester, plainly evinces that the present is the later work of the two. In the spandrils are grotesque carvings, unsuitable to the dignity of their station; they represent human figures chasing some animal, in the spandrils, and on the centre a fool with his bauble. In the Winchester example no such incongruities appear, owing perhaps to the work being executed more immediately under the eye of the Bishop, the correspondent subjects being the Annunciation and the Visitation."

"On each side of the doorway is a niche rising from the floor, flanked by slender buttresses, and covered with a triangular canopy composed of two canopied arches, presenting an acute angle to the spectator. A pedestal occupies each niche with a richly sculptured cap, and above the doorway are two canopies similar in design, but rising in altitude above the lateral ones; they give dignity to the doorways, and at the same time break the horizontal line of the frieze, which consists of a series of angels in the act of adoration, and constitutes the finish."

"The second story is composed of a large niche in the centre, being covered with a canopy of a semi-hexagonal form; it is accompanied with five uniform niches on each side, with pedestals and canopies as before. A second frieze of angels forms the finish to this story."

"The third and last story is nearly a copy of the preceding, except that the canopy of the central niche is of a more prominent character than those which are below it. The fascia of holy lambs and pelicans succeeds to these canopies, and here terminate the original remains of the screen. As a finish to the entire composition, the restoring architect has introduced an entablature charged with angels, separated by shields, and the whole is crowned with a cornice, on which is set a series of reversed trefoil arches, having leaves on their points. It is evident that in the original design, a broader entablature than the fascia must have existed, from the circumstance of the central canopy rising above the line, which, in consequence of its break-

* See Mirror, vol. xxii. p. 33.

† It likewise affords us considerable satisfaction to learn that one of the most active contributors to this result is Mr. E. I. Carlos, whose exertions in the restoration of Crosby Hall, received our warmest commendation in a preceding volume. We remember Mr. Carlos as a casual acquaintance of our boyhood, and are happy to meet him so frequently as a valuable contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Indeed, to his judicious pen, in the *Gent. Mag.* Feb. 1834, are we indebted for the details accompanying the annexed Engraving, also from that Journal.

‡ We presume, "above."—*Ed. M.*

Digitized by Google

leg against the sill of the window, would have produced an awkward effect. In all the niches of this screen it is observable that the back lining is ornamented with perpendicular lines on that part alone which was not covered by the statues; in consequence, the empty niches have an unfinished appearance.

"The occupation of these niches by sacred and appropriate statues in the present day, is more than the most sanguine antiquary can venture to anticipate; but he may be allowed to look with the mind's eye to that period when, in all the magnificence of the fifteenth century, sculpture and painting lent their aid to complete and embellish this sumptuous display of architecture. Upon the altar and under the central canopy, in the first range, stood the crucifix; the large niche above was appropriated to the statue of the Blessed Virgin, the patroness of the Church; and the corresponding niche, in the upper range, we may as confidently assign to the representation of the sacred Trinity; the minor niches might be occupied by the sainted bishops of the see. Above the whole, the design was carried on in the painted glass of the east window, inclosed as it were in a richly sculptured frame; in this perfect state, what a magnificent scene was displayed in the choir."

The doorways and altar-table, which are omitted in the Engraving, are not yet restored; the funds subscribed not being sufficient for that purpose. Indeed, the cost of the restoration has already exceeded the sum subscribed; but "the Committee rely on the liberality, not alone of the parish, but of the public at large, to supply the deficient amount." The whole has been ably superintended by Mr. R. Wallace, the architect of the transept repairs in 1829 and 1830: "the contract was for 700*l.*, and it is due to the contractor, Mr. Firth, to add that he has sedulously performed his part in the undertaking."

Mr. Carlos thus nicely details the restoration: "The ancient materials of the screen are Caen and Fire stone. The restoration has been effected in stone from Painswick in Gloucestershire, which in tint and grain harmonizes very well with the former material, which has been retained wherever it was practicable to do so. Such portions as are new, and which of course include nearly the whole of the ornamental detail, were scrupulously worked from moulds made from the original remains, and replaced in the same situations which were occupied by the originals. The fine arts are indebted to all the parties concerned for the preservation of a splendid specimen of a very rare class of ancient works, the value of which will be the more highly appreciated by those who are conversant with the detail and arrangement of our ancient Churches; by such, the screen-work of Pointed architecture has always been held to be one of its most beautiful features." Mr. Wallace, in his original design, proposed to fill the window over the screen with painted glass, after a design by Mr. Willement; and such would indeed be a magnificent completion of the eastern end of this noble church. Meanwhile, the nave still remains unroofed. We recommend the people of Southwark to memorialize the King, or petition the Legislature; to state the immense sum the parishioners have already expended on this stupendous pile, and to implore their aid in completing its restoration. The neglect of so proud a monument of the best ages of English architecture would be indeed impatriotic.

The Sketch Book.

BREMEBA, THE KHARADJIR: A TALE OF THE ABORIGINES OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

By G. J. Macdonald.

To a casual and uninterested observer, the character of the aborigines of New Holland may probably develope but few features of interest or variety. Their generally unprepossessing appearance — their indolent and lethargic habits—their cunning, and frequent duplicity—combined with the craving and avaricious perseverance of disposition they display in their intercourse with the "pale men" of the towns and settlements, may very naturally be allowed to account for the prejudicial opinion that has generally been gaining ground against them. But this is but gazing on the dark side of the picture; and, paradoxical as it may appear, we have no hesitation in affirming that their intercourse with a civilized community has produced the same debasing influence on the mind and character of the savage of this country, which slavery is well known to generate in that of the European.

In their natural and unvitiated state, the natives are a simple, superstitious, reserved, active, and faithful race of people; the very reverse, indeed, of the miserable, squalid, and half-garmented beings, we are in the habit of seeing wandering, intoxicated and squabbling, through the streets of Sydney, or frequenting the farms and settlements of the more densely-populated districts;—but it must at the same time be allowed that they are (like the savages of all other countries) occasionally actuated by strong passions; and, when personally injured or insulted, stirred by that deep spirit of revenge, which may be smothered for a time, but is never entirely forgotten. Of the truth of this, the following incidents will afford a striking, but not solitary exemplification.

Among the natives who occasionally visited the district of country in which the scene of our narrative is placed, was a man named,

Digitized by Google

Bremeba, remarkable both for the striking peculiarity of his individual character, and for the extensive and powerful influence he exercised over his own and neighbouring tribes. In person he was rather below the middle stature, of slight but symmetrical proportions, with the high, narrow, retreating forehead common to many of the race; and an eye, large, dark, widely opened, and remarkably prominent, upon whose clear and glassy surface seemed shadowed forth the reflex of the dark passions that slumbered within. In manner, he was reserved, taciturn, and morose—characteristics that may, however, have been in some measure assumed, as the appropriate symbols and concomitants of the rank of "Kharadjie," or seer, with which he was invested; but, whether affected or not, they undoubtedly had the effect of keeping constantly in the mind of his associates the reputation of those supernatural powers with which he was supposed to be endowed, as well as of that superior knowledge of the mysterious rites and ceremonies practised at their great annual festivals, and that closer personal approximation and agency with "Bappo,"* and the other good and evil spirits whom they so superstitiously adore.

Bremeba had been in the habit of frequenting the government agricultural station, and it was there that he became first acquainted with an overseer named Vane, for whom he was accustomed to procure birds, &c. This man had, however, made himself obnoxious to the natives, by his activity in checking their annual plundering expeditions to the maize fields. On one occasion he came suddenly on a party, who were retreating with their nets filled with cobs of the young green corn (of which, when roasted, they are extremely fond), and, irritated at the open boldness of their demeanour, he fired on them; but, as the piece was merely loaded with small shot, they coolly received the charge on their long, oblong shields, tauntingly exclaiming at the same time, "Marrook ninda kimbi—marrook ninda—tatti-warrila attri ninda." "Well done you, my friend—well done you—a capital hand at a miss are you." Vane retired, muttering that he would not miss on the morrow; and he kept his word, for on the following day he returned, and shot a man belonging to Bremeba's tribe.

On an after occasion, Vane passed a trifling personal affront on Bremeba himself, which he then but little thought would have been treasured up with such an undying spirit of revenge. The circumstance was simply this:—Bremeba, who had been out shooting for Vane, came one day into his hut while he was at dinner, and, uninvited, took a piece of bread from the table; on seeing which, Vane, who was of a quick and irritable temperament, instantly threw the black violently on the floor.

Bremeba took no notice of the insult at the moment, and on leaving the hut merely turned his head and said, in his accustomed calm and passionless tone of voice—"Never mind, never mind—by and by, by and by." But the flame of revenge was kindled in his bosom, and the fire of suppressed passion flashed from his large, dark eyes, as he returned, moody and alone, to his camp; and although a long period elapsed, and he met Vane frequently afterwards as if nothing had ever occurred to foster ill-will between them, the savage only "bided his time," and the revenge that had apparently passed away from his intention was still cherished in his heart like a secret and sacred love, and his remorseless purpose finally and too fatally accomplished.

It was nearly three years after the occurrence of the incident above related, that a new commandant came to take charge of the settlement, and Vane waited on him, and proffered his services to procure the rare rifleman, and other select specimens of the ornithology of the surrounding districts. As he was known to be a good bushman, and well acquainted with the habits of the aborigines, his services were accepted, and he was immediately despatched with ammunition and provisions for a fortnight. On leaving the settlement, Vane made away at once for the mountains, well knowing that it was in the long recesses of their thick and trackless scrubs that the call of the "khagghak," or rifleman, would be most likely heard.

Reader! you may not have been fortunate enough to come across that beautiful bird, and we will therefore describe it to you; for often have we, when wandering through the deep mountain gulleys and ravines, in those still, transparent, windless days of spring, when every low plant, and forest flower, and green leaf, seems to quiver in the light air with the quick instinct of reviving life, been arrested in our progress by its long, sustained, hissing note, coming from the tall turpentine trees on which it loves to peck the bright-winged insects that cluster around its bark and branches, and from which also the dark native mountaineer states it is frequently darted at by the lidless-eyed diamond snake, its most formidable foe. Ah! it is a superb specimen of nature's most exquisite workmanship—with a form of faultless symmetry, deep purple plumage, a long curved and pointed beak, a bright black eye, and head, throat, and tail, covered with rich silver spangles, that glitter in the sun-light like polished chain-plate armour. But we digress. On the afternoon of the second day, Vane heard a distant "cooi" or "comba" (call), which his practised ear at once recognised as proceeding from a native; and being

* The deity supposed to preside at the celebration of the "Kebarrah."

Digitized by Google

anxious to fall in with a tribe, he at once answered it, and was shortly after joined by a young lad named Billy, who had frequently resided with him at the station. From him he heard that a strong party were encamped in the neighbourhood, and that Bremeba, with one or two of his friends, was with them. Unalarmed at this intelligence, Vane immediately proceeded to the camp with the boy, distributed a portion of his provisions among them, and remained with them during the night. On the following morning, Bremeba proposed that he should proceed with them to a remote station, where they intended to hunt for a few days, and where, also, he said there were plenty of rifle birds. The proposal was gladly acceded to; and, after a long day's journey, the party entered, towards evening, the gorge of a steep and precipitous pass, that descended into one of those steep and narrow ravines so common in that district of country; and so unsuspicious was the infatuated man of the fate that awaited him, that he sent the boy Billy forward with the gun in quest of game. At length the foremost of the party arrived at a sheltered spot, close by a rocky water-brook, where they intended to encamp. On each side of the gulley in which it was situated, immense barriers of perpendicular rock shot up to a great height, like the walls of a "fortress formed by nature for her own defence," and which, from the narrowness of the space they inclosed, cast an opaque and sombre gloom on the surrounding objects. At one extremity the gulley opened towards the west, where the eye might wander over a vast extent of level country, covered with one dense and trackless forest, until terminated by the long line of blue, peakless mountains that skirted the horizon: at the other extremity was the steep winding pass down which the remainder of the scattered tribe were seen descending. As they emerged from point to point—from behind the immense masses of rock that every now and then intercepted their progress—the men, with their dark, swarthy visages, peaked head-dress, and ungarmented limbs, bearing the shield and red wooden battle-axe over their left shoulder—the curved "barracum," or boommerring, in their girdle, and a bundle of long timber spears in their right hand;—the women, with their long, black, curly hair, clothed in the "goro," or cloak of kangaroo skin, with a large, well-filled net hanging from behind; and the young boys chasing, and throwing short grass-spears at each other in mimic fight—completed a picture at once wild, savage, and picturesque.

The day, which had hitherto been tranquil and serene, appeared to be undergoing a change that betokened the approach of one of those sudden sunset thunder-storms that so frequently occur in warm climates. The wind awoke to the westward, and was heard rustling over the tops of the tall forest trees in sudden and fitful gusts, then rushing with a wailing sound up through the deep gulleys; and the disk of the dilated sun, hitherto declining unshrouded in its course, was now seen flaring through the black and waving branches of the gloomy pines, encompassed by a belt of bright and fiery clouds that gradually spread in massy and fantastic forms athwart the long line of the distant horizon; while an abrupt and rapid peal of thunder was heard at intervals echoing over the far forest. At this period the tribe had all arrived: the gins were employed, in scattered groups, gathering dry and decayed wood, or kindling their evening fires; the men were hastily stripping bark, and cutting props for their huts, before the storm came on; while Vane was seated on the trunk of a large tree that had fallen to the ground, between Bremeba and another black named Ereeina, quietly surveying the preparations that were going forward. As Bremeba gazed on the averted countenance of his victim, his eyes, usually quiescent in their expression, though full of mysterious meaning, flashed with strange brilliancy as he muttered to himself, "Bakkooi nan-nomba ninda—bakkooi nan-nomba ninda:" "You are my prey—you are my prey;" and then suddenly starting on his feet, and flourishing his huge-knobbed conterra, or waddie, he struck Vane a violent blow on the back of the head, which was instantly repeated by his companion, until the unfortunate man, uttering a deep groan, and with the blood gushing from his ears, mouth, and nostrils, fell lifeless at their feet. The work of revenge was scarcely accomplished, when a boommerring came whirling over the heads of the murderers, which instantly induced them to take to their shields and spears, and three of the party from the camp advanced upon them at a quick pace. There was an immediate exchange of spears, which were parried off on both sides with that wonderful ease and agility that appear so extraordinary to a stranger. The challengers then inquired the cause of their killing the white man, and were answered by Bremeba that he had formerly shot one of his tribe, and had afterwards struck him at the station. The reply was deemed satisfactory, and the combatants retired.

The body was then stripped, and thrown like a worthless thing on one side; and at intervals, during the night, the women kept up that wild and melancholy death-song, which, when heard in the stillness and solitude of their forest recesses, strikes with such a strange and thrilling effect on the unaccustomed ear of the European; and in the grey dawn of the following morning, the croak of the carrion-crow, the howl of the wild dog, and the scream of the black mountain eagle-hawk, were heard commingled, as

Digitized by Google

they battled and banquetted over the mangled remains of the victim of a savage and remorseless revenge.—*New South Wales Magazine.*

Fine Arts.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THIS is the eleventh exhibition of the Institution, and reports its progress, as a wag would say, in favourable colours. It comprises 813 paintings and drawings, and 56 works in the Sculpture Room. Among the pictures, as may be expected, portraits predominate, and in height and breadth of canvass and glittering frame, are in proportion to other works, nearly as a square foot to a square inch. Yet, there are novelties among the portraits that, to some extent, redeem the sin of their number; for such a shoal of satin robes, velvet waistcoats, and *degagé* neckcloths has seldom been seen even on these walls. The "scenes" and "sketches," though, for the most part, small, are numerous: Calais is an especial favourite with the painters of this class: thus, we have, No. 15. Calais; 18. Coast of Calais; 57. Coast Scene near Calais; 113. Calais Pier; 188. Entrance to Calais Harbour, from the Sands; 232. Sketch of the Interior of the Church at Calais; 402. the South Pier and Fort Rouge, Calais. But we propose to take a glance through the rooms, and enumerate a few of the most attractive pictures; although, the "private" view on the 22nd ult. was more crowded than the rooms on a public day, and allowed us little more than a glimpse of the best works.

Many of the portraits are of public interest, as those of *Commander James Ross*, by J. R. Wildman; and of *Captain John Ross*, by H. Hawkins; yet, we must add, that such interest of these two specimens is not materially aided by the merit of the artists.

8. *Caius Marius sitting among the Ruins of Carthage.* W. Linton.

"The city of the sea, ere Venice was a name:
The mighty heart that battled for the empire of the world,
And all but won, yet perished in the strife!"—*Hervey.*

This picture is an affecting episode of the vanity of ambition: it is beautifully painted, and its warm sunset harmonizes with the melancholy of the fallen empire.

21. *The Spider's Web.* J. A. Casey. Two girls looking with childish wonder at a spider's web: their expression is admirable, and is the chief merit of the picture.

47. *The Mother.* E. Prentis. Three children repeating prayers to their mother.

13 and 48. *Portraits of Mr. C. K. and Mrs. Mainwaring;* ably painted by Mrs. W. Carpenter.

60. *The Duke of Argyle.* A masterly portrait, by J. Lonsdale.

100. *The Lake of Orta, with the Simplon Alps, and Monte Rosa.* W. Linton. A charming cabinet picture of sublime nature.

110. *The Countess of Jersey,—wearing her Coronet.* J. Holmes.

111. *Near Corwen, North Wales.* T. Creswick. A most meritorious production.

120. *Madame Malibran.* F. Y. Hurlstone. This portrait has not the common sin of flattery, but is, to our thinking, an excellent likeness.

142. *Stags alarmed at the distant sight of Hunters.* R. B. Davis.

"The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste;
But ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook,
Like crested leader, proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky."
Lady of the Lake, canto 1.

These fine lines from the *Lady of the Lake* have furnished the outline of a delightful picture. The heathery waste and glancing start of the stags are ably expressed.

149. *The last arch of Old London Bridge at low water.* G. Danson. A clever picture for an antiquary's museum. By the by, the stone of the centre arch of the bridge was sold and delivered to the purchaser for 1,000*l.*; who sold the same for 1,500*l.*

162. *The Moorish Tower at Seville, called the Geralda*, painted at Seville. D. Roberts. One of the cleverest works in the room, and full of characteristic accuracy.

195. *The Rev. Dr. Lingard.* J. Lonsdale. A portrait of the Catholic historian.

196. *Haidee aroused from her trance by the sound of music.* F. Y. Hurlstone.

"Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not:
Her father watch'd; she turn'd her eyes away.
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherish'd in their day.
They chang'd from room to room, but all forgot;
Gentle, but without memory, she lay:
And yet those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, seem'd full of fearful meaning.

"At last a slave bethought her of a harp:
The harper came and tun'd his instrument;
At the first notes irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent;
Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow though her heart resent;
And he began a long, low, island song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong."—*Byron.*

The expression of Haidee is full of touching simplicity, and the watchful anxiety of the other figures is in masterly style. Yet, cold as the subject is, a little more warmth in the colouring would not have been objectionable.

233. *Sale of Farming Stock at the Cape.* H. F. Goblet. This is an extraordinary picture, and will be best described by the quotation in the catalogue:—"Having learned that there was to be a sale of cattle, farm-stock, &c., we halted our wagon for the purpose of procuring a fresh spann of oxen. Among the stock of the farm sold was a female slave and her three children; the two eldest children were girls, the youngest a

Digitized by Google

boy. The whole family were exhibited together on a table, and the farmers examined them as if they had been so many head of cattle. They were sold separately, and to different purchasers. The tears, the anxiety, the anguish of the mother, while she met the gaze of the multitude, eyed the different countenances of the bidders, or cast a heart-rending look upon the children, and the simplicity and sorrow of the children while they clung to their distracted parent, half-concealing their faces, contrasted with the marked insensibility and jocular countenances of the spectators and purchasers, furnished a striking commentary on the miseries of slavery."—*New Monthly Magazine for November*, 1826. —We can only add that the insulted wretchedness of the slave group is painfully contrasted with the bloated pride and disgusting indifference of the purchasers and spectators.

349. *The Court Martial subsequent to the Bristol riots.* Miss Sharples. A most unpicturesque subject: officers ranged at the board, or a long table, surrounded by persons listless or attentive, as their taste dictated.

422. *Greeks taking coffee in a Kiosk.* E. F. Green. The richness of the costume, and the bright beauty of the clear blue sky through an aperture of nearly one side of the Kiosk, will be much admired in this picture.

The Water-colour Room contains some finished specimens. There are also a few drawings in the Sculpture Room, with about fifty specimens of sculpture, including a fine monumental group to the memory of Mrs. Palmer, for Ham Church; and the colossal *Shield of Æneas*, by W. Pitts.

Contemporary Traveller.

GREEK MONASTERIES.

WHO has not heard of *Tempe*,—the "pleasant vale in Thessaly" of schooldom! Throughout this celebrated defile, the river Peneus (or Salympria, in modern geography,) winds in picturesque course; but its most extraordinary scenery is the rocks of Meteora, which rise from the left bank of the river from the comparatively flat surface of the valley—a group of insulated masses, cones, and pillars of rock, of great height, and, for the most part, so perpendicular in their ascent, that each of their numerous fronts seems to the eye as a vast artificial wall. The intervals between these lofty pinnacles are filled with thick foliage, which effectively contrasts with the masses of naked rock impending above; and, on the very summits of these rocky pyramids, in the dusk of evening, it is delightful to trace the outline of several Greek monasteries, as if entirely separated from the reach of the world below. The contemplation of this sublime evening scene, upon Dr. Holland, drew from that learned traveller the following eloquent rebuke of human weakness:—"For the moment, the delusion might have been extended to the moral character of these institutions, and the fancy might have framed to itself a purer form of religion amidst this insulated magnificence of nature, than when contaminated by worldly intercourse and admixture. How completely this is delusion, it requires but a hasty reference to the present and past history of monastic worship, sufficiently to prove. It is the splendour of nature alone, which is seen in the rocks of Meteora; and the light of the sun lingering on their heights, shows only those monuments of mingled vanity and superstition, which have arisen from the devices of selfish policy, or of mistaken religion."

Dr. Holland's description of this interesting scene will be an acceptable accompaniment of the subjoined Cut, though it be in an abridged form.

"The height of these insulated rocks is various. The greater number rise more than 100 feet from the level of the valley of the Salympria; several reach the height of 200 and 300 feet; and another about 500 feet in height.

"The Greek monasteries of Meteora are variously situated, either on the summits of these pinnacles, or in caverns, which nature and art have united to form in parts of the rock that seem inapproachable by the foot of man. Their situation, indeed, is more extraordinary than can be understood from description alone. Four of the monasteries actually occupy the whole summit of the insulated rocks on which they stand; a perpendicular precipice descending from every side of the buildings into the deep wooded hollows which intervene between the heights. The only access to these aerial prisons is by ropes and nets, or by ladders fixed firmly to the rock, in those places where its surface affords any points of suspension; and these ladders, in some instances, connected with artificial tunnels, which give a passage of easier ascent to the buildings above. The monastery called by distinction the Meteora, which is the largest of the number, stands in the remarkable situation just described, and is accessible only in this method. Still more extraordinary is the position of another of these buildings on the left hand of the approach to the former. It is situated on a narrow rectangular pillar of rock, apparently about 120 feet in height, the summit of which is so limited in extent, that the walls of the monastery seem on every side to have the same plane of elevation as the perpendicular faces of the rock.

"The number of monasteries at Meteora is said to have been formerly twenty-four; but at present, owing partly to the wearing away of the rocks on which they stood, and,

Digitized by Google

(The Meteora Monastery.)

partly to the decay of the buildings themselves, only ten of these remain, of which the following are inhabited: Meteora or Meteoron, Aios Stephanos, Barlaam, Aia Triada, Aios Nicholas, Rosaria, and Aia Mone.

"Aios Stephanos, which we visited, is among the most extraordinary of the number: its height is upwards of 180 feet. To arrive at the foot of the pinnacle on which it stands, we proceeded up the recess among the rocks by a steep and rugged path, winding underneath the foliage of the ancient trees which spread their roots among the vast masses detached from the rocks above. The path conducts you through a defile, not more than twenty or thirty yards in width, between two rocks, each probably more than 300 feet in height, the intervening space filled up by trees and vast detached fragments. On the summit of one of these rocks stands the monastery to which it was our intention to ascend.

"Passing through the ravine just mentioned, we wound round the base of the rock, gradually ascending till we came to the foot of a perpendicular line of cliff, and looking up, saw the buildings of the monastery immediately above our heads. A small wooden shed projected beyond the plane of the cliff, from which a rope, passing over a pulley at the top, descended to the foot of the rock. A man was seen looking down from above, to whom our Tartar shouted loudly, ordering him to receive us into the monastery; but at this time the monks were engaged in their chapel, and it was ten minutes before we could receive an answer to his order and our request. At length, we saw a thicker rope coming down from the pulley, and attached to the end of it a small rope net, which, we found, was intended for our conveyance to this aerial habitation. The net reached the ground; our Tartar, and a peasant whom we had with us from Kalabaka, spread it open, covered the lower part with an Albanese capote, and my friend and I seated ourselves upon this slender vehicle. As we began to ascend, our weight drew close the upper aperture of the net, and we lay crouching together, scarcely able, and little willing, to stir either hand or foot. We rose with considerable rapidity; and the projection of the shed and pulley beyond the line of the cliff, was sufficient to secure us against injury from striking upon the rock. Here we were absolutely suspended in the air; our only support was the thin cordage of a net, and we were even ignorant of the machinery, whether secure or not, which was thus drawing us rapidly upwards. We finished the ascent, however, which is 156 feet, in safety, and in less than three minutes.

"The buildings are spread irregularly over the whole summit of the rock, inclosing two or three small areas: they have no splendour, either external or internal, and exhibit only

Digitized by Google

the appearances of wretchedness and decay. There were only five monks, with a few attendants, resident in the monastery when we visited it; all of them miserable in their exterior, and with conceptions as narrow and confined as the rocks on which they live. Even their insulated and almost inaccessible situation has not secured these poor people from plunder and outrage. The property belonging to the several monasteries is in the valleys below, and the inhabitants of a small village underneath their rocks, supply food to these aerial habitations. The Albanian soldiers have frequently plundered this village; and depending either on the mandate of their superiors, or on other less licensed means, occasionally compel an entrance into the monasteries themselves, the miserable proprietors of which have little security against such acts of outrage.

"These remarkable rocks appear to have been known to the ancients, under the name of Ithome; and they probably exhibited, even at the remotest period, something of their present extraordinary character; but within a comparatively recent period, they have undergone a considerable change in their size and form. They are composed entirely of conglomerate, comprising fragments of granite, gneiss, mica slate, chlorite slate, sienite, green stone, and quartz pebbles, most of these stones having the appearance of being water-worn. From their very nature, they are extremely liable to dilapidation and decay; yet it is difficult, (Dr. Holland remarks,) to conceive how they should have assumed their present abrupt and precipitous forms, otherwise than from the agency of earthquakes, or some other convulsion of nature. They must, he thinks, have been somewhat less abrupt than they now are, at the time the monasteries were built, to admit of their being constructed. That of Meteora was founded in 1371, by John Palæologus, of the imperial family; that of Barlaam, by Nectarius of Ioannina, in 1536; that of Agia Triada in 1476.* It is certain, at all events, that the work of decomposition is going on. 'Many of the religious edifices on their summits have disappeared; others are rapidly sinking into decay; and some centuries hence, the monasteries of Meteora may exist but as a name and tradition of past times.'"†

* One of these monasteries, in its original establishment by Maria, the sister of John Palæologus, was intended for the reception of women alone; but this female population gradually declined, and was replaced by the other sex, till the institution became one entirely of monks. In this convent, however, as well as in that of Aios Stephanos, some women are still retained as a part of the household; but the entrance of any female is rigidly forbidden by the regulations of Meteora, Barlaam, and others of these establishments."

† Holland's Travels, vol. ii. pp. 332—52.

The Public Journals.

NOTES FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, ON

Halley's Comet.

We quote (from Mrs. Somerville's volume on the *Connexion of the Sciences,*) the following concerning Halley's comet; the more especially as this remarkable visiter is expected to reappear next year.

"Halley computed the elements of the orbit of a comet that appeared in the yeaf 1682, which agreed so nearly with those or the comets of 1607 and 1531, that he concluded it to be the same body returning to the sun, at intervals of about seventy-five years. He consequently predicted its reappearance in the year 1758, or in the beginning of 1759. Science was not sufficiently advanced in the time of Halley to enable him to determine the perturbations this comet might experience; but Clairaut computed that it would be retarded in its motion a hundred days by the attraction of Saturn, and 518 by that of Jupiter, and consequently, that it would pass its perihelion about the middle of April, 1759, requiring 618 days more to arrive at that point than in its preceding revolution. This, however, he considered only to be an approximation, and that it might be thirty days more or less: the return of the comet on the 12th of March, 1759, proved the truth of the prediction. MM. Damoiseau and Pontecoulant have ascertained that this comet will return either on the 4th or 7th of November, 1835; the difference of three days in their computations arises from their having employed different values for the masses of the planets. This is the first comet whose periodicity has been established; it is also the first whose elements have been determined from observations made in Europe; for although the comets which appeared in the years 240, 539, 565, and 837, are the most ancient whose orbits have been traced, their elements were computed from Chinese observations."

Magnetic Battery.

After Mr. Faraday had proved the identity of the magnetic and electric fluids by producing the spark, heating metallic wires, and accomplishing chemical decomposition, it was easy to increase these effects by more powerful magnets and other arrangements. The following apparatus is now in use, which is in effect a battery, where the agent is the magnetic instead of the voltaic fluid, or, in other words, electricity.

A very powerful horse-shoe magnet, formed of twelve steel plates in close approximation, is placed in a horizontal position. An armature consisting of a bar of the purest soft iron has each of its ends bent at right angles, so that the faces of those ends may be brought directly opposite and close to the poles of the magnet when required. Two series of cop-

Digitized by Google

per wires—covered with silk, in order to insulate them—are wound round the bar of soft iron as compound helices. The extremities of these wires, having the same direction, are in metallic connexion with a circular disc, which dips into a cup of mercury, while the ends of the wires in the opposite direction are soldered to a projecting screw-piece, which carries a slip of copper with two opposite points. The steel magnet is stationary; but when the armature, together with its appendages, is made to rotate horizontally, the edge of the disc always remains immersed in the mercury, while the points of the copper slip alternately, dip in it, and rise above it. By the ordinary laws of induction, the armature becomes a temporary magnet while its bent ends are opposite the poles of the steel magnet, and ceases to be magnetic when they are at right angles to them. It imparts its temporary magnetism to the helices which concentrate it; and while one set conveys a current to the disc, the other set conducts the opposite current to the copper slip. But as the edge of the revolving disc is always immersed in the mercury, one set of wires is constantly maintained in contact with it, and the circuit is only completed when a point of the copper slip dips in the mercury also; but the circuit is broken the moment that point rises above it. Thus, by the rotation of the armature, the circuit is alternately broken and renewed; and as it is only at these moments that electric action is manifested, a brilliant spark takes place every time the copper point touches the surface of the mercury. Platina wire is ignited, shocks smart enough to be disagreeable are given, and water is decomposed with astonishing rapidity, by the same means, which proves beyond a doubt the identity of the magnetic and electric agencies, and places Mr. Faraday, whose experiments established the principle, in the first rank of experimental philosophers. — *Mrs. Somerville.*

Manufacture of the Diamond.

The establishment of the identity of charcoal and diamond, led sanguine persons to anticipate the time when our home-manufactures should rival the produce of Golconda. In such speculations it is but reasonable to take into account the reflection with which Mrs. Somerville closes the following passage: —It had been observed that, when metallic solutions are subjected to galvanic action, a deposition of metal, generally in the form of minute crystals, takes place on the negative wire: by extending this principle, and employing a very feeble voltaic action, M. Becquerel has succeeded in forming crystals of a great proportion of the mineral substances precisely similar to those produced by nature. The electric state of metallic veins makes it possible that many natural crystals may have taken their form from the action of electricity bringing their ultimate particles, when in solution, within the narrow sphere of molecular attraction already mentioned as the great agent in the formation of solids. Both light and motion favour crystallization. Crystals which form in different liquids are generally more abundant on the side of the jar exposed to the light; and it is a well-known fact that still water, cooled below thirty-two degrees, starts into crystals of ice the instant it is agitated. Light and motion are intimately connected with electricity, which may, therefore, have some influence on the laws of aggregation; this is the more likely, as a feeble action is alone necessary, provided it be continued for a sufficient time. Crystals formed rapidly are generally imperfect and soft, and M. Becquerel found that even years of constant voltaic action were necessary for the crystallization of some of the hard substances. If this law be general, how many ages may be required for the formation of a diamond?—*Mrs. Somerville.*

The Magnetic Pole.

The following is the history of the successive approximations to the place of the magnetic pole:—In the year 1819, Sir Edward Parry, in his voyage to discover the north-west passage round America, sailed near the magnetic pole; and in 1824, Captain Lyon, on an expedition for the same purpose, found that the magnetic pole was then situated in 63° 26′ 51″ north latitude, and in 80° 51′ 25″ west longitude. It appears, from later researches, that the law of terrestrial magnetism is of considerable complexity, and the existence of more than one magnetic pole in either hemisphere has been rendered highly probable; that there is one in Siberia seems to be decided by the recent observations of M. Hansteen,—it is in longitude 102° east of Greenwich, and a little to the north of the 60th degree of latitude; so that, by these data, the two magnetic poles in the northern hemisphere are about 180° distant from each other: but Captain Ross, who is just returned from a voyage in the polar seas, has ascertained that the American magnetic pole is in 70° 14′ north latitude, and 96° 49′ west longitude. The magnetic equator does not exactly coincide with the terrestrial equator; it appears to be an irregular curve, inclined to the earth's equator at an angle of about 12°, and crossing it in at least three points in longitude 113° 14′ west, and 66° 46′ east of the meridian of Greenwich, and again somewhere between 156° 30′ of west longitude, and 116° east.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

We may add (says the Reviewer) that the place thus determined by Captain Ross, agrees with that collected from considerations, which we conceive to be more trustworthy than observations made at one place,

Digitized by Google

with so imperfect an instrument as a dipping needle is for such purposes. In Mr. Barlow's Memoir "On the present situation of the Magnetic Lines of Equal Variation," just published in the Philosophical Transactions, he says, "The pole itself"—(as determined by Captain Ross and his nephew)—"is precisely that point on my globe and chart, in which, by supposing all the lines to meet, the separate curves would best preserve their unity of character, both separately and as a system."

An English Yeoman.

[In that strange but clever book, *The Doctor*, published a few weeks since, is the following "exquisite sketch of the true old yeoman existence, or of "the Doctor."]

Daniel the father, was one of a race of men who unhappily are now almost extinct. He lived upon an estate of six-and-twenty acres which his fathers had possessed before him, all Doves and Daniels, in uninterrupted succession from time immemorial, farther than register or title deeds could ascend.

The little church called Chapel le Dale stands about a bow shot from the family house. There they had all been carried to the font; there they had each led his bride to the altar; and thither they had, each in his turn, been borne upon the shoulders of their friends and neighbours. Earth to earth they had been consigned there for so many generations, that half of the soil of the churchyard consisted of their remains. A hermit who might wish his grave to be as quiet as his cell, could imagine no fitter resting place. On three sides there was an irregular low stone wall, rather to mark the limits of the sacred ground, than to inclose it; on the fourth it was bounded by the brook, whose waters proceed by a subterraneous channel from Wethercote cave. Two or three alders and rowan trees hung over the brook, and shed their leaves and seeds into the stream. Some bushy hazels grew at intervals along the lines of the wall; and a few ash trees, as the winds had sown them. To the east and west some fields adjoined it, in that state of half cultivation which gives a human character to solitude: to the south, on the other side the brook, the common, with its limestone rocks peering everywhere above ground, extended to the foot of Ingleborough. A craggy hill, feathered with birch, sheltered it from the north.

The turf was as soft and fine as that of the adjoining hills; it was seldom broken, so scanty was the population to which it was appropriated; scarcely a thistle or a nettle deformed it, and the few tomb-stones which had been placed there were now themselves half-buried. The sheep came over the wall when they listed, and sometimes took shelter in the porch from the storm. Their voices, and the cry of the kite wheeling above, were the only sounds which were heard there, except when the single bell which hung in its niche over the entrance tinkled for service on the Sabbath-day, or with a slower tongue gave notice that one of the children of the soil was returning to the earth from which he sprung.

The house of the Doves was to the east of the church, under the same hill, and with the same brook in front; and the intervening fields belonged to the family. It was a low house, having before it a little garden of that size and character which showed that the inhabitants could afford to bestow a thought upon something more than mere bodily wants.

You entered between two yew trees clipt to the fashion of two pawns. There were hollyhocks and sunflowers displaying themselves above the wall; roses and sweet peas under the windows, and the everlasting pea climbing the porch. . . The rest of the garden lay behind the house, partly on the slope of the hill. It had a hedge of gooseberry bushes, a few apple-trees, pot-herbs in abundance, onions, cabbages, turnips and carrots; potatoes had hardly yet found their way into these remote parts; and in a sheltered spot under the crag, open to the south, were six bee-hives, which made the family perfectly independent of West India produce. Tea was in those days as little known as potatoes, and for all other things honey supplied the place of sugar.

The house consisted of seven rooms, the dairy and cellar included, which were both upon the ground floor. As you entered the kitchen, there was on the right one of those open chimneys which afford more comfort in a winter's evening than the finest register stove; in front of the chimney stood a wooden bee-hive chair, and on each side was a long oak seat with a back to it, the seats serving as chests in which the oaten bread was kept. They were of the darkest brown, and well polished by constant use. On the back of each were the same initials as those over the door, with the date 1610. The great oak table, and the chest which held the house-linen, bore the same date. The chimney was well hung with bacon; the rack which covered half the ceiling bore equal marks of plenty; muttom hams were suspended from other parts of the ceiling; and there was an odour of cheese from the adjoining dairy, which the turf fire, though perpetual as that of the Magi, or of the Vestal Virgins, did not over-power. A few pewter dishes were ranged above the trenchers, opposite the door on a conspicuous shelf. The other treasures of the family were in an open triangular cupboard, fixed in one of the corners of the best kitchen, half way from the floor, and touching the ceiling. They consisted of a silver

Digitized by Google

saucepan, a silver goblet, and four apostle spoons. Here also King Charles's Golden Rules were pasted against the wall, and a large print of Daniel in the Lion's Den. The lions were bedaubed with yellow, and the prophet was bedaubed with blue, with a red patch upon each of his cheeks: if he had been like his picture he might have frightened the lions; but happily there were no "judges" in the family, and it had been bought for its name's sake. Six black chairs were ranged along the wall, where they were seldom disturbed from their array. They had been purchased by Daniel the grandfather upon his marriage, and were the most costly purchase that had ever been made in the family; for the goblet was a legacy. The backs were higher than the head of the tallest man when seated; the seats flat and shallow, set in a round frame, unaccomodating in their material, more unaccommodating in shape; the backs also were of wood rising straight up, and ornamented with balls and lozenges and embossments; and the legs and cross bars were adorned in the same taste. Over the chimney were two peacocks' feathers, some of the dry silky pods of the honesty flower, and one of those large "sinuous shells" so finely described by Landor;

"Of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave.
Shake one, and it awakens; *then apply*
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

The three apartments above, served equally for store-rooms and bed-chambers. William Dove, the brother, slept in one, and Agatha, the maid, or Haggy, as she was called, in another."

New Books.

LEWIS'S JOURNAL OF A WEST INDIA PROPRIETOR IN JAMAICA.

[We continue our discursive extracts from this very amusing volume.]

Sir Charles Price's Rats.

A Sir Charles Price, who had an estate in this island infested by rats, imported, with much trouble, a very large and strong species for the purpose of extirpating the others. The new-comers answered his purpose to a miracle; they attacked the native rats with such spirit, that in a short time they had the whole property to themselves; but no sooner had they done their duty upon the rats, than they extended their exertions to the cats, of whom their strength and size at length enabled them completely to get the better; and since that last victory, Sir Charles Price's rats, as they are called, have increased so prodigiously, that this single species is now a greater nuisance to the island than all the others before them were together.

Negro Artist.

This morning my picture was drawn by a self-taught genius, a negro Apelles, belonging to Dr. Pope, the minister; and the picture was exactly such as a self-taught genius might be expected to produce. It was a straight hard outline, without shade or perspective; the hair was a large black patch, and the face covered with an uniform layer of flesh-colour, with a red spot in the centre of each cheek. As to likeness, there was not even an attempt to take any. But still, such as they were, there were eyes, nose, and mouth, to be sure. A long red nose supplied the place of my own snub; an enormous pair of whiskers stretched themselves to the very corner of my mouth; and in place of three hairs and a half, the painter, in the superabundance of his generosity, bestowed upon me a pair of eyebrows more bushy than Dr. Johnson's, and which, being formed in an exact semicircle, made the eyes beneath them stare with an expression of the utmost astonishment. The negroes, however, are in the highest admiration of the painter's skill, and consider the portrait as a striking resemblance; for there is a very blue coat with very yellow buttons, and white gaiters and trousers, and an eye-glass so big and so blue, that it looks as if I had hung a pewter plate about my neck; and a bunch of watch-seals larger than those with which Pope has decorated Belinda's great great grandsire. John Fuller, (to whom, jointly with Nicholas, the charge of this inestimable treasure is to be entrusted,) could not find words to express his satisfaction at the performance. "Dere massa coat! and dere him chair him sit in! and dere massa seals, all just de very same ting! just all as one! And oh! ki! dere massa pye-glass!" In the midst of his raptures he dropped the picture, and fractured the frame-glass. His despair now equalled his former joy;—"Oh, now what for him do? Such a pity! Just to break it after it was all done so well! All so pretty!" However, we stuck the broken glass together with wafers, and he carried it off, assuring me, "that when massa gone he should talk to it every morning, all one as if massa still here." Indeed, this "talking to massa" is a favourite amusement among the negroes, and extremely inconvenient: they come to me perpetually with complaints so frivolous, and requests so unreasonable, that I am persuaded they invent them only to have an excuse for "talk to massa;" and when I have given them a plump refusal, they go away perfectly satisfied, and "tank massa for dis here great indulgence of talk."

Digitized by Google

Alligator Steaks.

I went to see a dead alligator this morning; but I was not contented with merely seeing him, so I begged to have a steak cut off for me, brought it home, and ordered it to be broiled for dinner. One of the negroes happened to see it in the kitchen; the news spread through the estate like wildfire; and I had immediately half-a-dozen different deputations, all hoping that massa would not think of eating the alligator, for it was poisonous. However, I was obstinate, and found the taste of the flesh, when broiled with pepper and salt, and assisted by an onion sauce, by no means to be despised; but the consistence of the meat was disagreeable, being as tough as a piece of eel-skin. Perhaps any body who wishes to eat alligator steaks in perfection, ought to keep them for two or three days before dressing them; or the animal's age might be in fault, for the fellow was so old that he had scarcely a tooth in his head; I therefore contented myself with two or three morsels; but a person who was dining with me ate a whole steak, and pronounced the dish to be a very good one. The eggs are said to be very palatable; nor have the negroes who live near morasses, the same objection with those of Cornwall to eating the flesh: it is, however, true that the gall of the alligator, if not extracted carefully, will render the whole animal unfit for food; and when this gall is reduced to powder, it forms a poison of the most dangerous nature, as the negroes know but too well.

Song of the King of the Eboes.

Oh me good friend, Mr. Wilberforce, make we free!
God Almighty thank ye! God Almighty thank ye!
God Almighty make we free!
Buckra in this country no make we free:
What Negro for to do? What Negro for to do?
Take force by force! Take force by force!

CHORUS.

To be sure! to be sure! to be sure!

Mr. Lewis's Estate.

The negroes certainly are perverse beings. They had been praying for a sight of their master year after year; they were in raptures at my arrival; I have suffered no one to be punished, and shown them every possible indulgence during my residence amongst them; and one and all they declare themselves perfectly happy and well treated. Yet, previous to my arrival, they made thirty-three hogsheads a week; in a fortnight after my landing, their product dwindled to twenty-three; during this last week they have managed to make but thirteen. Still they are not ungrateful; they are only selfish: they love me very well, but they love themselves a great deal better; and, to do them justice, I verily believe that every negro on the estate is extremely anxious that all should do their full duty, except himself. My censure, although accompanied with the certainty of their not being punished, is by no means a matter of indifference. If I express myself to be displeased, the whole property is in an uproar; every body is finding fault with every body; nobody that does not represent the shame of neglecting my work, and the ingratitude of vexing me by their ill-conduct; and then each individual—having said so much and said it so strongly, that he is convinced of its having its full effect in making the others do their duty—thinks himself quite safe and snug in skulking away from his own.

I have been positively assured, that an attempt was made to persuade the grand jury at Montego Bay, to present me for over-indulgence to my own negroes! It is a great pity that so reasonable an attempt should not have succeeded.

Yarra.

Poor Yarra comes to bid farewell,
But Yarra's lips can never say it!
Her swimming eyes, her bosom's swell,
The debt she owes you, these must pay it.
She ne'er can speak, though tears can start,
Her grief that fate so soon removes you;
But One there is, who reads the heart,
And well he knows how Yarra loves you!

See, massa, see this sable boy!
When chill disease had nipp'd his flower,
You came and spoke the word of joy,
And poured the juice of healing power.
To visit far Jamaica's shore
Had no kind angel deign'd to move you,
These laughing eyes had laugh'd no more,
Nor Yarra lived to thank and love you.

Then grieve not, massa, that to view
Our isle you left your British pleasures:
One tear which falls in grateful dew,
Is worth the best of Britain's treasures:
And sure the thought will bring relief,
Whate'er your fate, wherever rove you,
Your wealth's not given by pain and grief,
But hands that know, and hearts that love you.

May He, who bade you cross the wave,
Through care for Afric's sons and daughters;
When round your bark the billows rave,
In safety guide you through the waters!
By all you love with smiles be met;
Through life each good man's tongue approve you;
And though far distant, don't forget,
While Yarra lives, she'll live to love you!

A Nancy Story.

Two sisters had always lived together on the best terms; but, on the death of one of them, the other treated very harshly a little niece, who had been left to her care, and made her a common drudge to herself and her daughter. One day the child having broken a water-jug, was turned out of the house, and ordered not to return till she could bring back as good a one. As she was going along, weeping, she came to a large cotton-tree, under which was sitting an old woman without a head. I suppose this unexpected sight made her gaze rather too earnestly, for the old woman immediately inquired—"Well, my piccaninny, what you see?" "Oh, mammy," answered the girl, "me no see

Digitized by Google

nothing." "Good child!" said again the old woman; "and good will come to you." Not far distant was a cocoa-tree; and here was another old woman, without any more head than the former one. The same question was asked her, and she failed not to give the same answer which had already met with so good a reception. Still she travelled forwards, and began to feel faint through want of food, when, under a mahogany tree, she not only saw a third old woman, but one who, to her great satisfaction, had got a head between her shoulders. She stopped, and made her best courtesy—"How day, grannie!" "How day, my piccaniny: what matter, you no look well?" "Grannie, me lilly hungry." "My piccaniny, you see that hut, there's rice in the pot, take it, and yam-yamme; but if you see one black puss, mind you give him share." The child hastened to profit by the permission; the "one black puss" failed not to make its appearance, and was served first to its portion of rice, after which it departed; and the child had but just finished her meal, when the mistress of the hut entered, and told her that she might help herself to three eggs out of the fowl-house, but that she must not take any of the *talking* ones: perhaps, too, she might find the black puss there, also; but if she did, she was to take no notice of her. Unluckily all the eggs seemed to be as fond of talking as if they had been so many old maids; and the moment that the child entered the fowl-house, there was a cry of "Take *me!* take *me!*" from all quarters. However, she was punctual in her obedience; and although the conversable eggs were remarkably fine and large, she searched about till at length she had collected three little dirty-looking eggs, that had not a word to say for themselves. The old woman now dismissed her guest, bidding her to return home without fear; but not to forget to break one of the eggs under each of the three trees near which she had seen an old woman that morning. The first egg produced a water-jug exactly similar to that which she had broken; out of the second came a whole large sugar estate; and out of the third a splendid equipage, in which she returned to her aunt, delivered up the jug, related that an old woman in a red docker (*i. e.* petticoat) had made her a great lady, and then departed in triumph to her sugar estate. Stung by envy, the aunt lost no time in sending her own daughter to search for the same good fortune which had befallen her cousin. She found the cotton-tree and the headless old woman, and had the same question addressed to her; but instead of returning the same answer — "What me see?" said she; "me see one old woman without him head!" Now this reply was doubly offensive; it was rude, because it reminded the old lady of what might certainly be considered as a personal defect; and it was dangerous, as, if such a circumstance were to come to the ears of the buckras, it might bring her into trouble, women being seldom known to walk and talk without their heads, indeed, if ever, except by the assistance of Obeah. "Bad child!" cried the old woman; "bad child! and bad will come to you!" Matters were no better managed near the cocoa-tree; and even when she reached the mahogany, although she saw that the old woman had not only got her head on, but had a red docker besides, she could not prevail on herself to say more than a short "How day?" without calling her "grannie." (Among negroes it is almost tantamount to an affront to address by the name, without affixing some term of relationship, such as "grannie," or "uncle," or "cousin." My Cornwall boy, George, told me one day, that "Uncle Sully wanted to speak to massa." "Why, is Sully your uncle, George?" "No, massa; me only call him so for honour.") However, she received the permission to eat rice at the cottage, coupled with the injunction of giving a share to the black puss; an injunction, however, which she totally disregarded, although she scrupled not to assure her hostess that she had suffered puss to eat till she could eat no more. The old lady in the red petticoat seemed to swallow the lie very glibly, and despatched the girl to the fowl-house for three eggs, as she had before done her cousin; but having been cautioned against taking the talking eggs, she conceived that these must needs be the most valuable; and, therefore, made a point of selecting those three which seemed to be the greatest gossips of the whole poultry yard. Then, lest their chattering should betray her disobedience, she thought it best not to return into the hut, and, accordingly set forward on her return home; but she had not yet reached the mahogany tree, when curiosity induced her to break one of the eggs. To her infinite disappointment it proved to be empty; and she soon found cause to wish that the second had been empty too; for, on her dashing it against the ground, out came an enormous yellow snake, which flew at her with dreadful hissings. Away ran the girl; a fallen bamboo lay in her path; she stumbled over it, and fell. In her fall the third egg was broken; and the old woman without the head immediately popping out of it, told her, that if she had treated her as civilly, and had adhered as closely to the truth as her cousin had done, she would have obtained the same good fortune; but that as she had shown her nothing but rudeness, and told her nothing but lies, she must be contented to carry nothing home but the empty egg-shells. The old woman then jumped upon the yellow snake, galloped away with incredible speed,

Digitized by Google

and never showed her red decker in that part of the island any more.*

Negro Thieves.

Two or three years ago, our captain, while his vessel was lying in Black River Bay, for the purpose of loading, was informed by his sailors, that their beef and other provisions frequently disappeared in a very unaccountable manner. However, by setting a strict watch during the night, he soon managed to clear up the mystery: and a negro, who had made his escape from the workhouse, and concealed himself on board among the bags of cotton, was found to be the thief. He was sent back to the workhouse, of which the chain was still about his neck. But another negro had better luck in a similar attempt on board of a different vessel. He contrived to secrete himself in the lower part of it, where the sugar hogsheads are stored, unknown to any one. As soon as the cargo was completed, the planks above it were caulked down, and raised no more till their ship reached Liverpool; when, to the universal astonishment, upon opening the hold, out walked Mungo, in a wretched condition to be sure, but still at least alive, and a freeman in Great Britain. During his painful voyage, he had subsisted entirely upon sugar, of which he had consumed nearly an hogshead; how he managed for water I could not learn, nor can imagine.

* There is some resemblance in the incidents and moral of this story to our Cinderella.—*Ed. M.*

The Naturalist.

MARCH.—BY GILBERT WHITE.

Nothing can be more changeable than this month, some say its characteristic is fickleness: it storms, it smiles, it snows, it hails, it shines, it rains, all in a day. Yet if it has any prevailing and predominate feature that may uniformly distinguish this various period, it is that of the harsh north-east winds, which always prevail sooner or later in some part or other.

The Saxons called this the lengthening month, because about the vernal equinox, for reasons of which they were not aware, the days increase in a very rapid manner. This month is distinguished for producing the first summer bird of passage, the small uncrested wren, which though so minute, exerts his two sharp notes with such earnestness as to make the woods echo; and is usually heard about the 20th day.

Around pools and mill ponds some few swallows are usually seen before the month closes. The various tribes of flies awake and come forth; the yellow butterfly in particular amuses the naturalist; while warmed by the prevailing sun, the reptiles forsake their winter retreats. The same increasing warmth that calls our summer tribes into life, warns the winter birds to retire. The woodcocks which usually visit us in a spring flight, now pair and withdraw. The fieldfares cluster on trees, and essay to sing before they take their departure; while our home-bred flocking birds, the larks, the chaffinches, the yellow hammer, and the linnets, begin to separate and dissolve their winter associations. Towards the end of this month, the orchards and meadows glow with the golden blossoms of the *Ficaria verna*, the pilewort or less celandine; the whole face of the ground seems to be covered with this plant, yet in a few weeks it is gone, leaves and all, to make way for succeeding tribes; so that no vestiges remain. In England, a dry March is justly esteemed kindly for wheat, and a peck of March dust (according to the proverb) is inestimable.

As the month advances, the sun mounts very high, and has much influence. Yet the piercing winds still prevail, so that it is often summer on one side of the hedge, and winter on the other. Of these contrarieties the invalid complains, and the countryman repines that the springing of his grass and corn is retarded. Yet from these extremes, reconciled and moderated by the hand of Providence, much good results. Thus sings the poet of nature, whose philosophic reflections and moral remarks are only to be equalled by his own matchless descriptions:

"Be patient, swains, these cruel seeming winds
Blow not in vain; for hence they keep repressed
Those deepening clouds on clouds surcharged with rain,
That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless rain would quench the summer blaze,
And cheerless drown the crude, unripen'd year."

Jesse's Gleanings.

A FOX AT DEPTFORD.

A Correspondent to Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History* writes: that a fox once established an "at home," within four miles of London Bridge. "My garden," continues he, "is one that is rather remarkable for having its own way. Some years ago, I took a great deal of pains to introduce into it all kinds of wild flowers, shrubs, and trees, and these have grown uninterruptedly and formed large masses of underwood, which, being principally composed of bramble and dog-rose, have established a seat of empire not easily to be shaken. What is termed, vulgarly, a tide-ditch, elegantly, a canal, which the river Thames fills at high water, surrounds more than two thirds of the garden. In this spot a fox established his abode, and made himself very happy for more than six weeks. The neighbours lost their fowls, ducks, pigeons, and rabbits. Many a long face have I seen pulled about their losses; many a complaint of the "howdaciousness" of the rats, the cats, the thieves, and the new police; in all which I took very great and sympathizing

Digitized by Google

interest. In the mean time, I used to sit in my summer house of an evening, and watch master Reynard come out of his retreat; and a great amusement it was to me. He would come slowly trotting along, to a round gravelled place, where four paths met; then he would raise himself on the sitting part, look about, and listen, to ascertain that all was safe, and, being satisfied of this, he would commence washing his face with the soft part of the leg, just above the pad. After this operation was well performed, he used to lie flat down on his belly and walk deliberately along with his fore legs, dragging the rest of his person along the gravel, as though it were quite dead, or, at least, deprived of motion; then he would run round and round after his brush; which I could see he sometimes bit pretty severely, and on such occasions he would turn serious all at once, and whisk his brush about in a very angry manner. Poor fellow! a neighbour happened to see him cross the ditch by moonlight into my garden with an old hen in his mouth. The outcry was raised; a search was demanded. Next day there came guns, dogs, pitchforks, and neighbours; the upshot of all which was, that poor Reynard's brush is dangling in my little wainscotted room between an Annibal Caracci and a Batista.

Domestic Hints.

MAKING COFFEE.

In making coffee, much care is requisite to extract the whole strength and flavour of the berry; and, moreover, it is very erroneous and most expensive to sweeten it with moist or raw sugar. Many persons imagine that the *moist sugar* tends more to sweeten; but if experiment be made, it will be found that half the quantity, in weight of *refined sugar*, will add more sweetness, and the flavour of the coffee will be much more pure and delicate. In Holland, where coffee is the universal beverage of the lower classes, the sugar cannot be *too refined*, and the boatmen on the canals may be seen mixing the most beautiful, white, refined sugar with their coffee; while, on such their custom and taste they pride themselves highly. It requires but little thought to acquiesce in this departure from our custom, and when economy is blended with such judgment, it is only necessary to call the attention of those whose means naturally excite them to seek for facts combining what is cheap and what is best.

C. T.

The first mention of coffee in the west of Europe is by Ramsolf, a German traveller, who returned from Syria in 1573. It was first brought into England by Mr. Nathaniel Conopius, a Cretan, who made it his common beverage, at Baliol College, Oxford, in 1641. Coffee trees were conveyed from Mocha to Holland in 1616, and carried to the West Indies in the year 1726; first cultivated at Surinam by the Dutch, 1718; its culture encouraged in the plantations, 1732.

P. T. W.

The Gatherer.

Proverbs. — Old proverbs are generally received and respected as old and undeniable truths, yet they are sometimes to be contradicted. "You cannot have more than a cat and her skin," says an ancient adage. "Yes you can," replied a musician, "you may have her gut for fiddle strings."

The Population of London — including those parts of it which are in Surrey and Kent, without taking in those parts which are in Essex, amounts at present to between 1,600,000 and 1,700,000 persons. Ten years ago, the population of the same districts amounted to little more than 1,300,000 persons, showing an increase in that period of no less than 300,000. Including Essex, the number of persons is considerably above 1,700,000; a population equal to that of many nations, but concentrated within the narrow limits of a few miles—a density of population exceeding that of which there is any record.—*The Lord Chancellor, in Parliament.*

Calves-heads in the Temple.—Calves-head roll is a roll in the two Temples, in which every bencher is taxed yearly at 2*s.*, every barrister at 1*s.* 6*d.*, and every gentleman under the bar at 1*s.* to the cook, and other officers of the house, in consideration of a dinner of calves-heads, provided in Easter-term.

P. T. W.

Just published,

I.

With 43 Cuts, price 5*s.*,

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART.

Seventh Year.

"A very convenient and instructive work in mechanics, chemistry, botany, and indeed, in the general circle of the sciences."—*Literary Gazette.*

"It is the most useful and entertaining book we know."—*Spectator.*

II.

In a neat volume, price 2*s.* 6*d.*,

THE SEA SERVICE; or, Popular Sketches of Ship-building, Navigation, and Naval Warfare.

By the Author of "A Year in Spain."

"It is a very entertaining book."—*Literary Gazette.*

"This work is likely to be generally acceptable."—*Athenæum.*

Printed by and for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by C. C. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 657.] SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1834. [Price 2d.

TOMB OF WILLIAM RUFUS, IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Any person of a reflective turn of mind must, on visiting the tomb of a king, have been led to meditate on the vanity of human greatness. The "divinity" that "doth hedge a king," hovers round his grave; and though death treats alike "the fool and the philosopher," we must admit that more than ordinary interest is attached to a regal tomb.

Were we inclined

> to sit upon the ground,
> And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
> How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
> Some haunted by the ghost they have deposed;

our own history would furnish sad matter of relation. We might then be led to remark upon the various places at which chance has fixed their dormitories. In our previous volume we traced the last resting-place of William the Conqueror to the abbey of St. Stephen, at Caen; Henry II. and Richard I. lie at Fontevraud; Henry I. at Reading; Stephen, at Feversham; John, at Worcester; Edward II., at Gloucester; Henry IV., at Canterbury; Richard III., at Leicester; James II., at St. Germains; George I., at Hanover; sixteen other sovereigns at Westminster; five at Windsor; and one, William II., at Winchester, as represented in the present page.

The details of the death of William will be found in a previous volume of this Miscellany. The account commonly received by historians is that he was shot by Tyrrell, in the New Forest; though Dr. Lingard has raised considerable doubt upon the subject. Continuing the general version, Tyrrell fled, and the King's body being found in the Forest, was conveyed in a cart to Winchester,

Digitized by Google

and there buried in the cathedral, in the area leading to the high altar; a plain monument, about two feet high of grey marble, without any inscription, being raised upon the spot. The bones of the King have also been removed, and now repose in one of the mortuary chests that rest on stone partitions which form the side inclosures of the presbytery, or altar-part of the choir. The tomb was again opened by the rebels in the Civil Wars, and plundered of the remains of a cloth of gold, a ring set with rubies stated to be worth 500*l.* and a small silver chalice.

Sir James Mackintosh reprobates William's government of England as an union of rapacity with prodigality:—"The kingdom was plundered to extort the means of ministering to his gross pleasures, and of enriching his worthless favourites. He waged an ineffectual war against the Welsh, whom, after the example of his father's insolence to the independent Saxons, he termed rebels. England, by his accession, only exchanged a wily and wary tyrant for the unbridled licentiousness of an impetuous youth. Even the Saxon chronicler, biassed as he must have been by the alleviation of the prospects of his countrymen, declares William to 'have been loathed by nearly all his people, and odious to God.' His death was in some measure suitable to his character. Sir Walter Tyrrell shot him accidentally with an arrow, in August, 1100, in the New Forest, the scene of his father's desolating tyranny, in the midst of noise and confusion, probably increased by intoxication, and while he was engaged in those sports to which his family sacrificed human victims."

Yet, it appears by the following passage in Dr. Southey's *Naval History of England*, that Rufus contributed, though indirectly, to the early superiority of his country at sea:—

"The conqueror had felt the want of a naval force: and knowing that it could only be supported by commerce, he invited foreigners to frequent his ports, and promised that they and their property should be perfectly secure. His successor had recourse to a readier means for raising ships. When his elder brother was preparing an armament in Normandy for the purpose of asserting his right to the English crown, the Red King permitted his subjects to fit out cruisers; and these adventurers, who seem to have been the first that may be called privateers, rendered him good service; for the Normans, knowing that there was no navy to oppose them, and that when they landed they were more likely to be received by their friends and confederates than to be attacked before they were collected in sufficient numbers for defence, began to cross the Channel, each at their own convenience, without concert, or any regard to mutual support; and so many of them were intercepted and destroyed by these cruisers that the attempt at invasion was in consequence abandoned. The remainder of Rufus's reign, short as it was, sufficed, through his own vigorous policy and the carelessness of his antagonist, for him to acquire a superiority at sea, which enabled him, at any time, to invade Normandy."

Of the Red King, some relics have been preserved, and, we believe, without dispute as to their identity. Our friend, Sir Richard Phillips has in his possession the bridle worn by the horse of the King, when he was shot in the New Forest. It is of Norman manufacture, curiously wrought, and very heavy. Sir Richard purchased it some years since of Purkis, the owner of the charcoal-maker's cottage, which still stands near the spot, and is occupied by lineal descendants of the same family, who have lived there and followed the same employment since the year 1100. Till lately the same man was in possession of a wheel of the cart which conveyed the King's body to Winchester. One of Rufus's spurs is preserved at the King's house at Lyndhurst, and is described at page 291, vol. viii. of the *Mirror*.*

* See *Mirror*, vol. viii. for an engraving of the stone placed on the spot where Rufus is believed to have fallen, p. 81; and interesting particulars of the King's death at pp. 290 and 370.

RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN PERU.

(To the Editor.)

Having seen an account in the public journals of an awful earthquake, which happened a few months since, in Peru; and which is stated to have destroyed the city of Arica and the town of Tacua, both situated in that convulsed republic, with great loss of property and probably also of human life; I am induced to offer you a short description of those places, derived from personal observation.

I attempt no geographical description of Peru; its situation is well known,—or may be very easily learned by reference to the map. I only remark that it is a barren, unproductive country; with the exception of some fine valleys situated in huge ravines, called *Quebradas*, running from the Andes in directions nearly parallel to each other, and increasing in width until they occasionally swell into openings of some miles or even leagues in extent at the sea-shore. A stream of water, having its rise in the Andes, usually rolls through these valleys, which with due care and management renders the soil very fertile. At some seasons, when the snow melts in the *Cordillera*, these streams are rendered impassable by the mass of descending water, and the rapidity and power with which they dash along: at others, they are completely dried up, and leave the bed of their course cracked into gaping chasms with the violent heat of the sun. A tree thrown

Digitized by Google

from one side to the other, frequently affords the only means of transit,—at once terrific and precarious. The valleys are laid out into small farms, or *chacras*, which produce Indian corn or maize, alfalfar, potatoes, apples, pears, figs, olives, grapes, (which are now beginning to be cultivated, but from motives of policy were long interdicted by the Spaniards,) and various and curious indigenous fruits and vegetables, delightful both to the eye and palate. No wheat is grown; the necessary supply, forming an important article of commerce, is imported from Chili, but more extensively from the United States.

On the shores of the Pacific, in southern latitude about 18°, at the mouth of a valley similar to those I have attempted to describe, and remarkable for its fertility, stood the city of Arica. It reposed nearly in the centre of a magnificent bay, one extremity of which was formed by an enormous rock about 800 feet high, called the "Morro of Arica." This headland, seen from sea at many leagues distant, formed a very important mark for navigators, presenting a face of very considerable extent in front—of 3,000 feet, or perhaps even more. It is supposed to have been one immense mountain of quartz, and contained within its bowels enormous caverns, full of specimens interesting both to the geologist and ornithologist; millions of birds, ascending in size from the diver to the imperial condor, making it their habitual or temporary resort. At the foot of this enormous mass, and at the distance of about a mile, lay a small island of the diameter of one-third of a mile, abounding in birds of all kinds, and in seals; indeed, with the latter, as well as whales, the bay of Arica swarms. At low water, were it not for the weeds thrown up by the surf, we might probably have reached this island on foot by the rocks which shelve down from the Morro. This rock and the island were, evidently, at some distant period united, and disjoined by a convulsion of nature, similar to that which has just destroyed them: for the island has been swallowed up, and the gigantic rock laid level or buried in the ocean deep.

The city itself, which was protected from the south-east winds by the Morro, and built on the very sands of the Pacific, not twenty feet distant from high water mark, presented a straggling front of more than half a mile in length. A mole built upon piles facilitated the landing of goods; the surf, especially at the change of the moon, running with exceeding violence on shore, and rendering it impossible to land anything without either the assistance of the mole or the *balzas* of the natives. These useful but precarious conveyances, each capable of carrying five men or an equivalent weight, are cast by the surf high upon the sands without being upset; and such is the skill of the *balsero*, that the barks are drawn by men stationed upon the shore out of the reach of the sea, before the approach of the succeeding wave. The balza is formed of the skins of the seal, sewed together so as to be air-tight: four seals usually supplying one balza. It is about six feet long, and being inflated by the breath introduced through a sheep's gut, is so light, that it is a very common thing to see the owners carrying their balzas home on their shoulders. When not required for use, the air is drawn out, and the skins greased and laid by. A small stage of timber to support what may be required, is placed upon them when in use, and the balsero sits in the front of the little bladders, (if I may so call the balza,) which, that they may make way, are drawn in front to as near a point as may be. A paddle, which he grasps in the centre with both hands, enables him to manage with great dexterity this very precarious little vessel; which would inevitably go to the bottom were the air to escape, either at the vent or at any hole made elsewhere. The balsero sits cross-legged like a tailor, and employs himself either in fishing or unloading the vessels in the bay. I have been thus minute in describing the balza, because the description of this conveyance in p. 175, No. 652 of the *Mirror*, is incorrect.*

The Custom-House, a convenient building in the European style, raised about six years ago and at considerable expense under the direction of Europeans brought out by the Potosi Mining Company, stood in the front of the city on the very ocean sands, and formed a prominent object; its height and tolerable proportions being a contrast with the low, ill-constructed, and worse planned buildings of the city. The trade of Arica was very extensive, and perhaps more important than that of Lima itself. It was the mouth of Upper or *Alto* Peru; the number of Europeans who resided there was considerable; and the property belonging or consigned to them of great value. The city contained two thousand souls; its streets, built at right angles, were narrow and filthy: the inhabitants usually throwing offal of all kinds into them. This was unwholesome, and would have been pestilential, had not the filth been devoured by a species of vulture, called *gallinazos*: its services were properly valued by the Spaniards,—to kill one being, in their time, fineable. In the city were three convents, with churches attached, and a cathedral standing on one side of the great square, the decorations of which were by no means rich or imposing. The religion I

* On referring to Stevenson's *Twenty Years' Residence in South America*, (vol. ii. p. 223,) we find the balza described similarly to that referred to by our Correspondent as incorrect.

We thank our Correspondent for this paper; and his further communications shall meet with early attention.

Digitized by Google

need scarcely add was Catholic; and the people were idle, ignorant, and superstitious. "Twelve houses only remain standing," says the account: how many souls have perished, was probably unknown when the intelligence was forwarded; at least, the number is not mentioned.

Arica was unhealthy, and much subject to the ague. Behind it lay the valley of Azapa, justly praised by Captain Basil Hall: it produces the finest olives in the world; they were usually forwarded to Spain by the viceroy as a present to the King of Spain.

The Ariquenos were poor, but hospitable and courteous, and very partial to the English. This probably arose from the number of officers in their service who were natives of Great Britain, whose good qualities they had been made acquainted with and could but appreciate. Lord Cochrane took this place, as well as many others, from the Spaniards.

The town of Tacua, forty-five miles distant from Arica, stood in a similar valley, but at least nine leagues farther from the sea. It bore a general resemblance to Arica, being built in the same style; the houses in both being whitewashed, and the better ones having courtyards in front. It was, however, considerably larger; and the inhabitants, strange to say, appeared richer; it was also more healthy, and the immediate vicinity more cultivated. The foreign merchants usually resided here, and most of them had also establishments at the port. The business done here was important, it being the rendezvous for the native traders, who had an instinctive horror of Arica. The goods are transmitted to the mountains on the backs of mules; and tin from the mines of Oruro is frequently brought into Tacua on the backs of the patient llamas, though each can carry but from 100lbs. to 150lbs. Tacua contained 5,000 inhabitants, and possessed one large church: it had no convents. It was entirely destroyed as well as Arica: the loss of human life is not mentioned.

I resided in these towns upwards of two years, and experienced at least 100 shocks of earthquakes, which are very common throughout Peru. In this country such convulsions are nearly unknown: let every Englishman therefore raise his heart in gratitude to that great and good Being who has cast his lot in a country so highly favoured as ours; and so free from these awful and destructive phenomena. B.

Manners and Customs.

NOTES FROM "OUR OWN NOTE BOOK."

Africa.

It is generally believed that when men congregate, civilization commences in a rapid degree and science ultimately peeps forth. True as this position may be in many districts of the earth, it does not appear to hold in Africa, where, although mankind herd in masses, they have no social comforts, and are scarcely elevated above the savage state. The immense surface of land which forms this quarter of the globe, contains vast regions of deserts incapable of supporting animal life in any form. Not a reptile, not a bird, is beneath the feet or over the head of the adventurer who traverses these silent plains of burning sands; and it is only far and wide apart that the bubbling springs can be found to slake his feverish thirst. These sands undulate to the caprice of the wind, like waves of the ocean, and frequently overwhelm passing caravans, burying alive the merchant and his slave, the Pagan and Mahommedan.

In the districts bordering upon these inhospitable regions, tribes are congregated who dwell in towns inclosed within mud walls, and the tenements of which are rude clay huts of a conical shape, destitute of ornament or comfort. The ruler is generally a bold and daring marauder, who considers plunder legitimate, and to whom murder is frequently a pastime. Fierce in their habits, these tribes wage sanguinary wars against their neighbours for the purpose of supplying the caravans with slaves; and commerce, whetting the thirst for gain, rather tends to demoralize these people than to benefit them, as it is directed to bad and inhuman purposes. In a state of society where the possession of property is precarious, it is natural that agriculture should be neglected, and that the land adjoining the towns should remain unowned and uncultivated, as no tenure could insure the possession against the caprice or avarice of the chieftain; and as hostile tribes frequently surround the towns by night and commence an exterminating massacre at the dawn of day. The land within the walls of the towns is under cultivation, and in the surrounding neighbourhood numerous herds are fed and watched by day and night. Such is the general outline of the social condition of Africa; and we will now continue our notes and memoranda as they occur during our readings.

Salt forms the largest branch of African commerce, and a longing desire is felt for it in all the provinces south of the Great Desert. This commodity is chiefly brought from the sea-coast, from large pits in the Western Desert, and also from the lakes, or ponds, of Domboo, in the country of Tibboo. The children relish it like sugar, and, in some districts, where it is extremely scarce, the term "he eats salt" implies a man of wealth. The Portuguese missionaries, in 1490, baptized immense numbers of Congo Africans. The sacrament of baptism was recommended by that part of the ritual which consisted in

Digitized by Google

putting into the mouth a quantity of salt, and the priests were not a little disconcerted to find that eating salt was the charm which wrought so many proselytes.

Conversion was sometimes effected by force; and when the missionaries could not persuade the people to renounce their idols, they used a large staff with which they threw them down and beat them in pieces; and they even sometimes stole secretly into the temples and set them on fire. A Christian fanatic finding one of the queens inexorable and unwilling to be illuminated, determined to use sharper remedies than words, and seizing a whip, began to apply it to her majesty's person. Every blow opened her royal eyes wider and wider to the light of the truth, and at last she embraced the faith, though not her convertor, for hastening to the Congo king, she made loud complaints against this spiritual illumination, and the missionaries got into temporary disgrace.

It is a prevailing custom before marriage for the two parties to dwell together for some time to make trial of each other's tempers before they form the final engagements. (This system of probation partly obtains in our Isle of Portland, and the practice of *bundling* is still followed in Wales.)

Amulets, enchanted beads, rings, &c. are worn to secure the wearer from evil. Slips of the Koran, written by a magician, and inclosed in green leather, silver, or even gold cases, are hung about the person, and frequently in such profusion as to disable the owner from mounting his war steed without assistance; in one instance a dress was seen by Denham so overcharged with these valuable spells, that two men could scarcely lift it. One very certain and approved method of counterbalancing the evil destiny is to procure a conjuror, or magician, to write some holy text with white chalk upon a black board, and having washed it off, to drink the water;—a sort of Pagan Communion ceremony—rough and rude in its execution, but analogous in principle.

Ordeal of fire is used, and is identically the same as practised by our ancestors in the middle ages.

In the Congo nation, some women of rank go about beating a drum before them, with dishevelled hair, pretending to work magical cures (evidently a species of Druidesses). There is also a race of mighty conjurers who have the power of giving or withdrawing rain at pleasure. (Some persons are supposed to possess the same powers in Scotland; and Norna of the Fitful Head is a prominent character of that description, drawn by the magic wand of Scott, in the *Pirate*.) This person never dies, but when tired of his sway on earth, he nominates a successor and kills himself.

JAMES SILVESTER.

WELSH FUNERALS.

THE Welsh are remarkable for their tender and affectionate solicitude, shown in the decent and respectable performance of the last sad duties to relations, friends, and neighbours. This must be evident to all who have witnessed what is denominated a "public funeral" in any part of Wales: the large attendance, gravity of demeanour, and the strict order preserved during the sad procession from "the house of mourning to the house appointed for all living," show that there, even the humblest is never deprived of the last tender mark of sympathy and respect by his friends.

It is somewhat astonishing that a common one-horse hearse has never been brought into use in the principality, since the fatigue occasioned by carrying the body would thus be dispensed with. A hearse might cheaply be purchased by subscription among the inhabitants of the place, and lodged in the custody of any respectable post-master, who would undertake, when required, to send it with a horse and driver to the funeral of any person within the parish, on receiving a small remuneration. The property of the hearse might be vested in a committee of inhabitants.

Upon entering the churchyards of Wales, your senses are suddenly surprised with the scent of the most delicious new-blown flowers and aromatic herbs; in North Wales it is the custom, (particularly in Caernarvonshire,) for the nearest female relative to pay a person, of the same sex as the deceased, for procuring slips of yew, box, and other evergreen, to ornament the grave, for some weeks after the interment; as well as, in some instances, for weeding it on the eves of Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas.

At funerals, money is given on a plate at the house-door where the body is standing on a bier, which gift is called *diodlys*; formerly, the nearest female relation gave a cheese, with a piece of money stuck in it, some white bread, and, afterwards, a cup of drink. The latter practice is discontinued, but the gift retains its old name. This ceremony being concluded, the clergyman, or parish clerk, repeats the Lord's prayer; the party then proceed with the corpse, four of the nearest relations taking the bier on their shoulders. If the distance to the church be considerable, they are relieved by their friends; however, they again take the body, in order to carry it in or out of church. It is usual to sing psalms on the way, by which means the stillness of rural life is often broken in a manner finely productive of religious reflections. The custom of the congregation (which often amounts to fifty or sixty people) making offerings of money is, I believe, taken from the Roman Catholic service, in which money was given for singing mass for the

Digitized by Google

soul of the deceased; it is now only considered as a mark of respect to the minister, for if he is not popular the offerings are made on the coffin at the door of the house, and distributed amongst the poor relations.

Weddings are attended with noise and riot, drinking and singing. A collection is made among the guests to defray the expenses of the occasion, and sometimes to assist in establishing the new couple in the world. At such times the donors are often so generous, as to be obliged to debar themselves from many necessaries for a length of time after.

S. BRITTLEBANK.

The Naturalist.

ON TRICHIOSOMA LUCORUM.*

By James Fennell.

TRICHIOSOMA LUCORUM is an interesting insect, belonging to the division *Mandibulata*, order *Hymenoptera*, and family *Tenthredinæ*.

The *Tenthredinæ*, commonly called sawflies, in their history are very entertaining to the entomologist; while, in their natural propensities, they are regarded as destructive by the gardener, whose trees and plants are frequently much defoliated by the larvæ, as also by the parent-fly, who cuts deep fissures in the branches by means of its beautifully constructed *saw*, (hence the common name,) for the purpose of depositing its eggs therein. The mother saw-fly having selected a branch adapted to her object, alights upon it, and commences to cut a groove in it with her saw, which is situated near the anal extremity of her body, and is well fitted for its office, being furnished with two rows of teeth capable of separate and continued action; so that when one row of teeth is protruded forwards, the other is drawn backwards, thus giving the insect all the advantage of two saws. This instrument is not only a saw, but is also a rasp; for each of its teeth, upon examination, is found to be furnished with several sharp and parallel ridges; in which respect it possesses a superiority over the saw used by our mechanics. Many inventions in daily use among us, we knew, were originally suggested by the structure of animals; but it strikes me as somewhat strange, that no one has hitherto made a saw upon this principle. We further find that this instrument is not merely a saw and a rasp, but is likewise an ovipositor, having a hollow channel passing through it from the base to the apex. When the groove in the branch is ready for the reception of the egg, the saw ceases its operation, and next performs its extra duty of ovipositor, by depositing in proper order the eggs as they issue from the oviduct. So soon as an egg is laid, the ovipositor is retracted a little, but speedily again protruded; and a small quantity of liquid matter of a frothy appearance is then observed to fall upon the egg, and is probably intended to gum it to its bed. After the eggs are deposited in the groove, the cut in the branch is not conspicuous at first, but at length assumes a blackish colour and becomes raised. "This increased elevation," is said by the author of *Insect Architecture*, (who appears formerly to have devoted considerable time and attention to the study of insects,) "not to be owing to the growth of the bark, the fibres of which, indeed, have been destroyed by the ovipositor saw, but to the actual growth of the egg, for when a new-laid egg of the saw-fly is compared with one which has been several days inclosed in the groove, the latter will be found to be very considerably the larger." He also states that "as the egg continues to increase, it raises the bark more and more, and consequently widens at the same time, the slit at the entrance, so that when the grub is hatched, it finds a passage ready for its exit. The mother-fly seems to be aware of this growth of her eggs, for she takes care to deposit them at such distances as may prevent their disturbing one another by their developement." The circumstance of the eggs growing as here stated, is singular, yet not peculiar to this family, for the eggs of some other insects increase in size after being laid; but it affords, I may remark, a slight connexion between insects and plants, as of some of the latter the seeds, which are equivalent to the eggs of oviparous animals, visibly expand previous to germination. Such is a sketch of the general habits, &c. of the *Tenthredinæ*; but it must not be accepted as applicable in all its particulars to the species under notice, whose history I am sorry I cannot minutely detail, though I do not suspect that if it were fully described it would present us with aught remarkably different from this. I have, however, some few observations to make respecting it.

Should the eggs of the *Trichiosoma Lucorum* be discovered to increase in size, as do those of the majority of *Tenthredinæ*, (and which I have no reason to doubt they do,) then the insect becomes doubly interesting by its furnishing us with a similar fact to that observed in the seeds of plants, and consequently forming a minor point of union between the animal and vegetable creation; while in the circumstance of its antennæ resembling those of the *Papilionidæ*, or butterflies, a connexion is formed between the orders *Hymenoptera* and *Lepidoptera*.

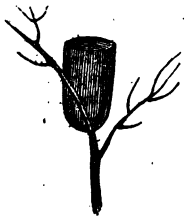
The flight of *Trichiosoma Lucorum* probably resembles that of most of its congeneric species, in being low and short, a circumstance that invalidates the opinion of those

* Read before the London Natural History Society, March 20, 1834.

Digitized by Google

who assert, merely because they see saw-flies suddenly appear in great abundance, that they come from over sea. I have but once seen this insect alive in its perfect state, and then it seemed to be of a very sluggish nature. I have seen the larvæ three or four times. I and my worthy friend, Mr. Ogilvie, when in company on a natural history ramble, had once the pleasure of witnessing a very remarkable circumstance in the larva of this insect, which, upon being touched, spirted out of the pores of its body a thin, watery fluid, in fountain-like jets, of some height, comparing them to the size of the animal. This fact I have recorded in the *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vi. page 157; but in consequence of having been misled by a figure in *Shaw's Zoology*, I have attributed the fact unintentionally to the larva of *Tenthredo Amerinæ*, a much rarer species. In the above journal I have expressed my opinion that the object of its ejecting a liquid upon being disturbed, might have been intended to repel our liberties, or to induce us to abandon our capture, as the ejection of fluids is a natural plan of defence, resorted to by several animals of different classes; as for example, by the llama, skunk, &c. among the *Mammalia;* the petrel among birds; the sepia among fishes; the catch-weed beetle (*Timareha tenebricosa*), the oil-beetle (*Proscarabæus vulgaris*), the larvæ of *Cerura vinula*, &c. among insects.

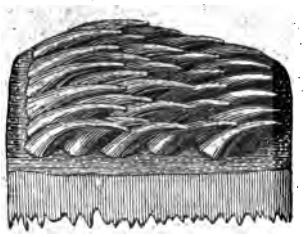
Of the hard cocoons of *Trichiosoma Lucorum*, I have seen several specimens; and they are, as Mr. Curtis observes, pretty common round London on the branches of hedges. In what manner these are formed does not appear to have been discovered; but from examination I am led to conceive that the ligneous materials, (for of such they seem to be constituted,) are first masticated into a paste, which is then spread into the required shape, its tenacity and durability being perhaps obtained by the aid of a glutinous secretion. When the insect has escaped from its cocoon, this exhibits the appearance of a deep cup furnished with a round lid, the hinge of which is so elastic that the two parts are pressed so closely together, as to render the line of their division not at first very observable. The appearance of the cocoon, without the lid, is shown in the annexed cut.



Paddington.

CLEANLINESS OF THE CAT.

One of the illustrations of Professor Rennie's clever paper on the Cleanliness of Animals, (to which we have frequently referred,) is as



(Magnified view of a portion of the upper part of the Cat's Tongue.)

follows. Every one of our readers must have observed the care with which the cat seeks to clean herself, and that the chief instrument employed is her tongue; but, says Professor Rennie, "when she wishes to trim the parts of her fur which she cannot reach with this, she moistens with saliva the soft, spongy cushions of her feet, and therewith brushes her head, ears, and face, occasionally extending one or more of her claws to comb straight any matted hair that the foot cushion cannot bring smooth, in the same way as she uses her long tusks in the parts within their reach.

The chief and most efficient cleaning instrument of the cat, however, is her tongue, which is constructed somewhat after the manner of a curry-comb, or rather of a wool-card, being beset with numerous horny points, bent downwards and backwards, and which serve several important purposes, such as lapping milk, and filing minute portions of meat from bones. But what falls chiefly to be noticed here, is its important use in keeping the fur smooth and clean; and cats are by no means sparing in their labour to effect this. The female cat is still more particular with her kittens than herself, and always employs a considerable portion of her time in licking their fur smooth. The little things themselves also begin, when only a few days old to perform the office for themselves.

Antiquariana.

DUNNOTTAR CASTLE.

This "magnificent curiosity" stands about a mile and a half to the south of Stonehaven, in Kincardineshire, upon the eastern coast of Scotland; not far south of the descent of the "Grampian hills" into the above county, and about midway between Aberdeen and Montrose. Chambers describes it thus:

"Upon the top of a stupendous, insulated, plumb-pudding rock, in shape like an inverted tub, and standing half in and half out of the sea, imagine a vast congregation of stately towers, rather resembling a deserted city than a dismantled fortress. The superficies of the castle measures three acres, half the

Digitized by Google

(Dunnottar Castle.)

space of Edinburgh Castle, the rock of which otherwise strongly resembles this. It is approached by a steep path winding round the body of the rock, not by any connexion with the land, which is in fact divided from t by a wide chasm. The shore is very bold, ising to an equal height with the castle, and ending round it like a horse-shoe."

Dunnottar was originally the seat of the ancient family of the Keiths, Earls Marischal, and was built by their ancestor, about the time of the contest betwixt Bruce and Baliol for the Scottish crown. It was nearly destroyed in that memorable war; for, in 1298, being taken from the English by Sir William Wallace, the castle was consigned to the flames, with 4,000 persons, constituting its garrison. Such is related by Blind Harry, the historian of the champion Wallace; but, for the honour of humanity, we hope the horrible triumph has been exaggerated. The castle was again fortified by Edward III. in 1336, when that monarch endeavoured to set up Edward Baliol on the Scottish throne;* but Sir Andrew Murray, regent of Scotland for David II., soon after captured it.

* Sir Walter Scott does not fail to visit the conduct of Edward with anecdotic illustration; and finds room for the following in a history of two volumes extent. "The English continued their ravages, and with such success, that men were reduced to use that sort of lip-homage which the heart refuses. 'If you asked a grown-up person,' says an old historian, 'who was his king, he dared make no other answer save by naming Edward Baliol; while the undissembling frankness of childhood answered the same question with the name of David Bruce.'" —*History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 186.

For many succeeding centuries Dunnottar was merely known as the chief residence of the Marischal family; till the great civil war once more brought the castle into note. Chambers tells its fortunes as follow:

"The Earl Marischal of that dreadful period was a hearty covenanter. In March, 1645, having immured himself in his fortress, along with a great number of gentlemen belonging to the same party, and, in particular, no fewer than sixteen clergymen, all of whom had fled thither for refuge from the Marquis of Montrose, he was regularly summoned by that celebrated hero to surrender, under pain of being proceeded against as a traitor to his king. Marischal, it is said, was a good deal inclined to come to terms with Montrose; but he was over-persuaded by his garrison of ministers: and accordingly the royalist general lost no time in subjecting his property to military execution. The whole of the neighbouring lands were ravaged; the woods of Fitteresso were burnt; the villages of Stonehaven and Cowie, belonging to the Earl Marischal's vassals, met the same fate; as also the fishing-boats which lay in the harbour of the former port. It is told, that, when Marischal saw the smoke ascending on all hands from his property, he betrayed symptoms of strong regret for having rejected Montrose's proposals. But the famous Andrew Cant, who was among the number of his ghostly company, edified his resolution at once to its original pitch of firmness, by assuring him that *that reek* would be a sweet-smelling incense in the nostrils of the

Digitized by Google

Lord, rising as it did from property which had been sacrificed to the holy cause of the covenant."

"Five years after, upon the approach of the English army under Cromwell, when the Scottish covenanters had become modified royalists, Dunnottar was selected as a stronghold for the safe keeping of the regalia. It was subsequently besieged, and taken by Cromwell; but Oliver missed the baubles, as in his disappointment he might have termed them; the regalia having previously been smuggled away, and buried under the pulpit of the neighbouring church of Kinneff, where they remained till the Restoration. Charles II. used the castle as a state-prison, and shut up here many refractory covenanters. At length, soon after the civil war of 1715, its proprietor James, Earl of Marischal was attainted for high treason, and Dunnottar was dismantled. "Since that period," says Chambers, "the direct line of the family have become extinct, the castle has become, by purchase, the property of the nearest heir male, Sir Alexander Keith, of Dunnottar and Ravelstone, Knight Marischal of Scotland."

"Though dismantled, the buildings of the castle are yet pretty entire, there being in general nothing wanting except the roofs and the floors. 'The battlements, with their narrow embrasures,' says a contemporary, 'the strong towers and airy turrets full of loopholes for the archer and musketeer, the hall for the banquet, and the cell for the captive, are all alike entire and distinct. Even the iron rings and bolts that held the culprits for security or for torture, still remain, to attest the different state of things which once prevailed in this country. Many a sigh has been sent from the profound bosom of this vast rock; many a despairing glance has wandered thence over the boundless wave; and many a weary heart has there sunk rejoicing into eternal sleep.'

"There is not, perhaps, in all Scotland a tract more sterile, and, at the same time, so thickly inhabited, as that over which the road passes between Stonehaven and Aberdeen. This bleak region, celebrated by the author of Waverley under the name of Drumthwacket, presents only barren eminences, destitute even of heath, and cold, swampy moorlands, which nature seems to have specially set aside for the snipe and lapwing. Cottages, however, and small farm-steadings, substantially built, are thickly scattered over this melancholy waste; and such as are situated near the road, have all showy signboards, inviting the weary traveller to rest and refresh.* It is evidently the proprietor's object to get tenants located here on any terms; and no doubt he does much, and promises more, in order to inspirit them; but nature has evidently cursed the soil with irremediable barrenness. These moorlands lie on the summit of certain black hills, which form the termination in this quarter of the great chain of the Grampians,—the iron girdle of the north. On one of the seaward peaks there is a lonely cairn, well known to the home-bound mariner."†

* There is one comfortable exception to this frightful picture of sterility,—the fishing village of Finnan, remarkable for its dried fish called Finnan haddocks. These are prepared by smoking, and the process is so expeditious, that the fish is sometimes presented at table in Aberdeen only twelve hours after it has been taken out of the water. As it soon after loses its flavour, there is no possibility of exporting, or even of transporting, this delicious species of food, which every stranger who visits Aberdeen should therefore endeavour to enjoy as he may, at the spot where it is to be had in perfection.—*Chambers.*

† From a pleasantly written and intelligent little work, entitled "A Summer Ramble in the North Highlands."

Spirit of Discovery.

MODE OF ILLUMINATING LIGHTHOUSES.

It is known that Ptolemy, 285 years before the Christian era, constructed the first lighthouse on the island of Pharos; but our readers may not be aware, till within these few years, how much this subject has been neglected, nor how rude were the means resorted to for the purpose of illuminating our coasts. As late as 1811, the Eddystone, near Plymouth, was lighted with twenty-four wax candles; and in 1812, the Lizard lighthouse, certainly one of the most important in the kingdom, was maintained with coal fires. The Bidstone, a leading light to the port of Liverpool, was furnished with an enormous spout-lamp, having a wick twelve inches in width; the smoke from which was so great as to completely darken the upper surface of its reflector. But the increase of trade and the advance of science have, more recently, promoted inquiry and improvement; and we find able men in all commercial countries who have devoted their attention to this subject. Fresnel, De Zach, Aldini, Smeaton, and Brewster, have written upon it; and the result has been, the rejection generally of the barbarous methods referred to, and the substitution of others which we shall proceed to enumerate.

There are at present two principal modes of lighting: the French, the chief characteristic of which is the lens; and the English, which is fitted with parabolic reflectors, hereafter described. Both these systems are by lamps; but we have now Drummond's "new method of illumination," and the gas light.

The French lens, proposed by Messrs. Arago and Fresnel, in 1818, is one of the many great improvements which have been introduced by the "commission des Phares," according to the suggestions of Admiral Rossel, the hydographer of the navy. In

Digitized by Google

this method, the lantern is constructed with eight sides, which form an octagonal prism around the lamp. The centre of each side is occupied by a plano-convex lens, something similar to a burning-glass, having a diameter of about fifteen inches. From there being a limit to the size of the material, this, of itself, is not sufficient to cover the entire side. To remedy this defect, it is surrounded by a series of glass rings, whose external surface is so formed as to have precisely the same optical effect as the great central lens. A transverse section of one of these zones, or rings, presents the form of a wedge, one side of which is slightly curved. In the suggestion of this means of extending the central lens, we are indebted to our countryman, Dr. Brewster, who, in 1811, in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, proved that a lens might be formed of separate pieces. The present ingenious application to the purpose of light-houses we owe to the French.

It must be obvious that, in this method, it is essential that the light should be in the centre of the lantern, and of the greatest possible brilliancy; and with this view, a lamp has been constructed with three concentric wicks, the external one having a diameter of three inches and a half. The inventors of this powerful light were, at first, alarmed lest the extraordinary heat should carbonize the wick; and they devised a means by which the supply of the oil was so much increased, that no bad effect resulted. Mr. Fresnel assures us, that he kept a fourfold socket-lamp lighted for fourteen hours without snuffing it; and that the rays thrown by a lens placed before it, had at the end of this time, only diminished one-sixth of their original intensity. The Cordovan lighthouse, at the mouth of the Garonne, is illuminated in this manner; and it is generally supposed to be the finest light in the world.

We next come to consider the English method of parabolic reflectors, by which the whole coast of Great Britain is now lighted and which our neighbours have lately abandoned. This consists of a number of Argand lamps, seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, placed in the foci of reflectors, resembling, in shape, the smaller half of an egg-shell. Their number is regulated by the degree of brightness required. These reflectors are of copper, lined with highly-polished silver, and have a diameter, generally, of twenty-one inches at the mouth, with a depth of nine; a hole is perforated above the flame, for the escape of the smoke, and there is a smaller aperture below, in which the supporter of the socket is inclosed. The first parabolic reflectors were used at Liverpool and Newcastle-on-Tyne, and we owe the invention and application to Captain Hutchinson, a dock-master at the former place. The lighthouses lately erected on Beachy Head, and on the Perch Rock at the mouth of the Mersey, are considered as two of the best specimens of this means of illumination. They are revolving lights, and are provided with thirty of these lamps and reflectors, there being three faces, and ten on each face.

Many experiments have been instituted on the respective merits of these two methods, and, on the whole, philosophers are inclined to give the preference to the more recent invention of the lens. The unalterableness of the glass, and the lasting nature of its polish, are great advantages; and in point of economy it is decidedly preferable, as the quantity of oil it expends is one-third less than is used to produce the same quantity of light by the other plan; and an immense deal of labour and chance of neglect is spared, as the glass requires little cleaning, and as there is only one lamp to attend to. But this method is not without disadvantages. The difficulty of repairing the lenses, and the trouble attending on replacing the wicks is very great; and as the light depends upon one lamp, should any accident occur, the results might prove fatal; besides, it had been remarked, and can be demonstrated, that what the French lens gains in concentration of light, it loses in divergency; twelve degrees is the utmost to be obtained: whereas in the English method, fifteen is the average quantity; that is, the English light would be visible on fifteen degrees of the horizon,—the French only on twelve.

We shall next draw the attention of our readers to the plan proposed by Lieutenant Drummond, of the Royal Engineers. It is an invention of which this country may justly be proud, as having elicited results, not only likely to be universally useful to the seaman, but in themselves almost miraculous. The idea seems first to have occurred to this officer, whilst employed on the survey of Ireland, where he applied it with great success to the purposes of nocturnal triangulation; and he submitted a paper to the Royal Society, describing his apparatus, which was published in the Transactions of 1826. Subsequently, encouraged by the liberality of the Corporation of the Trinity-House, he extended his views; and a second paper appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions*, in which his discovery was adapted to lighthouses.

In this he describes it as "a method of producing intense light." This is effected by a ball of lime, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, which becomes ignited, by streams of hydrogen and oxygen gas blown upon it, from two tubes attached to separate gasometers. The balls replace one another, directly the surface becomes palpably diminished by the action of the gases. A more simple arrangement has, we understand, been lately made by Mr. Drummond. A cylinder

Digitized by Google

of lime is placed in a socket, and is self-supplying; it is raised while revolving, and thus brings fresh portions opposite the jets in succession. During the course of some experiments, which were undertaken at the expense of the Trinity-House, in May, 1830; the lime ball was placed in the focus of a parabolic reflector, and we cannot do better than quote the words of a distinguished naval officer, who was called upon to witness the results. The light was established at Purfleet, at the distance of ten miles and a quarter from the spectators, stationed on the Trinity-Wharf. "The next comparative experiment was between the French lens and this light. The superiority here was equally undeniable, though the difference in the degree of whiteness was not so remarkable. The French lens, however, is so nearly similar to that with the seven Argands, (with parabolic reflectors,) that the comparison of each, with this light, gave nearly the same results, and all equally satisfactory, on the score of this discovery." We have the authority of another eye-witness, on the same occasion, to say, that he remarked that a distinct shade was thrown by the light upon a sheet of white paper! In Ireland, it is a well-attested fact, that it has been seen clearly at the distance of ninety miles!

We confess we take a warm interest in the success of this discovery, both as it serves to wipe off the stain which has been cast upon our national establishments in a scientific point of view, and as it is likely to be eminently important to the maritime interests of this country. We are sure that we carry with us the sympathy of every naval officer; and, although the navy is unaccountably excluded from all concern in this department, in defiance of ancient usage and common sense, still we cannot but raise our voice in favour of a light, which is at least eighty times as powerful as any yet invented, and whose rays are only inferior in brightness to those of the sun itself. Other duties now occupy Mr. Drummond's valuable time, but we sincerely hope, for the cause of humanity, that he will ere long find leisure to put the finishing hand to his splendid discovery.

Some experiments have been made of late years respecting the brilliancy of oil gas, and other gases. The use of gas has this great advantage—the size of the flame can be increased to any volume, and it is not liable, in the longest nights, to suffer by the negligence of the keeper; but it has been found, that, by this means, nothing is gained in intensity of light. The process of the gasometer goes on in the wick of a candle, or in that of a lamp. The elements from which it is produced are the criterion of brilliancy, and an equally good material, in both cases, will produce an equal lustre. In 1817, the new lighthouse at Dantzic was lighted with gas, and furnished with a large parabolic reflector. The Austrian government, in 1818, adopted this means, at the suggestion of Nobili; and Salvore and Promontore, on the coast of Istria, are both illuminated by gas. In the centre of the lantern is a candelabrum, provided with forty-two spouts, from which a brilliant body of flame is transmitted.

Experiments have been also made on the relative effects of animal and vegetable oils, when the best spermaceti oil was found to produce the most light. Cocoa-nut oil has been tried, but without success.

For the purposes of distinction, there are three sorts of lights—the revolving, the fixed, and the coloured; and these again are varied by doubling them. A revolving lighthouse, from the light being concentrated, will be seen at a much greater distance than a fixed light, which has its lamps disposed round a circle. Allowing two lighthouses to have an equal number of lamps and reflectors, the advantage in favour of the revolving light would be in the proportion of near three to two; that in the revolving lighthouse would be seen thirty-three miles, while the other would not throw its rays above twenty-two. Some revolving lights have four fronts. The smallest, of this sort, on the coast of England, under the directions of the Trinity-House, has five lamps on a face, and three faces. Buchanness, in Scotland, from the quick revolution of its reflector-frame, has the appearance of a flashing light. Mr. Stephenson received a gold medal for this invention, from his Majesty the King of the Netherlands.

Fixed lights are principally advantageous in situations where it is only requisite that small portions of the horizon should be illuminated.

Red lights are obtained in the English method, by placing a red glass before the reflector, which is extremely detrimental to the light, as it has the effect of absorbing most of the valuable rays, viz. the green, blue, and yellow. Red lights are found to be nearly sixty-five per cent less bright than white ones; and it frequently happens in a revolving lighthouse where two faces are white, and one red, that the red light will not be seen, when the white ones are clearly distinguished; but these lights are found extremely useful for local purposes. In some cases a white fixed light is arranged so as to have one or more red reflectors, which colour only the rays of light which illuminate the vicinity of shoals, or other dangers, so that the navigator, to be in safety, must keep in the white light. At Caldy, in Wales, a fixed light has been constructed on this principle, having two red reflectors, which indicate a danger in the approach.—*United Service Journal.*

Digitized by Google

The Public Journals.

SPRING IN LONDON.

"When conscious beauty puts on all her charms." I really do not know what people can want who do not find all they wish in London just now. Do you like music? The *prima donna* of all Europe is engaged after Easter. I always consider it an event in my life having seen Pasta, with her inspired eyes and classic brow; she gives the idea of a Grecian statue, stepped from its pedestal and animated with the fire of genius. A clever writer in a contemporary reproaches her as only personifying the "haggard queen." Now I feel from the different sensations I experience, how different are the characters that she embodies. Look at the superb defiance of Fate itself with which she approaches the tomb of Ninus as the hitherto all-triumphant Semiramide. In Anna Boleyn how exquisite are the transitions from, first, the blank look of idiotcy, so terribly true; then the innocent and engaging expression of childhood, so confident in its own happiness; and, at last, the flash of reason which brings frenzy with it. Who that has heard it, but has thrilled at that most touching reproach wrung from the stricken soul of love, the "io" of her Medea; but the working up of the scene is equal to the great effect. There is true knowledge of woman's heart in the timidity with which she approaches the beloved Greek. No one ever deeply loved without thinking themselves unworthy of their idol; and Medea, the royal, the beautiful, and the gifted, is meek and subdued in the presence of Jason. Gradually the recollection of her sacrifices and her wrongs rouse her to a juster sense of her own claims; she knows the vast wealth of her love, and feels that such a heart might well be the world to that recreant lover. I confess I speak of her only as an actress; I am incompetent to judge of her as a singer. I only like the most simple melody, and require to hear an air often; I ask association from music; I confess a partiality to barrel organs, and clarionets, and ballads, and other "street harmonies." That composer felt as well as knew his science, who always asked of any new air, "If it would grind well?"

Moore says that in the Malay language, the same word expresses woman and flowers; if so, it is the prettiest compliment ever paid the sex, not that any one of them will be grateful for it, for who cares for a general compliment more than a general lover. Just, however, at this season the Malay tongue might be used in London. How many sweet, bright, and lovely faces pass us by! Most women look well in their bonnets; and as for the other sort of flowers, we have them in profusion and perfection; such exquisite violets, such delicate lilies of the valley, such a rainbow world of hyacinths as now fill the rooms with perfume. How often at the end of morning with the fashionable world, afternoon with the more quiet part of the community, and evening with the very respectable indeed, a young cavalier may be seen curbing a horse "impatient of the rein," at the nursery-grounds of the King's Road, till a bouquet of the most fragrant exotics is brought out. It does not ask much imagination to read a history of sighs, smiles, and blushes on every leaf. But I have less to say for the spring than for any other season; it has a name which is tantamount to every thing in this world; all know the pretensions of a London spring.—*L. E. L.—in the New Monthly Magazine.*

IRISH STORY-TELLERS.

The travelling genealogists and wandering minstrels of Ireland have been succeeded by a race of harmless *fictionists*, peculiar to that country. One of the most memorable of these was Jack Hasnett of Kerry, celebrated for his adventures with the self-same *boar* which gave old Crohore so much trouble, as may still be seen at page 425, vol. II. of *Tait's Magazine*. Jack was a decent shopkeeper in the town, much devoted to three friends, drinking, disputing, and fighting; but with this difference, that while he really cultivated the society of the two former, his acquaintance with the latter was more a matter of boasting than any thing else. If you were to believe himself, "he'd beat Phune M'Chooil and Uschur along with him; and, as to disputation, why, from *Aristotle* to the *Reading made Easy*, (for Jack, like almost all the shopkeepers of Kerry, had received a classical education,) the world could not produce a match for him." The world, and his wife, to be sure, thought differently; but in drinking undoubtedly he was a hero. What he would have done with some of the Roman emperors, is perhaps hard to say, as they drank wine; but for whisky punch he might be backed against any man dead or alive. Twelve tumblers were nothing to him. Six muddled him; but from that out there was no perceptible change; he could not be made more drunk, and you might as well go on pouring punch into the Bog of Allan as into Jack. There he sat, unable to stir any part of his body, always excepting his hand, which was never known to fail while a glass was before him, with a look of great wisdom, arguing some question, and it made very little difference whether there was any one present or not. He could maintain both sides, in a friendly way, with the tumbler, and never cared for a more numerous audience. But one night Jack had been drinking at Ned Price's: there was a dispute as usual; and thinking he had received some affront, he rose to go away. After a number of experi-

Digitized by Google

ments, as the Library of Useful Knowledge would say, to ascertain the position of his centre of gravity, and bring it into a condition of unstable equilibrium over the point of support, he effected this at last; but instead of going to the street door, he turned towards the back door. The town, whenever there is a heavy fall of rain, is flooded; and this night it happened that the water was about five or six inches deep in the yard, except at one part higher than the rest, where this young villain of a boar had his sty. The threshold of the back door was raised some steps above the yard, and when Jack came to the steps, of course he stumbled and fell forward into the water, where he lay quite at his ease.

The boar, as soon as he heard the splash, thinking he had got something great, made three standing leaps up to Jack, and seizing the skirt of his surtout, began to tear away at it; but finding no substance in this, he soon quitted it, and laid hold of Jack's arm, which he began to chew. "Eh! what's that?" says Jack, raising himself on one elbow, and hitting with the other at the boar; "fair play! don't strike a man when down." The boar paying no attention to this protest, planted his fore-legs on Jack's body, and seized him by the shoulder. "Fair play!" says Jack again; "don't strike a man when down. I'll box you over a garter." The boar grunted. "What's that you say? eh? what's that you say? Can't you speak plain, man, like me?" muttered Jack; "let me get up, and I'll box you over a garter." But the boar became desirous of dragging Jack up towards his sty out of the water, and looking for a convenient part to lay hold of for that purpose, he began to walk in all directions over his body, and seized first his leg, and then his arm again. During all this, of course, Jack was not idle. He made several remonstrances, several appeals to the boar's chivalrous feelings, and offered to fight them all one after another, but in vain. At length, luckily for Jack, as the boar would probably have killed him, drunk and helpless as he was, a maid servant heard his expostulations. "For God's sake come here!" says she, there's something in the yard;" and she alarmed the whole house. Lights were brought, and they found Jack, leaning on his elbow, issuing his protocols and protests with a look of the most drunken gravity; his face being turned towards the boar, from which he was not a foot distant, though he could never see his adversary. They took him up, changed his clothes, and placed him, sitting before a large fire, with a tumbler of punch, smoking hot on the table near him. In this position his spirits soon revived, and he was able to give an account of his adventures, which certainly did not lose in his own hands. According to his account he had performed wonders. There were, at least, twenty persons beating him, all of whom he had either killed or wounded. The children crowded about him in ecstacies of astonishment. "Oh, d'ye hear him,—that I mightn't. He tells lies as fast as a horse would trot.—Sure there was no one at all at him but Billy." "The first of them," says Jack, taking a huge sup, "was a tall black fellow, with iron heels to his boots. He come behind, and struck me with a *thaivaun* of a stick."

"Did the villain knock you down, Jack?"

"Is it I? He didn't stir me. I was as firm as a rock. Well, four more made at me. Ye cowardly rascals," says I, "I'll never let ye go home alive. One of them made no answer, but pulls his hat over his eyes, and struck at me, and with that the whole of them surrounded me."

"And did any at all of them knock you down, Jack? I heard you were in the gutter."

"Oh! 'twas Dan Cronen said that. He lies, the rascal; and by J——, I'll cut him into garters as soon as I catch him! No, Tim; from first to last I wasn't knocked down. But have ye the *bolluvaun?* [a dumb person.] For God's sake keep that fellow. Oh, that's a treacherous rascal! He had a blackthorn stick full of knobs; and blud and 'oun's, my ribs! Oh, I thought he'd never let me get up. Have ye the *bolluvaun?* He usen't say a word, but hit me."—*Tait's Magazine.*

THE EARLY DAYS OF EDMUND KEAN.

KEAN had the weakness common to the members of his precarious profession: the writer of this article has often heard him declare that he was born on St. Patrick's day, (i. e. 17th March, 1787.) Yet latterly he as positively affirmed that his birth took place in *November*, 1790! His *parentage* was also continually questioned *by himself;* and he frequently, to *many* persons who were not particularly in his confidence, affirmed his belief to be, that Mrs. Carey was not his mother, but that he owed his existence to a lady who through life assumed the title of his aunt; that lady was, nearly sixty years since, under the protection of the Duke of Norfolk, and was introduced by him to Garrick, who gave her an introduction to the then managers of Drury, where she appeared soon after the death of the British Roscius. It is not my intention *now* to pursue this question, nor to enter upon the other much mooted point of Kean's being or not being for a short period at Eton; my object *at present* is to throw together a few facts, the vouchers for which are at hand, as aids to a biography of that extraordinary actor.

I saw young Edmund Carey (Kean) first in April, 1796. I am particularly positive

Digitized by Google

both to month and year; because I met Mrs. Carey and the boys—(*Darnley* was the other reputed son by another father; this actor was for many years at Astley's Amphitheatre, and is now living)—on the morning of the day on which Ireland's pretended Shakspearian drama was performed. Edmund was always little, slight, but not young-looking; I should say he was then *ten years of age!* The following September he played Tom Thumb at Bartholomew fair at a public house; his mother played Queen Dollalolla; he had a good voice, and was a pretty boy, but unquestionably more like a *Jew* than a Christian *child*. Old Richardson, the showman, engaged him then and subsequently, and is living to vouch for the fact, as far as eyesight goes, that in 1796, Kean looked more like a child of *ten* or *twelve* than of *six* years. This of course puts an end to the *possibility* of his having been born in the year 1790. I cannot vouch as to the truth of the oft-repeated story of the dance of devils in Macbeth, and his rejoinder to John Kemble, who found fault with him, that "he (Kean) had never appeared in tragedy before;" but if it did occur, it must have been in 1794; for Garrick's Drury was pulled down to be rebuilt in 1791, and the new theatre commenced dramatic performances with Macbeth. Many novelties of arrangement were attempted, the dance in question among the rest. Charles Kemble made his first appearance as Malcolm that very night, and the audience laughed very heartily when he exclaimed, "*Oh! by whom?*" on hearing the account of his father's murder. Charles Kemble was then said to be eighteen, I think he was more. If Kean was one of the dancing devils, he could have been only *three years and five months old;* that is, taking his own account of being born in November, 1790.

Kean broke his leg when a boy, riding an act of horsemanship at Bartholomew fair; and he was often, about the years 1802, 3, 4, and 5, about different parts of the country spouting, riding, or rope-dancing. The last time I saw him, previous to his "great hit," was at Sadler's Wells; he was in front to see Belzoni, (afterwards known as the great traveller,) who gave a pantomimic performance (such as Ducrow has since attempted) illustrative of the passions of Lebrun: Belzoni was superior to anything I ever beheld, and I am not solitary in that opinion. Ellar, the harlequin, and Belzoni were together at the old Royalty theatre; and Belzoni's brother was also there. The great and enterprising traveller was retained as a *posturer* at 2*l.* per week!

About 1800, at the Rolls Rooms, Chancery lane, young Kean, then described as "the infant prodigy, Master Carey," gave readings; amid other things he actually read the whole of Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice." Many of the persons who were then stage-struck were attracted by the singularity of a child making such an attempt; amid others, one Edwards,* whom the amateurs of the drama may remember as appearing at various benefits in the metropols, reciting Satan's "Address to the Sun," and occasionally acting Shylock, &c. &c. but who concluded his efforts by a failure in Richard the Third, at Covent-Garden Theatre, in September, 1815. Edwards was only five or six years older than Kean, and the "boy" was so much "elder than his looks" that they became constant companions. Edwards to his death affirmed that "he had taught Kean all he knew:" this was but the idle expression of a clever but disappointed man; however, it is worthy of remark that Edwards, in common with all others who knew Kean intimately as a *boy*, always declared that he was then "a splendid actor, and that many of his effects (at the age of fourteen†) were quite as startling as any of his more mature performances." Byron, who mingled at the time of Kean's *début* much in all ranks of theatrical society, says, "Kean began by acting Richard the Third when quite a boy, and gave all the promise of what he afterwards became (See Moore's Life.) That such was the case there is abundant evidence: Cobham, an actor long known at the minor theatres, who was a playmate of Kean, remembers hearing all the amateur or private actors of the time (1802) say that "Carey was the best amateur then extant." He had little means of bearing part in the expenses, yet the *leading characters* were assigned to him at a private theatre then existing in Lamb's Conduit-street: this is an extraordinary fact, when the reader is told that in these places he who pays the highest price (*maugre* his incapability) has the right of playing first-rate parts. Mr. Roach, an old theatrical bookseller, who lived many years in the court running from Brydges-street to Drury-lane, often spoke of Kean's acting Richard in his (Roach's) garret with a Scotch lassie‡ for his Lady Anne: her *patois* was a terrible grievance to little Kean, who was teaching her English, and mimicking her Scotch from morning to night. In requital for his initiating her into the mysteries of the vulgar tongue, he made her teach him the dialect of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, a part in which he appeared for a few nights at Drury towards the close of his career: I think it was considered to be a failure by his best friends. According to Mr.

* This Edwards was what is called a writing painter, in which art he was said to excel. He lived many years in Harp-lane (or alley), and I believe died there.

† This is presuming him to have been born in 1787.

‡ This lassie is now a Mrs. Robinson or Robertson, and playing the characters sustained lately in London by Mrs. Davenport in various provincial theatres in Scotland.

Digitized by Google

Roach, Kean acted *this* and various other characters when a child, in his (Roach's) loft or garret, about the year 1798 or 1799, when at the utmost, Kean could have been but in his thirteenth year.*

Kean, Charles Molloy Westmacott, poor Huntley, late of many London theatres, Pierce Egan, and Oxberry, were all boys together. With the latter Kean was very intimate, up to the day of the comedian's death; and Westmacott was a frequent visiter at Kean's last retreat, Richmond.

With a sort of prescience as to his future glory, Kean was always his dramatic, Carey his pantomimic appellation. He was exceedingly fond of all the gymnastic portion of the drama: often at rehearsal I have known him go through the long scene of Othello and Iago, with a pathos that riveted us, even then (1809), and at the conclusion fling a somerset or handspring off the stage. From the year 1800, he was alternately at shows and at theatres; he always sang prettily, played the harpsichord by ear very fairly, danced gracefully, not skilfully, and in equestrian and *show* companies was a great favourite with the females. His dissipation kept him continually poor, and from the hard pressure of circumstances, he applied for a situation at the Haymarket Theatre; he was engaged by Colman, Winston, and Morris, at a salary of 2*l.* per week for little business (1806): (it is a lesson to the "poor creatures of the earth," not easily to be forgotten, that the same man, twenty years afterwards, when wrung in heart and frame, physically and mentally weak, received 50*l.* per night at the same theatre; but his name was a good trading commodity then.) Dibdin has in his Reminiscences spoken of the promise given by the embryo Roscius, in a trifling part in the comedy of "Five Miles Off;" it may appear something like Dennis Brulgruddery's prediction, which was "prophesying after the fact," to say that others also saw gleams of talent; they affirm it, "and they are all honourable men."

A circumstance hitherto unalluded to by those who have written of Kean, was, that the season that he devoted his powers to "messages and little business," was that in which Rae made his metropolitan bow. My readers doubtless remember Rae, a handsome man, a bustling actor, tolerably equable in tragedy and comedy, who played many parts well, some few excellently, none greatly, whose engagement took place in consequence of Mrs. Siddons having casually said that "out of London there was nothing equal to the young fellow at Liverpool;" the young fellow was accordingly sent for, and on the 9th of June, 1806, (the opening night that season,) Rae appeared as Octavian, and Edmund Kean as the Goatherd. If your memory does not serve you, reader, it may aid it to say that the part in question was played by Atkins at Covent-garden Theatre, and by Hughes at Drury-lane. Those who knew Kean may conceive the sort of feeling with which he left the theatre that night; he,

> "who yet, alas! had known
> Of conscious merit but the pangs alone."

Rae had been eminently successful, and deservedly so, as tragedians went, for in those days Elliston was a great man in buskins: Kean who, it may be believed, spoke the part beautifully, did not receive a hand. Octavian was one of Kean's pet parts: it was Kemble's *chef d'œuvre*, and at that time, to all young tragedians the frantic lover was the touchstone, as after 1814, Richard the Third became.

Kean, in 1806, I firmly believe, was a better actor than by possibility he could have been in 1830, when sickness had enervated his frame, and when his defects had become habits by the flattery of ill-judging friends, and the applause of name-lauding auditors.

The Haymarket closed on the 12th September, 1806. On the 22nd of that month, Kean appeared at Tunbridge Wells, then under the management of Mrs. Baker, thus announced: "Lord Hastings and Peeping Tom by Mr. Kean, from the Theatre Royal, Haymarket." On the 24th he played *Tyke* and *Jerry Sneak;* and on subsequent occasions, Douglas, Sir George Airy, Harlequin, Delaval, Frederick (Lovers' Vows), Caleb Quotem, *Snake* (School for Scandal), *Lenox* (Macbeth), and *Coxswain* (Blackbeard). By this it appears, he could have been engaged for no distinct line, as he *occasionally* figured as first tragedian, *frequently* as light comedian, *generally* sang comic songs between, was often the hero of farces, and not unfrequently delivered messages! He remained in this company until September, 1807. His cast of characters during his second season were equally miscellaneous, including Grumio (Taming the Shrew), Mungo, Shacabac (Bluebeard), *Gratiano* (Merchant of Venice), Dr. Lenitive (Prize), *Harlequin*, *Scaramouch*, *Ateliba* (Pizarro), and the Lieutenant of the Tower in Richard the Third!—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

* On reference to some notes taken in 1816, I find a similar statement from other quarters. Roach was himself a Scotchman; if living, he must be very old. His daughter married a gentleman named Grove, who once managed the Brighton theatre, and lately made himself conspicuous by advertising himself for Hamlet at the Surrey Theatre, and enumerating upwards of one hundred lines, at each of which he (Mr. G.) had received a round of applause in his tour through the provinces!

The Gatherer.

Tithe Child.—James Brock was the tenth child of his parents. When this boy's mother went to pay her tithe to Dr. Barnard, the

Digitized by Google

rector of Maghera, afterwards Bishop of Limerick, and well known as the friend of Johnson, and a member of *the Club*, the poor woman said—"Sir, you have the tenth of all I possess, except my children: it is but justice you should have the tenth of them too: here is my tenth son, take him and provide for him." Dr. Barnard took the child at her word, clothed him, and sent him to school, where he ever went by the name of *Tithe.—Quarterly Review.*

Day-mare.—During the intensely hot summer of 1825, I experienced an attack of day-mare. Immediately after dining, I threw myself on my back upon a sofa, and, before I was aware, was seized with difficult respiration, extreme dread, and utter incapability of motion or speech. I could neither move nor cry, while the breath came from my chest in broken and suffocating paroxysms. During all this time, I was perfectly awake; I saw the light glaring in at the windows in broad sultry streams; I felt the intense heat of the day pervading my frame; and heard distinctly the different noises in the street, and even the ticking of my own watch, which I had placed on the cushion beside me. I had, at the same time, the consciousness of flies buzzing around, and settling with annoying pertinacity upon my face. During the whole fit, judgment was never for a moment suspended. I felt assured that I laboured under a species of incubus. I even endeavoured to reason myself out of the feeling of dread which filled my mind, and longed with insufferable ardour for some one to open the door, and dissolve the spell which bound me in its fetters. The fit did not continue above five minutes; by degrees I recovered the use of speech and motion; and as soon as they were so far restored as to enable me to call out and move my limbs, it wore insensibly away.—*Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep.*

Time, says a moralist, is like a grateful friend if we use it well, it never fails to make us a suitable requital.

Dead as a Door-nail.

Falstaff.—What! is the old king dead.
Pistol.—As *nail in door:* the things I speak are just. *Shakspeare.*

This proverbial expression (says Steevens) is oftener used than understood. The *door nail* is the *nail* on which in ancient doors the knocker strikes. It is, therefore, used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multâ morte*, i. e. with abundant death, such as reiteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce.

Signs of Prosperity.

"You may now buy land as cheap as stinking mackerel."—*Shakspeare.*

Johnson tells us—"In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry VII. made it safe to serve the king regnant, it was the practice at every revolution for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and, perhaps, of those who did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw the change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away."

P. T. W.

In a friend's album, Mr. Smith, keeper of the prints in the British Museum, wrote a playful account of himself, in which is the following paragraph. "I can boast of *seven* events, some of which *great* men might be proud of—I received a kiss, when a boy, from the beautiful Mrs. Robinson; was patted on the head by Dr. Johnson; have frequently held Sir Joshua Reynolds's spectacles; partook of a pot of porter with an elephant; saved Lady Hamilton from falling, when the melancholy news reached her of Lord Nelson's death; three times conversed with George III.; and was once shut up in a room with Mr. Kean's lion (puma)."—*Morning Chronicle.*

The Seven Sleepers.—In a paper recently inserted in the *Mirror*, (*vide* last volume,) and extracted from the *Metropolitan*, it is asserted that a certain drowsy hero only opened his bible to fall instinctively "upon the story of the Seven Sleepers." A Correspondent wishes to inquire *where* such a story is to be met with in our common English bible? The Apocrypha contains the affecting history of the seven martyr brethren, but, she begs to suggest to the writer of the paper in question, and to hint to its readers, that the Mohammedan *Koran* is the book most likely to contain the fable of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, and not the sacred scriptures of the Hebrews and Christians; albeit some writings, now and then added thereunto, (but generally omitted in the ordinary editions of the bible,) are considered uncanonical and apocryphal.

Fairs and feasts were formerly held in churchyards, in honour of the saint to whom the church was dedicated; but in consequence of their being very much abused, they were finally suppressed, according to Spelman, in the thirteenth of Edward III., as appears by the following extract: "And the Kynge commandeth and forbiddeth that from henceforth, neither fairs and markets shall be kept in churchyards, for the honour of the Church. Given at Westminster, the VIII of Octobre. the XIII yeare of Kynge Edwarde's reigne."

W. G. C.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House.) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

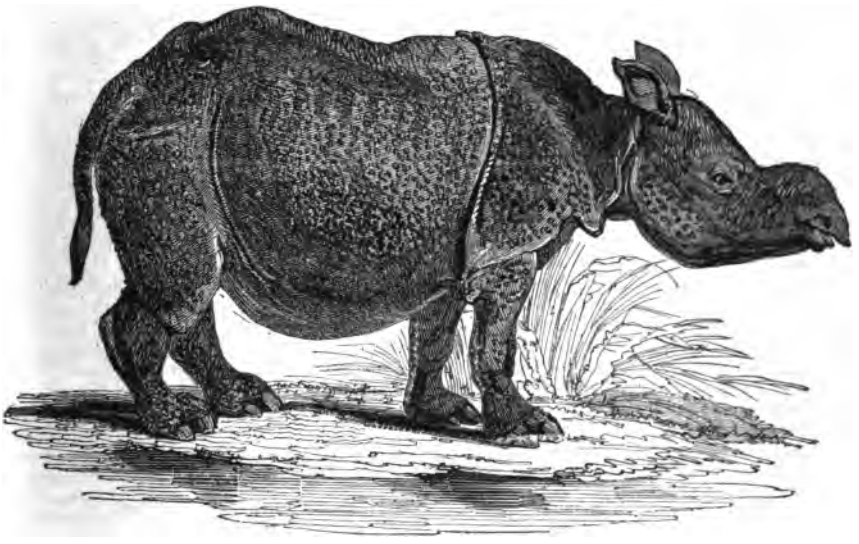
Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 658.] SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1834. [Price 2*d*.



THE RHINOCEROS,

AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

This is, unquestionably, one of the most important and interesting additions yet made to our knowledge of animated nature, through the establishment of "Zoological Gardens" in this country. It is a fine specimen of the Indian one-horned rhinoceros, (*Rhinoceros Indicus*, Cuv.) and is the only rhinoceros that has been brought to England for the last twenty years.* To the young lover of natural history, it must, therefore, be an entire novelty; and to the experienced zoologist, from its extreme rarity, it must be considered a fortunate acquisition. The great value attached to the possession of a living specimen of this animal, and the difficulty of procuring one, may be inferred from the fact, that the cost of the present, from the time that it was taken in the Birman empire, and the charge of its food and conveyance to England, have exceeded one thousand pounds.

This rhinoceros is somewhat more than a year and a half old. It is, however, though so young, (for the rhinoceros is only full grown at twenty years of age,) strong and apparently healthy; yet not the least remarkable are its close points of resemblance to the adult animal, which might not be expected in so young an animal. It has, in miniature, the thick rugous folds or plaits of skin, so conspicuous in the full-grown rhinoceros; and which the older naturalists, with their usual

* The first rhinoceros which was exhibited in Europe after the revival of literature, was a specimen of the one-horned species. It was sent from India to Emmanuel, king of Portugal, in the year 1513. This sovereign made a present of it to the Pope; but the animal being seized during its passage with a fit of fury, occasioned the loss of the vessel in which it was transported. A second rhinoceros was brought to England in 1685: a third was exhibited over almost the whole of Europe in 1739; and a fourth, which was a female, in 1741. That exhibited in 1739 was described and figured by Parsons, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, (vol. xlii. p. 583,) who mentioned also that of 1685 and 1741. A fifth specimen arrived at Versailles in 1771, and it died in 1793, at the age of twenty-five or twenty-six years. The sixth was a very young rhinoceros, which died in this country in the year 1800: some account of its anatomy was published by Mr. Thomas, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for that year. The seventh, a young specimen was in the possession of Mr. Cross about twenty years since: lastly an eighth specimen was living a few years ago in the Garden of Plants at Paris. All these specimens were one-horned, and all from India. So that the two-horned rhinoceros has never been brought alive to modern Europe,

Digitized by Google

love of marvellous exaggeration, figured as armour, completely encasing the stupendous body.

The height of this young specimen is thirty-one inches, or about that of a good-sized Hampshire hog, to which, when lying down, it has some similitude; but this resemblance is lost when the animal walks about; while it is much stouter and stronger made in the shoulders and legs than a hog, and greatly exceeds in girth any hog of its height; its length, from the extremity of the snout to the insertion of the tail, is 58 inches, and the tail 9 inches; its weight is about 650 lb. The head is long, and the eyes very small: its sight is weak, but its hearing and sense of smelling are remarkably acute, as it perceives the approach of man at a great distance. That portion of the snout which belongs to the upper jaw is very flexible, can be protruded at will to some extent beyond the jaw, and is thus particularly formed for collecting food in the manner of the tapir: the lower portion of the snout resembles that of the hog. In adult animals there are no fore teeth; but in young specimens, like the present, a few straggling cutting teeth are found, which stand at a considerable distance apart. About two or three inches above the snout is a protuberance, the germ of the future horn. According to Mr. Burchell, whose opportunities for examination were abundant, the horns of this genus do not envelope a bony core, like those of the ruminating animals; nor do they partake of the osseous nature of the horns of stags, but appear to be formed of horny fibres growing from the skin, like thick hairs closely cemented together.* The colour of the skin is grey, with a violet tint; it is tuberculated, very hard, and hangs loose about the neck and shoulders; that under the plaits or folds thus formed being of a flesh colour.

The present rhinoceros is quiet and harmless, and will follow its keeper, or any one who offers it bread or biscuit, which it will eat greedily. Its chief food is rice, mixed with sugar, in equal quantities; but it will also eat bran and hay, and seems pleased with prickly plants, and the small branches of thorny shrubs.

Upon our visit to the Gardens, we found the rhinoceros located, we suppose temporarily, in the semicircular glazed monkey-house, with two Indian goats, who had been its *compagnons de voyage;* a circumstance which reminded us of the almost universal aversion of animals to solitude.†

* A specimen of the adult horn to be seen in the Gardens, measures 1 ft. 10 in. long, and 9 in. diameter at the base; and weighs 14 lb.

† Mr. Jesse, in his second volume of *Gleanings*, says: "Solitude seems to be very distressing to animals. At the Zoological Farm, on Kingston Hill, animals have been put together to prevent their pining to death." We regret to find that the Zoological Society quitted their farm on Lady-day last, and that in a month, the establishment will be at an end.

Having detailed such particulars of the present specimen as we have been able to collect, by the intelligent aid of Mr. Warwick, of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, it is presumed that a few brief notices of the specimens of the rhinoceros, which have been exhibited in England, may not be unacceptable in illustrating the general economy of the animal; and we intend, in our next Number, to present them thus supplementarily, to prevent interference with our brief outline of this young specimen: for the difference in the habits and certain appearances of the young and adult animals are worthy of note. Before proceeding with these facts we may mention that the rhinoceros already referred to as in England twenty years since, was for a considerable period in the collection of Mr. Cross, of Exeter 'Change; and that a full-grown specimen, that was on his voyage to this country from Calcutta, a few months since, became so furious that he was fastened down to the ship's deck with part of a chain-cable round his neck; and even then he succeeded in destroying a portion of the vessel, till a heavy storm coming on, the rhinoceros was thrown overboard, to prevent the serious consequences of his getting loose in the ship.

"THEN DOST THOU COME."

By M. L. B.

When, like a dew, sleep lies upon my brain
And weary heart,
When dreams are many, and their flow'ry chain
Twines, not to part,
Round my lull'd senses, till Day's holy light
Dissolves it, and the traucing spells of Night,
Then dost Thou come!

When amid darken'd hills the storm-gust sighs,
When wails the sea;
When from forsaken hearths the red fire dies,
When things that be,
Unreal seem to the drows'd waking sense,
Or when the Sleeper roams in realms far hence,
Then dost Thou come!

When Fancy in her orient Eden dwells,
When Care is dead,
When Mem'ry sleeps with all her mournful spells,
When vanished
Is Hope, the Shadow which aye points and pines,
And lengthier grows, as the soul's day declines,
Then dost Thou come!

Mother! in thy sweet beauty, but more pale
Than waning star;
Or the wild light before the rising gale,
Or hopes that are
Fading within the heart like dreams, and flowers:
In Nature's hush, in slumber's painted hours,
Then dost Thou come!

Mother! the coral strawberry in its bed
Gleam'd like a gem,
When thou to join the Sabuoth of the Dead
Wert call'd from them
Who wept Thee! Yet Thou livest still to me;
Yea, in Night's hush, when the soul's wings are free,
Then dost Thou come!

Digitized by Google

Yea, sweetest Mother! with thy beauty pale,
As from Earth's pain;
Yet with that smile which tells a heavenly tale,
And with a strain
Of loving music on thy lips, when sleep
In visions wild my passive sense doth steep,
Then dost Thou come!

NOTRE DAME DE GRACE.

WHO that has read Washington Irving's very pleasant *Bracebridge Hall* but must remember the story of *Annette Delambre?* —the Nina of humble life, who in the exuberance of youthful gaiety had so wounded the sensitive heart of her lover, as to induce him, without even bidding her farewell, to betake himself to sea, where he was supposed to have been lost; and who, in her turn, brooded over her bereavement until her reason became unseated, and, on his unexpected return, could only be restored to his undiminished love by the most gradual appliances of skill and care. This pathetic narrative has given an additional charm to a locality in itself sufficiently interesting.

The chapel of *Nôtre Dame de Grace*, where this forlorn maiden offered her vows to the Virgin, whose name it bears, is situated on a hill, which rises immediately beside the town of Honfleur, overhanging the mouth of the Seine. On the summit is planted a lofty crucifix, with an image of the Saviour; but the building itself stands with retiring modesty somewhat in the background, so as to be only partially visible from certain parts of the water, and entirely concealed from the Honfleur side; nor, owing to the rounding of the eminence, is that town to be seen from the various zigzag footpaths by which the height may be scaled on its steep seaward face—although, from the pretty road leading in serpentine curves over the more gradual slope behind, Honfleur, as it is looked down upon, presents a most compact and comfortable appearance, nestled in the bosom of surrounding elevations. The charm, however, dissolves in a great degree as the town itself is entered; for it bears the marks of "decay's effacing fingers," time, and the alluvial deposits of the river having removed its once flourishing commerce nearer the sea, on the opposite side,

"Such as *Honfleur* was, is *Havre* now."

It owes the remains of its prosperity chiefly to its fishing-trade and to the English, both as residents, of whom there is a respectable colony, and as a thoroughfare on their route to Caen and other favourite resorts in Normandy and Brittany, which our countrymen continue to invade, as of old, though with gold instead of steel!

The view from the summit of the chapel-hill is charming, and I had the happiness to see it under a peculiarly favourable aspect. It was a day of heavenly serenity, towards the latter end of summer, when the blue of the sky had attained its mature depth, and the softness of the air attunes the senses to placid enjoyment. The clearness was very different from that startling purity of atmosphere, so frequent in many parts of France, which, by rendering the extremest distance crisp and minute, tends to destroy all aerial perspective: on the contrary, there seemed to breathe a fulness and richness that almost cloyed the imagination with a feeling as of surrounding haze, until the eye corrected the sensation by observing the remotest objects unveiled by the slightest vapour, although so softened that where it ranged out of the guidance of the distant outlines of the coast, which appeared to float, self-balanced, in space, it was impossible to distinguish the boundary between ocean and sky—unless where some far-off vessel, diminished to a speck, showed that thus far, at least, extended the terrestrial horizon.

Let us now fill up the landscape from the spot we are seated upon to its undefined termination. The foreground slopes down rapidly in picturesque patches of foliage and rugged breaks to the water's edge, from whence the river extends its lovely bosom to about four or five miles exactly opposite, and widens onwards, to the open sea. The objects on the other side are partially thrown into shade, the darkest part finely relieving the lofty, light-coloured steeple of Harfleur, where our Henry V., according to Shakspeare, made the gallant address, commencing

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead.

[Our esteemed Correspondent, we are persuaded, will allow the following interpolation connected with this epoch in the history of Harfleur.]

"Whilst Harfleur was in its glory, it was considered the key of the Seine and of this part of France. In 1415, it opposed a vigorous resistance to our Henry V., who had no sooner made himself master of it, than, with a degree of contradiction, which teaches man to regard the performance of his duty to God as no reason for his not performing it to his fellow-creatures, 'the King uncovered his feet and legs, and walked barefoot from the gate to the parish church of St. Martin, where he very devoutly offered up his prayers and thanksgivings for his success. But, immediately afterwards, he made all the nobles and the men-at-arms that were in the town his captives, and shortly after sent the greater part out of the place, clothed in their jerkins only, taking down their names and surnames in writing, and obliging them to swear by their faith that they would surrender themselves prisoners at Calais, on Martinmas-day next ensuing. In like manner were the townsmen made prisoners, and obliged to ransom themselves for large sums of money. Afterwards did the King banish them out of the town, with numbers of women

Digitized by Google

and children, to each of whom were given five sols and a portion of their garments.' Monstrelet, from whom is transcribed this detail, adds,* that 'it was pitiful to hear and see the sorrow of these poor people, thus driven away from their homes; the priests and clergy were likewise dismissed; and, in regard to the wealth found there, it was not to be told, and appertained even to the King, who distributed it as he pleased.' Other writers tell us that the number of those thus expelled was 8,000, and that the conqueror, not satisfied with this act of vengeance, publicly burned the charters and archives of the town and the title-deeds of individuals, repeopled Harfleur with English, and forbade the few inhabitants that remained to possess or inherit any landed property. After a lapse, however, of twenty years, the peasants of the neighbouring country, aided by 104 of the inhabitants, retook the place by assault. The exploit was gallant; and a custom continued to prevail in Harfleur, for above two centuries subsequently, intended to commemorate it; a bell was tolled 104 times every morning at day-break, being the time when the attack was made.'"*

This town, which has lost the convenience of the river still more than Honfleur, is nearly concealed by a point of the land, forming the boundary of a small valley in which it is situated. The shore farther down consists of table-land, breaking off nearly perpendicularly to the level of the water, and presenting a variety of delicate colours, according to the nature of the culture and the cliffs; until upon the flat delta extending from the extremity of this line of coast, the flourishing town of Havre whitens in the sun, with its low tower rising from the level mass of buildings, and the gay houses of Ingouville, like terrace upon terrace, running up the face of the acclivity behind. Further reaches of the coast on both sides of the broad mouth of the firth, are to be traced, as before alluded to, where sea and air seem to unite by imperceptible gradations.

There are moments when the mind seems to emancipate itself from worldly thoughts, and feels as it were to form a part of universal nature. I know not how long I had basked over this scene, or how much longer I should have continued unconscious of anything else, when I perceived the figure of an old man, whom I had not before noticed, rising from a kneeling posture before the crucifix already mentioned. He was naturally tall, and, though stooping in gait, he seemed to expand into gigantic altitude against the blue sky as he approached the spot nearer the edge of the hill where I lay upon the green turf. The situation suggested half-formed visionary fancies—was it the genius of the place, grown old like its commerce and superstition, coming to read a moral lesson on the mutability of human affairs?—or a personification of Time himself, to remind me by his aged appearance how I was neglecting his progress? I had not recovered my *every day* sensations ere he accosted me, and a degree of romantic impression was rather prolonged when I found that he was asking me to tell him which was the sea! as he had never before been in sight of it! He was,† therefore, a greater stranger to the spot than myself, though not, like me, a foreigner; and I endeavoured to introduce him to the wonders of, to him, a new element. He said it was beautiful—very beautiful—and he did not seem inclined to task his imagination how it might appear when lashed to fury by the winds. No, he was quite satisfied with the gentle picture it conveyed to him, and which appeared to amalgamate pleasingly with his own placid disposition.

We strolled together towards the chapel, which, as already intimated, removed from the very summit, occupies a recess in a grove of nobly-spreading trees. Its architecture is a species of simple gothic, with a circular turret, picturesque and suitable to its position; while its front is tastefully surmounted by a handsome statue of the Virgin, encompassed in an open double rim, containing within it the words *Etoile de la Mer, priez pour nous*, the letters set *à jour* seeming from below to form a halo inscribed in the air. The epithet *star of the sea* struck me as singularly poetic—typifying a guiding constellation to the night-wandering mariner!

I was arrested outside the door by a display of articles for sale in a couple of booths, as showy as if decked out for a fair; but, on examination, the whole, large and small, neat and gaudy, bore some religious emblem, being intended as offerings in the chapel, suitable for persons of all ages, either in fulfilment of vows, or as propitiation for future favours. As a memorial of my visit I purchased, for half a *franc*, a small, coloured pear on a stand, formed of a hard, semi-transparent substance—said to be cocoa-nut wood—a child's toy. But the pear unscrews, and out comes a double rosary of blue beads, separated from each other by links of silver wire, which twists itself at the centre into a cross, showing a red bead at the extremity of each limb.

I found the interior of the chapel neat, though showy enough, and abounding in ornaments and offerings, including models of ships, which are of frequent occurrence in churches of naval towns. Besides the high altar, there was one at the end of either transept with fluted pillars like Raffaelle's beautiful gate, and smaller shrines in the recesses and corners of the building, prostrate before one of which I perceived my aged acquaintance on his knees, his head covered by his

* Dawson Turner's Tour in Normandy, vol. i. pp. 73, 74.

Digitized by Google

clasped hands, and his whole attention absorbed in his devotions. I did not disturb him, but paused over him in passing, a little humiliated, perhaps, at the difference of our occupations. At least, I felt no superiority that circumstances enabled me to treat with idle curiosity, or ineffectual sentiment, those associations which inspired in him the homage of the heart; for the remark of the poet on the careless joys of youth seems as applicable to the unsophisticated simplicity of age—

"When ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise." W. G.

Notes of a Reader.

BURNS.

[The widow of the poet Burns died at Dumfries on the 16th ult., and her interment has been preceded by the following interesting circumstances, which we find in the *Dumfries Courier*, and consider worthy of transfer to our pages.]

The remains of Mrs. Burns were interred in the family vault on Tuesday, the 1st of April, with all the solemnity the occasion demanded, in presence of an immense crowd of spectators. Independently of the bard's mausoleum, St. Michael's churchyard is, perhaps, the most remarkable cemetery in Britain; amidst innumerable tombs thousands on thousands sleep below; and on the day alluded to, public interest or curiosity waxed so intensely, that it became, if such an expression may be used, instinct with life as well as death. By many, a strong wish was expressed that the funeral should be made broadly public; others again objected to every thing like parade, as unsuited to the quiet, retiring character of the deceased; and amidst counsels and wishes so opposite and conflicting, the relatives and executors had a duty to discharge which was felt to be exceedingly onerous and perplexing. The Magistrates and Commissioners of Police offered to mark their respect for Mrs. Burns' memory by attending her funeral in their public capacity—an offer so honourable that it was at once acknowledged and acceded to by the trustes. The Magistrates and Council assembled, at half-past eleven on Tuesday morning, and shortly after moved in a body to Burns-street.

As many persons were received into the house as it could possibly contain, including various clergymen, citizen friends, and country gentlemen; and after the usual forms had been observed, the coffin was placed on spokes, and borne by many to its final resting place. Throwing a stone to a chieftain's cairn was deemed an honour by our Celtic ancestors, and a similar feeling obviously prevailed in regard to the funeral obsequies of the poet's widow. Before one person had well touched a spoke, he was succeeded by another, eager to share in the same mournful duty; and although the distance was extremely short, several hundred hands bore the body along by shifting as frequently as St. Michael's bell tolled. Though the crowd was very dense, forests of heads were thrown into lines as the procession moved forwards; every window was filled with spectators; numerous visiters were observed from the country; and altogether the scene reminded many of the memorable day of the Poet's funeral. So great was the anxiety to enter the Mausoleum that the pressure, in the first instance, occasioned a slight degree of confusion; but in a minute or two order was restored, and the body lowered slowly and solemnly into the family vault. The chief mourners then descended, took the stations assigned them, and after every thing had been adjusted, placed the coffin in a grave dug to the depth of four feet. Five relatives attended the interment, viz. Mr. Robert Burns, eldest son of the poet, Mr. Robert Armour, the widow's brother, and the husbands of three nieces, the Messrs. Irving and Mr. M'Kinnel. But there were other chief mourners, and among those we observed Mr. Dunlop, Southwick, Provost Murray, Dr. John Symons, Mr. Bogie, and Mr. M'Diarmid. The grave was covered in a brief space; the chief mourners then withdrew; and after every thing foreign had been removed from the vault, the executors gave the necessary directions for restoring the large stone which guards the entrance to the tomb of our great national poet. As this was a task of considerable labour, hours elapsed before it could be completed, and, in the interim, thousands had an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity by taking a parting look at the resting place of genius.

It is generally known that the remains of Burns were exhumed privately, on the 19th of September, 1815, and deposited with every regard to decency, in the arched vault attached to the Mausoleum, then newly erected in honour of his memory.* Originally his ashes lay in the north corner of the churchyard; and as years elapsed before any general movement was made, his widow, with pious care, marked the spot by a modest monument, the expense of which she willingly defrayed out of her own slender means. In the first instance, attempts were made to enlarge the churchyard wall, and thus avert the necessity of a ceremony in the highest degree revolting to the feelings of Mrs. Burns; but the spot was so narrow, and interfered so closely with the property of others, that the idea was abandoned as utterly impracticable. On the day, therefore, already named, the Committee chosen, proceeded to the spot before the sun had risen, and went

* For an Engraving of the Mausoleum, see *Mirror*, vol. iii.

Digitized by Google

to work so rapidly that they had well nigh completed their purpose previous to the assemblage of any crowd: and it was fortunate their measures were so wisely taken; for though the gates of St. Michael's were carefully locked, a few early risers and accidental observers communicated so speedily their suspicions to others, that before the entrance to the vault could be closed, an immense crowd besieged the front of St. Michael's, and on leave being refused, readily found the means of admitting themselves. Still the individuals alluded to discharged with the greatest sternness, their duty as sentinels, by repressing all attempts at obtaining bones, relics, or indeed anything connected with the respective coffins of the Bard and his two sons. As a report had been spread that the largest coffin was made of oak, hopes were entertained that it would be possible to remove it without injury, or public examination of any kind. But this hope proved fallacious; on testing the coffin, it was found to be composed of ordinary materials, and liable to yield to the slightest pressure; and the lid partially removed, a spectacle was unfolded, which, considering the fame of the mighty dead, has rarely been witnessed by a single human being. There lay the remains of the great poet, to all appearance entire, retaining various traces of recent vitality, or to speak more correctly, exhibiting the features of one who had newly sunk into the sleep of death. The forehead struck every one as beautifully arched, if not so high as might have been reasonably supposed, while the scalp was rather thickly covered with hair, and the teeth perfectly firm and white. Altogether the scene was so imposing, that the commonest workmen stood uncovered, and as the late Dr. Gregory did at the exhumation of the remains of King Robert Bruce, and for some moments remained inactive, as if thrilling under the effects of some undefinable emotion, while gazing on all that remained of one "whose fame is as wide as the world itself." But the scene, however imposing, was brief; for the instant the workmen inserted a shell or wooden case beneath the original coffin, the head separated from the trunk, and the whole body, with the exception of the bones, crumbled into dust. Notwithstanding the solemnity the occasion required, at least a few felt constrained to lift and examine the skull, probably under the inspiration of feelings akin to those of *Hamlet*, when he leant and moralized over *Yorick's* grave, and who, if aware of the passage, might have quoted appropriately enough the language of Byron:—

"Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul;
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul!
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
Of passion's host that never brook'd control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ
People this lonely tower—this tenement refit?"

Everything, as has been stated, was conducted with the greatest propriety and care; and after the second grave-bed of the Poet and his offspring had been carefully prepared, the original tombstone was placed above their ashes, and the vault closed for a period of nearly nineteen years, that is, from the 19th of September, 1815, till the 28th of March, 1834.

The remains of Mrs. Burns, as has already been stated, were interred on Tuesday, the 1st of April. On the day preceding, the vault was opened by Mr. Crombie, a work of considerable difficulty and labour, and the keys of the mausoleum, which is guarded round and round with high iron-pillared doors, were placed temporarily in our own possession. And here it may be best to confess the whole truth, and conceal nothing. Ever since we became acquainted with what occurred on the 19th of September, 1815, we have regretted that so favourable an opportunity was missed of taking a cast from the poet's skull; and the more so, when informed that the phrenologists had made an imaginary one from the portrait, and on this theory assigned to Burns all the qualities of a great statesman. In this regret we were joined by many; and not a few persons, here and elsewhere, by word and by letter, prompted and urged the propriety of a measure we had previously determined to adopt, if possible. But one difficulty remained behind—soothing the repugnance and conciliating the feelings of those who alone had a right to decide—the principal male relatives of the bard and his late relict. We obtained a reluctant and conditional consent. From this moment matters were put in train, and at seven a small party repaired, one by one, and by different routes to St. Michael's churchyard. But the hour was found unsuitable, and the opportunity inapt, from the number of anxious eyes still abroad. At nine, however, the attempt was renewed with all the success which the most enthusiastic admirers of genius or science could desire. Again the party conferred privately, and proceeded stealthily, one after another, by the quietest paths; and after clambering over the churchyard walls, met by appointment in front of the mausoleum. Mr. Blacklock offered his services at a favourable moment, and it was well we had a gentleman with us qualified to give a scientific account of the appearance, preservation, and peculiarities of the skull. While one of our number kept watch above, the rest of the party descended into the vault by means of a ladder and a muffled lantern; and we shall not readily forget the mingled emotions that arose in the mind, passing away and returning with the most thrilling influence, as we stood solemnly on the poet's grave, and recalled

Digitized by Google

the awful malediction of Shakspeare. The night was most serene, and the dim light of the lantern, and the loneliness of the vault, contrasted strikingly with the lambent light of the host of stars that sparkled brightly in the heavens above. Mr. Crombie's knowledge of localities rendered the process of disinterment comparatively easy; and Mr. Bogie, who had seen the skull in 1815, proclaimed its identity the moment it appeared. But in the absence of such a witness, its size and appearance were quite sufficient to avouch the fact, and after it had been carefully cleaned, a cast was taken from it before the parties retired to rest. In the execution of this duty they received the most efficient assistance from Mr. James Fraser, whose skill and style of handling would do no discredit to a London artist. Just as the party were about to separate, the clock struck the hour of one in the morning: and although ten individuals were present at the last, the largest hat of the whole was found too narrow to receive the skull—a sufficient proof of its extraordinary size. Early on Tuesday morning a leaden box was made, and carefully lined with the softest materials; and on the same day, we as in duty bound, witnessed its reinterment, the sacred relict it contained, previous to the funeral of Mrs. Burns. The original tombstone from the vault has been placed within the iron railing which protects the sculpture. In accomplishing this, the said railing had to be slightly enlarged; and the stone now occupies a position where it can be seen by all, without being trod upon, or injured by any. The inscriptions upon it are as follow, the closing one having been chiselled within the last few days:—

"In memory of Robert Burns, who died the 21st July, 1796, in the 37th year of his age; and Maxwell Burns, who died 25th April, 1793, aged two years and nine months. Also of Francis Wallace Burns, who died 9th July, 1803, aged 14 years. Also of Jean Armour, relict of the poet, born February, 1765, died 26th March, 1834."

What follows is from the pen of Mr. Blacklock:—

"On Monday night, 31st of March, 1834, Mr. John M'Diarmid, Mr. Adam Rankine, Mr. James Kerr, Mr. James Bogie, Mr. Andrew Crombie, and myself, descended into the vault of the Mausoleum for the purpose of examining the remains of Burns, and, if possible, procuring a cast of his skull. Mr. Crombie, having witnessed the exhumation of the bard's remains in 1815, and seen them deposited in their present resting place, at once pointed out the exact spot where the head would be found, and a few spadefulls of loose sandy soil being removed, the skull was brought into view, and carefully lifted.

"The cranial bones were perfect in every respect, if we except a little erosion of their external table, and firmly held together by their sutures; even the delicate bones of the orbits, with the trifling exception of the os unguis in the left, were sound and uninjured by death and the grave. The superior maxillary bones still retained the four most posterior teeth on each side, including the dentes sapieniiæ, and all without spot or blemish; the incisores, cuspidati, &c. had in all probability, recently dropped from the jaw, for the alveoli were but little decayed. The bones of the face and palate were also sound. Some small portions of black hair, with a very few grey hairs intermixed, were observed while detaching some extraneous matter from the occiput. Indeed nothing could exceed the general high state of preservation in which we found the bones of the cranium, or offer a fairer opportunity of supplying what has so long been desiderated by phrenologists, a correct model of our immortal poet's head: and in order to accomplish this in the most accurate and satisfactory manner, every particle of sand, or other foreign body, was carefully washed off, and the plaster of Paris applied with all the tact and accuracy of an experienced artist. The cast is admirably taken, and cannot fail to prove highly interesting to phrenologists and others.

"Having completed our intention, the skull, securely inclosed in a leaden case, was again committed to the earth precisely where we found it.

"ARCHD. BLACKLOCK.

"*Dumfries, April* 1, 1834."

GEMS,

From Sardanapalus, by Lord Byron.

SARDANAPALUS, ON HIS MODE OF LIFE.

Must I consume my life, this little life,
In guarding against all may make it less?
It is not worth so much! it were to die
Before my hour, to live in dread of death,
Tracing revolt: suspecting all about me,
Because they are near; and all who are remote,
Because they are far. But if it should be so—
If they should sweep me off from earth and empire,
Why, what is earth, or empire of the earth?
I have loved, and lived, and multiplied my image;
To die is no less natural than those
Acts of this clay! 'Tis true I have not shed
Blood, as I might have done, in oceans, till
My name became the synonyme of death—
A terror and a trophy. But for this
I feel no penitence; my life is love:
If I must shed blood, it shall be by force.
Till now no drop from an Assyrian vein
Hath flow'd for me, nor hath the smallest coin
Of Nineveh's vast treasures e'er been lavish'd
On objects which could cost her sons a tear:
If then they hate me, 'tis because I hate not;
If they rebel, it is because I oppress not.
Oh men! ye must be ruled with scythes not sceptres,
And mow'd down like the grass, else all we reap
Is rank abundance, and a rotten harvest
Of discontents infecting the fair soil,
Making a desert of fertility,

SARDANAPALUS AND MYRRHA.

Sar. Thou art very fair,
And what I seek of thee is love not safety.
Myr. And without love where dwells security?

Digitized by Google

Sar. I speak of woman's love.
Myr. The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breath'd out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.
Sar. My eloquent Ionian! thou speak'st music,
The very chorus of the tragic song
I have heard thee talk of as the favourite pastime
Of thy far father-land. Nay, weep not; calm thee.
Myr. I weep not. But I pray thee, do not speak
About my fathers or their land.
Sar. Yet oft
Thou speakest of them.
Myr. True—true: constant thought
Will overflow in words unconsciously;
But when another speaks of Greece, it wounds me.

MYRRHA'S LOVE OF SARDANAPALUS.

Myr. Why do I love this man? My country's daughters
Love none but heroes. But I have no country!
The slave hath lost all save her bonds. I love him;
And that's the heaviest link of the long chain—
To love whom we esteem not. Be it so:
The hour is coming when he'll need all love,
And find none. To fall from him now were baser
Than to have stabb'd him on his throne when highest
Would have been noble in my country's creed;
I was not made for either. Could I save him,
I should not love *him* better, but myself;
And I have need of the last, for I have fallen
In my own thoughts, by loving this soft stranger:
And yet methinks I love him more, perceiving
That he is hated of his own barbarians,
The natural foes of all the blood of Greece.
Could I but wake a single thought like those
Which e'en the Phrygians felt when battling long
'Twixt Ilion and the sea within his heart
He would tread down the barbarous crowds, and triumph.
He loves me, and I love him; the slave loves
Her master, and would free him from his vices.
If not, I have a means of freedom still,
And if I cannot teach him how to reign,
May show him how alone a king can leave
His throne. I must not lose him from my sight.
* * * * * *
'Tis no dishonour, no,
'Tis no dishonour to have loved this man.
I almost wish now, what I never wish'd
Before, that he were Grecian. If Alcides
Were shamed in wearing Lydian Omphale's
She-garb, and wielding her vile distaff, surely
He who springs up a Hercules at once,
Nursed in effeminate arts from youth to manhood,
And rushes from the banquet to the battle,
As though it were a bed of love, deserves
That a Greek girl should be his paramour,
And a Greek bard his minstrel, a Greek tomb
His monument.

FONDNESS OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR ANIMAL FOOD.

Two German tailors had been cheerfully eating a vegetable dinner—so does the Italian who lives on macaroni;—so does the Irish labourer who lives on potatoes;—so do the French peasants who eat little but bread;—so do the millions who subsist in India on rice—in Africa on dates—in the South-Sea Islands and West Indies on the bread-tree and on yams; in fact, only a very small proportion of the inhabitants of this globe are carnivorous: yet, in England, we are so accustomed to the gouty luxury of meat, that it is now almost looked upon as a necessity; and though our poor, we must all confess, generally speaking, are religiously patient, yet so soon as the middle classes are driven from animal to vegetable diet, they carnivorously both believe and argue that they are in the world remarkable objects of distress—that their country is in distress—that "things cannot last;—in short, pointing to an artificial scale of luxury, which they themselves have hung up in their own minds, or rather in their stomachs, they persist that vegetable diet is low diet—that being without roast-beef is living below zero, and that molares, or teeth for grinding the roots and fruits of the earth, must have been given to mankind in general, and to the English nation in particular—by mistake.—*Bubbles from Nassau.*

ANECDOTE OF THISTLEWOOD.

When Thistlewood was on the scaffold, his demeanour was that of a man who was resolved boldly to meet the fate he had deserved; in the few words which were exchanged between him and his fellow criminals he observed, that the grand question whether or not the soul was immortal would soon be solved for them. No expression of hope escaped him, no breathing of repentance; no spark of grace appeared. Yet (it is a fact which, whether it be more consolatory or awful, ought to be known) on the night after the sentence, and preceding his execution, while he supposed that the person who was appointed to watch him in his cell was asleep, this miserable man was seen by that person repeatedly to rise upon his knees, and heard repeatedly calling upon Christ his Saviour to have mercy upon him, and to forgive him his sins! All men and women are verily, as Shakspeare has said of them, merely players, when we see them upon the stage of the world; that is, when they are seen anywhere except in the freedom and undressed intimacy of private life. —*The Doctor.*

POPULARITY OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

The "Arabian Nights" made their way amongst us at once, because, in addition to stories of enchantment which interest the young, they exhibit a true picture of life and manners which comes home to the bosoms of men in whatever climate they breathe. There is very little of the sectarian peculiarities of religion in those immortal tales. The presiding care of a beneficent Providence they uniformly acknowledge; they treat as an opposing and formidable power the spirit of evil, and they assign to both subordinate agents, who, under the forms of propitious or malignant genii, manage all the affairs of the world. This is a system easily comprehended, and the exciting character of the incidents constituting a majority of these stories easily reconciles us to the marvellous machinery by which they are conducted.—*Quarterly Review.*

Digitized by Google

PUBLIC WALKS:

THE ITALIAN BOULEVARD, PARIS.

It has been well observed that "we have nothing in England like the Parisian Boulevards;" and we fear private interest will long continue to thwart such recreative additions to our metropolis, as roads of great breadth, with a double row of elms, and some with two walks, or four rows, on each side, such as are the Boulevards of the French capital. These avenues are not, however, merely to be admired for their approach to rural beauty; for, "rising as they do, in the heart of a great city, they partake of its artificial elegance and luxurious character; being skirted in some parts with tastefully-built dwellings, shops, *restaurants*, and *cafés*."

Of these roads and walks, the *Boulevard des Italiens* is the most fashionable portion of the inner belt or zone. Here, in fine weather, loungers pass the sunny day upon chairs, which are hired for two sous each. At nightfall, the promenade is well lighted, and thousands of persons going to or from the theatres, or private parties, or lounging about for diversion, keep up the bustle and animation, till all-subduing sleep bids the busy world retire. But the Engraving will convey a better idea of the grouping of the Italian Boulevard than a page of description.

The trees consist almost entirely of the small-leaved elm: a great many of them were, during the July Revolution of 1830, cut down; but others have, we believe, been planted in their stead. Mr. Loudon, in November, 1830, suggested that they should be "planted in a manner suitable to the progress of the age; and that, instead of monotonous lines of elms, there should be a representative system of all the vigorous-growing timber-trees which would flourish in the open air in the latitude of Paris;" which hint has not, we hope, been disregarded by those persons to whom the replanting of the Boulevard has been entrusted.

Fine Arts.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S MONUMENT.

An Engraving of this noble work will be found at page 417 of our twentieth volume, with such details as we were able to collect

Digitized by Google

about sixteen months since, by a visit to the spot, an ascent to the abacus of the column, and a hasty look-out from its platform; for the iron railing was not then fixed on the outlines, and we suffered some trifling inconvenience from the reverberation of the chippings of a score or two of masons; although we do not plead this in extenuation of a few misstatements in our details of the column. The dimensions were furnished to us by a responsible person connected with the works; but the reference of the column to the Doric instead of the Tuscan order may be an error of our own judgment, or memory.*

The reader may be aware that the colossal statue of the Duke of York has, within these few days, been placed upon the acrote or domed top of the column, and the monument thus completed; and, almost simultaneously, has appeared a column of details in the several London newspapers, in all probability, furnished by the architect, or the Committee for superintending this work of grateful testimony. From these details we abridge a few particulars.

"The subscription for a monument to commemorate the public services of the Duke of York as Commander-in-Chief of the army, having, in the year 1829, amounted to the sum of 21,000*l.* (which was afterwards increased, by an accumulation of interest and further contributions, to about 25,000*l.*), the Committee of Noblemen and Gentlemen for managing the application of that fund invited seven or eight of the most eminent architects in the country to offer their suggestions and to make designs, with a view to the accomplishment of that object." The Committee did not, however, decide upon the design till December, 1830, when that submitted by Mr. Benjamin Wyatt was finally adopted. Mr. Newell, the mason, of Grosvenor Wharf, Pimlico, contracted to complete the *column* for the sum of 15,760*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* and within two years from his being put in possession of the ground. "Fortunately, the great opening into St. James's Park had been decided on before the exact site for the column was fixed upon; and thus, an opportunity was afforded for placing this ornamental and stupendous feature in one of the most imposing positions imaginable, whether with reference to its effect as viewed from the top of Regent-street, or from the Park below the steps." The view from the summit of the column itself is, certainly, the finest to be obtained of the most embellished quarter of the metropolis, and approached only by the *coup d'œil* from the Colosseum; and, to quote ourselves, "from the York column alone can the magnificence of Regent-street be duly appreciated, and, above all, the skill of the architect in effecting the junction of the lines by the classical introduction of the Quadrant."

Possession of the ground was given to the architect and contractor on April 25, 1831; the excavation for the foundation was commenced on the 27th of the same month, and finished on the 25th of the month (May) following. "The peculiar nature of that foundation is not one of the least remarkable among the characteristics of the masterly construction. The ground being in an artificial and a very loose state, to a great depth below the general level of Carlton-gardens, in the part where the column was to stand, it became necessary to remove the loose ground, and dig to a solid stratum of natural earth, which was not to be had at less than twenty-two feet below the general surface, and from thence to bring up such a foundation as should be fit to receive the enormous weight of the intended column. In the course of only twenty-eight days from the completion of the excavation, a body of *concrete*,† consisting of stone-lime, river-stones, sand, coal-ashes, and water, in certain proportions, was formed of sufficient magnitude and solidity to fill up the excavation, and to sustain the vast superincumbent weight of the column; and in seven weeks exactly, from the time at which this body of concrete was commenced, the masonry of the pedestal of the column was begun to be placed upon it.

"This artificial foundation was, to a certain degree, of a pyramidal form, its base lines forming a square of fifty-three feet, whilst its top lines formed a square of thirty feet, with all four sides inclining equally and regularly (as towards the apex of a pyramid) from the base to the top. At the height of 11 feet 6 inches above the base line of the concrete was introduced a strong course of Yorkshire stone slabs, seven inches thick, lying over the whole surface of the concrete at that level—an extent of upwards of forty feet each way—and composed of stones of such magnitude, that nine of them were sufficient to cover the whole superfices, effectually equalizing the pressure from above upon the body of the concrete below. Again, at the top of the line of the concrete this same expedient was repeated, and another course of Yorkshire stone slabs introduced, to complete the artificial mass which was to form the foundation for the column and its pedestal, and which in a short time became as solid and compact as if it had been a natural rock of granite. Upon this huge,

* We have, we might say, an illustrious precedent for such a mistake; Palladio having asserted that he found some ancient remains of the Tuscan order in Italy, of which he has given an example restored from the fragments; but it is so different from that described by Vitruvius, that it is not so much a genuine Tuscan as a fancy order, founded upon a spoliation of the Doric.

† The foundation of the New Westminster Hospital was similarly managed; (see *Mirror*, vol. xxii. p. 82,) as well as that of the City Club-house (see *Mirror*, vol. xxii. p. 417.).

Digitized by Google

newly-created body of composition (which was completed on the 25th of June, 1831) the first course of masonry was, in only three weeks afterwards, commenced.

"The column is of the Tuscan order, and is composed of granite of different colours, all brought from quarries in Aberdeenshire. Its surface throughout is, according to technical language, '*fine axed*,' not polished or rubbed.

"The pedestal underneath the column consists of ten courses of grey granite, from the quarries of Aberdeen, above the level of the ground, and is 16 feet 8 inches high, to the bottom of the base of the column, having one course of rough granite (from the island of Hern) between the first of these ten courses and the course of Yorkshire stone slabs, on the top of the concrete."

We now come to the dimensions, in which there occur a few discrepancies with our statement sixteen months since. The account proceeds:—"The plinth of the pedestal measures 22 feet 6 inches on either side; and its die is 18 feet and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter. The base of the column, consisting of two members only—viz. the plinth and the torus—are formed also of granite from Aberdeenshire, but of a bluer tone of colour than that of the pedestal; and are, together, 5 feet 4 inches in height. The shaft of the column, which is of red granite, contains twenty-six courses, and has six apertures on one side, and seven on the other, for the admission of light to the staircase within. The bottom diameter of the shaft is 11 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and that of its top, immediately under the capital, is 10 feet $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches; whilst its whole height is 84 feet 10 inches, from the *top* of the basement to the *bottom* of the capital. The capital consists of two courses of the same coloured granite as the base, and is 4 feet 2 inches in height. Upon the outer lines of the abacus of the capital is fixed a plain but very substantial iron railing; and in its centre is constructed the acroter, which at once forms a roof, or covering, to the internal staircase, and a pedestal for the statue to stand upon. The superstructure is of the same red granite as the shaft, and contains seven courses in height between the top of the abacus and the foot of the statue. The gross altitude of the whole structure, from the surface of the ground to the top of the acroter, is 123 feet six inches; and the statue itself being 13 feet 6 inches, the whole distance from the ground to the top of the figure is 137 feet.

"The spiral staircase within the pedestal and shaft of the column consists of 168 steps, of 2 feet 4 inches wide, and very well lighted in every part between the pedestal and the outlet upon the abacus of the capital. The architect made use of this staircase for the purpose of firmly binding together all parts of this fabric, by means of the bond-stones."

We must add, the whole has such an appearance of solidity as to resemble one stupendous slab of granite, within which the stairs have been, as it were, dug, or chiselled out.

The statue weighs 7 tons 800lb., and represents the Duke in the robes of the Order of the Garter, the folds of which aid in supporting the ponderous figure. It was conveyed to the base of the pillar on a truck, and was hauled up by ropes and pulleys, the scaffolding for which is stated to have been a triumph of mechanical contrivance. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to reflect on a weight of 16,480lb. being raised 123 feet in height* without associating the labour with some of the gigantic labours of antiquity; an association, by the way, which is not unassisted by the material of the column, this being, as regards hardness, colour, and external appearance, scarcely inferior to "the red and grey Egyptian granite of ancient times." It should not, however, be overlooked, that if we consider the raising of this statue a wonder of art in the present age of mechanical triumphs, what must have been the labour of the Egyptians in erecting their stupendous monuments, beside which our buildings are puny, and almost furnish materials for another Lilliputian satire. One consolatory reflection remains. The monuments of Egypt are, by those who have studied their history, believed to have been undertaken by tyrannical rulers to oppress the people, and thousands perished in their construction; but the architectural works of our times are the free labours of industry and peaceful prosperity.

The York column, in form, resembles the Pillars of Trajan, at Rome, and of Napoleon, in the Place Vendôme, at Paris. Yet it lacks the interesting character of those celebrated monuments. The rich reliefs are wanting in our column, where all is blank stone; and the merits of the Trajan reliefs, as illustrations of the manners, costume, &c. of the period in which the pillar was erected, are too valuable to be passed over in the comparison.

The proportions of the York column, and that at Paris, are as follow:

Column at Paris.	*Feet.*	*York Column.*	*Feet.*
Height - - - -	141	Height - - -	137
Diameter - - - - -	12 9	Extreme Diam.	11 $7\frac{1}{2}$

* This extraordinary labour occupied from eleven o'clock A.M. till six o'clock in the evening. The sum to be paid for raising the statue, and placing it on the column is 400*l.*, the contractor binding himself to make good any damage that might happen to the statue by accident or otherwise. There is no instance of any statue of so great a weight having been lifted to such a height in this country.

Digitized by Google

The Public Journals.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

A Sicilian Fact.

Mascali, a thriving town on the eastern coast of Sicily, some miles distant from the city of Catania, is situated on the beach, at the foot of one of the most charming of the Etnean hills, whose gentle slope is covered with vineyards, corn fields, and olive grounds, interspersed with gardens, and orange groves, which impart a delicious perfume to the air. The size and flourishing condition of its productions abundantly testify the exuberant fertility of the soil. A little above the town, and overlooking it, is the modern residence of the ancient family of Z————, situated in one of the pleasantest spots imaginable, embowered in a wilderness of agrunie, whose never-fading verdure gives the appearance of perpetual spring to this favoured region. The summit of this beautiful eminence is crowned by an antique castle, formerly the abode of the same family; and in still earlier times, a royal chateau, built by one of the kings of Sicily, for his reception, when disposed to partake of the pleasures of the chase. It commands in front an enchanting view of the distant coast of Italy, the sea studded with craft of every denomination, and the shore variegated with town and village, winding streams, and promontories of lava. To the right, lay the superb city and vast plain of Catania, so renowned for its fertility. To the left, the silver currents of the Acis and the Fiume Freddo are seen paying their tribute to the sea. Behind, stretches an extensive wood, remarkable for the size and variety of its trees, and the inexhaustible stock of game with which it is furnished. In the distance, the most prominent and sublimest feature of the scene, the snow-crowned Etna, elevates its smoking head into the clouds. This old edifice is called il Castello della Zita, or the Betrothed, from a daughter of an ancient lord of these possessions, whose father, as the tale runs, arbitrarily promised her hand to one of her suitors, whilst her heart was engaged to another. In spite of tears, prayers, and remonstrances, a day was destined for the marriage. On the evening preceding the morning on which the ceremony was to take place, it was observed that the intended bride had dried her tears, and appeared composed and resigned to her fate. In the morning the guests had arrived, the priest was ready, the bridegroom in attendance; but the bride was wanting. She was not in her apartment. The castle was searched from turret to dungeon, but the young lady was not found. At length, a pair of slippers was discovered on the ledge of a window: they were recognised as those of the bride. On looking out, she was seen lying in her nightdress, a corpse, in the ditch of the castle, into which she had precipitated herself to avoid a detested union.

The present story, though of a more modern date, as it happened somewhat after the middle of the last century, in some points resembles the foregoing; but the lady, although, if possible, still more unfortunate in her destiny, does not appear to have possessed the desperate resolution of her fair predecessor.

Baron Z————, the proprietor of these domains at that period, had led a single life until near fifty, and perhaps might have continued to do so, had not some disagreement with his brother, who, in default of issue, was his heir, determined him to disappoint his expectations by taking a wife at that late period. Having formed this resolution, he proposed for the daughter of the Prince of P————, of Catania, a girl of eighteen, whom, perhaps, he had not seen twice in his lifetime. The baron being well known by his large possessions, the father consented at once to a match, which, reckoning for nothing the disparity of years, or the inclinations of his child, he esteemed highly advantageous. When he communicated the offer to his daughter, and ordered her peremptorily to receive the baron as her future husband, the young lady was thunderstruck at intelligence so unlooked for and disagreeable, and remained silent, being incapable of utterance, in the presence of the prince; but no sooner had he retired, than throwing herself at the feet of her mother, she conjured her to prevent a union which could not fail to plunge her in irremediable misery. The princess, though attached to her daughter, knowing the arbitrary and violent character of her husband, declined all interference in the matter, and recommended obedience as the wisest and fittest course. In fact, both her parents were aware that her principal objection to the baron was an attachment she entertained for a cadet of a noble family, an officer in the army, then absent in Naples; but neither of them suspected that she had already clandestinely become his wife. They had, previous to his departure, been privately married by the family chaplain, who had been won over by their entreaties. No wonder, then, that the unfortunate girl testified such repugnance to the match now proposed to her. In vain she expostulated and entreated; a deaf ear was turned to her prayers. Her union with the officer she dared not reveal, well knowing, from the vindictive temper of her father, that such confession would cost the life of her husband.

Whilst the young lady remained utterly at a loss what steps to take in so deplorable a condition, her father aware, as I have said, of her inclination for the young officer, artfully procured a letter to be sent from Naples, detailing a fictitious account of his death;

Digitized by Google

conceiving that when he had thus succeeded in shutting out all hope, he should find her more tractable. These dreadful tidings overwhelmed her with grief; but far from answering the expectations of the prince, seemed only to have increased her aversion to the baron; until her father, designing to terrify her into consent, gave her the choice of a convent, or that nobleman for a husband; disappointed by her gladly embracing the former, he retracted his offer, which had been mere menace, and would not even hear of the alternative he had himself proposed. He then allowed her but three days to prepare herself, giving her to understand that the baron, at the expiration of that period, would come to the palace to be betrothed to her, as is the custom in Sicily, previous to the actual celebration of the marriage ceremony.

These three days were three whole ages of horror to the unfortunate young lady. At times her heart misgave her, and suspicions came over her mind, that the story of her husband's death might be a fabrication; a notion which only served to add to the cruel embarrassment of her situation. She resolved still to hold out, and to refuse her consent when the fatal hour arrived. When it did, and the baron came in state, with a long train of relatives and friends to witness the event, she refused to appear, and remained in an undress within her chamber. But these were weak preservatives against the fury of her father, who violently tore her in that condition from her apartment, and apologizing to the baron for what he termed girlish waywardness, commanded her to signify her consent to the proposed union. Terrified by his menaces, and not gifted by nature with any great energy of character, she said, in faltering accents, that she was compelled to comply with the will of her father. This dubious assent was esteemed sufficient by those with whom a direct refusal would have signified as little. Soon after, the marriage ceremony took place; she was carried by force to the church, where she fainted at the altar, and remained in a state of insensibility during the greater part of the service. After its termination the exulting baron returned to Mascali with his mourning bride, whose sorrow he attributed, as her father had hinted, to her being now, for the first time, removed from the paternal residence.

Her internal struggles, her grief for the supposed death of her real husband, the agitation she had undergone, affected her brain, and though not altogether amounting to actual insanity, she began to give proofs of aberration of intellect. There was at the time, and there still is, in the grounds, a beautiful reservoir of water, ornamented with a superb fountain. This was her favourite resort: she would sit by its margin for hours together, in utter listlessness, or mingling her tears with its pellucid stream. Even at night she would leave her bed, hasten there, and giving vent to her feelings, commit a thousand extravagances. The baron, who it seems was in reality much attached to her, was at first alarmed by these nightly wanderings, but having caused her to be watched, and finding that she discovered no inclination to injure herself, he thought it best to let her have her own way, and gradually grew accustomed to her wild and eccentric habits. At length she became a mother, an event which gave great delight to the baron, and seemed, for a time, to relieve the devouring melancholy which preyed on her heart.

It is not improbable that the flow of new feelings, maternal affection, and the assurance that her first husband was no more, might have finally succeeded in restoring reason which had only been occasionally clouded, to the empire of her mind. She gradually grew better, and appeared reconciled to her situation; when one day her favourite attendant, whom she had brought with her from Catania, told her, that she had seen the ghost of her former husband in the garden; that it attempted to approach her, but overcome with terror, she had escaped into the house. The wretched young baroness, never entirely convinced of his death, saw at once through the deceit that had been practised on her, and broke into violent exclamations of grief, remorse, and despair. She directed the maid to watch the garden, and the next time she saw the appearance, (which she was convinced was not a spirit, but her beloved husband in person,) to speak to him, and relate how cruelly she had been beguiled into a marriage with the baron, and to acquaint him that she would, the same night, meet him at her favourite haunt, the fountain. Next day the woman again fell in with him, and on his addressing her, soon found that he was no spectre, but the living husband of her lady. Having imparted all her mistress had desired, the young man said, that hearing of her marriage with Baron Z———, he had felt assured that she had been made the victim of some artful misrepresentation, and that as soon as he had been able to obtain leave of absence, he had hastened to Sicily, to hear the fatal story from her own lips; prepared, in case he found her union was voluntary, to bury his own claim in oblivion, rather than destroy her peace, or injure her honour in the eyes of the world, whatever the effort might cost him.

That night the wretched husband and wife met at the fountain, and gave vent to the poignant anguish with which they were alike penetrated. They would willingly have fled together, but where would they be safe from the pursuing resentment of her father and the baron? To avow their marriage

Digitized by Google

and claim her as his wife, was a scheme equally hopeless and hazardous. There were no other witnesses to the marriage, which had taken place privately in the family chapel, than her own servant and the priest who performed the ceremony; whose testimony, no doubt, would be overruled, or themselves, if expedient, put out of the way. After several hours spent in fruitless deliberation, they at length parted; having resolved, as their only practicable plan, to attempt an escape to a foreign country, as they could not hope to be secure in their own. Night after night the unhappy couple continued to meet at the fountain. The baron, aware of her mental infirmity, and of her similar excursions before her confinement, paid little attention to what he supposed a return of the malady. In the mean time, the officer having collected what money he could command, which, with the lady's jewels, was all they had to rely on for future subsistence, hired a felucca, which was to convey them to Trieste, whence they proposed making their singular story known to her family, and effecting, if possible, a reconciliation with them.

All, for some time, appeared to favour their plans; the day appointed for the sailing of the felucca and the flight of the lady approached. But their nightly meetings, carried on with too little precaution, had attracted the attention of the domestics: one of them, the gamekeeper, to ingratiate himself with his master, betrayed the secret of the unhappy couple. The baron, infuriated at being thus, as he conceived, dishonoured, ferociously gave orders to the informer and an assistant, to lie in wait for, and despatch the unhappy young man in the presence of his supposed mistress. These men, though they accepted the horrible commission, less cruel than their master, had the compunction to forbear committing the dreadful deed before the eyes of the lady. The officer was, as usual, the first who came to the place of meeting. The assassins discharged their blunderbusses at him, a few paces distant from the fountain, willing that their mistress might at least be spared the terrible shock of discovering the body herself. But the dying man, badly wounded as he was, either to slake the death thirst, or obtain, perhaps, a last sad look of his beloved, contrived to crawl to the margin of the fountain, and there expired, a few moments before his wretched wife came to the spot. When she saw and recognised her husband, heedless of discovery, she threw herself on the bleeding body, pressed it in her arms, and filled the air with her piercing screams. The murderers conjecturing the cause of the cries, drew near to the spot. When she saw them approach she sprung up, and endeavoured to precipitate herself into the water. Prevented in this design by the savage humanity of the assassins, she broke from them, and ran wildly through the grounds, frightfully shrieking, leaving behind her a track of her husband's blood, which dropped from her night dress, saturated with the crimson stream. When at length overtaken and reconveyed to the house, deliquium followed deliquium, and when they ceased, frenzy succeeded; the dark night of insanity had utterly quenched the light of reason. In her lucid intervals, which were few and far between, she was heard to pray for the return of madness as a relief from sufferings too acute to be endured. The baron, her husband, never mentioned the circumstance, nor suffered it to be alluded to in the house. The morning after the event, he ordered the corpse to be consigned into the hands of the police, as that of a person killed by his servants in the supposition that he was a robber, having been found trespassing by night on his premises.

During the short time the lady lived, she returned to her former habit of wandering by night. The spot stained with the blood of her husband was her favourite haunt; there was she accustomed to sit and linger for hours, seeming to hold converse with some invisible being, addressing the visionary creation of the brain with the most endearing epithets, and extending and folding her arms as if embracing a beloved object. Long after her death, the terrified domestics were wont to assert that they often beheld at night a female form sit weeping by the brink of the fatal fountain.—*Metropolitan.*

SONG.

Upon a bedded bank,
With flowers between the grass;
And by a crystal stream,
That shall smoothly pass,—
There let me lie.

Let the boughs above
Hang o'er my head;
And the flickering beams
Through leaves be shed—
There let me lie.

Let the happy bird
There still happy be;
Golden beetles creep,
And take no thought of me—
There let me lie.

Let the white-crown'd flower
Shrink not to be seen;
Raised on a sceptred stem,
As it were the Queen—
There let me lie.

Strife there cannot be
In a scene like this;
Where the leaf and flower,
And trees and water kiss—
There let me lie.

Life hath here repose,
In the green above;
In the green below,
All whose light is love!—
There let me lie.

Digitized by Google

Troubles will not come,
Sorrow passeth by,
But Fancy looketh down
With her cheerful eye—
There let me lie.

Who shall enter in?
But for whom 'tis meet;
All with sweetest look,
And with gentle feet,
Whilst there I lie.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Naturalist.

BURNING MOUNTAIN OF AUSTRALIA.

Communicated by the Rev. C. Pleydell N. Wilton, M. A., to the New South Wales Magazine.

As I have lately returned from a fourth visit to the burning mountain, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to learn the appearance then presented by that phenomenon of our southern land. My first excursion to Mount Wingen I accomplished in the early part of the year 1829, an account of which appeared in the *Australian Almanac* in 1830, and the following year; and, in the same annual of 1832, my second visit is recorded. I had again an opportunity of observing the progress of ignition on this mountain in the middle of last year. The fire was at the period raging in two directions—viz. S.S.W. and on that portion of the summit where it had been long extinct to the eastward, having made rapid progress in the former direction since my previous visit. I had the good fortune on this occasion to procure some excellent specimens of crystals of sulphur, sulphate of alumine, muriate of ammonia, &c., which I secured on the spot with wax, in compartments made in trays, so formed as to fit tight into a large box. This when filled, and fastened down, was conveyed away upon a dray; and when the distance of the mountain from Newcastle, and in many places the unevenness of the road, which passes over hills and through creeks and gullies, are taken into consideration, it is surprising that they were so little injured. The above method I should recommend as the only one by which a collector could insure the *safe* conveyance from the mountain of specimens composed of such delicate materials. On my visit to the same spot last month, I found the sulphureous vapours ascending in much thicker columns, and the red heat in the crevices more intense and continuous, than on any former occasion. A greater portion also of the mountain was under ignition, and the fire was raging up the acclivity to the S.S.W., and over a space below on a portion of the mountain to the N.W., which had not been submitted to its action evidently for a long period. The thermometer placed at the margin of one of the crevices, where the sandstone below was at a red heat, rose to 170°. An amazing quantity of muriate of ammonia, and of sulphate of alumine, as well amorphous as stalactitic, and in the shape of porous balls, is being constantly formed. The stock of the latter had been lately much reduced, this substance being greatly in request amongst the neighbouring settlers, as a cure for the disease in sheep. Before I quitted the mountain, and while engaged in searching for varieties of agate, fragments of which are very abundant, a most beautiful specimen of quartz crystals upon this mineral, of about a foot in diameter, was dug out of the earth at no great distance from the scene of fire and disruption.

TORPIDITY OF SNAILS.

(By a Correspondent of the Magazine of Natural History.)

THERE are on record some extraordinary facts, which seem to prove that, under certain conditions, all of which are not yet known, the respiration of many Mollusca, more especially the terrestrial, may be suspended for an indefinite period, and again renewed by the application of heat and moisture; life, as it were, keeping watch, and holding at bay every destructive agent, but without giving any outward sign of her presence and constant wakefulness, until the return of those influences in which she joys. "All the land Testacea," to use the words of Dr. Fleming, "appear to have the power of becoming torpid at pleasure, and independent of any alterations of temperature. Thus, even in midsummer, if we place in a box specimens of the Helix hortensis, nemoralis, or arbustorum, without food, in a day or two they form for themselves a thin operculum, attach themselves to the side of the box, and remain in this dormant state. They may be kept in this condition for several years. No ordinary change of temperature produces any effect upon them, but they speedily revive if plunged in water. Even in their natural haunts, they are often found in this state during the summer season, when there is a continued drought. With the first shower, however, they recover, and move about; and at this time the conchologist ought to be on the alert." (*Phil. Zool.*, vol. ii. p. 77.) I may illustrate these remarks, which are perfectly correct, by some additional examples; one or two of which you may find to require an exercise of faith for which you may not be altogether prepared. Mr. Lyell tells us that "four individuals of a large species of Bulimus, from Valparasio, were brought to England by Lieutenant Graves, who accompanied Captain King in his late expedition to the Straits of Magellan. They had been packed up in a box, and enveloped in cotton, two for a space of thirteen, one for seventeen, and a fourth for upwards of twenty months; but, on being exposed, by Mr. Broderip, to the warmth of a fire in London, and provided

Digitized by Google

with tepid water and leaves, they revived, and are now living in Mr. Loddiges's palm-house." (*Princ. Geol.*, vol. ii. p. 109.) Dr. Elliotson put a garden snail "into a dry closet, without food a year and a half ago: it became torpid, and has remained so ever since, except whenever I have chosen to moisten it. A few drops of water revive it any time." (Blumenbach's *Physiology*, p. 182.) Similar instances may be found in some of the periodical journals; but they are as nothing when compared with the snails of Mr. Stuckey Simon, a merchant of Dublin, which, on being immersed in water, recovered and crept about after an uninterrupted torpidity of *at least fifteen years*; and I agree with Mr. Bingley in thinking that this is a well-authenticated fact. Whether what follows is so, I leave to your own decision; but I will not say you are unreasonably sceptical if you deem it too tramontane. "Professor Eaton of New York stated," says my authority, "that the diluvial deposits through which the Erie Canal was made contained ridges of hard compact gravel. On cutting through one of these, near Rome village, 16 miles west of Utica, the workmen found several hundred of *live* molluscous animals. They were chiefly of the Mya cariosa and Mya purpurea. The workmen took the animals, fried, and ate them. He adds, 'I was assured that they were taken *alive* 42 *ft. deep in the deposit*. Several of the shells are now before me. The deposit is diluvial. These animals must have been there from the time of the deluge, for the earth in which they were is too compact for them to have been produced by a succession of generations. These freshwater clams of 3000 years old precisely resemble the same species which now inhabit the fresh waters of that district; therefore, the lives of these animals have been greatly prolonged by their exclusion from air and light for more than 3000 years." (Silliman's *Amer. Journal.*)

The Gatherer.

A Question Settled.—One morning a very philosophical gentleman, a great inquirer into right and wrong causes and effects, and in mind akin to the sage in Rasselas, who wished to arrange the world after his own ideas of order and equity, came down to breakfast, and beheld from a window looking into a back court, a cat playing with a mouse. Hereupon our philosopher began thus to muse within himself: "Is it just that one poor, weak, defenceless creature should become the sport and prey of another, large, strong, and rapacious? Is it right, that suddenly, in its prime of life and enjoyment, it should thus barbarously be cut off from both? Shall I drive its enemy away, and deliver it? Yet if I do, *cui bono?* My cat and millions of other people's cats will still catch mice: I may preserve the existence of one mouse for a space, (alas! it cannot be for long!) but not of the species: yet grant that I could save the whole race: what then? Why, then the genus *Mus* would so increase and multiply, that overrunning the earth, they would become the pests and destroyers of man? Besides, would it be kind and just towards the cat, made by nature a beast of prey, to deprive her of this mouse? For Providence has assuredly not less formed mice to be eaten, than cats to devour them? What right have I then to deprive Puss of her lawful prey? And what shall I do? I am, I confess, fairly puzzled; for here are two principles very opposite, but both, it seems to me, equally rational. It is unjust that the weaker should become the prey of the stronger; but it is equally unjust to deprive that stronger of its appointed sustenance, be it obtained as it may. How shall I reconcile these differences? How proceed in so delicate a case? &c. &c. Whilst our philosopher perplexed himself with these truly edifying thoughts, (they passed through his mind much quicker than we can detail them,) forgetting that he had no business to interfere with the original laws laid down by the Creator of all things, or to attempt to remodel them, a housemaid with her broom stepped into the yard, and in a summary manner ended his deliberations, by sending the cat flying from a bang with her staff of office, and laying the mouse dead on the spot with a sturdy and well-directed blow.

M. M.

Fragments.

Dost dream thine icy heart shall ne'er be thaw'd
By woman's smile? Nay, it shall come on thee,
Like Heaven's own fires upon a waste of snow!

He's wise,
Wisest and best, who best doth know himself;
And of such knowledge, wondrous is the lack
In this brave world, wherein each reads, it seems,
His neighbour's bosom better than his own!
Wherefore,—Thyself consider, and be wise!

M. L. B.

A note for CX at the Office.

THE MIRROR.

(*From the Town Journal, April* 5, 1834.)

"Among the cheap publications of the day, the *Mirror* is by far the ablest and best conducted. It is a depository, but in a more fascinating shape, of the antiquarian notices which first established, and long continued the celebrity of the Gentleman's Magazine for that interesting branch of literature. It is saying a great deal of modern works, but we sincerely pronounce it as our opinion, that it is very seldom indeed, if ever, that any thing appears in the *Mirror* which we could wish to have been omitted. It contains a rich fund of miscellaneous intelligence and playful anecdote. A complete series of the *Mirror* would be a treasure."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

fixed on the inscription. In his right hand he holds a pen, and in his left an open book. This monument is in Poets' Corner, near the entrance to the gate leading towards Henry the Seventh's chapel. It should not be forgotten that Dr. Busby left more substantial memorials than the example of his severe discipline. He founded and attached to the school a museum; enlarged the master's house, and also the Green Coat Hospital in Tothill Fields. He likewise built his prebendal house, (for Charles rewarded Busby's loyalty by making him prebendary of Westminster, at the Restoration,) he paved the Abbey with black and white marble, and did many other acts of public and private generosity, by which his name has been deservedly ennobled.

The high character of Westminster School brought many of the sons of our nobility and gentry to seek their education here. The King's scholars are on the foundation, and are all maintained: while the others pay liberally for their education and board. Each scholar has a black gown annually. In the roll of masters we ought not to omit the late excellent Dr. Vincent, who succeeded to the head mastership in 1771, and, upon his preferment to the deanery of Westminster, was succeeded by Dr. Carey, and the Rev. W. Page, second master; and under the management of these gentlemen, the school has maintained its original eminence.

The Engraving is from an effective lithograph by Mr. G. R. Sarjent, of Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, and the artist has cleverly introduced a few of the hallowed names inscribed upon the school-room walls. Our brief outline of the foundation cannot, probably, be more appropriately concluded than by a graphic page of the associations of the place with great names; by one whose childhood was passed on its forms, and whose fine and proper feeling will never allow him to enter its portal without respectful reminiscence of the ancient and modern glories of the place, and the master-minds schooled within its walls:

"I passed through the low gateway that leads to Little Dean's Yard, leaving on my left the portal raised by that eminent architect Inigo Jones. Never shall I forget my sensations on first mounting these steps, conducted by the late Rev. Mr. Dodd, whom I esteem for his literary attainments and social virtues; 'I love him, too, with a love of partiality, because he was usher of the fifth form at Westminster.'

"I had previously figured to myself a room moderately capacious, but elegantly furnished —what was my surprise on discovering its vast length, bare wooden forms, and walls disfigured, as I then thought, by names painted in every direction. My opinions, however, on this subject, are now completely changed I perceive the utter uselessness, and, in fact, impropriety of gawdy furniture and splendid accommodation in such an establishment; and use has rendered them so familiar, that I would not have the names removed, although the best Genoa velvet were to replace them. It has often, indeed, been a source of proud satisfaction, that my own, over the sixth, will descend to posterity, by the side of those of some of the first men of this country. Who knows, but a century or two hence, some playful urchin, in 'capping names,' may select it to aid his cause, when the humble individual who bore it shall have long since passed away and been forgotten, or (*si stat nominis umbra*) deemed happy in having been contemporary at Westminster with some great poet or statesman. To tread the ground hallowed by the step of Dryden, and learn upon the form where his name, traced by *his own* hand, still remains, which even the thoughtless schoolboy would think sacrilege to efface; to walk in the precincts of a school endowed by the liberality of Elizabeth, and dignified by the learning of a Busby and a Camden, has such a thrilling effect upon my frame, as no other earthly gratification can produce. Nor in my summary of great men, who have presided over or emenated from this place, must I forget to mention Cowper, Lord Mansfield, the illustrious Locke, Barton Booth, the finest actor of his day, and thine, 'O rare Ben Jobson!'"

Dryden's autograph is preserved with other relics in the library attached to the school-room, and is thus playfully described by the hand already quoted:

"Amongst the rest was a small piece of wood, which had been treasured up with the most scrupulous attention; it was cased with glass, the edges of which were bound with gold, the lid turned upon threads of the same material, and was profusely ornamented with diamonds. What can this be? thought I; how absurd to throw away so much upon such a trifle. But my surprise was soon dissipated, and my profane murmurs hushed, when, upon examination, I found it to be part of the form at which Dryden had sat, and on which his *autograph* was still legible."*

* The *Literary Lounger*, a periodical work by Westminster Scholars, 1826.

Retrospective Gleanings.

OSTENTATION.

Owen Feltham says: "Vain glory, at best is but like a window cushion, specious without, and garnished with the tasseled pendant; but, within, nothing but hay, or tow, or some such trash, not worth looking on. Where I have found a flood in the tongue, I have often found the heart empty. It is the hollow instrument that sounds loud: and where the

Digitized by Google

heart is full, the tongue is seldom liberal. Certainly, he that boasteth, if he be not ignorant, is inconsiderate; and knows not the slides and casualties that hang on man. If he had not an unworthy heart, he would rather stay till the world had found it, than so undecently be his own prolocutor. If thou beest good, thou mayst be sure the world will know thee so; if thou beest bad, thy bragging tongue will make thee worse; while the actions of thy life confute thee. If thou wilt yet boast the good thou truly hast, thou obscurest much of thy own worth in drawing it up by so unseemly a bucket as thine own tongue. The honest man takes more pleasure in knowing himself honest, than in knowing that all the world approves him so. Virtue is built upon herself. Flourishes are for networks; better contextures need not any other additions. Phocion called bragging Laosthenes, the cypress tree; which makes a fair show, but seldom bears any fruit. It is he that is conscious to himself of an inward defect, which, by the brazen bell of his tongue, would make the world believe that he had a church within. Yet, fool that he is! this is the way to make men think the contrary, if it were so. Ostentation after overthrows the action, which was good, and went before; or, at least, it argues that good not done well. He that does good for praise only, fails of the right end. A good work ought to propound he is virtuous; that is so for virtue's sake. To do well is as much applause as a good man labours for. Whatsoever good work thy hand builds, is again pulled down by the folly of a boasting tongue. The blazings of the proud will go out in a stench and smoke: their braggings will convert to shame. He both loseth the good he hath done, and hazardeth for shame with men: for clouds of disdain are commonly raised by the wind of ostentation. He that remembers too much his own virtues, teaches others to object his vices. All are enemies to assuming man. When he would have more than his due, he seldom findeth so much. Whether it be out of jealousy that by promulgating his virtues we vainly think he should rob us of the world's love; or whether we take his exalting himself to be our depression; or whether it be our envy; or that we are angry that he should so undervalue goodness, as despising her approbation he should seek the uncertain warrant of men; or whether it be an instinct instampt in man to dislike them, it is certain no man can endure the puffs of a swelling mind. Nay, though the vaunts be true, they do but awaken scoffs; and, instead of a clapping hand, they find a check with scorn. When a soldier bragged too much of a great scar in his forehead, he was asked by Augustus, if he did not get it when he looked back as he fled. Certainly, when I hear a vaunting man, I shall think him like a piece that is charged but with powder, which, near hand, gives a greater report than that which hath a bullet in it. If I have done anything well, I will never think the world is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to essential virtue by the hoarse clamour of the blundering rabble. If I have done ill, to boast the contrary, I will think, is like painting an old face, to make it so much more ugly. If it be of anything past, the world will talk of it, though I be silent. If not, it is more noble to neglect fame, than seem to beg it. If it be of aught to come, I am foolish for speaking of that which I am not sure to perform. We disgrace the work of virtue when we go about any way to seduce voices for her approbation." W. G. C.

LIFE.

Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows,
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes,
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;
Think on the Providence that guards the good.
Johnson.

When we are young, (says Johnson,) we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we 'are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled up with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.

There are events in this transitory scene of existence, seasons of joy, or of sorrow, of despair, or of hope, which as they powerfully affect us at the time, serve as epochs to the history of our lives. They may be called the trials of the heart. We treasure them up in our memory, and as time glides silently on they serve to number our days.—*Anon.*

Disorders of the intellect, (says a modern writer,) occur much more frequently than superficial observers will easily believe. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason; and every such tyranny of fancy is a temporary degree of insanity. He who delights in silent speculations, often indulges, without restraint, the airy visions of the soul, and expatiates in boundless futurity, amusing his desires with impossible enjoyments and conferring upon his pride unattainable dominion. In time, some particular train of ideas absorb the attention; the mind recurs constantly in weariness or leisure to the favourite conception, and the sway of fancy becomes despotic. Delusions then operate as realities; false opinions engross the understanding, and life passes in dreams of pleasure or of misery.

Mankind is made up of inconsistencies,

Digitized by Google

and no man acts invariably up to his predominant character. The wisest man sometimes acts weakly, and the weakest sometimes wisely. Our jarring passions, our variable humours, nay, our greater or lesser degree of health and spirits, produce such contradictions in our conduct, that, I believe, (says the writer,) those are the oftenest mistaken who ascribe our actions to the most seemingly obvious motives; and I am convinced that a light supper, a good night's rest, and a fine morning, have sometimes made a hero of the same man, who, by an indigestion, a restless night, and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward.

Human nature cannot support universal indulgence and be happy; the soul unchecked will no more bear happiness than the trees unpruned, good fruit; it runs wild, straggles into long unbearing branches and leaves, and becomes sterile. Without restraint from many things, it is the nature of man to enjoy nothing; we know not the good of what we have but by being denied, in a great measure, what we wish. Something to pursue yet unpossessed, is necessary to keep the mind sweet and pure; it will grow putrid, like large waters, without motion.

Anon. P. T. W.

CHARITY.

CHARITY is communicated goodness; and, without this, man is no other than a beast, preying for himself alone. Certainly, there are more men live upon charity, than there are that do subsist of themselves. The world, which is chained together by intermingled love, would all shatter and fall to pieces, if charity should chance to die. There are some secrets in it which seem to give it the chair from all the rest of virtues. With knowledge, with valour, with modesty, and so with other particular virtues, a man may be ill with some contrarying vice, but with charity we cannot be ill at all: other virtues are restrictive, and looking to a man's self; this takes all the world for its object, and nothing that hath sense but is better for this displayer. There be among the Mahometans, that are so taken with this beauty, that they will with a price redeem incaged birds, to restore them to the liberty of their plumed wing. And they will oftentimes, with cost, feed fishes in the streaming water. But their opinion of deserving by it, makes it a superstitious folly: and in materials they are nothing so zealous. Indeed, nothing makes us more like to God than charity. As all things are filled with his goodness, so the universal is partaker of the good man's spreading love; nay, it is that which gives life to all the race of other virtues; it is that which makes them to appear in act. Wisdom and science are worth nothing unless they be distributive, and declare themselves to the world: wealth in a miser's hand is useless as a locked-up treasure; it is charity only that makes the riches worth the owning. We may observe when charitable men have ruled the world hath flourished, and enjoyed the blessings of peace and prosperity, the times have been more pleasant and smooth; nor have any princes sat more secure or firm in their thrones, than those that have been clement and benign: as Titus, Trajan, Antonine, and others. And we may observe again, how rugged and how full of bracks those times have been wherein cruel ones have had a power. When the senate in council was frightened at the cry of 7,000 Romans, which Sylla had sent to execution at once, he bid them mind their business, for it was only a few Seditiaries, that he had commanded to be slain. No question but there are which delight to see a Rome in flames, and, like a ravished Troy, mocking the absent day with earthly fires, that can linger men to martyrdom, and make them die by piecemeal. Tiberius told one that petitioned to be quickly killed, that he was not yet his friend. And Vitellius would needs see the scrivener die in his presence, for he said he would feed his eyes. But I wonder whence these men have their minds. God, nor man, nor nature, ever made them thus. Sure they borrow it from the wilderness, from the imboasted savage, and from tormenting spirits. When the leg will neither bear the body, nor the stomach disperse his receit, nor the hand be serviceable to the directing head, the whole must certainly languish and die: so in the body of the world, when members are sullened, and snarl one at another, down falls the frame of all. The world contains nothing, but there is some quality in it which benefits some other creatures. The air yields fowls; the water, fish; the earth fruit; and all these yield something from themselves for the use and behalf, not only of man, but of each other. Surely, he that is right, must not think his charity to one in need, a courtesy, but a debt, which nature at his first being bound him to pay. I would not water a strange ground to leave my own in drought: yet, I think, to everything that hath sense there is a kind of pity owing. Solomon's good man is merciful to his beast; nor take I this only to be intentional, but expressive. God may respect the mind, and will; but man is nothing better for my meaning alone. Let my mind be charitable, that God may accept me; let my actions express it, that man may be benefited.—*Owen Feltham.*

The Naturalist.

THE RHINOCEROS.

IN the *Zoological Magazine*, a Journal commenced with the year 1833, is a paper indus-

Digitized by Google

triously compiled on the natural history and economy of the Indian rhinoceros; which the compiler opens by observing with some pith of purpose: "If the moderns are able to boast of a more extended knowledge of animated nature than was possessed by the ancients, it must be acknowledged that it is rather the result of their geographical discoveries than the zeal of their governments or commercial companies for its promotion."* "And it is humiliating to think that the nations, among which a pure love of science is most widely diffused, still should be debarred the contemplation of those rarer species of quadrupeds inhabiting the old world, which in ancient Rome, were repeatedly exhibited to gratify a tyrant's love of ostentation, and a people's lust for the cruel combats and wholesale slaughter of the Amphitheatre." That the anxiety felt in this country for a better acquaintance with the natural history of the rhinoceros has materially increased within the last twenty years, is beyond doubt: for, when Mr. Cross exhibited his specimen at that period at Exeter 'Change, it attracted few extra visiters, and the worthy proprietor found it by no means an unexpensive addition to his menagerie, without proportionate effect upon his treasury. But, as a gratifying contrast to this apathy, we can state that such is the curiosity excited by the recent arrival at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, that the number of daily visiters has been doubled.

The history of the elephant exemplifies the anomalous fact stated in the *Zoological Magazine*, and the rhinoceros is a still stronger proof of it. This quadruped, inferior only in size to the elephant, though of much more restricted capacity, is peculiar to the Old World; yet, of the five or six distinct species which inhabit Africa and Asia, only one has been exhibited in modern Europe (see note in our last Number); while the knowledge of the rest has been chiefly acquired in our own times.

We find the early history of the rhinoceros concisely stated in the Magazine already quoted. Thus, "the first rhinoceros of which any mention is made in ancient history, was that which appeared at the celebrated festival of Ptolemæus Philadelphus, and which was made to march the last of all the strange animals exhibited at that epoch, as being apparently the most curious and rare. It was brought from Ethiopia. The first which appeared in Europe graced the triumph and games of Pompey. Pliny states that this animal had but one horn, and that number was the most common. Augustus caused two to be slain, together with a hippopotamus, when he triumphed after the death of Cleopatra: and these, also, are described as having each but one horn. Strabo very exactly describes a one-horned rhinoceros which he saw at Alexandria, and mentions the folds in its skin. But Pausanias gives a detailed account of the position of the two horns, on a species having that number, which he terms the Ethiopian bull. Of this latter kind two appeared at Rome under Domitian, and were engraved on some of the medals of that emperor; these occasioned some of the epigrams of Martial, which modern commentators, from ignorance of the species with two horns, found so much difficulty in comprehending. The emperors Antoninus, Heliogabalus, and Gordian, severally exhibited the rhinoceros: and Cosmus expressly speaks of the Ethiopian species as having two horns: there is abundant evidence, therefore, that the ancients possessed a degree of knowledge respecting these animals, of which the moderns were for a long period destitute."

The exhibition of the one-horned rhinoceros at several periods in Europe has already been referred to, as well as the fact that the two-horned animal has never been brought alive to modern Europe. Its existence was, indeed, only known by vague descriptions of travellers, and specimens of the horns adhering to the skin of the head, which were preserved in different museums. As these specimens were from Africa, and as the first authentic accounts of the living animal of the two-horned species were derived from African travellers, a general notion prevailed that Asia afforded the one-horned species only, and that the two-horned was peculiar to Africa. However, in the year 1793, a species of rhinoceros was discovered in the Isle of Sumatra, having two horns, whose skin, like the African two-horned species, did not exhibit the folds peculiar to the hide of the Indian rhinoceros, and even shown in the young specimen at the Surrey Gardens, as figured in our last Number. The Sumatran species, however, differed from the African rhinoceros in possessing incisive or front teeth, which in the latter are wholly deficient: in this respect the Sumatran resembles the Indian species. The Abyssinian traveller, Bruce, has given a vague account of a two-horned rhinoceros, which he describes as exhibiting the plaiting of the hide peculiar to the Indian species; but, more recent authority states "the rhinoceros of Abyssinia has no folds in the skin, as the one-horned has; its skin is used for shields; its horns for handles to swords and daggers, and according to the Abyssinian Dean, whom Dr. Clarke interrogated at Cairo, as a lining to drinking-vessels, being regarded as an antidote to poison. Its horns have no connexion with the bone of the head, consequently, the opinion of Sparmann, that they can be raised and depressed at pleasure, may be correct. The fore-

* Better things may be expected from the formation of the Geographical Society, of whose valuable Journal we have already spoken; and from the Corresponding Committee of the Zoological Society.

Digitized by Google

most horn is two feet long, and very large in other respects."*

Mr. Burchell, one of the most accredited of modern travellers, (possessing scientific qualifications of the first order, which render the zoological and botanical portion of his Travels peculiarly valuable,) has since announced the existence in the interior of the southern promontory of Africa, of a rhinoceros double the size of the ordinary Cape species, which, like it, has also two horns, and a skin without hairs or folds, but which differs in having the lips and nose thickened, enlarged, and as if flattened. Thus, there are two, if not three, distinct species of two-horned rhinoceros in Africa, and another distinct species, "doubly armed," is found in Sumatra. Lastly, a second species with one horn has been discovered by Sir T. S. Raffles in Java, the smallest of all the living species, and quite distinct from the Indian one-horned rhinoceros.

The characters which these several species possess in common, and which distinguish them from all other quadrupeds, are one or two horns, placed on the nose, and always in the middle line of the head. They have three toes on each foot, and each toe is inclosed in a thick rounded hoof. Some species possess, while others are deficient in, incisive or front teeth; the canine teeth are wanting in all; the grinding, or cheek teeth, are seven in each jaw on each side. Their relative size to the elephant, the peculiarity of their hide, skin, snout, eyes, ears, lips, and tail, have been already explained. They belong to the order *pachydermata*, or thick-skinned animals and rank between the elephant and hippopotamus; which order also includes swine, to which animals the rhinoceros bears certain points of resemblance already explained.

The one-horned species of India has been most commonly figured. A sketch was taken from the animal sent to Portugal in 1513, which was engraved by Albert Durer, and came afterwards into the possession of Sir Hans Sloane; and to it was attached a German inscription, of which the following appears in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1744, "as a close translation." "In the year 1513, upon the 1. day of May, there was brought to our king at Lisbon such a living beast from the East Indies that is called *Rhinocerate:* therefore, on account of its wonderfulness, I thought myself obliged to send you the representation of it. It hath the colour of a toad, and is close covered over with thick scales. It is in size like an elephant, but lower, and is the elephant's deadly enemy: it hath on the fore-part of its nose a strong sharp horn; and when this beast comes near the elephant to fight with him, he always first whets his horn upon the stones, and runs at the elephant with his head between his fore-legs; then rips up the elephant where he hath the thinnest skin, and so gores him. The elephant is terribly afraid of the *Rhinocerate*, for he gores him always wherever he meets an elephant, for he is well armed, and is very alert and nimble. This beast is called *Rhinocero* in Greek and Latin, but in Indian, *Gomda.*"

As might be expected, the early accounts of the appearance and habits of the rhinoceros contained many inaccuracies, and with a view to their correction, an abstract of the details of one of the specimens already mentioned, will be acceptable.

In 1739, a male rhinoceros was exhibited in Eagle-street, Red Lion Square, and was visited by several scientific gentlemen, among whom was Dr. Parsons, who furnished the Royal Society with the following description. In this account the doctor has no regard to the statements of other authors, but barely describes the rhinoceros as he often saw him at the above-named place.

He was fed here with rice, sugar, and hay: of the first he ate seven pounds mixed with three of sugar every day, divided into three meals; and about a truss of hay in a week, besides greens of different kinds, which were often brought to him, and of which he seemed fonder than of his dry victuals; and drank large quantities of water at a time, being then, it seems, two years old.

He appeared very peaceable in his temper, suffering himself to be handled in any part of his body; but outrageous when struck or hungry, and pacified in either case only by victuals. In his outrage he jumps about, and springs to an incredible height, driving his head against the walls of the place with great fury and quickness, notwithstanding his lumpish aspect: this Dr. P. saw several times, especially in a morning, before his rice and sugar were given to him.

In height he did not exceed a young heifer, but was very broad and thick. His head, in proportion, is very large, having the hinder part next his ears extremely high, in proportion to the rest of his face, which is flat, and sinks down suddenly forward towards

* Encyclopædia Britannica, seventh edition. Bruce, in describing the ravages of the Tsaltsalya, Zimb, or fly of Abyssinia, produced by the periodical rains, may be quoted here. Swarms of these flies burst into existence as soon as the fat black earth of the mountains becomes saturated with water. The rhinoceros, whose hide has been considered almost impenetrable to a musket-ball, is severely persecuted by these "clouds of cossacks," but the huge persecuted animals instinctively fortify themselves against the attack by wallowing in the mud and mire, which when dried by the sun, form a fortress which their enemies are unable to storm. Bruce's story of the ravages of this fly was long ridiculed as unworthy of belief: indeed, it was one of the unfortunate portions of his journal of travels which drew upon him unsparing satire, and led to circumstances that shortened his life. Yet Denham has corroborated Bruce's statement, which has also been confirmed by the testimony of the Abyssinian dean to Dr. Clarke.—See Sir F. B. Head's *Life of Bruce.*

Digitized by Google

the middle, rising again to the horn, but in a less degree. The horn stands on the nose of the animal, as on a hill. The part of the bone on which the horn is fixed rises into a blunt cone, to answer to a cavity in the basis of the horn, which is very hard and solid, having no manner of hollow nor core, like those of other quadrupeds.

That of this animal, being young, does not rise from its rough base above an inch high, is black and smooth at the top, like those of the ox-kind, but rugged downwards; the determination of its growth is backwards, instead of straight up; which is apparent, as well in the different horns of old rhinoceroses as in this of our present subject; for the distance from the base to the apex of this, backward, is not within a third part so long as that before, and it has a curved direction; and considering the proportion of this animal's size to its horn, we may justly imagine that the creature which bore any one of those great ones must have been a stupendous animal in size and strength; and indeed it would be no wonder if such were untractable at any rate.

If we look at him in a fore view, the whole nose, from the top of the horn to the bottom of his lower lip, seems shaped like a bell, viz. small and narrow at top, with a broad base. His under lip is like that of an ox, but the upper more like that of a horse; using it, as that creature does, to gather the hay from the rack, or gras from the ground; with this difference, that the rhinoceros has a power of stretching it out above six inches to a point, and doubling it round a stick or one's finger, holding it fast; so that, as to that action, it is not unlike the proboscis of an elephant.

His neck is very short, being that part which lies between the back edge of the jaw and the plica of the shoulder; on this part there are two distinct folds, which go quite round it, only the fore one is broken underneath, and has a hollow flap hanging from it, so deep that it would contain a man's fist shut, the concave side being forward. From the middle of the hinder one of these folds or plicæ arises another, which, passing backwards along the neck, is lost before it reaches that which surrounds the fore part of the body. His shoulders are very thick and heavy, and have each another fold downward, that crosses the fore leg; and almost meeting that of the fore part of the body just mentioned, they both double under the belly close behind the fore leg.

In some quadrupeds, the fetlock bends or yields to the weight of the animal; but in this there is no appearance of any such bending, and he seems to stand on stumps, especially if he is viewed behind. He has three hoofs on each foot forwards; but the back part is a large mass of flesh, rough like the rest of his skin, and bears on the sole or bottom of his foot. This part is plump and callous in the surface, yielding to pressure from the softness of the subjacent flesh. Its shape is like that of a heart, having a blunt apex before, and running backwards in a broad basis. The outline of the bottom of the hoofs is somewhat semicircular.

The tail of this animal is very inconsiderable in proportion to his bulk, not exceeding seventeen or eighteen inches in length, and not very thick; it has a great roughness round it, and a kind of twist or stricture towards the extremity, ending in a fatness, which gave occasion to authors to compare it to a spatula. On the sides of this flat part, a few hairs appear, which are black and strong, but short. There is no other hair on any part of this young rhinoceros, except a very small quantity on the posterior edge of the upper parts of the ears. There is a very particular quality in this creature, of listening to any noise in the streets; for though he were eating or sleeping, he stops suddenly, and lifts up his head with great attention till the noise is over.

The skin of the rhinoceros is thick and impenetrable; in running one's fingers under one of the folds, and holding it with the thumb at the top, it feels like a piece of board half an inch thick. Dr. Grew describes a piece of one of these skins tanned, which, he says, "is wonderfully hard, and of a thickness exceeding that of any other land animal he has seen." It is covered all over more or less with hard incrustations like so many scabs; which are but small on the ridge of the neck and back, but grow larger by degrees downward towards the belly, and are largest on the shoulders and buttocks, and continue pretty large on the legs all along down; but between the folds, the skin is as smooth and soft as silk, and easily penetrated, of a pale flesh-colour, which does not appear to view in the folds, except when the rhinoceros extends them, but is always in view under the fore and hinder parts of the belly, but the middle is incrusted over like the rest of the skin. To call these scabbed roughnesses scales, as some have done, is to raise an idea in us of something regular; which, in many authors is a great inaccuracy, and leads the reader into errors; for there is nothing formal in any of them.

Dr. Parsons then observes: "As to the performance of this animal's several motions, let us consider the great wisdom of the Creator in the contrivance that serves him for that purpose. The skin is entirely impenetrable and inflexible; if, therefore, it was continued all over the creature as the skins of other animals, without any folds, he could not bend any way, and consequently not perform any necessary action; but that suppleness in the skins of all other quadrupeds, which renders them flexible in all parts, is very well compensated in this animal by those folds; for

Digitized by Google

since it was necessary his skin should be hard for his defence, it was a noble contrivance that the skin should be so soft and smooth underneath, that when he bends himself any way, one part of this board-like skin should slip or shove over the other, and that these several folds should be placed in such places of his body as might facilitate the performance of every voluntary motion he might be disposed to."

(To be continued.)

*** Erratum in the description of the Rhinoceros at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, in No. 658 of the *Mirror*, p. 258, line 33, for "bony case" read bony *core*.

THE LYRE-BIRD.

This splendid bird, the *menura superba* of naturalists, is found in the mountainous districts of New Holland, and is called by the inhabitants "the mountain pheasant." It was first described in the *Linnæan Transactions* under the title of *menura superba*. M. Vieillot, who received from Mr. Sydenham Edwards a drawing of the bird, gave it, in his work on the Birds of Paradise, the name of *Paradisea Parkinsonia*, in honour of J. Parkinson, Esq. of the Leverian Museum through whose courtesy he obtained the drawing. Dr. Shaw adopted this name in describing the bird in his *Miscellany*, but the original title of *menura superba* is that which is now received. In its general form, and especially in its large, elongated nails, which are evidently adapted for scratching up the soil, it approximates to the gallinaceous tribe, to which other naturalists are inclined to refer it, and its native name of mountain pheasant accords with this classification; but others think the lyre bird, in its plumage and habits, to be still nearer related to a group of ground thrushes, as they are distinctively called. It will occasionally perch upon trees, but, for the most part, is found on the ground, having the manners of our poultry, as is manifest from observing the ends of the claws, which in most specimens are much blunted. Its popular name is, of course, derived from its lyre-shaped tail. Dr. Shaw describes it as having a very fine natural note, and beginning to sing very early in the morning, when gradually ascending some rocky eminence, it scratches up the ground in the manner of some of the pheasant tribe, elevating its tail, and at intervals imitating the notes of every other bird within hearing; and after having con-

Digitized by Google

tinued this exercise for about two hours, it again descends into the valleys. It is stated to be very shy, and, consequently, not easy to be observed. There is only one species, and the bird is altogether considered rare. Its own notes are rich and melodious, and its imitations of other birds of admirable execution: these powers of melody are the more remarkable, as connected with its size and rasorial habits; for the voice both of the Birds of Paradise and of the gallinaceous tribe is harsh and discordant.

The lyre-bird is about the size of our hen pheasant. It has a stout conico-convex, black bill, and oval nostrils; legs long, black, very strong, formed for walking, and covered with large scales; a long tail, consisting of sixteen loose webbed feathers, the two middle ones narrow, and greatly exceeding the others in length, and the outer one on each side broader and curved at the end; the whole, when elevated, bearing a resemblance to an ancient lyre. The whole length of the bird is upwards of three feet and a-half; the plumage above is brown, the fore part of the neck rufous, and beneath brownish ash. The female, in colour, resembles the male, but is much smaller. The flesh is understood to be of good flavour.

The menura is, probably, a very valuable bird, and it is to be regretted that our information respecting it is by no means ample. It has never been brought alive to Europe; but a preserved specimen, showing its splendid plumage, may be seen in the museum of the Zoological Society, in Bruton-street.

Notes of a Reader.

GEMS.

(*From Sardanapalus, by Lord Byron.*)

SARDANAPALUS, ON THE HEROISM OF MYRRHA.

You see, this night
Made warriors of more than me. I paused
To look upon her, and her kindled cheek;
Her large black eyes, that flash'd through her long hair
As it stream'd o'er her; her blue veins that rose
Along her most transparent brow; her nostril
Dilated from its symmetry; her lips
Apart; her voice that clove through all the din,
As a lute's pierceth through the cymbal's clash,
Jarr'd but not drown'd by the loud brattling; her
Waved arms, more dazzling with their own born whiteness
Than the steel her hand held, which she caught up
From a dead soldier's grasp; all these things made
Her seem unto the troops a prophetess
Of victory, or Victory herself,
Come down to hail us hers.

SARDANAPALUS TO ZARINA.

My gentle, wrong'd Zarina!
I am the very slave of circumstance
And impulse—borne away with every breath!
Misplaced upon the throne—misplaced in life.
I know not what I could have been, but feel
I am not what I should be—let it end.
But take this with thee: if I was not form'd
To prize a love like thine, a mind like thine,
Nor dote even on thy beauty—as I've doted
On lesser charms, for no cause save that such
Devotion was a duty, and I hated
All that look'd like a chain for me or others
(This even rebellion must avouch); yet hear
These words, perhaps among my last—that none
E'er valued more thy virtues, though he knew not
To profit by them—as the miner lights
Upon a vein of virgin ore, discovering
That which avails him nothing: he hath found it
But 'tis not his—but some superior's, who
Placed him to dig, but not divide the wealth
Which sparkles at his feet; nor dare he lift
Nor poise it, but must grovel on upturning
The sullen earth.

SUNRISE.

Myr. (*at a window.*) The day at last has broken.
What a night
Hath usher'd it! How beautiful in heaven!
Though varied with a transitory storm,
More beautiful in that variety!
How hideous upon earth! where peace and hope,
And love and revel, in an hour were trampled
By human passions to a human chaos,
Not yet resolved to separate elements.—
'Tis warring still! And can the sun so rise,
So bright, so rolling back the clouds into
Vapours more lovely than the unclouded sky
With golden pinnacles, and snowy mountains,
And billows purpler than the ocean's, making
In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth.
So like we almost deem it permanent;
So fleeting, we can scarcely call it aught
Beyond a vision, 'tis so transiently
Scatter'd along the eternal vault: and yet
It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul,
And blends itself into the soul, until
Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch
Of sorrow and of love; which they who mark not
Know not the realms where those twin genii
(Who chasten and who purify our hearts,
So that we would not change their sweet rebukes
For all the boisterous joys that ever shook
The air with clamour), build the palaces
Where their fond votaries repose and breathe
Briefly;—but in that brief cool calm inhale
Enough of heaven to enable them to bear
The rest of common, heavy, human hours,
And dream them through in placid sufferance;
Though seemingly employed like all the rest
Of toiling breathers in allotted tasks
Of pain or pleasure, *two* names for *one* feeling,
Which our internal, restless agony
Would vary in the sound, although the sense
Escapes our highest efforts to be happy.
Bal. You muse right calmly; and can you so watch
The sunrise which may be our last?
Myr. It is
Therefore that I so watch it, and reproach
Those eyes, which never may behold it more,
For having look'd upon it oft, too oft,
Without the reverence and the rapture due
To that which keeps all earth from being as fragile
As I am in this form. Come, look upon it,
The Chaldee's god, which, when I gaze upon,
I grow almost a convert to your Baal.
Bal. As now he reigns in heaven, so once on earth
He sway'd.
Myr. He sways it now far more, then; never
Had earthly monarch half the peace and glory
Which centres in a single ray of his.
Bal. Surely he is a god!
Myr. So we Greeks deem too;
And yet I sometimes think that gorgeous orb
Must rather be the abode of gods than one
Of the immortal sovereigns. Now he breaks
Through all the clouds, and fills my eyes with light
That shuts the world out. I can look no more.

SARDANAPALUS, OVER THE BODY OF HIS BROTHER.

Oh, my brother! I would give
These realms, of which thou wert the ornament,

Digitized by Google

The sword and shield, the sole-redeeming honour,
To call back—But I will not weep for thee;
Thou shalt be mourn'd for as thou wouldst be
mourn'd.
It grieves me most that thou couldst quit this life
Believing that I could survive what thou
Most died for—our long royalty of race.
If I redeem it, I will give thee blood
Of thousands, tears of millions, for atonement,
(The tears of all the good are thine already).
If not, we meet again soon, if the spirit
Within us lives beyond:—thou readest mine,
And dost me justice now. Let me once clasp
That yet warm hand, and fold that throbless heart
[*Embraces the body.*
To this which beats so bitterly.

RELATIVE INTRINSIC VALUE OF IRON AND SILVER AND GOLD.

Iron, one of the most important, is also one of the most abundant principles in nature. It is met with occasionally in the metallic state, but most generally it is found mineralised in various ways, and can only be obtained pure by an elaborate process. Iron exists in minute quantities in almost all vegetable and animal products, particularly in the blood; though its mode of combination, as well as its precise use, are quite unknown. Iron may justly be considered as the most useful of all the metals, and the one that has contributed more towards the civilization of mankind than any other. To form some idea of its use, we have only to reflect what would happen if it were annihilated. What substitute could be found for it in all the numerous instances in which it contributes to the wants or to the comforts of mankind; particularly through the medium of tools, of almost every one of which it constitutes the essential material. In short, when we contemplate all the circumstances connected with this metal—its abundance, the manner in which it is mineralized, and the occasion which it thus gives to human ingenity to extract it from its ores; its wholesomeness (for many of the metals are poisonous); its properties, particularly its extraordinary tenacity; its strength, its property of welding, of being converted into steel, and in this form, of being tempered to any degree of hardness we choose; its magnetic properties, &c.—when we contemplate all these circumstances, it is impossible not to be struck with such varied usefulness, and to consider iron not only as an article evidently designed for the benefit of man, but as the instrument by which he should conquer and govern the world; and thus be enabled to place himself, where it was evidently intended he should be, at the head of the creation.

Silver and Gold are both met with in the metallic state, but silver also occurs mineralized. So unimportant a part do they seem to perform in the economy of nature, that if they were annihilated, it is probable that the world would go on just as well without them. How different in these respects from iron, and how much less, therefore, intrinsically valuable! Independently of their beauty, the only really valuable properties of silver and gold are the difficulty with which they are acted on by heat and other extraneous agents, properties, which if they were more abundant, would render them well adapted for a great many useful purposes.—*Prout's Bridgewater Treatise.*

ROMAN BANKERS.

Mr. Gilbart in his *History and Principles of Banking*, just published, gives the following particulars relating to Roman banking.

At Rome, the bankers were called *Argentarii, Mensarii, Nummularii*, or *Collybistæ*. The banking houses or banks were called *Tabernæ Argentariæ*, or *Mensæ Nummulariæ*. Some of these bankers were appointed by the government to receive the taxes; others carried on business on their own account. Their mode of transacting business was somewhat similar to that which is in use in modern times. Into these houses the state or the men of wealth caused their revenues to be paid, and they settled their accounts with their creditors by giving a draft or check on the bank. If the creditor also had an account at the same bank, the account was settled by an order to make the transfer of so much money from one name to another. To assign over money or to pay money by a draft, was called *perscribere* and *rescribere*; the assignment or draft was called *attributio*. These bankers were money-changers. They also lent money on interest, and allowed a lower rate of interest on money deposited in their hands.

In a country where commerce was looked upon with contempt, banking could not be deemed very respectable. Among most of the ancient agricultural nations, there was a prejudice against the taking of interest for the loan of money. Hence the private bankers at Rome were sometimes held in disrepute, though those whom the Government had established as public cashiers, or receivers general, as we may term them, held so exalted a rank that some of them became consuls.

The Romans had also loan banks, from which the poor citizens received loans without paying interest. We are told that the confiscated property of criminals was converted into a fund by Augustus Cæsar, and that from this fund sums of money were lent without interest to those citizens who could pledge value to double the amount. The same system was pursued by Tiberius. He advanced a large capital which was lent for a term of two or three years to those who could give landed security to double the value of the loan. Alexander Severus reduced the market rate of interest by lending sums of money at a low

Digitized by Google

rate, and by advancing money to poor citizens to purchase lands, and agreeing to receive payment from the produce.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

STRANGE STORY.

THE following strange story, somewhat in the style of "Sindbad the Sailor," was related to Jehangire* by a native of Arabia. The emperor observing that a stranger who had been presented at his court had only one arm, the other having been lost close to the shoulder, asked him whether he had been born without the limb, or had been deprived of it in battle. The Arabian appeared embarrassed by the question, and answered that the circumstances attending the calamity which had befallen him, were of so extraordinary a nature that he feared to mention them, lest he should be thereby exposed to ridicule. Upon being further importuned by the emperor, however, he stated, that when he was about the age of fifteen, he happened to accompany his father on a voyage to India. At the expiration of sixty days, after having wandered over the ocean in different directions, they encountered a terrific storm, which continued three days, and left their vessel almost a ruin on the waters. Just as it was near foundering, they came in sight of a lofty mountain, which they eventually discovered to be an island in the possession of the Portuguese. Upon nearing the shore they were boarded by two Portuguese officers, who directed the ship's company, passengers and all, to be forthwith landed, stating that their object was to discover among them a person suited to a particular, but unexplained purpose, whom they must detain; the others should be dismissed in safety. The passengers and crew having been successively stripped naked, and minutely examined by physicians, were all sent about their business, with the exception of the Arabian and his brother, both of whom were placed in close confinement, and detained after the departure of the ship, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of their father. The Arabian proceeds:

"The same medical person, on whose report we were detained, now came with ten other Franks to the chamber where my brother was confined, and again stripping him naked, they laid him on his back on a table, where he was exposed to the same manual operation as before. They then left him and came to me; and stretching me out on a board in the same manner, again examined my body in every part as before. Again they returned to my brother; for from the situation of our prisons, the doors being exactly opposite, I could distinctly observe all that passed. They sent for a large bowl and a knife, and placing my brother with his head over the bowl, and his cries and supplications all in vain, they struck him over the mouth, and with the knife actually severed his head from the body, both the head and his blood being received in the bowl. When the bleeding had ceased, they took away the bowl of blood, which they immediately poured into a pot of boiling oil brought for the purpose, stirring the whole together with a ladle, until both blood and oil became completely amalgamated. Will it be believed, that after this they took the head, and again fixing it exactly to the body, they continued to rub the adjoining parts with the mixture of blood and oil until the whole had been applied! They left my brother in this state, closed the door, and went their way.

"At the expiration of three days from this, they sent for me from my place of confinement, and telling me that they had obtained, at my brother's expense, all that was necessary to their purpose, they pointed out to me the entrance to a place under ground, which they said was the repository of gold and jewels to an incalculable amount. Thither they informed me I was to descend, and that I might bring away for myself as much of the contents as I had strength to carry. At first I refused all belief to their assertions, conceiving that doubtless they were about to send me where I was to be exposed to some tremendous trial; but as their importunities were too well enforced, I had no alternative but submission.

"I entered the opening which led to the passage, and having descended a flight of stairs, about fifty steps, I discovered four separate chambers. In the first chamber, to my utter surprise, I beheld my brother, apparently restored to perfect health. He wore the dress and habiliments of the Ferenguies (Portuguese), had on his head a cap of the same people, profusely ornamented with pearl and precious stones, a sword set with diamonds by his side, and a staff similarly enriched under his arm. My surprise was not diminished when, the moment he observed me, I saw him turn away from me, as if under feelings of the utmost disgust and disdain. I became so alarmed at a reception so strange and unaccountable, that although I saw that it was my own brother, the very marrow in my bones seemed to have been turned into cold water. I ventured, however, to look into the second chamber, and there I beheld heaps upon heaps of diamonds and rubies, and pearls and emeralds, and every other description of precious stones, thrown one on the other in astonishing profusion. The third chamber into which I looked contained, in similar heaps, an immense profusion of gold; and the fourth chamber was strewed middle deep with silver.

"I had some difficulty in determining to

* One of the Mogul emperors, and son of Akbar, whom he succeeded in 1605.

Digitized by Google

which of these glittering deposits I should give the preference. At last I recollected that a single diamond was of greater value than all the gold I could gather into my robe, and I accordingly decided on tucking up my skirts, and filling them with jewels. I put out my hand in order to take up some of these glittering articles, when from some invisible agent, perhaps it was the effect of some overpowering effluvia, I received a blow so stunning, that I found it impossible to stand in the place any longer. In my retreat it was necessary to pass the chamber in which I had seen my brother. The instant he perceived me about to pass, he drew his sword, and made a furious cut at me. I endeavoured to avoid the stroke by suddenly starting aside, but in vain; the blow took effect, and my right arm dropped from the shoulder-joint. Thus wounded and bleeding, I rushed from this deposit of treasure and horror, and at the entrance above, found the physician and his associates, who had so mysteriously determined the destiny of my unhappy brother. Some of them went below and brought away my mutilated arm; and having closed up the entrance with stone and mortar, conducted me, together with my arm, all bleeding as I was, to the presence of the Portuguese governor; men and women and children flocking to the doors to behold the extraordinary spectacle.

"The wound in my shoulder continued to bleed; but having received from the governor a compensation of three thousand tomauns, a horse with jewelled caparisons, a number of beautiful female slaves, and many males, with the promise of future favours in reserve, the Portuguese physician was ordered to send for me; and applying some styptic preparation to the wound, it quickly healed, and so perfectly, that it might be said I was thus armless from my birth. I was then dismissed, and having shortly afterwards obtained a passage in another ship, in about a month from my departure reached the port for which I was destined."

WEALTH OF INDIA.

When the province of Berar, in the Deccan, was surrendered to the authority of the Emperor Jehangire, he assures us, that as a symbol of submission, there were sent to him a train of elephants, four hundred in number, each elephant furnished with caparisons, chains, collars, and bells, all of gold, and each laden besides with gold to the value of nearly 9,000*l.* of our money! No doubt, however, can be entertained that the wealth of Jehangire was prodigious. He gives a glowing description of a magnificent mausoleum, which was erected by his orders at Secundera, in honour of his imperial father, Akbar. From the account given by the late lamented Heber of this gorgeous pile, it would appear that the sum asserted by the author to have been expended upon it (about 1,800,000*l.*) is not exaggerated. The principal building consists of a tower of polished marble, erected on four lofty arches, terminating in a circular dome, and inlaid with gold and lapis lazuli, from roof to basement. The whole is surrounded by a splendid colonnade, and by gardens planted with cypresses and other trees, and decorated by numerous fountains. The mausoleum has been taken under British protection; and is certainly one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in India. In point of splendour, however, it can hardly be compared to the palace which Jehangire caused to be constructed for himself at Agra. He describes the principal saloon of this edifice as supported by twenty-five pillars, all covered with plates of gold, and all over inlaid with rubies, turquoises, and pearl; the roof on the outside is formed into the shape of a dome, and is also covered with squares of solid gold; the ceiling of the dome within being decorated with the most elaborate figures, of the richest materials and most exquisite workmanship! When to these ornaments we add a movable platform of gold, upon which from one thousand to five thousand of the chief officers of the court and nobility took their places on occasions of ceremony, and also a movable partition of lattice-work, all of gold, both of which articles formed a part of the emperor's equipage wherever he went, we fear that we shall startle the reader's credulity, especially as the author calculates the weight of the precious metal, composing these two pieces of state furniture, at no less than forty-two tons.

Quarterly Review.

The Public Journals.

"NO HAND IN IT."—A BERMUDA YARN.

(*From Jacob Faithful.*)

It was when the ship was lying at anchor in Bermuda harbour, that the purser sent a breaker of spirits on shore, to be taken up to some lady's house, whom he was very anxious to splice, and I suppose he found that a glass of grog helped the matter. Now there were about twenty of the men who had liberty to go on shore to stretch their limbs—little else could they do, poor fellows for the first lieutenant looked sharp after their kits, to see that they did not sell any of their rigging; and as for money, we had been five years without touching a farthing of pay, and I don't suppose there was a matter of threepence among the men before the mast. However, liberty's liberty, a'ter all; and if they couldn't go ashore and get glorious, rather than not go on shore at all—they went ashore, and kept sober per force. I do think, myself, its a very bad thing to keep the sea-

Digitized by Google

rum without a farthing for so long—for you see a man who will be very honest with a few shillings in his pocket, is often tempted to help himself, just for the sake of getting a glass or two of grog, and the temptation's very great, that's sartain, 'ticularly in a hot climate, when the sun scorches you, and the very ground itself is so heated, that you can hardly bear the naked foot to it. But to go on. The yawl was ordered on shore for the liberty men, and the purser gives this breaker which was at least half full, and I dare say there might be three gallons in it, under my charge, as coxswain, to deliver to madam at the house. Well, as soon as we landed, I shoulders the breaker, and starts with it up the hill.

"What have you there, Tom?" said Bill Short.

"What I wish I could share with you, Bill," says I; "it's some of old Nipcheese's *eighths*, that he has sent on shore to bowse his jib up with, with his sweetheart."

"I've seen the madam," said Holmes to me—for you see all the liberty men were walking up the hill at the same time—"and I'd rather make love to the breaker than to her. She's as fat as an ox, as broad as she's long, built like a Dutch schuyt, and as yellow as a nabob."

"But old Tummings knows what he's about," said a Scotch lad, of the name of M'Alpine; "they say she has lots of gold dust, more ducks and inguions, and more inches of water in her tank, than any one on the island."

You see, boys, Bermuda be a queer sort of place, and water very scarce, all they get there is a God-send, as it comes from heaven; and they look sharp out for the rain, which is collected in large tanks, and an inch or two more of water in the tank is considered a great catch. I've often heard the ladies there talking after a shower:—

"Good morning, marm. How you do dis fine morning?"

"Pretty well, I tank you, marm. Charming shower hab last night."

"Yes, so all say, but me not very lucky. Cloud not come over my tank. How many inches you get last night, marm."

"I get good seven inches, and I tink a little bit more, which make me very happy."

"Me no so lucky, marm; so help me God, me only get four inches, and dat noting."

Well, but I've been yawing again, so now to keep my ccurse. As soon as I came to the house I knocked at the door, and a little black girl opens the jalousies, and put her finger to her thick lips.

"No make noise; missy sleep."

"Where am I to put this?"

"Put down there; by-and-by I come fetch it;" and then she closed the jalousies, for fear her mistress should be woke up, and she get a hiding, poor devil. So I puts the breaker down at the door, and walks back to the boat again. Now you see these liberty men were all by when I spoke to the girl, and seeing the liquor left with no one to guard it, the temptation was too strong for them. So they looked all about them, and then at one another, and caught one another's meaning by the eye; but they said nothing. "I'll have no hand in it," at last says one, and walked away. "Nor I," said another, and he walked away too. At last all of them walked away except eight, and then Bill Short walks up to the breaker, and says, "I won't have no *hand* in it either;" but he gave the breaker a kick, which rolls it away two or three yards from the door.

"Nor more will I," said Holmes, giving the breaker another kick, which rolled it out in the road. So they all went on, without having a hand in it, sure enough, till they had kicked the breaker down the hill to the beach. Then they were at a dead stand, as no one would spile the breaker. At last a black carpenter came by, and they offered him a glass, if he would bore a hole with his gimlet, for they were determined to be able to swear, every one of them, that they had *no hand in it*. Well, as soon as the hole was bored, one of them borrowed a couple of little mugs from a black woman, who sold beer, and then they let it run, shoving one mug under as soon as the other was full, and drinking as fast as they could. Before they had half finished, more of the liberty men came down; I suppose they scented the good stuff from above, as a shark does anything in the water, and they soon made a finish of it; and when it was all finished, they were all drunk, and made sail for a cruise, that they might not be found too near the empty breaker. Well, a little before sunset, I was sent on shore with the boat to fetch off the liberty men, and the purser takes this opportunity of going ashore to see his madam, and the first thing he falls athwart of, is his own empty breaker.

"How's this?" says he, "didn't you take this breaker up as I ordered you?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, "I did, and gave it in charge to the little black thing; but madam was asleep, and the girl would not allow me to put it inside the door." At that he began to storm, and swore that he'd find out the malefactors, as he termed the liberty men, who had emptied his breaker, and away he went to the house. As soon as he was gone we got hold of the breaker, and made a *bull* of it.

"How did you manage that?" inquired I.

"Why, Jacob, a *bull* means putting a quart or two of water into a cask which has had spirits in it; and what with the little that may be left, and what has soaked in the wood, if you roll it and shake it well, it gene-

Digitized by Google

rally turns out pretty fair grog. At all events it's always better than nothing."

It was a long while before we could pick up the liberty men, who were reeling about every corner of the town, and quite dark before I came on board. The first lieutenant was on deck, and had no occasion to ask me why I waited so long, when he found they were all lying in the stern sheets. "Where the devil could they have picked up the liquor?" said he, and then he ordered the master-at-arms to keep them under the half-deck till they were sober. The next morning the purser comes off, and makes his complaint on the quarter-deck, as how somebody had stolen his liquor. The first lieutenant reports to the captain, and the captain orders up all the men who came off tipsy.

"Which of you took the liquor?" said he. They all swore they had no hand in it. "Then how did you all get tipsy? Come now, Mr. Short, answer me, you came off beastly drunk—who gave you the liquor?

"A black fellow, sir," replied Short; which was true enough, as the mugs were filled by the black carpenter, and handed by him.

"Well, they all swore the same, and then the captain got into a rage, and ordered them all to be put down on the report. The next day the hands were turned up for punishment, and the captain said,

"Now, my lads, if you won't tell who stole the purser's grog, I will flog you all round. I only want to flog those who committed the theft, for it is too much to expect of seamen that they would refuse a glass of grog when offered to them."

Now, Short and the others had had a parley together, and had agreed how to act; they knew the captain could not bear flogging, and was a very kind-hearted man. So Bill Short steps out, and says, touching his forelock, to the captain,

"If you please, sir, if all must be flogged, if nobody will peach, I think it better to tell the truth at once. It was I who took the liquor."

"Very well, then, said the captain—strip, sir." So Bill Short pulls off his shirt, and is sazed up. "Boatswain's mate," said the captain, "give him a dozen."

"Beg your honour's pardon," said Jack Holmes, stepping out of the row of men brought out for punishment; "but I can't bear to see an innocent man punished, and since one must be flogged, it must be the right one. It warn't Bill Short that took the liquor, it was I."

"Why, how's this?" said the captain, "didn't you own that you took the liquor, Mr. Short?"

"Why, yes, I did say so, 'cause I didn't wish to see *every body* flogged—but the truth's the truth, and I had no hand in it."

"Cast him loose,—Holmes, you're strip, sir." Holmes stripped and was tied up. "Give him a dozen," said the captain; when out steps M'Alpine, and swore it was him, and not Holmes; and axed leave to be flogged in his stead. At which the captain bit his lips to prevent laughing, and then they knew all was right. So another came forward, and says it was him, and not M'Alpine; and another contradicts him again, and so on. At last the captain says, "One would think flogging was a very pleasant affair, you are all so eager to be tied up; but, however, I shan't flog, to please you. I shall find out who was the real culprit, and punish him severely. In the mean time, you keep them all on the report, Mr. P——," speaking to the first lieutenant. "Depend upon it, I'll not let you off, although I do not choose to flog innocent men." So they piped down, and the first lieutenant, who knew that the captain never meant to take any more notice of it, never made no inquiries, and the thing blew over. One day, a month or two after, I told the officers how it all was managed, and they laughed heartily.

Metropolitan.

The Gatherer.

Fattening a Queen.—Mr. Holman, in his *Voyage round the World*, says: "The favourite queen of Duke Ephraim, of old Calabar, was so large that she could scarcely walk, or even move; indeed, they were all prodigiously large, their beauty consisting more in the mass of physique, than in the symmetry of face or figure. This uniform tendency to *en bon point*, on an unusual scale, was accounted for by the singular fact, that the female on whom his Majesty fixes his regards, is regularly fattened up to a certain standard, previously to the nuptial ceremony, it appearing to be essential to the queenly dignity that the lady should be fat. We saw a very fine young woman undergoing this ordeal. She was sitting at a table with a large bowl of farinaceous food, which she was swallowing as fast as she could pass the spoon to and from the bowl and her mouth."

Sleep-Walking.—A case is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again; being all the time asleep. The Archbishop of Bourdeaux mentions a similar case of a student, who got up to compose a sermon while asleep, wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, made corrections on it, scratched out lines, and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote it accurately down, and

Digitized by Google

performed other things equally surprising. Dr. Gall takes notice of a miller who was in the habit of getting up every night and attending to his usual avocations at the mill, then returning to bed: on awaking in the morning, he recollected nothing of what passed during night. Martinet speaks of a saddler who was accustomed to rise in his sleep and work at his trade; and Dr. Pritchard of a farmer who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to the market, being all the while asleep. Dr. Blacklock, on one occasion, rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining, after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done. It is a singular, yet well authenticated fact, that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march along with their comrades.—*Macnish.*

An Alderman's Thumb-ring.

"I could have crept into any alderman's *thumb-ring*."
Shakspeare.

An alderman's thumb-ring is mentioned (says Steevens,) by Brome in the *Antipodes*, 1638; which was acted with great applause at Salisbury-court, Fleet-street: also in the *Northern Lass*, which was acted at the Globe and Black Friars, 1603, viz. "A good man in the City wears nothing rich about him, but the gout or a *thumb-ring*." Again, in *Wit in a Constable*, 1640, viz. "No more wit than the rest of the Bench: what lies in his *thumb-ring*." The custom of wearing a ring on the thumb is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse who advanced into the hall of Cambuscan, that

"——upon his *thombe* he had of gold a *ring*."

P. T. W.

*Commemoration of Handel, 50 years since.** —The grand Musical Festival, held in Westminster Abbey, in 1784, in commemoration of Handel's unparalleled genius, had its origin in an after-dinner's conversation at the house of the late Mr. Harrison, the celebrated tenor vocalist, then living at No. 19, in Percy-street, Rathbone-place; and was first suggested by Bartleman, whose fine bass voice and finished style of intonating the melodies of the old school, will long be remembered.

Except the *Dedication of the Temple*, in which, according to Josephus, 200,000 musicians were engaged, the *Commemoration* was the greatest performance that was ever heard. The band amounted to 482 in number: there were forty-nine first violins, fifty-two second violins, thirty-two tenors, twelve oboes, fourteen second oboes, seven flutes, thirty violoncellos, twenty-five bassoons, one double bassoon, eighteen double-basses, fourteen trumpets, three trombones, twelve horns, four drums, one double-drum; and, of vocal performers, twenty-two cantos, fifty-one altos, sixty-six tenors, sixty-nine basses. The receipts were, for the five commemorations:

	£.	s.	d.
First day, May 26, 1784, at Westminster Abbey	2,966	5	0
Second ditto, at the Pantheon	1,690	10	0
Third ditto, in the Abbey	2,626	1	0
Fourth, ditto, ditto	1,603	7	0
Fifth ditto, ditto	2,117	17	0
At three several rehearsals in both places	944	17	10
His majesty's donation	525	0	0
Sale of the books	262	15	0
	£12,736	12	10

Disbursements.

Mr. Wyatt, for the buildings in the Abbey and Pantheon	1,969	12	0
Mr. Ashley, for payment of the band,	1,976	17	9
Rent and illumination of the Pantheon	156	16	0
Advertising in town and country	236	19	0
Printing books of the words	289	2	0
Door-keepers	102	1	6
Use of the organ	100	0	0
High and petty constables	100	5	0
Gratifications	167	5	0
Engraving checks, striking medals, drawings, guards, porters, and sundry incidents	351	8	10
To the Society for Decayed Musicians,	6,000	0	0
To the Westminster Hospital	1,000	0	0
In the hands of the treasurer, to answer subsequent disbursements	286	6	6
Whole of the disbursements	£12,736	12	10

The effect of this vast assemblage of vocal and instrumental performers was unprecedented in modern times. While some of the auditory were melted and enraptured by the exquisite sweetness of the solos, especially those of Mara, the power of the choral combinations affected others to tears, and even to fainting. When the whole chorus from each side of the stupendous orchestra, joined by all the instruments, burst out "He is the King of Glory," the effect was so overpowering, that the performers could scarcely proceed.

To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads even those who claim
The homage of mankind as their born due,
And find it, till they forfeit it themselves!—*Byron.*

In the hour
Of man's adversity all things grow daring
Against the falling.—*Byron.*

* For an outline of the preparations and performances on this memorable occasion, see *Mirror*, vol. iii. p. 213.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by C. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

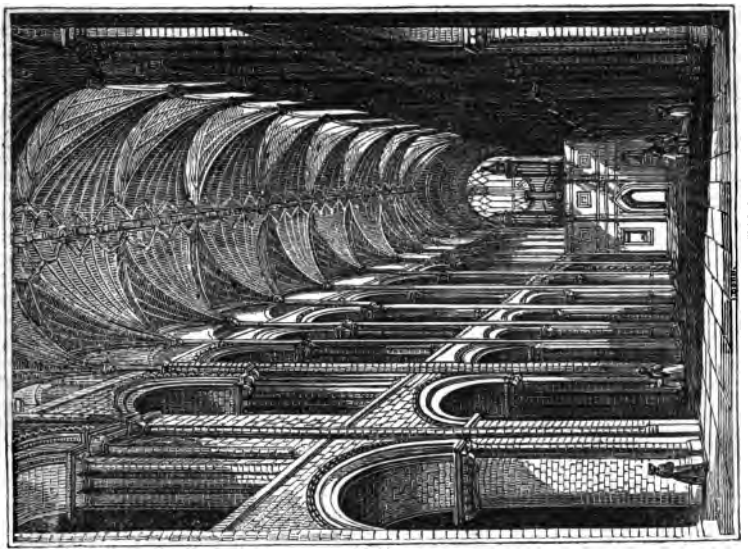
The Mirror

OF

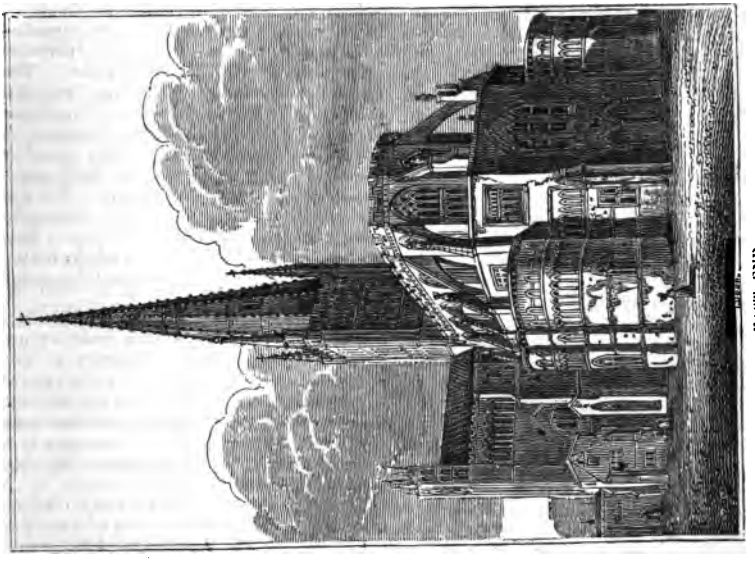
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 660.] SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1834. [Price 2*d*.

NORWICH CATHEDRAL.



NAVE, EASTWARD.



EAST END.

(*From Britton's Cathedral Antiquities.*)

Digitized by Google

NORWICH CATHEDRAL

Norwich has been, from its earliest foundation, distinguished for its numerous monastic structures. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, it is stated to have contained twenty-five parochial churches; and in the time of the Conqueror, forty-three chapels were in the patronage of the burgesses, most of which were afterwards made parochial. During the reign of Edward III. there were fifty-eight parish churches and chapels within the walls. Besides these, was the cathedral, a monastic college and chapel in the precincts, a conventual church, and other religious foundations; in all, amounting to seventy-six places of Christian worship.

The cathedral was founded in the year 1096, by Herbert de Losinga, who had two years previously established the see of Norwich. Herbert de Bryce laid the second stone, when several of the nobility laid others, and contributed rich donations towards the structure. Herbert is understood to have erected the choir with its aisles, the transept and the tower; to which Eborard, his successor, added the nave, with its two aisles, extending from the ante-choir, or rood-loft, to the west end. The next important addition was the Virgin or Lady Chapel at the east end, which has since been demolished. In 1272, the fabric was much injured by fire, during an insurrection between the citizens and the monks. In 1278, the church was repaired: soon afterwards, however, the *tower*, or steeple, appearing to have been materially injured by the fire, it was taken down, and another erected at the sole expense of Bishop Ralph de Walpole. The old chapter-house was built by the same prelate. The cloister, considered as a most valuable specimen of this kind of building, and the "fairest in England," was finished in 1430, or in the one hundred and thirty-third year from its commencement; and the west end of the cathedral was next rebuilt.

In 1361, a violent hurricane blew down the upper part of the steeple, and did much injury to the choir; after which the present spire was built. In 1463, the church was much damaged by lightning, which led to extensive alterations and repairs, and embellishment throughout, by the generosity of Bishop Lyhart. Among these splendid additions was the construction of the noble stone-roof of the nave, adorned with sculptured scenes from the Old Testament. Lyhart's successor, Bishop Goldwell, beautified the tower, and placed a stone roof over the choir, with sculptures from the New Testament, thus completing the design which Lyhart had begun. He also fitted up the choir and its chapels, and covered the whole vaulting with lead. In 1509, the aisles of the transepts having been injured by fire, were repaired by Bishop Nix, and covered with stone roofing, by which means the whole roof was nearly made uniform. At the Dissolution, much curious work was destroyed in the cathedral, and many valuables removed. In 1601, part of the spire was again struck by lightning, but soon restored. Thus the cathedral remained till the rebellion in 1643, when it suffered numerous dilapidations. It was partially refitted at the Restoration. The decayed stone-work was next repaired, and the whole repaired and beautified on an extensive scale, by the dean and chapter, in the year 1763; and again at their expense in 1807.

The architecture of this noble pile is chiefly of the Norman style, with the semicircular arch and large short column; which are considerably varied in size, mouldings, and ornaments throughout the structure. The plan displays a nave, with side aisles; a transept, a choir, with semicircular east end, and an aisle surrounding it. The extreme length of the church from east to west, is 411 feet; of the nave, from the western door to the transept, 140 feet. The extreme width of the latter is 191 feet; of the nave, with aisles, 72 feet: the cloisters form a square of 174 feet within the walls. The latter are enriched with windows or arched openings decorated with tracery; and the doorway leading from thence to the nave is a pointed arch, with four columns on each side, having corresponding archivolt mouldings, in front of which are seven canopied niches, with richly sculptured crockets and statues.

The west front of the cathedral displays a large central compartment, corresponding with the nave, and two lateral divisions corresponding with the side aisles. The central window is divided into nine compartments, richly subdivided by small mullions. Beneath is the grand entrance doorway,—a bold, deep, pointed arch, with its spandrils and side fascia much enriched with mouldings, niches, pedestals, statues, &c. Each of the lateral divisions is divided into three compartments, all of the semicircular or Norman style. At the extremities of the central and lateral divisions, are turrets surmounted with domes.

An outline of the southern elevation and east end will materially aid the reader in understanding the external character of this spacious fabric. The nave and aisles present five tiers, or stories, of windows and arcades, though part of the lowermost is obscured by one side of the cloisters. Above this is a series of semicircular blank arches, or arcades, divided into fourteen compartments, by a flat buttress between each; every division consisting of six arches. In the next tier upwards, each compartment shows three semicircular arches: over this is a flatly pointed arch window, with two mullions, in each

Digitized by Google

division. This constitutes the elevation of the aisle, which is unusually lofty and narrow. Above this is a series of arches, open and blank, to the upper part of the nave. The sides and front of the transept nearly correspond in the number and style of arches, with the division just described. At the intersection of the transept with the nave and choir, rises a lofty tower, surmounted by a spire, the whole height being 315 feet. The tower has four stories and battlements, and is enriched with arcades, columns, and tracery mouldings. It is an individual specimen of the Norman style; but the battlements, pinnacles at the angles, and the octangular spire, with its bold crockets on the ribs, are all of later date. The exterior of the choir and its aisles has large lofty windows, with pointed arches, ornamented with mullions and tracery; whilst the aisles display several square-headed windows, divided by three mullions and tracery. These windows are curious and rare examples of form. Bold buttresses project from the upper part of the choir across and over the aisle.

The interior is grand and solemn in general effect; the piers, columns, arches, and mouldings being in a bold and substantial style. But the modern fittings of the choir, or part for cathedral service, extending from the semicircular east end, across the transept, and to the third column in the nave, tend to disfigure the building; the boarded and painted partitions filling up the arches, and shutting out all general and comprehensive views of the noble structure.*

BUTTON'S LETTER-BOX.

(To the Editor.)

OBSERVING in No. 655 of the *Mirror*, an engraving of Button's letter-box, I beg to inform you the original is still preserved, and is now in the possession of Mr. C. Richardson, of Golden-square; where also is the original head formerly used as a sign at the Shakspeare's Head. E. W.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

A SINGLE star is in the skies,
In peerless beauty watching there,
And deep and holy quiet lies
In all the dim, soft air;
Through which the silvery twilight hues
Their placid loveliness diffuse.

And like a holy song the flowers
Send all their perfume's sweetness forth,
While silver dews in noiseless showers
Fall gently o'er the earth;
And these with balmy coolness bless
This hour of nature's quietness.

It is devotion's holy time;
And nature to the throne above
Sends up the deep-felt prayer sublime
Of gratitude and love:
That hallowed strain whose breathings pierce
Far through the boundless universe.

It is the hour when thought unfolds
A pathway to yon starr'd abode,
And the wing'd soul, aspiring holds
Communion with its God;
And deems that all things God has made
Unite, its ardent prayer to aid.

And do they not? Have not the woods
A voice that speaks in whispered prayer,
Even when all-hallowing quiet broods
With hovering darkness there?
And when soft breezes sweep them by,
They stir and whisper audibly.

Above the dusky vales and hills
Soft murmurs wander, sweet and low;
And through the dewy grass, the rills
With song-like whisperings flow;
And though so soft, they seem to rise
In one sweet anthem to the skies.

Lull'd into calm eve's skies beneath,
Ocean has still'd its stormiest deep;
But still its many voices breathe
As the hush'd babe in sleep,
Soft, sweet, and low, but heard far more
Than wildest storms, on every shore.

Even from yon glittering stars there seems
To come a voice with every ray;
And where the noiseless dewfall seems
Around the blossom'd spray,
In fancy's ear a whisper stirs,
Like hymn of seraph worshippers.

And every flower, and every leaf,
That decks the turf, or robes the tree,
With their low voices, soft and brief,
Join in the harmony,
That soars like incense from all space,
To the Creator's dwelling place.

Low bending at its mother's feet,
With placid eye, and features fair,
The infant breathes in accents sweet,
To heaven its artless prayer;
And guardian angels waft above,
Those words of innocence and love.

And where devotion's votaries bend,
Within their cloister'd aisles of stone,
The vesper hymns of peace ascend,
Till in the rapturous tone
Their gladden'd souls exulting rise,
And live in dreams of Paradise.

Earth, air, and ocean all unite
In evening's prayer of peace and love,
That pure and swift as new-born light,
Now wings its way above;
And mingles with the holy hymn
Of heaven's own radiant cherubim. G. J. N.

POMPEII.

(From a Tourist's Diary.)

AND this is Pompeii? Magnificent desolation! Before me, in solemn majesty, stands the Temple of the Goddess Fortune; behind me lies that which was once a city, lifeless and motionless—a body without a soul. The noonday sun blazes fiercely in the heavens; the world is up and stirring, but *here* it is still as night; not a bird, not a thing of life is there to break the melancholy, sepulchral silence.

Two thousand years ago, a countless multitude occupied this place, full of life, hope, and joy, possessing the same powers, prejudices, and passions which now rule near this spot; nay, on this very spot, may Cicero have stood, surrounded by listening crowds,

* We have abridged these details from the *Beauties of England and Wales*. By the Rev. J. Evans and J. Britton, Norfolk, vol. xi.

Digitized by Google

who have all perished, leaving little save these stones to tell the things that were. I feel awe-stricken and heartsick, and dare not to move, lest my own footfall should make more dreadful the stillness which exists. Whence comes this sickness, this involuntary yearning of the heart? It is from sympathy with those who *are* as I *must* be: it is from innate knowledge of mine own evanescent nothingness.

On a heap of rubbish at my feet lies a small ring, which once perhaps bedecked the finger of some proud Pompeian dame! that little worthless bauble has here lain buried, while twenty generations of the rich and of the wretched, the virtuous and the vicious, have passed from off the earth. *That* is unimpaired; of *them* there is no trace; the elements which composed their bodies have entered into other combinations and their original form is lost. Stay! In nature, nothing is or can be destroyed; it may be changed by commixture in proportion and in appearance; it may be now as air and then as water; still the same particles are in being, and ever will be until the end. Here then I see consolation; their minds, (whether in heaven, whether in Paradise with the Houri, or whether animating some other form upon the earth,) must also still exist; and those whom I have deplored are not *dead;* they have merely changed their dwelling place. G. G. jun.

Manners and Customs.

MAY DEW.

On the first of May, Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, presents an animated spectacle. It is customary at four o'clock in the morning of that day, for young persons of both sexes to proceed to the summit of the hill, where they disturb the profound silence, which reigns during all other periods of the year, by music and singing, and sometimes by boisterous mirth; for these early risers are by no means forgetful of whiskey and eatables, to which they consider themselves entitled after their toilsome ascent.

It is a common belief among the vulgar, that young maidens who are sufficiently courageous to ascend Arthur's Seat on this occasion, and wash their faces *with the dew* on the summit, will preserve their health and good looks throughout the remainder of the year. Many a fair damsel leaves her bed for this purpose, and as those who arrive first usually exhaust all the virgin dew, the more tardy are often bitterly disappointed. Being determined, however, to have something for their pains, they *rub* their faces on the spot where the feet of their more fortunate companions have just before danced to the sound of the fiddle or the bagpipe. It is quite natural to suppose that numerous sprightly lasses return to their homes with faces less fair than when they set out with the intention of improving them.

Edinburgh, April 14, 1834. G. W. N.

DUDS-DAY FRIDAY AT KILMARNOCK.

Duds-day Friday is called so because of its being the first subsequent to the term of Whit Sunday, and a market day on which the country people, chiefly servants, make their annual purchases of clothes. Penny reels used to be one of the principal amusements upon that day, but this exhilarating practice has been almost totally annihilated within these few years. To the annual return of Duds-day Friday, the merchants of Kilmarnock look forward with fond anticipation of gain; and, in general, they are not disappointed, an immense deal of money being expended in all kinds of merchandise, although principally in clothing. W. G. C.

BEATING BOUNDS.

The perambulating of the boundaries of parishes in Rogation week is of very ancient origin, and is one of those old usages which is still retained by the reformed church. Previous to the Reformation, these parochial perambulations were attended with great abuses, and, therefore, when processions were forbidden, the useful part only of them was retained. It appears to have been derived from the French, for we learn from Le Cointe's *Ecclesiastical Annals of France,* that Mamertus, bishop of Vienne, first ordered them to be observed about the middle of the fifth century, upon the prospect of some particular calamity that threatened his diocese. In Gibson's *Codes of Ecclesiastical Law,* we find, that by an injunction of Queen Elizabeth, it was ordered: "That the people shall, once a year, at the time accustomed, with the curate and substantial men of the parish, walk about the parishes as they were accustomed, and, at their return to church, make their common prayers; provided that the curate in the said common perambulation, as heretofore, in the days of Rogations, at certain convenient places shall admonish the people to give God thanks in the beholding of God's benefits, for the increase and abundance of his fruits upon the face of the earth, with the saying of the 104th Psalm, &c.; at which time also the said minister shall inculcate this and such like sentences, 'Cursed be he which translateth the bounds and doles of his neighbours;' or such other order of prayer as shall be hereafter appointed." There does not, remarks Mr. Faulkner, in his *History of Kensington,* appear to be any law by which the observance of this custom can be enforced, nor can the ecclesiastical judges oblige the churchwardens to go their bounds. W. G. C.

Digitized by Google

Antiquariana.

DOMESDAY.

DOMESDAY, or Domesday book, (*Liber judiciarius, vel censualis Angliæ,*) is a most ancient record, made in the time of William the Conqueror, and now remaining in the Exchequer, fair and legible, consisting of two volumes, a greater and a less; the greater containing a survey of all the lands in England, except the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and part of Lancashire, which it is said were never surveyed; and excepting Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, which three last are comprehended in the lesser volume. There is also a third book, which differs from the others in form more than matter, made by the command of the same king. And there is a fourth book kept in the Exchequer which is called Domesday; and, though a very large volume, is only an abridgment of the others. Likewise, a fifth book is kept in the Remembrancer's office, in the Exchequer, which has the name of Domesday, and is the very same with the fourth before mentioned. Our ancestors had many Dome-books. Alfred had a roll which he called Domesday; and the Domesday book made by William I. referred to the time of Edward the Confessor, as that of King Alfred did to the time of Ethelred. The fourth book of Domesday has many pictures and gilt letters in the beginning, relating to the time of Edward the Confessor; this led him who made notes on Fitzherbert's register into a mistake in page 14, where he tells us that *Liber Domesday factus fuit tempore regis Edwardi.*

The book of Domesday was begun by five justices, assigned for that purpose in each county, in the year 1081, and finished anno 1086. The question whether lands are ancient demesne, or not, is to be decided by the Domesday of William I., from whence there is no appeal: and it is a book of such authority that even the Conqueror himself submitted some cases wherein he was concerned, to be determined by it. The addition of *day* to this Dome book, was not meant with any allusion to the final day of judgment as most persons have conceived; but was to strengthen and confirm it, and signifieth the judicial decisive record, or book of dooming, judgment, and justice. (*Hammond's Annot.*) Camden calls this book *Gulielmi Librum Censualem*, or the tax-book of King William; and it was further called *Magna Rolla Winton.* (See the printed copy of Domesday book, p. 332.) There is, (according to Blount,) an ancient roll in Chester Castle, called Domesday roll. At York, Worcester, and other cathedrals, the registers, or chartularies, are called Domesday books. A transcript of the Domesday book of William I. has been made, printed, and published, for easy access by antiquaries and historians. (See Spelm. in verb Domesdei.)

The Dome book, or *Liber Judicialis*, of Alfred, was composed under his direction for the general use of the whole kingdom, and contained the local customs of the several provinces. This book is said to have been extant so late as the reign of Edward IV.; but it is now lost. It probably contained the principal maxims of the common law, the penalties for misdemeanours, and the forms of judicial proceedings. Thus much, at least, may be collected from the injunction to observe it, which is found in the laws of Edward the Elder, son of Alfred, c. 1. (See also Leg. Inæ. c. 29, and Spelm. in verb Dombec. C. H.

ANCIENT CELT.

A SHORT time since there was found, on the property of the Duke of Gordon at Blackhills, a curious article, made of brass, which is manifestly one of the implements of war used by the ancient Gauls. It was discovered several feet below the surface of the earth, where it must have been for ages, as the spot has been for time immemorial a wild, uncultivated heath. It is between four and five inches in length, and rather better than one in breadth. It is one of the kind described by Logan, in his *Highlands of Scotland*, as of simple and plain construction and tapered towards each end. It has been supposed by some antiquaries, that, independently of the application of these celts to purposes of war, they were used in the Druidical sacrifices so common in Scotland in the early stages of its history. Others are of opinion that they were also employed as implements of carpentry, and that they answered the purposes of axe, chisel, and adze. W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

THE BUFF-TIP MOTH, (*Pygæra bucephala.*)

By James Fennell.

THE caterpillars, or larvæ, of this species are gregarious, and occasionally commit extensive ravages on beech, limes, oaks, willows, hazels, and elms. In some years their devastations are very great, while in others they are not considerable. Mr. Rennie notices that they abounded in many parts of the country in 1826, and states that he observed them particularly abundant during that year, at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and also at Compton-Bassett, in Wiltshire. A Correspondent to the *Field Naturalist*, who passes under the cognomen of "Solitarius," observes in his diary of natural history occurrences, that on

Digitized by Google

the 29th of September, 1832, he found these larvæ "very plentiful in Hyde Park, where they committed extensive ravages on the foliage of the trees."*

The full-grown larvæ, on account of their very conspicuous dress of yellow, striped with small parallel black lines, are readily perceived on the trees which they are ravaging; but, in most cases, the leafless condition of the trees is the first thing to excite attention, even before the cause is discovered; for the branches of such as have been attacked will usually be found deprived of their leaves on one side, while the other side still retains them. The latter circumstance arises from the methodical plan pursued by the larvæ when engaged in feeding. In their smaller state, they associate in large numbers, marshalling themselves together in the order of a file or regiment, and in this organized manner commence eating those leaves that are nearest to them; for, instead of wandering like other caterpillars, in different directions, they endeavour, as far as practicable, to pursue a straight line of march. From the paucity of the moths to be seen, it is probable that few of the larvæ arrive at their perfect state, being perhaps destroyed by insectivorous birds. It has been long ascertained that they constitute a great portion of the cuckoo's breakfast, a discovery that proves the recent conjecture of Mr. Jesse correct, in thinking that this bird feeds early in the morning.† When a full-grown larva is touched, it knocks its head about in all directions, as though attempting to repel the liberty taken, with a blow, and not unfrequently opens its mandibles or jaws, as though it would inflict a bite.

The caterpillar, previous to its change to a chrysalis, a transformation that takes place in October, forms for itself in the earth a sort of cup or pupa-case, composed of clay, intended as a place of rest and concealment during the time it remains in the latter inactive state. On the first day after the chrysalis is formed, it is of a light green colour and very soft, but gradually assumes a darker appearance, and at length is dark brown and hard. A chrysalis which I had in my possession exhibited the singular circumstance of having three pair of feet-like protuberances; the first pair being the largest, the second somewhat smaller, and the third the least of either.

The moths, themselves, generally appear in May, but under favourable circumstances come forth as early as the middle of April. They are very beautiful creatures, their general colour being silvery grey, and having a large round spot of light yellow on each wing. When engaged in copulation, (which occurs about the third week in June,) they conceal their heads, legs, and antennæ, and fold their wings in such a manner, I have observed, as to bear so great a resemblance to a piece of whitish bark, that a person, even though he were an entomologist, might regard them as such; and, on being disturbed at such a time they drop from the leaf on which they rested, on to the ground, without altering their simulated appearance. About five days after fecundation, the female deposits her globular eggs on the leaves of such trees as nature has ordained to be the food of her offspring:—a providential foresight common, it may be remarked, to all insects. Each egg is about the size of a common pin's head, and if examined, will be found very like a minute model of the human eye. Having laid her eggs, she then, as is the case with every insect after the performance of such a task, expires almost immediately.

* *Field Naturalist*, vol. ii. p. 43.

† "I have often watched the cuckoo, but never yet saw it in the act of procuring its food, a circumstance which almost makes me think that he feeds late at night only, or very early in the morning, when moths are most abundant."—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History*, (second series,) p. 6.

THE RHINOCEROS.

(Continued from page 281.)

THE rhinoceros utters a note like the grunt of a boar; which increases to a shrill sound when he becomes enraged or hungry. He will consume 124 pounds of vegetable food in the course of the day, and drink in proportion. Dr. Parsons tells us that the rhinoceros he saw, from the time of his being first taken to the time of his landing in England, cost one thousand pounds.

In a state of nature, the rhinoceros commonly lives in solitude, moves slowly with his head hanging down, and often uproots vegetables by ploughing the earth with his horn. The latter is solid, and when turned in the lathe, is fashioned into a drinking cup; and the ancient creed is, that if any noxious fluid were poured into a cup of this description, it would instantly *foam* and *boil over the brim*; although we believe this superstition is associated with the African species. The flesh of the rhinoceros, though coarse and fibrous, is said to be similar in its flavour to pork, and better than that of the elephant.

Of the Indian rhinoceros lately living in the Garden of Plants at Paris, MM. Frederic Cuvier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire have published an interesting memoir. "This rhinoceros was but young, and contrary to the commonly received opinion, was habitually of a very gentle disposition, obedient to his keeper, and receiving his care and attention with a real affection. However, he would occasionally be seized with fits of fury, during which it was not prudent to come near him. No cause could be assigned for these violent

Digitized by Google

paroxysms: one might say that a blind impulse or desire to regain a state of liberty, (which he had never enjoyed,) excited him to break his chains, and escape from the bondage in which he was retained. Bread and fruits, however, always pacified him; and the claims of hunger always silenced those of liberty; so that this resource against his fury was always kept in reserve. He knew those persons who most indulged him in his *gourmandise*, and they were received with the liveliest manifestations of affection: the moment he saw them he stretched towards them his long upper lip, opened his mouth, and drew in his tongue. The narrow stall in which he was confined did not allow him to manifest much intelligence; and his keeper took no other pains than to induce him to forget or misconceive his own strength, and to obey: but from the attention which he paid to every thing which was passing around him, and from the readiness with which he distinguished individuals, and recognised those circumstances which seemed the preliminaries of his receiving something agreeable to him, one can readily judge that his intelligence would have acquired a greater developement under more favourable circumstances. But his immense force, and the apprehensions constantly entertained that in one of his fits of passion he would break down his apartment, insured for him the most indulgent treatment; nothing was required of him without a reward, and the little degree of motion which was allowed him, was an additional reason for requiring from him no other actions than to open his mouth, turn his head to the right or to the left, hold up his leg, &c."

This specimen was received in Paris in 1815. His height at the highest part of his back was 5 ft. 6 in., or upwards of double the height of the young animal at the Surrey Gardens: his length was nearly 8 ft. or 3 ft. more than that of our specimen. The skin was of a deep violet grey colour, which seemed almost black, when oiled or greased; and this kind of lubrication was performed twice or thrice a week, to prevent the skin drying and cracking. At certain parts, as the outer side of the limbs, the knees, and on the head, the tubercles of the skin had acquired such a length, as to resemble horny threads, closely arranged in a parallel manner one against the other; and it is these papillæ which some authors have termed excrescences. He collected together the smallest morsels of food with his movable upper lip to carry them to his mouth; and when he ate hay, he formed it with his upper lip into little bunches, which he afterwards introduced between his teeth by means of his tongue. His horn was short and blunt, and he made use if it to strike against objects when he was enraged. One might see that he was borne by an instinctive impulse to make use of that part in preference to every other when the employment of his strength was required.

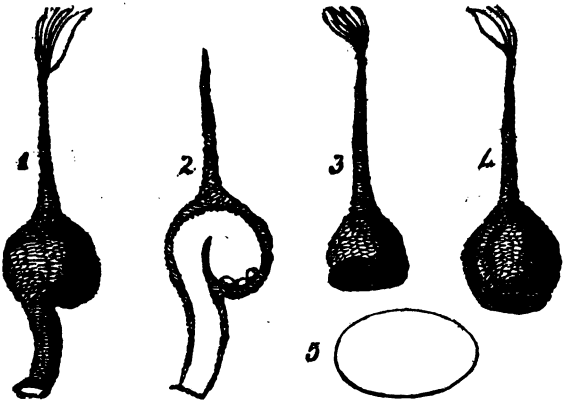
The tractability of the rhinoceros has been confirmed by observers in the native country of the animal. Bishop Heber saw at Lucknow five or six very large rhinoceroses, of which he found that prints and drawings had given him a very imperfect conception. They are more bulky animals, and of a darker colour than the Bishop supposed; though the latter difference might be occasioned by oiling the skin. The folds of their impenetrable skin also surpassed all which the Bishop had expected. Those at Lucknow were quiet and gentle animals, except that one of them had a feud with horses. They seemed to propagate in captivity without reluctance. They had sometimes howdahs, or chaiselike seats on their backs, and were once fastened in a carriage, but only as an experiment, which was never followed up. The Bishop, however, subsequently saw a rhinoceros, (the present of Lord Amherst to the Guicwar,) which was so tamed as to be ridden by a Mohout quite as patiently as an elephant.

BIRDS' NESTS.

Who has not admired the cell of the bee among the many wonderful works of that creature, whose labours almost rival the proud ingenuity of man. There is, probably, nothing more extraordinary in the animal world than the construction of this said cell, the exquisiteness of which has not been overlooked by naturalists; yet we fear that thousands who gaze with wonder at models in public galleries, are unacquainted with the wonderful labours in progress within a bee-hive. How can we reconcile this seeming inconsistency—this overweening fondness of man for his own works!

Yet a bird's nest presents a phenomenon nearly as wonderful as the cell of the bee; and this position has hundreds, nay, thousands of illustrations in the architecture of birds. We will take, for example, the pendulous nest of the Indian Baya Bird, of which much more seems to have been written than correctly understood. The materials of this nest are usually fibres of the fronds of the palmyra, cocoa-nut palm, and wild date of India, sometimes mixed with grass, and occasionally made entirely of grass; these are neatly interlaced, and form a texture of extraordinary strength. The nest is suspended, as represented in fig. 1, if from a palm, from the tip of a frond, and if from any other tree, from the extremity of a slender branch, those overhanging water being always preferred. The nest will be seen by the section, fig. 2, to consist of *only one* chamber, with a long, tubular passage leading to it; although it

Digitized by Google



(Nests of the Baya Bird:—1. Perfect Nest. 2. Section of the same, with Eggs. 3, 4. Nests in progress of being built. 5. Egg.)

has been said to comprise two or three separate apartments, an idea which may have arisen from a hasty glance at half-finished nests; new ones are never added to the old. The pipe forming the entrance to the nest is seldom so long as here represented; it often does not pass the bottom more than three or four inches; and the mouth or the extremity is always left in an unfinished state. Many nests are always left unfinished, as figs. 3 and 4; for what reason it is difficult to conceive. The bird lays from four to six white eggs, one of which of the natural size is fig. 5. The white, when boiled, is transparent, and the flavour is exquisitely delicious. The nests do not seem to be entirely deserted by the old birds at any time of the year. The young ones probably separate from them, and form new colonies, as, at certain seasons, they are to be seen by themselves, in large flocks. This account of the nests is from the *Magazine of Natural History*, and is written by an eye-witness of what he describes; yet "a gentleman long resident in India," states, in the *Architecture of Birds*, that the fact of the existence of *separate* chambers is indisputable, and that it is equally certain that they are not occasioned by adding new nests to old ones, as such additions would be at once discernible from the difference occasioned in colour and texture by exposure to the weather. This account is irreconcilable with the *Magazine* description, and the Correspondent supposes that the nests noticed in the *Architecture* are those of some other species of loxia than the baya.

The natives of India, where the baya is very common, often tell stories of its lighting up its nest with fire-flies, which it catches alive at night, and confines with moist clay or with cow-dung. That such flies are often found in the nest, where pieces of cow-dung are also stuck, is indubitable; but it appears more probable that the bird feeds on the flies than enjoys their light. This is one of those pretty conceits of naturalists, which want confirmation.

Bayas seem to be of a very social disposition: numbers build on the same tree, or on neighbouring trees, and sing in concert during the breeding season, with very pleasing effect, but with little variety of note. The bird is called *tenawit* in Arabic, from its pendent nest. It is rather larger than a sparrow, with a yellow brown plumage, a yellowish head and feet, and a conic beak, very thick in proportion to its body. It is very docile, easily tamed, taught to fly off the finger, and return again at a signal; to dart after a ring or small coin dropped into a well, and catch it before it reaches the water; to fetch and carry; and to perform other similar tricks.

The nest next figured is that of the golden-banded oriole,* one of a well-known brilliant family of tropical birds. It consists of a hammock of twisted fibrous substances, so placed, (between the crutches of a low, thorny, small-leafed shrub, in the cut,) as to swing to the breeze. The loops by which it was strung up are very inartificially made, and it does not otherwise exhibit much nice labour in its construction; nevertheless, the simplicity of its materials renders it curious: the twine-like fibres of which it is woven, are the filaments taken from between the folds of the gigantic fan-palm, which threads break away and hang like a fringe to the leaf; as shown in an engraving of this magnificent specimen of foliage, at page 105 of the present volume.

These are foreign nests: in our own country are some elaborate made nests. But as

* *Field Naturalist's Magazine.*

Digitized by Google

(Nest of the Golden-banded Oriole.)

well observed of a bird's nest in the *Quarterly Review*, just published: "This object is so familiar to us, that it excites little or no curiosity; but let it be shown to a person capable of reflection, who had never seen such a structure; let him examine the materials of which it is composed, their admirable aptitude for the purpose which it answers, the convenience of its form for the shape and the warmth of its inhabitants, the lightness, the firmness, the neatness with which its materials are twisted and interwoven; and let him be assured that this curious structure was finished in a few weeks, by a pair of birds, with no other implements than the bill and the claws, and he would instantly be filled with profound astonishment: and how would this emotion be heightened, when he learned that the birds began to build it just in time to be ready for incubation, that it was the first they had ever made, and that they had therefore no experience of the days or weeks necessary for its completion? If there be no ingenuity, no foresight in the animal, there must be wisdom and contrivance *somewhere*."

New Books.

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

By James Holman, R. N., F. R. S. &c.

[This is the first portion of a work designed to extend to four volumes, and form a consecutive series of Mr. Holman's voyages and travels round the world. The present volume contains: Madeira, Teneriffe, St. Jago, Sierra Leone, Cape Coast, Accra, Fernando Po, Bonny, Calabar, and other rivers in the Bight of Biafra, Prince's Island, Ascension, Rio Janeiro, and a Journey to the Gold Mines. The reader may probably require to be informed of the peculiar situation of the author—that he is blind—and that he feels bound to believe that his innate passion for travelling has been ordained by a wise and benevolent Providence, as a source of consolation under an affliction which closes upon him all the delights and charms of the visible world. Yet, here a question is naturally suggested, and as clearly answered as follows:]

The Author's Blindness.

I am constantly asked, and I may as well answer the question here once for all, *what is the use of travelling to one who cannot see?* I answer. Does every traveller see all that he describes?—and is not every traveller obliged to depend upon others for a great proportion of the information he collects? Even Humboldt himself was not exempt from this necessity. The picturesque in nature, it is true, is shut out from me, and works of art are to me mere outlines of beauty, accessible only to one sense; but, perhaps, this very circumstance affords a stronger zest to curiosity, which is thus impelled to a more close and searching examination of details than would be considered necessary to a traveller who might satisfy himself by the superficial view, and rest content with the first impressions conveyed through the eye. Deprived of that organ of information, I am compelled to adopt a more rigid and less suspicious course of inquiry, and to investigate analytically, by a train of patient examination, suggestions, and deductions, which other travellers dismiss at first sight; so that, freed from the hazard of being misled by appearances, I am the less likely to adopt hasty and erroneous conclusions. I believe that, notwithstanding my want of vision, I do not fail to visit as many interesting points in the course of my travels as the majority of my contemporaries: and by having things described to me *on the spot*, I think it is possible for me to form as correct a judgment as my own sight would enable me to do: and to confirm my accuracy, I could bring many living witnesses to bear testimony to my endless inquiries, and insatiable thirst for collecting information. Indeed, this is the secret of the delight I derive from travelling, affording me as it does a constant source of mental occupation, and stimulating me so powerfully to physical exertion, that I can bear a greater degree of bodily fatigue, than any one could suppose my frame to be capable of supporting.

I am frequently asked how I take my notes. It is simply thus: I keep a sort of

Digitized by Google

rough diary, which I fill up from time to time as opportunities offer, but not from day to day, for I am frequently many days in arrear, sometimes, indeed, a fortnight together: but I always vividly remember the daily occurrences which I wish to retain, so that it is not possible that any circumstances can escape my attention. I also collect distinct notes on various subjects, as well as particular descriptions of interesting objects, and when I cannot meet with a friend to act as my amanuensis, I have still a resource in my own writing apparatus, of which, however, I but seldom avail myself, as the process is much more tedious to me than that of dictation. But these are merely rough notes of the heads of subjects, which I reserve to expatiate upon at leisure on my return to old England.

The invention of the apparatus to which I allude is invaluable to those who are afflicted with blindness. It opens not only an agreeable source of amusement and occupation in the hours of loneliness and retirement, but it affords a means of communicating our secret thoughts to a friend, without the interposition of a third party; so that the intercourse and confidence of private correspondence, excluded by a natural calamity, are thus preserved to us by an artificial substitute. By the aid of this process, too, we may desire our correspondent to reply to our inquiries in a way which would be quite unintelligible to those to whom the perusal of the answer might be submitted. This apparatus, which is called the "Nocto via Polygraph," by Mr. Wedgwood, the inventor, is not only useful to the blind, but is equally capable of being rendered available to all persons suffering under diseases of the eyes; for, although it does not assist you to commit your thoughts to paper with the same facility that is attained by the use of pen and ink, it enables you to write very clearly and legibly, while you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are spared all risk of hurting your sight.

[The author embarked on board H. M. S. Eden, in July, 1827, on a passage to the coast of Africa, with Captain W. F. Owen, who had been appointed superintendant of a new settlement at Fernando Po; so that much novelty may be looked for in information respecting the above island, and we rejoice to find the expectation realized. Passing Cape Finisterre, is the following note of the culture of]

Coffee and Tea at Madeira.

The planting of coffee has lately become very general in the vicinity of Funchal, chiefly in gardens and places not favourable for the culture of the vine, and this plant generally presents a most thriving appearance, producing a berry which is highly esteemed, and is in such demand at Lisbon that there is no doubt that the cultivation of it, will, hereafter, become an object of some consideration; and I may here observe, that it is already gradually extending. The quality of this berry is so superior as to have rendered it an article of exportation, and the people more readily resort to this new branch of culture, from the decline in the demand for the secondary wines. Our Consul has recently introduced the tea plant at his seat up the mountain, from which some favourable specimens have already been obtained.

Crossing the Line.

[The old custom of shaving and ducking, it is satisfactory to find, is rapidly falling into disuse.

In the account of St. Jago is an interesting description of orchilla weed, the most valuable produce of the island; which we intend to quote upon another occasion. At Sierra Leone is the following]

Capture of Leopards.

Mr. Campbell had two leopards, which he purchased with the intention of sending to England, secured in one of the out-buildings in his yard. They were brought from the Rio Pongas, about eighty miles to the northward of Sierra Leone, and were taken near that river in the following manner:—Some black fellows having discovered a leopard's den, about a dozen of them, armed with muskets, placed themselves to watch the departure of the dam in quest of prey. When they went to examine it they found two young ones, not larger than good sized cats, which they immediately bagged, and conveyed to the town. They were soon followed by the dam, but she would not venture to attack so great a number of persons; she continued, however, to hover about the town for several weeks before she despaired of recovering her young.

Unhealthiness of Sierra Leone.

There was, at one period, so much sickness at Sierra Leone, that this young man, Lieutenant Nott (then an ensign), was the *Commanding Officer in Barracks!*

Accompanied Mr. Macauley in a ride on horseback, through the grass-field, to a village called Portuguese Town, and round Barrack Hill, passing the new, and afterwards the old burying-ground, &c. The grass-field is said to be that part of Sierra Leone, which is the principal cause of the unhealthiness of the town, it being, in heavy rains, partly covered with water; however, there are other causes in addition to this, that are said to contribute to the unhealthiness of the place. One of these is a belt of wood on the hill above the town; which must considerably impede the current of air, and, if this was cleared and cultivated, it would greatly im-

Digitized by Google

prove the salubrity of the place; but, I fear, the greatest evil of all is insurmountable, under existing circumstances, as it is not within the control of the colonists. This is the low marshy land that lies on the other side of the bay, and directly opposite the town, called the Boollam shore.

Auction at Sierra Leone.

There was an auction held to-day of the effects of the late Tasco Williams, Esq.; one peculiar feature of which is worth noting. The persons who had assembled were hospitably entertained with bread and cheese, and abundance of wine and spirits, with a view, no doubt, to increase the animation and excitement of the scene. Whether the bidders became extravagant in consequence, I do not know, but I think it very likely; at all events I suspect that the auctioneer was trying an experiment on the animal spirits of the company. This custom, although by no means familiar to Englishmen, is very generally practised in the north of England. It is probably a relique of ancient manners.

Alligators.

We made an excursion to the island of Tasso before dinner, and returned to Bance Island, where we passed the night. On approaching Tasso, we saw a large alligator, which Mr. McCormack fired at, but apparently without any effect. It is a well known fact that the scales of these creatures will turn a bullet. They abound in the river, and are very fearless and ravenous. Some of the men belonging to the timber rafts, who incautiously trusted themselves in the water, have been on several occasions seized by the alligators and carried off, sometimes escaping with the loss of a leg or an arm; at other times, when the people on the rafts happened to sit at the sides, with their feet hanging over, the alligators have been known to seize them by their legs and drag them into the water. They have been taken of the enormous length of eighteen feet.

The Public Journals.

APPROACH AND FIRST VISIT TO LONDON.

(*From the Autobiography of an English Opium-eater, in Tait's Magazine.*)

It was a most heavenly day in May of this year, (1800,) when I first beheld and first entered this mighty wilderness, as to me it was, the city—no! not the city, but the nation of London. Often have I since then at distances of two and three hundred miles, or more, from this colossal emporium of men, wealth, arts, and intellectual power, felt the sublime expression of her enormous magnitude in one simple form of ordinary occurrence, viz. in the vast droves of cattle, suppose upon the great north roads, all with their heads directed to London, and expounding the size of the attracting body, by the force of its attractive power, as measured by the never-ending succession of the droves, and the remoteness from the capital of the lines upon which they were moving. A suction so powerful, felt along radii so vast, and a consciousness at the same time, that upon other radii still more vast, both by land and by sea, the same suction is operating night and day, summer and winter, and hurrying for ever into one centre the infinite means needed for her infinite purposes, and the endless tributes to the skill or to the luxury of her endless population, crowds the imagination with a pomp to which there is nothing corresponding upon this planet, either amongst the things that have been, or the things that are, except in ancient Rome.* We, upon this occasion, were in an open carriage; and, chiefly (as I imagine) to avoid the dust, we approached London by rural lanes and roads comparatively quiet and shady, collateral to the main ones, where any such could be found. In that mode of approach, we missed some features of the sublimity belonging to any of the common approaches upon a main road; what I mean is, the whirl and uproar, the tumult and the agitation, which continually thicken and thicken throughout the last eight or ten miles before you reach the suburbs. Already at three stages' distance upon some of the greatest roads, the dim presentiment of some vast capital reaches you obscurely, and like a misgiving. This blind sympathy with a mighty but unseen object in your neighbourhood, continues to increase, you know not how. Arrived at the last station for changing horses, Barnet suppose, on one of the north roads, or Hounslow on the western, you no longer think (as in all other places) of naming the next stage; nobody says on pulling up, "Horses on to London;" that would sound ludicrous: one mighty idea broods over all minds, making it imposible to suppose any other destination. Launched upon this final stage, you soon begin to feel yourself entering the stream as it were of a Norwegian *maelstrom;* and the stream at length becomes a rush. What is meant by the Latin word

* *Ancient Rome:*—Vast, however, as the London is of this day, I am persuaded that it is far below the Rome of the Cæsars. It has long been a settled opinion among scholars, that the computations of Lipsius on this point were prodigiously overcharged; and formerly I shared in that belief. But a closer study of the question, and a laborious *collation* of the different data, (for any single record, independently considered, can here establish nothing,) have satisfied me that Lipsius was nearer the truth than his critics; and that the Roman population of every class, slaves, aliens, people of the suburbs, included, lay between five and six millions: in which case the London of 1833, which counts more than a million and a half, but less than two millions, may be taken as laying between one-fourth and one-third of Rome.

Digitized by Google

trepidatio? Not any thing peculiarly connected with panic; it belongs as much to the hurrying to and fro of a coming battle, as of a coming flight; *agitation* is the nearest English word. This *trepidation* increases both audibly and visiby at every half mile, pretty much as one may suppose the roar of Niagara and the vibration of the ground to grow upon the ear in the last ten miles of approach, with the wind in its favour, until at length it would absorb and extinguish all other sounds whatsoever. Finally, for miles before you reach a suburb of London, such as Islington for instance, a last great sign and augury of the immensity which belongs to the coming metropolis, forces itself upon the dullest observer, in the growing sense of his own utter insignificance. Everywhere else in England, you yourself, horses, carriage, attendants (if you travel with any) are regarded with attention, perhaps even curiosity: at all events you are seen. But after passing the final posthouse on every avenue to London, for the latter ten or twelve miles, you become aware that you are no longer noticed: nobody sees you: nobody hears you: nobody regards you; you do not even regard yourself. In fact, how should you, at the moment of first ascertaining your own total unimportance in the sum of things—a poor, shivering unit in the aggregate of human life? Now, for the first time, whatever manner of man you were or seemed to be at starting, squire or "squireen," lord or lordling, and however related to that city, hamlet, or solitary house, from which yesterday or to-day you slipt your cable, beyond disguise you find yourself but one wave in a total Atlantic, one plant (and a parasitical plant besides, needing alien props,) in a forest of America.

These are feelings which do not belong by preference to thoughtful people—far less to people merely sentimental. No man ever was left to himself for the first time in the streets, as yet unknown of London, but he must have been saddened and mortified, perhaps terrified, by the sense of desertion and utter loneliness which belong to his situation. No loneliness can be like that which weighs upon the heart in the centre of faces never-ending, without voice or utterance for him; eyes innumerable, that have no speculation in their orbs which he can understand; and hurrying figures of men and women weaving to and fro, with no apparent purposes intelligible to a stranger, seeming like a masque of maniacs, or a pageant of shadowy illusions. The great length of the streets, in many quarters of London, the continual opening of transient glimpses into other vistas equally far-stretching, going off at angles to the one which you are traversing, and the murky atmosphere which, settling upon the remoter end of every long avenue, wraps its termination in gloom and uncertainty—all these are circumstances aiding that sense of vastness and illimitable proportions which for ever brood over the aspect of London in its interior. Much of the feeling which belongs to the outside of London, in its approaches for the last few miles, I had lost, in consequence of the stealthy route of by-roads, through which we crept into the suburbs. But for that reason, the more abrupt and startling had been the effect of emerging somewhere into the Edgeware-road, and soon afterwards into the very streets of London itself; though *what* streets, or even what quarter of London, is now totally obliterated from my mind, having perhaps never been comprehended. All that I remember is, one monotonous awe and blind sense of mysterious grandeur and Babylonian confusion which seemed to pursue and to invest the whole equipage of human life, as we moved for nearly two hours through streets; sometimes brought to anchor for ten minutes or more, by what is technically called a "lock," that is, a line of carriages of every description inextricably massed, and obstructing each other, far as the eye could stretch; and then, as if under an enchanter's rod, the "lock" seemed to thaw, motion spread with the fluent race of light or sound, through the whole ice-bound mass, until the subtle influence reached us also; who were again absorbed into the great rush of flying carriages; or at times we turned off into some less tumultuous street, but of the same mile-long character, and finally drew up about noon, and alighted at some place which is as little within my distinct remembrance as the route by which we reached it.

SONG.

WHERE flows the tranquil stream,
So smoothly passing on,
Like to a placid dream?
'Tis to its Ocean gone.

Whence flows it? By soft bank,
Where gentle maidens lie;
Their music it has drank,
And rain from Beauty's eye.

Augmented by sweet tears,
Witness of tender looks,
Full many a tale it bears,
Told by in-running brooks.

It bears them all away,
Carelessly passing on—
Looks, tears, sighs, music,—they
Are to their Ocean gone!

Fair flowers that kiss the wave,
Bright leaves by Autumn shed,
Float to their watery grave,
To their eternal bed.

Thus Life, a joyous dream,
Thus Life, a tale of woe,
Is but the passing stream
That doth to Ocean go.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Digitized by Google

Notes of a Reader.

MODES OF HARNESSING HORSES ON THE CONTINENT AND IN ENGLAND.

[Our new friend, the "Old Man" of "the Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau," makes the following very sensible observations on what appears to be a national error.]

Many years have now elapsed since I first observed that, somehow or other, the horses on the Continent manage to pull a heavy carriage up a steep hill, or along a dead level with greater ease to themselves than our English horses. Let any unprejudiced person attentively observe with what little apparent fatigue three, small, ill-conditioned animals will draw not only his own carriage, but very often that huge, overgrown vehicle, the French diligence, or the German eilwagen, and I think he will admit that, somewhere or other, there exists a mystery.

But the whole equipment is so unsightly—the rope harness is so rude—the horses without blinkers look so wild—there is so much bluster and noise in the postilion, that, far from paying any compliment to the turn-out, one is very much disposed at once to condemn the whole thing, and, not caring a straw whether such horses be fatigued or not, to make no other remark than that, in England, they would have travelled at nearly twice the rate, with one-tenth of the noise.

But neither the rate nor the noise is the question which I wish to consider, for our superiority in the former, and our inferiority in the latter, cannot be doubted. The thing I want, if possible, to account for, is, how such small, weak horses *do* manage to draw one's carriage up hill, with so much unaccountable ease to themselves.

Now, in English, French, and German harness, there exist, as it were, three degrees of comparison in the manner in which the head of the horse is treated; for, in England, it is elevated, or borne up, by what we call the bearing-rein; in France it is left as nature placed it (there being to common French harness no bearing-rein); and, in Germany, the head is tied down to the lower extremity of the collar, or else the collar is so made, that the animal is by it deprived of the power of raising his head.

Now, it is undeniable that the English extreme and the German extreme cannot both be right; and, passing over for a moment the French method, which is, in fact, the state of nature, let us for a moment consider which is best, to bear a horse's head *up*, as in England, or to pull it *downwards*, as in Germany. In my humble opinion both are wrong: still there is some science in the German error; whereas in our treatment of the poor animal, we go directly against all mechanical calculation.

In a state of nature, the wild horse (as everybody knows) has two distinct gaits or attitudes. If man, or any still wilder beast, come suddenly upon him, up goes his head; and as he first stalks and then trots gently away, with ears erect, snorting with his nose, and proudly snuffing up the air, as if exulting in his freedom; as one fore-leg darts before the other, one sees before one a picture of doubt, astonishment, and hesitation,—all of which feelings seem to rein him, like a troop-horse, on his haunches; but attempt to pursue him, and the moment he defies you—the moment, determining to escape, he shakes his head, and lays himself to his work, how completely does he alter his attitude!—for then down goes his head, and from his ears to the tip of his tail, there is in his vertebræ an undulating action which seems to propel him, which works him along, and which, it is evident, you could not deprive him of, without materially diminishing his speed.

Now, in harness, the horse has naturally the same two gaits, or attitudes; and it is quite true that he can start away with a carriage, either in the one or the other; but the means by which he succeeds in this effort, the physical powers which, in each case, he calls into action, are essentially different; for in the one attitude he works by his muscles, and in the other by his own dead, or rather living, weight. In order to grind corn, if any man were to erect a steam-engine over a fine, strong, running stream, we should all say to him, "Why do you not allow your wheel to be turned by cold water instead of by hot? Why do you not avail yourself of the *weight* of the water, instead of expending your capital in converting it into the power of steam? In short, why do you not use the simple resource which nature has presented ready made to your hand?" In the same way, the Germans might say to us, "We acknowledge a horse *can* drag a carriage by the power of his muscles, but why do you not allow him to drag it by his *weight?*"

In France, and particularly in Germany, horses *do* draw by the weight; and it is to encourage them to raise up their backs, and lean downwards with their heads, that the German collars are made in the way I have described; that, with a certain degree of rude science, the horse's nose is tied to the bottom of his collar, and that the postilion at starting, speaking gently to him, allows him to get himself into a proper attitude for his draught.

The horse, thus treated, leans against the resistance which he meets with, and his weight being infinitely greater than his draught (I mean the balance being in his favour), the carriage follows him without much more strain or effort on his part, than if he were idly leaning his chest against his manger. It is true the flesh of his shoulder

Digitized by Google

may become sore from severe pressure, but his sinews and muscles are comparatively at rest.

Now, as a contrast to this picture of the German horse, let any one observe a pair of English post-horses dragging a heavy weight up a hill, and he will at once see that the poor creatures are working by their muscles, and that it is by sinews and main strength the resistance is overcome; but how can it be otherwise? for their heads are considerably higher than nature intended them to be even in *walking*, in a state of liberty, carrying nothing but themselves. The balance of their bodies is, therefore, absolutely turned against, instead of leaning in favour of, their draught, and thus cruelly deprived of the mechanical advantage of weight which everywhere else in the universe is duly appreciated, the noble spirit of our high-fed horses induces them to strain and drag the carriage forwards by their muscles; and, if the reader will but pass his hands down the back sinews of one of our stage-coach or post-chaise horses, he will soon feel (though not so keenly as they do) what is the fatal consequence. It is true that, in ascending a very steep hill, an English postilion will occasionally unhook the bearing-reins of his horses; but the poor jaded creatures, trained for years to work in a false attitude, cannot, in one moment, get themselves into the scientific position which the German horses are habitually encouraged to adopt; besides this, we are so sharp with our horses—we keep them so constantly on the *qui vive*, or, as we term it, in hand—that we are always driving them from the use of their weight, to the application of their sinews.

That the figure and attitude of a horse working by his sinews, is infinitely prouder than when he is working by his weight, (there may exist, however, false pride among horses as well as among men,) I most readily admit, and, therefore, for carriages of luxury, where the weight bears little proportion to the powers of the two noble animals, I acknowledge that the sinews are more than sufficient for the slight labour required; but to bear up the head of a poor horse at plough, or at any slow, heavy work, is, I humbly conceive, a barbarous error, which ought not to be persisted in.

I may be quite wrong in the way in which I have just endeavoured to account for the fact that horses on the Continent draw heavy weights with apparently greater ease to themselves than our horses, and I almost hope that I am wrong; for laughing, as we all do, at the German and French harness; sneering, as we do, at their ropes, and wondering out loud, as we always do, why they do not copy us, it would be not a little provoking were we, in spite of our fine harness, to find out, that for slow, heavy draught, it is better to tie a horse's nose *downwards*, like the German, than *upwards*, like the English, and that the French way of leaving them at liberty is better than both.

SUNSET.

From Sardanapalus, by Lord Byron.

Beleses, (the Chaldæan soothsayer.) The sun goes down: methinks he sets more slowly,
Taking his last look of Assyria's empire.
How red he glares amongst those deepening clouds,
Like the blood he predicts! If not in vain,
Thou sun that sinkest, and ye stars which rise,
I have outwatch'd thee, reading ray by ray
The edicts of your orbs, which make Time tremble
For what he brings the nations, 'tis the furthest
Hour of Assyria's years. And yet how calm;
An earthquake should announce so great a fall—
A summer's sun discloses it. Yon disk,
To the star-read Chaldean, bears upon
Its everlasting page the end of what
Seem'd everlasting: but, oh! thou true sun!
The burning oracle of all that live,
As fountain of all life, and symbol of
Him who bestows it, wherefore dost thou limit
Thy lore unto calamity? Why not
Unfold the rise of days more worthy thine
All-glorious burst from ocean? why not dart
A beam of hope athwart the future's years,
As of wrath to its days? Hear me! oh! hear me!
I am thy worshipper, thy priest, thy servant—
I have gazed on thee at thy rise and fall,
And bow'd my head beneath thy mid-day beams,
When my eye dared not meet thee. I have watch'd
For thee, and after thee, and pray'd to thee,
And sacrificed to thee, and read, and fear'd thee,
And ask'd of thee, and thou hast answer'd—but
Only to thus much: while I speak, he sinks—
Is gone—and leaves his beauty, not his knowledge,
To the delighted west, which revels in
Its hues of dying glory. Yet what is
Death, so it be but glorious? 'Tis a sunset:
And mortals may be happy to resemble
The gods but in decay.

HALLEY'S COMET.

[The accompanying remarks are by the *Quarterly* Reviewer.] We may add to what is said (by Mrs. Somerville,) that Mr. Lubbock has also investigated the course of this body, and has come to a conclusion somewhat different from both these abovementioned astronomers. The "Nautical Almanac" for 1835, just published, contains a representation of the path of the comet among the stars, according to each of these three mathematicians, its places being marked from Aug. 7, 1835, to Feb. 7, 1836. The positions, according to the different computations, though not very far asunder, are sufficiently distinct to make the separation, at a certain period, very wide. M. Pontecoulant, M. Damoiseau, and Mr. Lubbock, start their comets close together in August; but by the 4th of October, Pontecoulant, is a whole length behind Damoiseau, (except these "fiery steeds" have bodies and tails of portentous prolixity,) and Lubbock decidedly shoots a-head of both. It will be extremely interesting, when the period arrives, to observe which of the three lines the Comet himself will select.

Digitized by Google

BANKS OF THE RHINE.

By the shore, you see from place to place the islands stretching their green length along, and breaking the exulting tide. Village rises upon village, and viewed from the distance as you sail, the pastoral errors that enamoured us of the village life, crowd thick and fast upon us. So still do these hamlets seem, so sheltered from the passions of the world; as if the passions were not like winds—only felt where they breathe, and invisible save by their effects! Leaping into the broad bosom of the Rhine comes many a stream and rivulet upon either side. Spire upon spire rises and sinks as you sail on. Mountain and city —the solitary island—the castled steep—like the dreams of ambition, suddenly appear, proudly swell, and dimly fade away.—*Bulwer.*

Anecdote Gallery.

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

The gallant Admiral Hobson, having been left an orphan at a very early age, was apprenticed to a tailor; but disliking his situation, and inspired by the sight of a squadron of men-of-war coming round the Dun-nose, he suddenly quitted his work, ran to the beach, jumped into the first boat he saw, and plied his oars so skilfully, that he quickly reached the admiral's ship, where he entered as a sea-boy. Within a day or two afterwards, they met a French squadron, and during the action that ensued, while the admiral and his antagonist were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm, young Hobson contrived to get on board the enemy's ship unperceived, and struck and carried off the French flag: at the moment when he regained his own vessel, the British tars shouted "victory," without any other cause than that the enemy's colours had disappeared. The French crew, thrown into confusion by this event, ran from their guns, and while the officers were ineffectually endeavouring to rally them, the British seamen boarded their ship and forced them to surrender. At this juncture, Hobson descended from the shrouds with the French flag wrapped round his arm; and after triumphantly exhibiting his prize to the seamen upon the main-deck, he was ordered to the quarter-deck, where the admiral complimented him on his bravery, and assured him of his protection.

Colonel S——, of the Royal Marines, was always distinguished for the perspicuity and brevity of his speeches, of which the following, which was delivered on going into the battle of the Nile, is a specimen:—Sir James Saumarez, who commanded the man-of-war to which he belonged, had, in a lengthened speech, wound up the feelings of his hearers to the highest pitch of ardour for the fight, by reminding them of the duty they owed to their king and country; and, though last, not least, he desired them to call to mind their families, their parents, and sweethearts, and to fight as if the battle solely depended on their individual exertions. He was answered by looks and gestures highly expressive of their determination; then, turning to our hero, he said, "Now, S——, I leave you to speak to the marines." Colonel S—— immediately directed their attention to the land beyond the French fleet. "Do you see that land there?" he asked. They all shouted "Ay, ay, sir!" "Now, my lads, that's the land of Egypt; and if you don't fight like devils, you'll soon be in the house of bondage." He was answered by a real British yell fore and aft.

The following anecdote of the hero of the Nile is related in a work entitled *Anecdotal Reminiscences.* Lord Nelson was on a visit at Mr. Beckford's, in Grosvenor-square, at a time of general scarcity, when persons in every rank of life denied themselves the use of that necessary article of food, bread, at dinner, and were content, for the sake of example, with such vegetables as the season afforded. Lord Nelson, however, contrary to the established etiquette of the dinner-table, called for bread, and was respectfully informed by one of the domestics in waiting, that, in consequence of the scarcity of wheat, bread was wholly dispensed with at the dinner-table of Mr. Beckford. Lord Nelson looked angry, and, desiring his own attendant to be called, he drew forth a shilling from his pocket, and commanded him to go out and purchase him a loaf; observing, that after having fought for his bread, he thought it hard that his countrymen should deny it to him.

During the repast given by the Crown Prince of Denmark to Lord Nelson, after the battle of Copenhagen, and the preliminaries of pacification were adjusted, his lordship spoke in raptures of the bravery of the Danes, and particularly requested the prince to introduce him to a very young officer, whom he described as having performed wonders during the battle, by attacking his own ship immediately under her lower guns. It proved to be the gallant young Welmos, a stripling of seventeen; the British hero embraced him with the enthusiasm of a brother, and delicately intimated to the prince that he ought to make him an admiral; to which the prince very happily replied, "If, my lord, I were to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service." This heroic youth had volunteered the command of a *praam*, which is a sort of raft, carrying six small cannon, and manned with twenty-

Digitized by Google

four men, who pushed off from the shore, and, in the fury of the battle, placed themselves under the stern of Lord Nelson's ship, which they most successfully attacked in such a manner that, though they were below the reach of the stern chasers, the British marines made terrible slaughter amongst them: twenty of these gallant men fell by their bullets, but their young commander continued knee-deep in dead at his post until the truce was announced. He was honoured, as he most eminently deserved to be, with the grateful remembrance of his country and of his prince, who, as a mark of his regard, presented him with a medallion, commemorative of his gallantry, and appointed him to the command of his yacht, in which he made his annual visit to Holstein.

In the battle of Trafalgar, an officer was wounded by a grape-shot entering the abdomen, and the surgeon candidly assured him that he had but a short time to live. The officer desired that some person would lend him a shirt "to caulk himself with, while he made his will." This was furnished, and he stuffed it into his side, while he thus addressed his friend: "You know that my poor mother depends solely on my exertions; take notice how many ships have struck before I die, and mind that she shares for them."

W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Gawdy Days.—Blount, in his Dictionary, says: "The etymology of the word *Gawdy*, may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the first institutor of those days; or rather from *gaudium*, because, (to say truth,) they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students. In colleges they are most commonly called *Gawdy*, in inns of court *Grand Days*, and in some other places they are called *Collar Days*."

Architecture and Peter Wilkins.—Mr. Wilkins is working "double-tides," as they say in the dock-yards: his National Gallery is growing as fast as asparagus; and if the front, or end, or side, or whatever it may be, which gives, as the French call it, to St. Martin's-lane, the measure of its breadth, a most splendid affair it will be. The fault of that magnificent gallery in the Louvre, which is as long as Pall-mall, is its narrowness; but this thing in St. Martin's-lane is about a quarter the width of that;—to be sure, it will not be one quarter its length. But even supposing the relative faulty proportions to be retained, what a thing it will be to have a little National Gallery, a hundred and fifty feet long, and about thirteen wide! However, we shall wait: all we hope is there may be a portico—something to cut up St. Martin's Church—something to emulate the beauties of the London U; only we *do* pray that Mr. Wilkins, on the present occasion, may be good enough to put his staircase inside of the house, and not leave it on the outside, as he has done at the place up in Gower-street. St. George's Hospital, now the railing is clear, is a cheering prospect to those who hope the best: it is a splendid edifice; and is, we are informed by our medical friends, quite as convenient within, as it is beautiful without.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Value of a Beard.—The clever traveller quoted at p. 297, notes: "Beards always command respect, because they are worn by the old men of their own country; and, on our first arrival, the chiefs of Fernando Po addressed with delight all those among us who wore them. When Lieutenant Woodman left the island for Cape Coast, his beard was of considerable length, but meeting with Commodore Collier at Accra, that officer would not receive him in his Fernando Po costume. Being unequal to contend with the higher powers, he yielded to the alternative of removing his beard, in preference to subjecting himself to the consequences of his superior officer's displeasure. But when he came back to Fernando Po, the native chiefs turned from him with contempt, believing that he could not have lost so dignified an appendage without having committed some crime."

Granting Degrees.—Irnerius, the celebrated jurist, is said to have introduced the degree of doctor into the universities. The first ceremony of this kind was performed at Bologna, on the person of Bulgarus, 1130, who began to profess the Roman law, and on that occasion was promoted to the doctorate. The custom was soon transferred from the faculty of the law to that of theology; and Peter Lombard is the first doctor in sacred theology upon record in the university of Paris. Ancient English writers hold the venerable Bede to have been the first doctor at Cambridge, and John de Beverley at Oxford; the latter died in the year 712. But the accurate Spelman thinks there was no title, or degree, in England, till the reign of King John, about the year 1207. John Hambois is supposed to be the first musician who was honoured with the title of doctor in England; whether he was a member of the university of Oxford or Cambridge does not appear, nor is it known at what precise period he received his diploma. Holinshed, in his *Chronicles*, tells us:—"John Hambois was an excellent musician, and for his notable cunning therein, he was made a doctor of music."

P. T. W.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

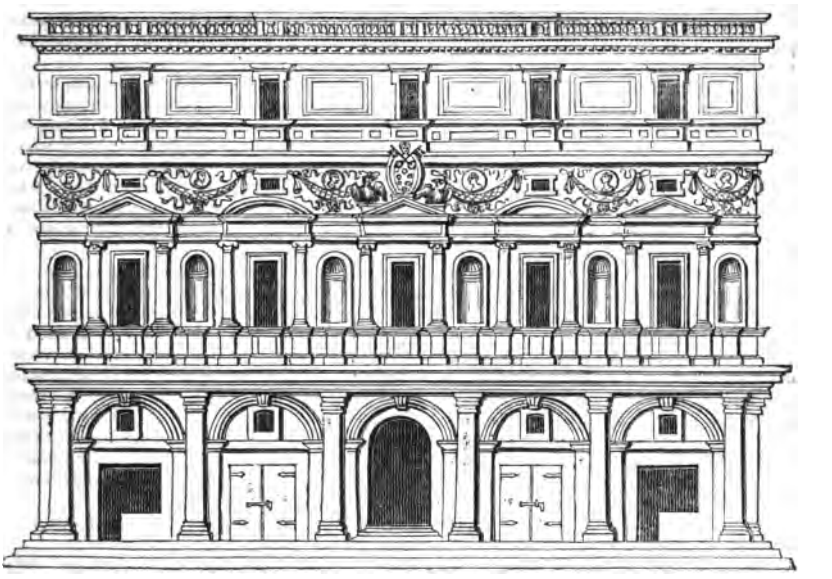
Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 661.] SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1834. [Price 2d.



RAPHAEL'S PALACE AT ROME.

Raphael, the prince of modern painters, was also distinguished as an architect, and was employed in the construction of St. Peter's at Rome. Many of his minor works are conceived with great taste; and, observes a competent critic, "if he has in some degree departed from the strict imitation of the antique, he has, at least, made us ample compensation in the beauty and elegance of his combinations." Of these merits the Engraving presents a specimen; it being the façade of the palace and residence of Raphael, in the street of Borgho, at Rome. Bramante, the instructor of Raphael in architecture, furnished the sketch, and Raphael completed the design of this superb structure, in the year 1513, or in the thirtieth year of his age. The original of the Engraving is from a volume of Italian prints, comprising the principal public buildings and palatial mansions of ancient and modern Rome. The details are clearly worked out; so that we may even perceive in the compartment on each side of the central entrance, the rude bolt fastenings of upwards of three centuries since.

The recent exhumation of the mortal remains of Raphael having been chronicled in the journals of Europe, a brief outline of the life of the illustrious painter may not be unacceptable to the general reader.

Raphael (Raffaello Sanzio d'Urbino) was born at Urbino, in 1483, and was the son of Govanne de Santi, a painter of meagre and slight capacity. Raphael was placed by his father under the tuition of Pietro at Perugia. "From that moment every work of his pencil, even those of the earliest date, became consecrated by the respect given to him by posterity, and are made the constant objects of investigation with all who aim at attaining a critical knowledge of the art. Hence we are enabled to trace the progress of his mind with the utmost accuracy, and follow him step by step." Two specimens, painted at the early age of seventeen, are preserved in the Vatican; and in the cathedral of Sienna are some further proofs of the developement of his inventive talents. A picture, illustrating one of the next epochs in his style, is that of our Saviour carried to the Sepulchre, which is now placed in the Borghese palace at Rome: this work is remarkable, as having been painted shortly after his journey to Florence, where it is said that he caught something of a new light from

Digitized by Google

seeing the great cartoon of the Battle of Pisa, by Michael Angelo. Soon after this, Raphael's relation, Bramante, who was employed as the architect of St. Peter's, introduced him to the notice of Pope Julius II., and procured for him a commission to paint the suite of apartments in the Vatican, now known as the *Stanze di Raffaello*. His first piece was the allegorical representation, called the dispute of the sacrament, in which not only gilding is used around the heads of the figures, but many other peculiarities of the style of the ancient masters may be discovered. His success in this work induced the Pope to give him an order to decorate the whole of the range of apartments, and to paint out the labours of the masters who had previously been employed upon them; a few of the ornaments of their ceilings only being permitted to remain.

These apartments contain the *Borgo Incendiato*, the Battle of the Saracens, the School of Athens, the Release of St. Peter, and other masterpieces of art, which fully combine all the classical dignity and grace, and force of expression, which are the peculiar characteristics of Raphael; and it is reported that the artist received twelve hundred golden crowns or scudi for each room, the four sides being severally painted.

The decoration of the *Loggie di Raffaello* was his next great work: this gallery contains a series of paintings from scripture history, executed in small compartments; the rest of the work being in the *arabesque* style. For this wall, Raphael studied various antique specimens, and especially the painted borders on the stucco, which were about this time discovered in opening the baths of Titus. After this we find him employed on the Marriage of Psyche in the Villa Farnesina, and subsequently in making cartoons, as designs for the tapestry annually to be exhibited in the corridor of the Vatican, on the solemnity of the Corpus Domini: seven out of the original number of these, (for there were twelve in all,) found their way to England.* To this period also may be ascribed several of Raphael's best easel pictures; such as the *Spasimo di Sicilia*, the St. Cecilia, and the celebrated one of the Transfiguration, painted expressly for the church of St. Pietro, in Montorio, but which has been transferred, since its return from Paris, to the gallery of the Vatican.

"No artist," observes the Rev. Mr. James, "ever received greater general attention than Raphael: a train of fifty artists attending him, like a prince, to and from his audiences with the Pope; and at one time he carried his expectations so high as to aspire to the honour of being made a cardinal, though it is added, that this was only because large sums of money were due to him from the court. How far he was warranted in his idea we know not, for he was unfortunately cut off on his thirty-seventh birth-day, being lamented as a public loss to Italy and to the world."† His munificent patron, Leo X., testified great emotion at the news of the death of Raphael, and caused his body to lie in state in a hall in which was placed his picture of the Transfiguration. He was buried in the church of the Rotonda, or the Pantheon; yet his tomb could scarcely be recognised a few years since. An English resident at Rome, in 1817 and 1818, says: "In vain I inquired for Raphael's tomb; in vain I sought it through the Rotonda: no traces of it met the eye, nor could one of the Italians who were present show me where it was to be found!

> "And what—no monument, inscription, stone,
> The very earth that wraps his grave unknown?"

I returned afterwards to the Pantheon, with a friend, who pointed out to me a stone, beneath which his remains repose; no tomb has been placed over them. His bust, among the undistinguished crowd, upon a shelf above the neighbouring altar, is the only tribute paid to his memory in the city that was embellished by his genius, and honoured with his dust. Beneath it is inscribed Cardinal Bembo's famous distich:

> "Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
> Rerum magna parens, quo moriente mori."

It has been very faithfully translated into Italian; and I have attempted something like it in English:

> "Nature, in life, saw thee herself outvie,
> Yet, Raphael! feared, in death with thee to die." ‡

Towards the close of last year, however, was made the discovery of the remains of Raphael, which has settled the site of his tomb beyond a doubt, and decided a long dispute respecting a skull preserved beneath a glass case in the Academy of St. Luke, and pretended to be that of Raphael.§

The following particulars are from a letter written by Signor Thibby to M. Quatremere de Quincy. "It is well known that the Academy of St. Luke, as the academy of painting is called at Rome, has been for a century in the habit of showing a skull, which they pretend to be that of Raphael. The circumstance of the Academy's possessing it, was explained by saying, that when Carlo Maratti employed Nardini to produce a bust of the artist for the Pantheon, he had contrived to open the tomb of the great artist, and extract the skull, to serve as a model for

* Hampton Court Palace: for an Engraving of the Gallery, see *Mirror*, vol. xv. p. 1.

† *The Italian Schools of Painting.*

‡ *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, vol. i. p. 342.

§ In the Academy is a celebrated picture, by Raphael, of St. Luke painting a portrait of the Madonna, and our Saviour and Raphael looking on! It has been so often restored, that little remains of the original by Raphael.

Digitized by Google

(Alleged Skull of Raphael in the Academy of St. Luke.)

the sculptor's labours. Considerable doubts, however, were cast on the authenticity of the skull, and an authentic document, discovered about two years back, clearly proved the cranium to have belonged not to Raphael, but to Don Desiderio de Adintorlo, founder of the Society of the Virtuosi of the Pantheon, in 1542. This Society, in consequence, claimed the head of its founder from the Academy of St. Luke, which indignantly resisted the claim, and held the skull in its possession to have been veritably that of Raphael. The Society of Virtuosi, after some delay and consideration, summoned the chief members of the Painting Academy to aid in a search after the tomb and remains of Raphael d'Urbino. Taking as their guide the descriptions given by Vasari, in his Lives of Raffaelle and Lorenzetto, the commission of research began their explorations by excavating the earth under the statue of the Virgin in the Pantheon. Nor was it long before they were stopped by a piece of masonry, in the form of a grave. Sinking through this for about a foot and a half, they found a void; and supposing, with justice, this to be the depository which they sought, it was opened in all solemnity before the chief magistrates and personages of Rome. When the surface was cleared, a coffin displayed itself, with a skeleton extended within, covered over with a slight coat of dust and rubbish, formed in part by the garments, and the lid of the coffin, that had mouldered. It was evident that the tomb had never been opened, and, consequently, that the skull, possessed and shown by the Academy of St. Luke, was spurious. But the dispute was forgotten in the interest and enthusiasm excited by the discovery of the true and entire remains. The first care was, to gather up the dust and the skeleton, in order to their being replaced in a new mausoleum. Amid the mouldering fragments of the coffin, which was of pine-wood, and adorned with paintings, were found a *stelletta* of iron, being a kind of spur, with which Raphael had been decorated by Leo X., some buttons and *fibulæ*. Pieces of the argil of the Tiber showed that the waters of the river had pene-

Digitized by Google

trated into the tomb. The sepulchre had, nevertheless, been carefully built up, the chief cause of the good state of preservation in which the skeleton was found. On the 15th of September, the surgeons proceeded to examine the skeleton, which was declared to be of the masculine sex, and of small dimensions, measuring seven palms, five ounces, and three minutes, (five feet, two inches, three lines, French measure). In the skull, which has been moulded, may be traced the lineaments of Raphael, as painted in his School of Athens: the neck long, the arm and breast delicate, the hollow of the right arm marked by the *apophyse*, a projection of a bone, caused by incessant working with the pencil. The limbs were stout in appearance; and, strange to say, the larynx was intact and still flexible. The Marquis Biondi, President of the Archeological Society, enumerated the proofs and circumstances, showing this to be the tomb and body of Raphael, in the presence of all the learned and celebrated in Rome. He asked, was there a doubt in any one's mind as to their identity? Not one was found to question it. —In the disposing of the remains, the will of Raphael was consulted, and his wishes again followed. They were to be replaced in a leaden coffin, and more solidly entombed in the same spot where they were found. From the 20th to the 24th, the remains were exposed to the Roman public, whose enthusiasm and tears may be imagined by those who know them."*

Without descanting on the propriety of this exhumation of the mortal remains of the illustrious painter, we agree with a contemporary that the "discovery must read a sore lesson to the apostles of phrenology. The skull at Luke's, on which they have so written and descanted, (see Combe and others, *passim*,) as the finest example of the organ of colour, &c. is not Raphael's; but, as was suspected, the caput of an ancient canon."†

The remains were returned to their resting-place in October last with great ceremony; although such a display, or any other means which the most fervid imagination could suggest, must be considered as feeble attempts to glorify the genius of one whose excellence is felt or acknowledged throughout the civilized world.

FAIRY RINGS.

(*To the Editor.*)

THE natural origin of these "green sour ringlets," respecting which the most remarkable legends in the annals of fairy land refer, has long been a matter of controversy. Some have absurdly supposed that they were caused by moles; others that they were the effect of lightning, from the brittleness of the grass roots when first observed; and Dr. Wollaston ascribed the cause of their appearance "to the growth of a certain species of agaric, which so entirely absorbed all the nutriment from the soil beneath, that the herbage was, for awhile, destroyed." But we think that that accurate observer of nature, Mr. John F. M. Dovaston, has at last set the matter at rest; and we cannot, therefore, do better than give the substance of his opinion as we find it recorded in Loudon's delightful *Magazine of Natural History*. "It is asserted," he says, "that these rings are occasioned by centrifugal fungi which the ground is only capable of producing once, and then dropping their seeds outwards extend their rings 'like circles on the water.' Fungi, I conceive to be the effect and not the cause of these rings, and it is well known that ground producing fungi once is not incapable of reproductivenes. Besides we find all these fungi without rings plentifully; the seeds of fungi are absolutely impalpable, and produced in such excessive quantities, thrown off so freely, and borne about so easily, that perhaps there is hardly a particle of matter whose surface is not imbued therewith. * * Now, were these rings caused by the falling of the seeds centrifugally, they would enlarge, which they do not, but after a year or two utterly disappear; though plenty of the seed may be seen to load the grass all around. I have brought large patches of these rings into other fields, but never found them enlarge; and the turf I have taken back to replace in the rings has never partaken of their nature. Why, too, should the grass be more rank in the rings? one would conclude the seeds of fungi would make it less so. Where a column of electric fluid affects the earth, either ascending or descending, it scorches the ground all around its edge, where there is plenty of oxygen in contact with it, and leaves the centre unscathed, where the oxygen is either expelled or destroyed, and so fertilizes the extremity; the consequence is that the first year the grass is destroyed and the ring appears bare and brown, but the second year the grass re-springs with highly increased vigour and verdure, together with fungi whose dormant seeds are so brought into vegetation that without this exciting cause might have slept inert for centuries. These fungi are most generally of the *Agaricus Boletus*, or *Lycoperdon*, sometimes *Clavaria* genus, I have very rarely seen any other. The fertilization of combustion, as agriculturists well know, though violent, being of short duration, these circles soon disappear. They are, moreover, generally found in open places, on hill-sides, wide fields, and broad meadows, where lightning is more likely to strike; and seldom near trees or woods, which throw off and

* Quoted in the Athenæum, No. 316.
† Literary Gazette, No. 984.

receive the fluid silently and imperceptibly. I have sometimes, however, seen one all around a tree."

Fairy rings differ greatly in extent. Insulated circular patches of grass about a foot broad are sometimes seen, with a considerable space of withered pasturage, but these are not *real* fairy rings, (which are of a deeper green than the surrounding grass), though sometimes mistaken for them. The works of our old poets abound with allusions to these favourite resorts of the fairy tribes.

A regular intercourse is described by old writers as having taken place between fairies and the human race. In a recent volume, your fair Correspondent *M. L. B.* furnished you with the copy of a charm, or "Excellent waie to gette a Faerie," which appears to have been resorted to by an alchemist; a few centuries ago, for assistance in his researches after the "grand arcanum." In a very curious work, entitled "A Relation of Apparitions of Spirits in the county of Monmouth and the principality of Wales," by the late Rev. Edmund Jones of the Trench, we meet with what we may term an excellent way to get rid of a fairy, *ex. gra.*:—"E. T. (a person of strict veracity) travelling by night over Bedwelty mountain towards the valley of Ebwy Fawr, was surrounded by fairies, some dancing, and heard the sound of a bugle horn like persons hunting. He then began to be afraid, but recollecting his having heard that if any person should happen to see the fairies, if he drew his knife they would vanish directly, he did so, and he saw them no more!"

In despite of modern philosophy and the "light of knowledge," a belief in fairy-land yet lurks amongst our peasantry in the more secluded and thinly-populated districts. In Wales, especially, many a volume might be filled with the prevailing legends of these supernatural visiters, whose visits have of late years, however, been "few and far between." But steam and railroads bid fair at no distant day, to banish this prettiest and most harmless relic of the popular superstition of our forefathers from the land.

VYVYAN.

A NATURAL HISTORY RAMBLE IN MAY.

By James Fennell.

REJOICE! for the month of May has come with a host of sweet attendants, and the mind of the lover of Nature is now elate with joy at the sight of so many beautiful and interesting objects on which to engage itself; while every one entertaining that natural fondness for rural charms is now roving in quest of some

> "green delightful walks
> Where simple nature reigns."

Why, then should we remain here in the smoke of the metropolis? Come, let us away; the fields are not far distant, and we shall consequently soon be in them.

* * * * * *

Here we are arrived on a wide, open heath, sparkling in its golden decoration of furze blossoms, beneath which peep many fragrant flowers of various hues; a full orchestra of joyous warblers are singing from amid the clumps of pines and other trees around us; the ant and the bee are industriously toiling, while the gay butterfly and the agile lizard are basking in the sun's bright beams. We are now, as it were, transported from one region into another. Such let us but consider to be the case; so that forgetting all the noise, trouble, and sin of the one we have just left, and divesting ourselves of our unwarrantable dislikes and prejudices, we may view each object composing the landscape before us with an equal eye. To get merely "a breath of fresh air" and a peep at the country shall not be the sole purposes of our walk, the pleasures of which we shall find tenfold increased by carefully examining those objects that, by their promiscuous association with one another, produce all the diversity of form and colour in that far surrounding scene, which is now eliciting your warmest admiration.

Oh! what a charming day! See how beautifully clear and serene is the sky, beneath which hardly a flake of cloud is seen to sail, and how pleasantly moderate is the heat from the sun! What delicious odours are not the gentle zephyrs conveying to us from numberless sweet-scented flowers, and how charming appear yon undulating fields so thickly bestudded with rosy-tinted daisies and golden buttercups, in such abundance that it seems, to quote that rural poet, Clare,

> "As if the drops of April showers
> Had woo'd the sun, and changed to flowers."

But halt and list awhile! for the warbling skylark, now fluttering above, at "Heaven's gate," is exulting in the present happy period of his existence by a loud and quivering song of gladness, while viewing his nest from aloft with parental delight and anxious solicitude. Yet now the ploughman with his huge, sharp instrument approaches that sacred spot, wherein the little songster hopes to rear his first brood. With all the quickness of a falling arrow, he descends from that lofty eminence at which he appeared to our strained sight like a mere speck, and having safely landed on his feet, he skulks along the hedges, watching the progress of the plough in panting apprehension, lest it should harm that dear little spot which he and his mate claim as a cradle for their offspring. The danger appears past, for he re-ascends and sings as merrily as he did before.

Observe with what grace the swallows are now skimming across the glassy lake, dipping their bills now and then in its waters;

Digitized by Google

while the martens, who have built their nest under the cottage windows, are pursuing flies, and uttering a sharp, snapping noise as they seize them. Who can view the marten without emotion? Does not one's heart glow with delight when we see this bird, and wherefore does it so? Whether the cause be the elegance of its aërial evolutions; its poetical and historical associations; its connexion with summer scenes; or the confidence it places in the humanity of man by building

"In the weather, on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casuality,"

it would be difficult to decide; but still it is certain that we all, from the schoolboy to the oldest grey-haired man, regard this bird with a sort of sacred veneration, and callous, indeed, should we esteem those who would wantonly molest so general a favourite, who, asking naught of us save an unoccupied window-corner, performs for us a very great service by lessening the number of insects that, otherwise, would infest our dwellings, effect much destruction on our crops, or annoy our cattle. Though we see the marten in the country, he is also very common in the skirts of the metropolis, where he is observed busily passing and repassing up and down the streets, totally regardless of the shoals of men racketting about beneath him. But in the city itself the marten is rarely or never seen, on account of the paucity of winged insects to be obtained in its foul and smoky atmosphere. It is this circumstance that induces our great dramatist to say,

"where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed the air
Is delicate."

Turn now from the martens, and look at the gems of nature—the gay, sportive butterflies. These beings have not failed, from time immemorial, to draw forth the admiration of mankind, and now constitute, together with other insects, the study of many inquiring persons called entomologists; and the study of them, I can assure you, from experience, involves so much philosophical investigation, and unfolds to us so many valuable and entertaining facts, that should you be pleased to seriously engage in it, you will find it by no means a trifling occupation, but one that will furnish you much matter for pleasant reflection during such moments as you now find tedious from a want, indeed, of some innocent and agreeable means of employing them. Can we look upon this butterfly now fanning the open flower on which it rests, and reflect awhile on the extraordinary transformations which it has undergone in the course of its existence, without feeling a great desire to learn more of its history? Shakspeare has well said

"There is a difference between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub."—*Coriolanus.*

Yes, this butterfly was "a grub," or caterpillar, and fed on the leaves of plants; changed its skin several times; in the last skin suspended itself by the tail to the ledge of a wall; here it soon became a chrysalis; in this stage of its transformation it remained for months without feeding or walking; until at length its outward shell burst and disclosed a being so different in shape and habits, and in elegance and beauty so transcendently superior to what it originally was, that had we not patiently attended to the career of its life, we might question this part of its biography, or reject it altogether as a mere fable. Now that the caterpillar has resolved itself into a butterfly, it no longer condescends to feed on the leaves of nettles, cabbages, and such common diet, but draws a delicious banquet from a thousand expanded flowers. Now possessed of wings, he no longer crawls along with a laborious, undulating motion, but wings his way with great celerity over fields, gardens, and waters, baffling, by his many artful feats of agility, the schoolboy who eagerly chases him with cap in hand, and even often eluding the net of the vigilant entomologist. Now no longer insensible to the "gentle passion," the males are seen chasing the "softer sex" with all the ardour of soul-stirring love, and as different degrees of beauty appear to exist among their fair damsels, disputes frequently arise as to which of them shall be the happy gallant. Instances of this kind are at this moment passing before our eyes; for over this large patch of green rushes and prickly thistles, we see males of the little azure-blue butterfly,* and also of the small brown butterfly,† contending for the sole society of some particular female. These species seem more addicted to quarrelling than any of the butterfly tribe. If you examine the azure-blue butterfly, you will find it extremely handsome: its wings on their upper sides being of a glossy blue, while on their under sides they are profusely spotted in so splendid and varied a manner as to render description impossible. But, see! see! here comes at full speed another sort of butterfly, in a yellow livery. It is the brimstone-butterfly, a species which is oftener than any other met with in the winter; a circumstance invalidating the assertion of the great bard and naturalist of Avon, who, in an admirable passage in *Troilus and Cressida* says that

"butterflies
Show not their mealy wings *but to the summer.*"

Here, in this rushy marsh, we hear the song of the blackcap, who sings so sweetly that in some parts of our island it is considered a second Philomel, and is, therefore, designated the "mock-nightingale." The

* *Polyommatus Alexis.* † *Hipparchia Pamphilus.*

Digitized by Google

nightingale itself you may see over yonder, near the little brook, sitting on a spray, singing a soft, plaintive, but yet not melancholy song to his mate, who in the nest hard by is attending to the duties of incubation. The ring-dove is cooing in the thicket, and the familiar, monotonous cry of the cuckoo, announcing the arrival of spring, comes welcome to our ears; though the ignorant and superstitious in some places dread to hear its voice.

That little bird, the titlark, which you there see following the cuckoo, and which is erroneously conjectured by some persons to be its friend and provider, is now worthy of your attention; as you may observe its endeavours to drive that parasite from the neighbourhood of its nest, lest it should, according to its invariable habit of placing its own eggs among those of other birds, deposit its egg therein.

Here in this park how beautiful and happy all seems! For here the herds are skipping frolicsomely about; the rabbits are fearlessly playing; the squirrels are nimbly leaping from tree to tree; the blackbird is loudly singing; the kingfisher is viewing his glossy dress in the reflecting surface of the willow-bordered brook; and, in short, every creature is enjoying itself. A scene of such general happiness it is gratifying to behold, and I think with Cowper, that

> "The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
> For human fellowship, as being void
> Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
> To love and friendship both; that is not pleased
> With sight of animals enjoying life,
> Nor feels their happiness augment his own."

If we now extend our attention to botanical objects, we shall find that there is, perhaps, nothing more beautiful in the economy of nature than the means she has devised for the dissemination of the seeds of plants. This subject is to every mind fond of generalizing facts, very interesting, by its presenting analogies to what occur in the animal kingdom. For instance, the seeds of some plants are projected to a great distance by the seed-case, or pods pressing upon them; a circumstance similar to what may be witnessed in the case of certain species of moths, which, when caught, will throw their eggs from their bodies to a far-off point, likely to preserve them from being destroyed by the capturer of their parent. And when we see the poplar plant-louse, (*Aphis populi*), flitting through the air, not by the aid of wings, but by a covering of vegetable down, do we not find a similar circumstance to the seeds of the dandelion, that are now, by means of the light, downy feathers with which they are invested, rolling through the air in all directions around us. In the course of future rambles we shall discover that the seeds of several other plants are furnished with the same means to transport them to distant places. Their clothing of down may, however, answer another purpose besides this; for it may protect them from being eaten by some birds to whom a cropful of such substance swallowed in attempting to feed upon the seeds, would be very troublesome, if not fatal, by forming indigestible masses similar to those which are often formed in the stomachs of cattle that have swallowed much hair by licking their own coats. This is probably the reason why the robin and some other birds will not eat hairy caterpillars, though they will feast greedily on smooth ones; for, in the lately published observations of Gilbert White, mention is made of whole flocks of ducks having been killed by eating too freely of the former sort. It is now getting too late for us to patiently examine other curious things in botany to-day; so we will collect a good number of plants, and to-morrow investigate their structure and so forth at our leisure.

* * * * * * *

The sun has long since set, and night is coming on. The owl has already left her hollow, oaken seat, and in unexpected moments is surprising us at intervals as we homeward jog, by her dismal hoot; the bat is pursuing its zig-zag flight after insect prey; the robin is singing nature's soft lullaby; the dorr-beetle and the cockchafer are buzzing past our ears; numerous moths are taking their evening flight; but yet nature is more in a state of repose than of activity. The sun-loving flowers have closed their petals, and like the squirrel, the dove, the butterfly, and the tired ploughman, have quietly yielded to the urgent invitations of the god of sleep. Our walk to-day, though pleasant and instructive, has made us weary and inclined for rest. Good night; and may your dreams present you scenes as delightful as those we have to-day beheld.

Camden Town.

Antiquariana.

MONUMENTAL EFFIGY OF DR. DONNE.

This is one of the few sepulchral memorials which were rescued from the dilapidations consequent on the Great Fire of London, in 1666. Yet those which were preserved are treated with little consideration; the present specimen, which is one of the most curious of the whole number so rescued, being deposited in the dreary vault of St. Faith, beneath the east end of St. Paul's Cathedral. It must be admitted that such monuments are of little importance; but the relic now under consideration, is deserving of a more conspicuous situation, not only from the merit of execution and rarity of design, but on account of the real worth of the person whom it was intended to commemorate.

Digitized by Google

(Monumental Effigy of Dr. Donne.)

John Donne, D. D. dean of St. Paul's, was exemplary as a divine, and eminent as a poet; but is now chiefly known by his satires, which evince the caustic severity of Juvenal, nobly exercised in the cause of Christianity and good morals. Dryden declared Donne to be "the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation."

After experiencing many vicissitudes of fortune, Donne died March 31, 1631. Some time previous to his death, the Doctor was prevailed upon by his friend, Dr. Fox to have a monument made for him, at a time when he was much reduced in bodily strength, and in the near contemplation of his end. The design of it being left to Donne himself, he directed an urn to be made, upon which he stood enveloped in his winding-sheet: thus he was painted, the size of life, by an artist of celebrity. After the death of Donne, his executor caused the figure to be copied in one entire block of white marble, as represented in the Engraving. The doctor wrote for himself a few lines in Latin, which were affixed to the urn as his epitaph.

Sir Henry Wotton, the dean's particular friend, speaking of this monument, says, it is "a statue, indeed, so like Dr. Donne, that it seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle."

Fine Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF THE REFORM BANQUET.

We owe the artist of this magnificent work some apology for not having previously introduced its characteristics to our readers. They are of the most attractive and interesting description, both with reference to importance of subject and artistical merit—for, however we may regard with feelings of veneration the glories of history on the canvass of the olden artists, we are persuaded that the powers of painting have rarely been employed to commemorate so honourable a triumph as that embodied in the picture before us. Here is little or none of that which critics mystify as classic, from its resemblance to the works of antique artists. The scene is one of two years since, yet, is as purely historical as if it were one of two centuries ago: we have neither the chlamys of Greece, nor the toga of Rome, as the costume of the figures; nor the massive stateliness of ancient architecture around them; but in their places, the gentlemanly fashions of to-day, within walls of little artificial enrichment. The grouping, too, is that of the simplicity of nature, or, as Mr. Haydon terms it, great simplicity of

Digitized by Google

attitude, which he actually observed at the moment he sketched the scene: there was "no cant of academical composition; no separation into affected groups; no twirlings, nor twistings, nor foreshortenings; but everybody leaned at ease, and sat by his next neighbour, as if he had no thought of being painted or looked at." Mr. Haydon determined to try this effect in the picture, and to bid defiance to all rules of art which should obstruct the developement of this natural beauty. An artist, whose taste in nature nobody will dispute, has said of this effect a good thing, and, if it be true, a very flattering thing, viz. "It is striking and new, because it is natural." This is certainly no flattery of the pictorial art, generally.

But we are filling in the details before we have drawn the outline. All the world knows that the passing of the Reform Bill was celebrated by a grand banquet in the Guildhall, London, on July 11, 1832, at which the King's ministers, and the members of both Houses of Parliament who had supported the measure, were present. Lord Grey proposed that Mr. Haydon should paint this memorable banquet, and the artist, upon viewing the preparations for the festival, was so struck with its probable splendour, that he resolved to paint a sketch of the effect at once, while the company were dining. How Mr. Haydon *achieved* this, (for it was a bold resolve,) shall be told in his own stirring words, from the descriptive key to the picture:

"On the day of this great scene of festive commemoration, I got to the Hall about eight in the morning, like Syntax, with all my materials packed round me, and began instantly to paint and prepare for the evening, in an ocean of uproar and confusion, that Babel must have been comparative tranquillity.

"Let the reader imagine the crashing of twenty-four hundred plates, (for everybody had three,) on the tables in ten minutes, from huge baskets placed at intervals; the jingling of thousands of knives and forks; the dead thumping of hundreds of salt-cellars; the music of thousands of glasses, tumblers, and bottles; the calling and quarrelling of waiters; the scolding of directors; the tacking of upholsterers; and the hammering of carpenters,—and he will have some notion what a great city feast is in preparation."

"But all this was peace till the evening approached, and the great Hall became crowded with visiters. Before the noise of the morning was half over, the nobility began to arrive, to witness the presentation of the Freedom to Earl Grey and Lord Althorp; and as each successive minister and public character appeared, he was hailed by shouts of applause; for everybody seemed in such spirits they could not command their enthusiasm. It was a proud day, and a glorious and exhilarating scene for Lord Grey and the old Reformers."

"The visiters drew up at the usual entrance, passed in through a dingy passage lined with beautiful shrubs, and came out into the Hall in a blaze of gas light, passed through double ranks of visiters, mounted steps between figures in armour, and retired to the council chamber, where the Corporation were waiting. The whole scene had the air of a splendid rout; but it was a rout given by the greatest city on earth, to commemorate the greatest civil triumph!"

"As the ministers passed into the banquet, I shall never forget my impression of Lord Althorp's bland smile, equally invincible to censure or applause: the Chancellor passed through an uproar of congratulation. The distinct character of each minister was a fine study for a painter; nor have I had occasion to obliterate any impressions of that night; in fact I have done my best to embody them, such as they were then felt—the noble air of Lord Melbourne; the keen look of Lord John Russell; the different expressions of Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Richmond, Lord Ripon, and Sir James Graham. Then came Mr. Stanley, with his eagle eye; and, in the midst of joyful congratulations,—Lord Grey. The appearance of Lord Grey on all great occasions, is one of the finest sights in the world; and I appeal to every noble lord, and every member of the house, if this be exaggeration. His tall, stately figure, with star and ribbon; his bald front and sable hair, a little silvered, curling round it; his sensitive features; his air and look, realize to perfection the idea of high rank, refined honour, unimpeachable integrity, great energy, and extreme susceptibility. His appearance on this great night, as he issued out of the dark passage into the blaze of light, a little agitated, was the most interesting thing I ever saw. The delight with which he was greeted was indisputable evidence of public regard; and Lord Grey seemed to feel it as the proudest and most affecting moment of his life. There was an expression too genuine to be mistaken: many besides myself were deeply touched; and no man, as Fuseli once said, shall ever convince me that such moments and such feelings are not immortal."

"As soon as the ceremony of giving the freedom was over, dinner was announced. The company rushed in, and soon filled the tables. I mounted my station, on an angle of the great Chatham's monument; and in sight of eight hundred visiters, some of them the greatest men in the world, proudly dashed away!"

"What a scene it was! The crowding of the waiters; the jostling of servants; the anxiety of the Committee to see everybody pleased; the exhilarating cheers of triumph, from eight hundred Reformers, after every

Digitized by Google

toast; the splendour of the colour; the magnificence of the gas; and then the clanging and fierce harmony of the Russian horn band, which broke in on the buzzing hum of this vast hive of human beings, cannot be conveyed by any language on earth!"

"The hall was fitted up with the greatest taste—too much of nothing, and enough of everything. Right over the centre of the great table was a rich trophy of armour, flags, devices, battle-axes, shields, swords, and spears: a great crown, in coloured gas, was above it, with rays of gas shining round it; the King's initials were below, and the awful word REFORM above the whole."

"At the end opposite, was a magnificent star, in gas; and down the sides of the hall were two flags and armour, between stars of gas; while figures in armour, of different periods, stood very grandly about; and at the top of the room, between festoons of crimson drapery, were five large mirrors, which reflected the whole company."

"About eleven o'clock at night, when the gas was at its meridian, its splendour visibly affected everybody in the Hall. There was a whispering of applause, which nearly broke out into a roar of approbation. This was the most interesting period of the night. The victory was over, the commemoration complete. The whole scene was a glittering enchantment—a magnificent vision: at this moment, when all the company seemed reposing in admiration or thought, and the splendour of the gorgeous scene was at its height, the Duke of Sussex, who had never spoken better than on this night, rose to take his leave. Lord Grey and the nobility followed; and finding myself, after fifteen hours' work, in possession of all I wanted, and in a state of excitement bordering on fever, I departed with my sketch, which I have never touched since, and never will."

It should, however, be mentioned that the view in the picture is not the view painted during dinner, because Lord Grey sat so far off that he would have been lost; but Mr. Haydon went the next morning and sketched the other side of the hall, which is the one in the picture, and much more adapted for a picture. The wooden figures in armour come into composition, and Lord Grey is brought in the right place to be conspicuous—that is into the centre of the picture, though not of the table, the view being angular and oblique. The time is that of Lord Grey's returning thanks for his health, and we think, as Mr. Haydon hopes, the portrait has something of his lordship's noble air, and something of the character of his head and expression. We should not be enabled to particularize the merits of the 111 portraits in the picture, even did our knowledge of the originals allow us to do so. The likenesses of Lords Grey and Melbourne, Mr. Stanley, Sir John Hobhouse, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Althorp, the Duke of Sussex, the Lord Mayor, Alderman Venables, and Mr. Bulwer, occur to us as the most successful. That of the Lord Chancellor, we regret, is, decidedly, a failure. Every head in the picture (except two) is a portrait from sittings. Mr. Haydon first made a chalk sketch, and then put the head in the picture, and finished it from life. Nearly the whole of the sketches have been purchased by Lord Spencer, and are hung up in a corridor at Althorp. Everything in the picture is painted from the identical fruit, flowers, plates, &c.; the magnificent range of gold and silver plate, drapery, mirrors, armour, and flags, used at the banquet. Mr. Haydon meets the objection of a want of foreground by maintaining that the back figures close to the front table are sufficiently in advance to send back the distant line; adding "I have tried a natural way of placing people at table as they must and do always sit when they are at table—the public must say whether successfully or not." We confess we do not see the force of the objection; but the attempt being a novelty in art might be expected to meet with cavillers. It is, however, easy to perceive that nothing but excellent drawing could have surmounted the difficulties in the composition of this splendid picture. The colouring is judicious; and rich without gaudiness. To conclude, the commission was given in a patriotic and munificent spirit, and has been executed in kindred enthusiasm; and, long may this noble scene of national triumph grace the walls of Howick—associated as it is with the consummation of one of the grand objects of a well-spent political life.

Spirit of Discovery.

MURDER OF RICHARD LANDER.

WITH a most profound sentiment of grief we have to state that accounts have been received of the cruel murder of this enterprising and interesting person. Poor Lander died on the 6th of February, at Fernando Po, of a wound he received while pursuing his last ascent of the river Nunn, as exclusively announced in the *Literary Gazette* of the 22nd of March, which contained the latest intelligence of the proceedings and purposes of this fatal expedition.* Having left Fernando Po in the Craven cutter, intending to join the iron steamer with the merchandise and articles he had collected for the establishment of a settled intercourse with the natives; it appears, from the letter describing this melancholy event, that the party had only reached about a hundred miles up the river, when, while tracking their boat along shore, they were suddenly fired upon from the bush by

* Quoted in the *Mirror*, No. 655.

Digitized by Google

the assassins employed to destroy them. Three men were killed, and four, including Lander, wounded. Leaping into their canoe they escaped to the boat which was aground at the time; but were followed and assailed by several war canoes until darkness rescued them from their enemies. They descended the stream, and on the 27th of January arrived at Fernando Po, where Lander lingered till the 6th of February. He was shot near the hip, and the ball wrought down into his thigh. It is supposed that the murderers were set upon their infernal task by European slavers, whose infamous traffic was endangered by the formation of a regular commerce with the interior, through the medium of the rivers explored by our gallant countryman. The canoes belonged to Bonny, Brass, and Benin. Thus has another sacrifice to African discovery been made; a man whose character was of the highest human stamp. Calm and resolute, steady and fearless, bold and adventurous, never did there exist a more fit instrument for the undertaking of such exploits as those which have shed a lustre over his humble name. It is said that his papers are lost. We cannot express the sorrow with which the sad calamity has filled us; it is a deep private affliction, and a lasting national regret.—*Literary Gazette.*

The Public Journals.

THE FISHER'S CALL.

The moor-cock is crowing o'er mountain and fell,
And the sun drinks the dew from the blue heather-bell;
Her song of the morning the lark sings on high,
And hark, 'tis the milk-maid a-carolling by.
Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

O what can the joys of the angler excel,
As he follows the stream in its course through the dell!
Where ev'ry wild flower is blooming in pride,
And the blackbird sings sweet, with his mate by his side.
Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

'Tis pleasant to walk at the first blush of morn,
In Spring when the blossom is white on the thorn,
By the clear mountain stream that rolls sparkling and free,
O'er crag and through vale, its glad course to the sea.
Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

In the pools deep and still, where the yellow trouts lie,
Like the fall of a rose leaf we'll throw the light fly;
Where the waters flow gently, or rapidly foam,
We'll load well our creels and hie merrily home.
Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.
Oliver, on Angling.

AN ADVENTURE AT ST. HELENA, IN MAY, 1816.

On a beautiful morning in May, the China (East India Company's) fleet was seen advancing towards the always interesting and now far-famed island of St. Helena.

The simple inhabitants had not yet recovered from their astonishment at the great and unwelcome event that had befallen them. Their imperial prisoner, their King's military governor and his troops, the watchful, grim-looking vessels of war, the harassing interior regulations, the system of espionage, and the scarcity of provisions, were all great and crying evils that had fallen upon them unawares, without power to avert or hope to escape. The arrival of the China fleet had hitherto been an event of the first importance, the signal for trade and business, for joy and festivity. Among the fair sex too, an unusual degree of interest was excited; for marriages were sometimes made as well as bargains. But although its approach was welcomed now with as much warmth as ever, it could not dispel the effects, or ease the weight, of the huge nightmare that had settled on the island.

The shrouds and decks of the Company's ships were alive with human beings, regarding with intense interest the isolated rock they were approaching; the variety of age, sex, colour, and condition, produced but little difference in the individual feeling of the moment. The listless and delicate female, (scarcely to be recognised, from her long residence in voluptuous *India*, as belonging to the race of active and intelligent English-women) raises herself from her couch, and with unusual excitement of mind and body, ascends the poop-ladder without assistance, and regardless of being jostled by the crowd, exclaims, "Is this *really* St. Helena, and is Buonaparte *really* here!" The spoiled, over-dressed, yet lovely children cling round their dark and turbaned attendants, and half-fearful, half-curious, learn from them that a *burrah-saib* of Europe, very powerful and very wicked, has been caught and chained down upon that rock.

But among the captain and his officers, together with the military gentleman and the civilians on board, scarcely a word was breathed; there they stood with their spy-glasses glued to their eyes; an occasional order, or the trying to make out the directions stuck up at different points of the island, in large white letters on black boards, alone broke their silence.

At last, under certain signals, directions, and cautions, the Indiamen anchored; and then, again, after certain permissions and limitations, they were visited by boats from the shore, and by those of the ships of war. A list of regulations for their conduct was given, and a gentle hint that the shorter

Digitized by Google

their stay, the more agreeable it would be considered by the presiding powers. The answers to the questions with which every one who came on board was overpowered, the strange stories, the mysterious warnings, excited rather than allayed the intense curiosity felt by all.

"Pray, Sir," said a chief officer of one of the finest of the Indiamen, to a gentleman in office, "is it possible to pay a visit to Buonaparte—to see and to converse with him?"

"It *is* possible, if you can procure the necessary permission, passport, and guides. Mine is the passport-office, and I dare say I shall be able to manage it for you."

The young man thanked him most warmly, and continued—

"To-morrow I shall not be able to leave the ship; but if I call on you early the following morning——"

"One shall be ready for you," interrupted his new friend.

In the meantime a movement of the same nature was taking place among the captains of the China fleet: they received a promise from the admiral that passports should be ready for them on the next morning; and they agreed to go in a body, and pay their respects to Napoleon.

Accordingly, the next morning the captains, in full dress, assembled on shore; passports, horses, and escorts were ready; every thing was conducted in the strictest form, according to the regulations. They arrived at Longwood, and were ushered into the drawing-room, the curtains of which were very much closed, and it was some time before they could see any thing, after the dazzling light they had just emerged from. In a few minutes a door at the farther end was thrown open, and Napoleon entered. He advanced, they bowed—

"*Quel est votre plaisir?*" (that is, "What do you want?")

"We are the captains of the China fleet which arrived yesterday, and are come, sir, to pay you our respects."

"Your ships are very large, are they not?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many guns do *you* carry?"

"Thirty."

"And *you?*" (to a second.)

"And what ship do you command?" to a third.

And after one or two more abrupt, and not very pointed questions, he made a bow, and exit by the same way he entered. The captains moved off, mounted their horses, and had a very hot ride back.

During that day too, many of the officers and passengers procured passports; some were received and some were not, but all appeared dissatisfied. Nothing, however, could damp the ardour of our friend, the chief. He had received that day, during the absence of his captain, amongst other visiters, the military officer in immediate attendance on the person of Napoleon, and had an opportunity of showing him some civilities. A young naval officer had settled to accompany him, and horses were to be ready for both at an appointed hour the following morning.

The morning rose most splendidly; and full of hope and animation, and ripe enough for frolic, our young friend landed, and meeting his expected companion, they went to the office for the promised passports. Alas! who can describe their consternation and disappointment on being informed that an order had just been received from headquarters to grant no more passports, *except especially authorized;* as the privilege had been abused the preceding day, and had become a source of annoyance to the *general.* What was to be done? the case was hopeless; but as the horses were in readiness, it was decided they should ride up to the camp.

"At all events," said the lieutenant, "you will have an interesting ride, and a good *tiffin;* and who knows but that you may, after all, get a *distant* view of the great little man?"

With this the chief was forced to be satisfied, and off they went. It was not without interest that the stranger, having reached by the zig-zag road the top of the first hill, observed by the indication of his companion, the residences of Bertrand and Montholon; from thence the road led straight to the encampment, a distance of about five miles from the town, at which they arrived between one and two o'clock. Here the naval officer, who was well known, and the stranger, met with a kind reception, and came in for a capital tiffin.

Our friend, however, soon slipped away, and amused himself with strolling in and about the encampment, looking with a longing eye to the summit of the opposite hill, where stood Longwood. The side of that hill, he remarked, was potato-ground. On descending towards it from the eminence on which he stood, he entered a garden where several Chinese were busily employed; they looked surprised at the entrance of a stranger, but when he addressed them in their own language, he quite won their hearts, and after a little *confab* he strolled unquestioned quietly along. He left the garden, and suddenly (without probably venturing to question himself as to his intentions) threw himself on his hands and knees, and began to climb the forbidden hill, under shelter of the large and thickly sown potato plants. He reached the summit, and creeping through a hole at the bottom of a hedge, found himself in an outer yard opposite the stable,

Digitized by Google

where the horses were getting ready for the emperor's afternoon ride.

It so happened that the medical gentleman of his own ship had also taken tiffin at a friend's that day, and afterwards had, like our hero, strolled out to stare about him. His eye caught the figure of his young chief in the garden, and observed it disappear amongst the potato plants on the opposite side. From a knowledge of his disposition, and of his uncontrollable whim to have an interview with Napoleon, which he was aware the order at the passport-office had rendered it impossible for him lawfully to gratify, he felt convinced the young man was about getting himself into some serious scrape; and, without a moment's hesitation, down dived the good doctor into the ravine also, and was up the opposite side nearly as soon as the chief; but instead of emerging by the stables, he had made his *sortie* at the other end of the house, *right through which* he boldly walked, (to his own utter astonishment, and that of every body else *afterwards*,) and without question or hindrance, reached the stable-yard, and confronted the astonished chief.

After a few ejaculations, explanations, and representations, the doctor was prevailed upon, as *they were there*, to stay and have a peep at the emperor; who, they were assured, would be out presently, to take a few turns upon the terrace with Las Casas, before he mounted. Accordingly they sheltered themselves by the raised bank of the terrace, from which, when they stooped or sat down, they were not likely to be observed. At last, while peeping over, they beheld two figures slowly advancing in earnest conversation from the farther end of the terrace; one was bare-headed, but the other wore that identical, small, plain cocked hat, never to be mistaken and never to be forgotten—this was Napoleon. He had on a green, single-breasted coat, with steel buttons, each button having a sporting device and all different; white waistcoat, nankeen knee-breeches with buckles, and handsome silk stockings, carefully put on, and showing to great advantage a leg and foot almost effeminately beautiful. Although short, Napoleon was well and strongly made, and was not then nearly so fat as he afterwards became; his appearance was far more striking and dignified than the two Englishmen expected; their eyes remained rivetted upon him until his nearer approach obliged them to *dip*, and they did not again look up until his back was turned; and there they waited patiently enough until the emperor and Las Casas had again reached the extremity of the terrace, and had again turned towards them.

"I tell you what," said the chief, "you may do as you please, doctor, but hang me if I stay here any longer skulking and playing at bo-peep! Come, doctor, follow me, and let us behave as men."

So saying, he sprang upon the terrace, and the poor doctor, with a heavy sigh, and "I see how it will end!" scrambled up too.

The sudden appearance of the two intruders brought Napoleon and Las Casas to a stand; the latter, however, immediately advanced and met them.

"Do you wish to speak to the emperor, gentlemen?" he inquired, politely bowing.

"We wish it very much indeed," said the chief.

"If we do not intrude," said the doctor.

"Permit me the honour of introducing you."

They took off their hats and advanced—it was an interesting moment; the Count introduced them as two English gentlemen; the Emperor took off his hat, bowed very low and replaced it. A glance of surprise and inquiry was exchanged between him and Las Casas; but no questions as to how they had made their entry in that direction were asked. Napoleon, who was in high good humour, immediately began his questioning mode of conversation; he spoke in French, which was interpreted by Las Casas, but he seemed perfectly to understand without interpretation their English replies.

"What ship do you belong to?" "The ——— East-Indiaman." "What situation do you hold?" "Chief-officer." "How many guns do you carry?" "Thirty-six." "What tonnage?" "Fifteen hundred." "How many men?" "A hundred and eighty." "Indeed! why you could cope with a frigate!" "We have already done so." "How? where?" "In the action against Admiral Linois." "Were *you* in that action?" "Yes, sir." His ex-Majesty looked *glum*, and turning to the doctor—"What are you?" "Surgeon on board the same ship." "Where were you educated?" "At Edinburgh." "You could not have studied in a better school: have you observed much of the medical practice of the Chinese?" "I have had occasional opportunities of doing so." "They are very fond of blistering, are they not?" "Yes: they have recourse to it in almost every complaint." "How do they raise the blister? by the use of cantharides or by friction?" "By friction, mostly." "What is your general opinion of Chinese medical practice?" "That it is very indifferent—very far behind the European." Napoleon again turned to the chief officer—"What does your cargo principally consist of, besides tea?" "Nankeens, silks, and drugs." "What is the proportion of tea?" "Four-fifths of the whole." "Can you name how many chests of tea you carry, and their average weight?" "Twenty-two thousand chests, weighing on the average

Digitized by Google

ninety pounds each." This Napoleon repeated with a gesture of astonishment:—"And at how much do you value your cargo?" "At six hundred thousand pounds." The Emperor paused and took snuff. "What other parts of the East have you yourself visited, besides China?" "Our presidencies of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay; besides various islands, and different parts of the coast?"

At this moment another party was observed advancing along the terrace; it consisted of General and Madame Montholon, General and Madame Bertrand, and a stranger, whom one of the generals introduced as a supercargo from China; he had obtained his special permission, and had arrived with his passport. The two ladies were handsomely but not showily dressed; India shawls of great value, stylish Parisian bonnets, and very pretty well-dressed feet, were not lost upon our sea-faring gentlemen. Madame Montholon was dark, with fine black eyes, and a countenance of much intelligence; Madame Bertrand was fairer; she was lively and graceful.

Napoleon addressed the supercargo:—"You are going home from China?" "Yes, sir." "Then I suppose you have made a very large fortune?" "Not *very* large." "Not a hundred thousand pounds?" "O no, sir!" "Eighty thousand then?" "Not so much." "Fifty thousand." "Not *more* than forty." "Not more! why that's not much of a fortune. Are you married?" "Yes, sir." "Is your wife on board with you?" "No, she is not." "Then where is she?" "She has already returned to England." "Did you accompany her thither?" "No, I did not." "What did you allow her to go in a ship alone all that way?" "Ye—es," said the supercargo, looking a little disconcerted. Napoleon shook his head, took snuff, and glanced round at the two ladies; the attention of both, however, was attracted by something on the ground, and Madame Bertrand, especially, was very busy making figures on the gravel with the point of her toe. The conversation was resumed.

"What is the opinion of the Chinese as to the English navy?" "Sir, I cannot exactly tell you; I have never had an opportunity of ascertaining." "*I* fortunately have," interrupted the young chief. Napoleon turned towards him: "No nation can have a higher opinion of anything belonging to another, than the Chinese have of the English navy."

"It shows their good sense," said Napoleon; "I, too, have the highest opinion of the English navy. Of what," continued he, addressing the chief, "of what kind are the Chinese vessels of war?"

"They are large *junks*, carrying from three to five hundred men, and from twenty-five to thirty guns."

"Indeed! how many would it require to take an English frigate?"

"Thirty would *not* take her."

"How you talk! what, thirty, manned and armed as you have described, not take a single frigate!"

"In my opinion they would not take her."

"Why?"

"Because the Chinese are ignorant of even the first principles of the management of a vessel of war; crowds of men are jammed together on the decks of their junks, without order or discipline, appearing to serve no purpose but that of interrupting each other, or that of being swept away by the well-directed fire of their enemy. They have guns, always in wretched condition, and shot; but the latter of all sizes being mixed together, you will see the men running backwards and forwards until they can find a shot to fit——"

Napoleon interrupted him by laughing, and cried out—"Oh! enough, enough! I yield the point."

"Permit me, sir," resumed the chief, "to relate an occurrence which will strongly confirm what I have stated. In the year 1803, an English eighteen-gun-brig was dismasted in a *typhoon*, and in much distress. The piratical fleet of junks, lying off Macao observed her, and concluded she would become an easy prey. They made towards her; the brig, well knowing their character, prepared as well as she was able. They advanced, and fired: she gave them a broadside; and notwithstanding the overpowering disadvantages under which she laboured, in a very short time several of the junks were sunk, and the rest made off disabled."

Napoleon appeared interested by this anecdote. He then asked whether the French missionaries in China were getting on in their vocation. The chief replied that, "as far as his information extended, those who could teach somewhat else besides their religion were doing well: those among them who were masters of languages, mathematics, astronomy, &c., were encouraged and permitted to teach; the others were rejected."

"Are there any Frenchmen in Canton?" "Not any." "No;—not one?" "Oh! I recollect there is one: the cook of the Factory is a Frenchman." At this Napoleon laughed heartily, and the rest of the party joined in his mirth.

It was now time to think of departing. The supercargo took his leave, and accompanied by the generals and their ladies, left the terrace. Our two gentlemen then made their bow. Napoleon parted from them with much cordiality, repeatedly waving his hand, and saying, "*Bon voyage, Messieurs, bon voyage!*" Down plunged the two culprits amongst their friends, the potatoes, under whose shelter they were enabled to reach the

Digitized by Google

bottom, as they had ascended, unperceived, although sentinels were pacing about in all directions. On looking up they perceived Napoleon and Las Casas observing them with great attention. They reached the encampment in safety; and as their horses were put up in different directions, they parted, agreeing to waive all ceremony, and each to make the best of his way. The officers, who, when our friend had left them, had just finished tiffin, had now just began dinner. The stranger was again hospitably invited in; but for good reasons of his own, civilly declined, took leave of his friend, the naval lieutenant, and mounting his horse, galloped away.

He spared not whip or spur, and about seven in the evening reached the town. He went to the house of the well-known hospitable Jew of St. Helena, and was not sorry to find himself in his comfortable parlour, assisting his fair daughter in the duties of the tea-table. A thundering rap at the door! —a rap so loud and unusual, that the master of the house himself rose to answer it. A parley.

"Pray, sir, can you give any information concerning an officer of one of the Company's ships who has been riding about the country to-day—a very young man, dressed in a blue surtout coat, nankeen trowsers, and a blue velvet waistcoat, with smart gold dangling buttons on it?"

"No, shir," said the trembling Jew, "I really cannot."

"You have neither seen nor heard of any such person?"

"No surely, shir."

"Have you any visiters this evening."

"No, shir, not at preshent. Vould you like to valk in, shir, and take a dish of tea?"

"No, I thank you. Good night."

"I vish you a very good night, shir;" and the Jew gently closed his door. "Shut up every vindow in de house, and every door; and give me some tea, girl; for my tongue is dry vid de lies I have been telling. I say,' continued he, eyeing the culprit, "vhere have you been vid your smart velvet waistcoat and your Maltese buttons? Vhat have you been at to-day? Hark! don't you hear? They are going rapping at every door in de street. Vhat hash been de matter?"

A candid explanation of the whole immediately ensued. The good Jew sighed, shook his head, and turned up his eyes; but his daughter, in spite of her filial sympathy, appeared vastly to enjoy the adventure.

At four o'clock the next morning our friend was disturbed from his sound sleep and comfortable bed by the Jew, who came literally to turn him out, and to get him on board without delay. He was just dressed, wrapped up in a cloak, and about taking leave of his worthy host, when the purser of one of the Company's ships requested admittance. "I have come expressly to tell you," said he, addressing the chief, "to slip off as fast as you possibly can; nets are laying for you in every direction."

In a few minutes after this hint our friend was on the jetty. An Indiaman's boat, but not belonging to his own ship, had just reached it, and landed the steward to look after his marketing.

"I say, my good fellows, give me a cast on board the ——, will you?"

"Ay, ay, sir—come along." And in a very short time he drew free breath on his own deck.

The story began to be buzzed about the ship in all shapes, and with many curious and valuable additions, until it settled down into a regular and well-spun *yarn*. "I say," said Bill, the St. Helena fisherman, with a sly leer to his messmate, in reference to their former conversation, (on a suggested plan for Napoleon's escape), "what do you think of my scheme now,—no such difficult job, hey? —when people can walk like spirits up to Longwood, and down from Longwood, and among the stables, and through the house, and then stand talking at their ease, as though they were bullet-proof, on an open terrace. I say, what became that day of *all the eyes and ears on the island*?"

But after this time new and stricter regulations were enforced. The affair was not a little enjoyed when properly understood by the exile and his court; but we believe it was the first and last amusement of the kind which was afforded them.—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

TO A FAMILY BIBLE.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently!—Of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes upon thy page divine
Were daily bent; her accents, gravely mild,
Breath'd out thy lore;—whilst I, a dreamy child,
On breeze-like fancies wander'd oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
Some fresh-discover'd nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest:—yet would the solemn word,
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be
A seed not lost; for which, in darker years,
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart-blessings on the holy Dead, and Thee.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty; when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky;
Then in the bosom of your purity
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,
That Life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.
And tho' too oft its low celestial sound
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,

Digitized by Google

And the loud steps of vain unlistening haste,
Yet the great Ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in Thought's hushed hour,
Than yours, meek Lilies! chosen thus and graced.
Ibid.

The Gatherer.

Musical Festivals in Westminster Abbey.—When the ceremony (says Nightingale) of the commemoration of Handel and his works was first considered, and that Westminster Abbey, where his remains were interred, was suggested, as the fittest place for the performance, application was made to the Bishop of Rochester for his permission; and it having been represented that the time of the year would interfere with the annual meeting for the benefit of the Westminster Hospital, and therefore considerably injure the resources usually drawn from that assembly, the bishop stipulated that a part of the net produce should be applied to the use of the Hospital, which was acceded to, and the result proved very advantageous to it.

The Commemoration of Handel, in 1784, was under the management of the Earl of Exeter, Earl of Sandwich, Viscount Dudley Ward, Viscount Fitzwilliam, Lord Paget, Right Hon. H. Morice, Sir W. Williams Wynn, Bart., and Sir Richard Jebb, Bart.—directors of the Concert of Ancient Music. This being crowned with success, similar performances took place in the year 1785, when the vocal and instrumental band amounted to 616; in 1786, to 741; and in 1787, when the performers amounted to 806 musicians, exclusive of the principal singers, consisting of twenty-two, with Madame Mara, Rubinelli, Harrison, and Morelli, at their head, held under the title of a "Grand Musical Festival for charitable purposes."

P. T. W.

The Schoolmistress Abroad.—A lady, on entering a village school, taught by one of the elderlies of her own sex, overheard the following new mode of teaching. A child stumbled a long time over the word "Nebuchadnezzar." At last, the old lady's patience being tired out, she said—"Well, well, call un Nezzar, and let un goo."

The Mughs, or natives of Arracan, are a short, muscular race, of a copper colour, with round, flat features. They possess more activity and natural courage than the Bengalees, but less than their late masters the Burmese. Their food is chiefly fish and rice but they object not to a dish of stewed rats or boiled snakes, or a fried section of the putrifying carcass of an elephant: nothing, in fact, from a maggot to a mammoth, comes amiss to a voracious Mugh.—*Martin's British Colonies.*

Sea-Sickness.—Monk Lewis died at sea, on his way home from Jamaica, in 1818; and, according to Sir Walter Scott's information, "he fell a sacrifice to a very strange whim—that of persisting, in spite of all advice, to take daily emetics, as a preventive against sea-sickness."

Colonel Crockett's fondness for fun gave rise to many anecdotes; among others I have heard this, which I do not altogether believe; Colonel Crockett, while on an electioneering trip, fell in at a gathering, and it became necessary for him to treat the company. His finances were rather low, having but one 'coon skin about him; however, he pulled it out, slapped it down on the counter, and called for its value in whiskey. The merchant measured out the whiskey and threw the skin into the loft. The colonel, observing the logs very open, took out his ramrod, and, upon the merchant turning his back, twisted his 'coon skin out and pocketed it: when more whiskey was wanted, the same skin was pulled out, slapped upon the counter, and its value called for. This trick was played until they were all tired of drinking.—*Crockett's Adventures.—Limbird's Edition.*

Population of China.—The population of China was, in 1393, A. D. 60,545,811; in 1743, mouths 157,301,755; in 1762, mouths 198,214,553; in 1792, mouths, 307,467,200; now, mouths 352,866,602 on an area of 1,219,749 square miles, being about 288 to the square mile. This population will not be deemed extravagant when we remember that in England there are 289; in Ireland 292; and in the Netherlands 320 mouths to the square mile.—*Martin.*

Just Published.—In 8vo. price only 8d.

SKETCHES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF COL. DAVID CROCKETT.

"We recommend this work to all who have any relish for the broad humour of a 'rail Kantuck.'"—*Athenæum.*

"The Colonel is really as good-humoured a fellow as he is energetic, and his strong natural parts seem not unjustly to have stood him instead of education, and advanced him in the scale of society. * * There are some curious sketches of general manners, and other points in this slight volume, altogether original.—*Literary Gazette.*

In a neat Volume, 2s. 6d.

THE SEA-SERVICE;

OR, POPULAR SKETCHES OF SHIP-BUILDING, NAVIGATION, AND NAVAL WARFARE.

By the Author of "A Year in Spain."

"A very entertaining book."—*Literary Gazette.*

"Likely to be generally acceptable."—*Athenæum.*

Printed by and for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by C. C. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 662.] SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1834. [PRICE 2*d*.

Cities of Europe.

DRESDEN.

GENERAL VIEW.

THE JAPANESE PALACE AND GARDEN.

DRESDEN, AND ITS VICINITY.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

DRESDEN, the capital of Saxony, lying as it does a little out of the ordinary beat of tourists, is not, perhaps, so familiar to Englishmen as many places of note in Continental Europe. Yet does Dresden well repay a visit; and there are not many cities to be found, whether in Germany or elsewhere, which combine equal beauty of situation with the luxuries and elegance of a capital. Pleasantly seated on the Elbe, and in a vale gracefully

Digitized by Google

stretching itself in the direction of that river, this city may indeed be said to partake eminently of the beautiful, if not of the grand and imposing as well; and could the traveller view it from the heights towards Leipsic, imbedded in its own romantic hills, (not forgetting to observe the little isolated mountains of the Saxon Switzerland, gracefully rearing themselves in the distance,) if he could view it from this point, he would have before him one of those panoramas of living beauty, which art and nature sometimes delight to create.

Dresden, in addition to its peculiar attractions, will not be found wanting in the usual advantage of public gardens, fountains, &c. and all those attentions to the comforts of the people which most foreign towns possess. It is this charm and this considerate policy which serves in part to make a nation contented, even under an absolute government. In all this, however, we are ourselves still deficient at home; and it is only of late years that we have begun to understand better and imitate more the wiser policy of our Continental neighbours in this respect.

The court of Saxony cannot, of course, lay claim to the state and splendour of Vienna or Berlin; it is, in fact, small and simply composed: the royal family forming the nucleus for a limited nobility and the foreign ministers, and these, with a few resident English of rank or respectability, make up the set. The English are here in as much request, (provided they be well introduced,) as they are at most other courts; their society is much sought, their manners imitated, and the language, with its literature, perhaps more the fashionable study than it is elsewhere in Germany. Saxony has, in fact, the reputation of taking the first rank, in regard to the arts, among the German states, and it is remarkable that many of the inferior powers take rank in this respect before either Austria or Prussia: thus, again, Munich forms another centre for the arts. In Saxony, moreover, is the purest German spoken, and its towns and cities have produced some of the greatest men in the history of German literature.

But to return to the Court at Dresden, of which we were speaking. It is not only the patron of science, but it is said that a laudable and ardent love of literature may be observed within the walls of the palace: private theatricals are much in vogue there, and even the composition of the pieces is said to flow from royal pens. The King himself is the oldest of the monarchs of Europe; he is of the Catholic persuasion, and reported to be very superstitious. A story is current that for some unknown delinquency this prince made a vow of travelling on his knees as far as the Holy Sepulchre. The priesthood were obliged at last to solve the royal conscience by a sort of compromise; they measured out the actual distance from Dresden to the Holy City within the walls of the great Catholic church, and so many rounds of the same did his punctual Majesty perform every day, fasting, until the whole journey was completed.

The King, notwithstanding his age, is still very active, and remarkable for his peculiarities. He is an early riser, and often to be seen bareheaded, with his hat slung from one of his buttons. During the late Congress of the Potentates at Prague, at which the King of Saxony was also present, there came a report of his death to Dresden; but it so happened that on the very day in which he was thus translated, he went to a review near the Bohemian capital, and even doubted for some time whether he should drive to the ground or proceed there on horseback! It was of this King that Napoleon said, "There was but one prince who was faithful to him to the last."

The people are in part Protestant, and there is a large and magnificent church for the performance of their religious service; but the Court being Catholic, it may easily be imagined that the people lean more towards that faith.

From our individual experience of Germans at home, it has, perhaps, been usual with Englishmen to associate the idea of talent and activity of mind with the very name of a German. A little reflection, however, might have shown us, that they who leave their own country to seek their fortunes in another, would in all probability be among its best intellectual specimens. Germans, in reality, are not clever as a people, or in the lump, if we may be allowed such an expression. On the contrary, they are a little heavy in their habits and intellects; and this is to be observed even in Saxony, where, as we have said, civilization and the arts are supposed to be at their greatest height. But if the people are not brilliant, they are at any rate happy. They enjoy life, and, unlike our own "nation of shopkeepers," the very trading classes will have their daily modicum of pleasures; not being worldly enough to see the wisdom of scraping up wealth till the season for enjoyment is past. It must be a tempting offer, indeed, which can induce a Saxon craftsman to linger in the workshop beyond the hour of recreation; his neighbours are gone before him to the numerous coffee-gardens in and about the city, his wife and children also wait for him to accompany them; and why should he rob himself of a little harmless enjoyment for the reward of a few groschen? The whole of the people seem very proud of an irregular troop constantly paraded in the town, called the "Garde Communal;" this used to be styled the "Garde National;" but it is composed as before of the citizens themselves, wearing a

Digitized by Google

sort of simple uniform, and only differing in the point of every citizen being now subject to enlistment in its ranks. It appears that this has been one effect of the constitution lately granted by the King; but he might have made its provisions twice as liberal, and their guard, whether under their own control or that of the executive, might have been doubled in its force. The Saxons could never be more than a petty German state, and if independent at all, (with Prussia on one side and Austria on the other,) only so by sufferance.

The gallery of paintings forms, perhaps, one of the finest individual collections in the world; there you may see the Madonna of Raphael, (considered the masterpiece of that painter,) some of Corregio's most noted pieces, the Venus of Titian, the Ecce Homo by Guido, and many other great performances well known to the world.* This magnificent collection is thrown open for the inspection of all strangers, as well as natives; and forms a sort of public if not fashionable lounge. It is to be regretted, however, that the gallery itself is extremely incommodious for its purpose; and what is still worse, and might be remedied, the pictures are placed in unfavourable lights and altogether carelessly arranged.

Besides the gallery of paintings there is an excellent theatre, with a very respectable company of performers and music of the very first order. For a very small sum here may be had a very good entertainment, thus affording a great and constant resource of improvement as well as amusement to all classes. There are also public periodical balls during the season, which if not so select as those of the court, are far from being vulgar, and certainly much more amusing.

We must not omit to say a few words on the ladies, and the beauty of Saxony. It is decidedly of that class which, (if we may say so with reverence,) would be styled "Dutch," and not merely approaching to *embonpoint*, but entirely so; this, however much in the extreme, the Germans are great admirers of, a taste which may be referred to the natural effect of habit. It may be supposed, therefore, that they look with little admiration on the genteelly slim and more elegant forms of our countrywomen. The ladies of Dresden are great housewifes and indeed "notable" in every way; those of the first rank are to be seen with large bunches of keys, (and keys of German manufacture too,) ponderously suspended from their girdle; they are sometimes so proud of these emblems of their useful qualities that they are to be met with, thus adorned, in the public walks. The leisure hours of all, whether high or low, are employed incessantly in the working of a kind of tapestry, at which they seem to labour with wonderful industry as well as no little skill.

The neighbourhood of the city, as we have said already, is very beautiful: Pillnitz, the residence of the King, seated on the Elbe, and in the immediate vicinity, is an imposing and picturesque spot. In a neighbouring village is another object of interest—the tomb of Moreau, being the spot where the legs of that general were taken off by a cannon-ball from the town, during the battle of Dresden. There are also many other places in the neighbourhood worth the attention of the curious or lovers of scenery, a visit to which, however, would be more in the nature of excursions; such is Wiesenstein, where is another royal villa, in the direction of Tœplitz—and we ought not to omit the romantic drive to the beautiful village of Tharaud; beyond which place may be seen the great silver mine at Freyberg, one of the finest in Europe.

But the gem of all is the Saxon Switzerland. This magnificent tract of country no one should do himself the injustice to leave Dresden without visiting; indeed, strangers now flock from all parts of the world purposely to visit this little paradise, and the names of Konigstein and Lielienstein have become almost as familiar in the ears of foreigners as they are to the Saxons themselves. This tour cannot be performed in less than three days, so as to set out from and return to Dresden: the first grand and general view, from the rocks of the Bastei with the abounding waters of the Elbe winding along at your feet, is wonderfully imposing. But not to begin any rhapsodies which it would be difficult to end, let it suffice to say, that the curious traveller will see in the course of his tour a succession of romantic valleys, waterfalls, beetling rocks, and all those charms peculiar to such a class of scenery;—which, perhaps, never were before seen thrown so majestically together, or in so small a space. Wilder countries, no doubt, have their charms too—but these partake rather of the sublime than the beautiful; and where the features of scenery are something less grand, the eye is enabled with more facility and more enjoyment to take in the view without feeling itself, as it were, lost. The greater part of this expedition must be made on foot, the ruggedness of the path not affording a facility for carriages. Large and valuable forests crown the sides and summits of the hills, and the Elbe affording a facility for floating timber down its stream, a considerable revenue is thus derived to the crown. Several of the villages, which seem devoted to the sawing and preparing of wood, are built entirely in the Swiss style, and in passing through these a person acquainted with Switzerland might

* For an Engraving and Description of this Gallery, see *Mirror*, vol. xxii. p. 353.

Digitized by Google

almost fancy himself in the vicinity of the Alps.

In returning homewards by the left bank of the Elbe, the road passes close by Konigstein. The celebrated fortress which stands upon this rock is considered impregnable, and is in other respects so well worthy attention, that the traveller should endeavour to gain access to it. This was always somewhat difficult, and it was made so, not from any exclusive spirit; but the towns of Saxony not being fortified, this fortress is, as it were, invaluable; and there is a pardonable fear of strangers taking plans of its intricacies. Of late, since the Saxon constitution has been granted and the whole of Europe has been disturbed, it has become yet more difficult to obtain admittance: it is necessary now for strangers to obtain an order from their own ambassador, and this is to be afterwards countersigned by the minister of war. In case of any invasion or internal commotion, the King, with the crown jewels, and the pictures from the gallery are all removed here forthwith; and thus, in time of war, his Majesty and suite are enabled to live as safely, if not as comfortably, as in the palace at Dresden during a time of peace.

Altogether, the Saxon Switzerland may be pronounced as beautiful a tract of country as may be seen throughout Germany, or, indeed, elsewhere; notwithstanding the declaration of the King himself, that "the Saxon Switzerland was as much like Switzerland as he was like Venus!"—a striking comparison, truly, but not very patriotic. For ourselves, we think and declare, in spite too of English prejudice, that as the little kingdom of Saxony undoubtedly deserves the gratitude of the learned for its advancement of the arts, so too does it well merit the attention of the curious for its natural beauties. F.

Dresden, October, 1833.

[In the two annexed views of Dresden, the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, and the Catholic Church are noble features. The opposite banks of the Elbe are called New Town, and the Old Town, or Dresden Proper. In the second cut is shown the Royal Japanese Palace, which is the great Museum of Dresden, and contains the most beautiful porcelain specimens in Europe.]

THE SIDNEY OAK.

In No. 643 of the *Mirror* it is stated that in the park at Penshurst stands the famous oak, said to have been planted at the birth of Sir Philip Sidney. It may be so; but it appears that forty years since, its identity could not be ascertained. I have by me a very old edition of the Tunbridge Wells' Guide, which gives all the information that could be procured at the above time, by the most diligent inquiries on the spot; which is as follows: "Sir Philip Sidney was born on the 29th of November, 1554, and named after the King of Spain, who stood godfather for him. He being the first born of his father, and the first of that family who had received their birth at Penshurst, a tree was planted in the park upon that occasion, which is alluded to by the celebrated Waller in the following manner:

Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal making stars did shine
That there it cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love.

Ben Jonson also has alluded to this tree in his *Forest:*

Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport,
Thy mount to which the Driads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made
Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade.
That tall tree too, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth where all the Muses met."

The charming thought at the conclusion of the last line, is so beautifully and poetically detailed in the little poem called *Penshurst*, referred to by *P. T. W.*, that I cannot refrain transcribing it, repeating the first eight lines:

What genius points to yonder oak,
What rapture does my soul provoke;
Here let me hang a garland high,
There let my muse her accents try;
Be there my earliest homage paid,
Be there my latest vigils made;
For thou was planted in the earth
The day that shone on Sidney's birth.
That happy time, that glorious day,
The Muses came in concert gay;
With harps in tune and ready song,
The jolly chorus tript along.
In honour of the auspicious morn
To hail the infant genius born.
Next came the Fauns, in order meet,
The Satyrs next with cloven feet,
The Dryads swift that roam the woods,
The Naiads green that swim the floods;
Sylvanus left his silent cave,
Medway came dripping from the wave,
Vertumnus led his blushing spouse,
And Ceres shook her wheaten brows,
And Mars with milder look was there,
And laughing Venus grac'd the rear.
They join'd their hands in festive dance
And bade the smiling babe advance,
Each gave a gift; Sylvanus last;
Ordain'd when all the pomp was past
Memorial meet, a tree to grow
Which might to future ages show
That on select occasion rare
A troop of gods assembled there.
The Naiads water'd all the ground,
And Flora twin'd a woodbine round;
The tree spring fast in hallow'd earth
Coeval with the illustrious birth.

Collins, (who died in 1756,) informs his readers that this tree was remaining in the park in his time, and called Bears Oak, but it does not appear that there is now any well ascertained tradition in the family relating to it; "so perishing are temporary memorials, while his own immortal deeds shall transmit

Digitized by Google

his name with applause down to the latest posterity."

Forty years since, I lived within a mile and a half of the spot, and knew it well, but never heard a surmise concerning the tree. I am aware of there being an ancient hollow oak standing in the park at that time, within which the cattle shaded themselves from the meridian sun. And I well recollect this tree from some peculiar circumstances. Walking in its vicinity with some young friends, we approached the aged "monarch of the woods," and wishing to ascertain how many it would contain, we entered through an aperture with a circular top, cut into the hollow; we had not, however, an opportunity of being satisfied, for when the whole company, six in number, were standing upright in the tree, it would have held more. Alas! three of the number were a part of a family of six lovely blossoms, all of whom, in the space of seven short years, were blighted by a rapid consumption; which again speaks the instability of all sublunary things: — man cometh forth like a flower and is cut down, he flieth also as a shadow and continueth not. T. T. B., ENFIELD.

STRATFORD-LE-BOW.

(To the Editor.)

I THANK your Correspondent, J. R., Limehouse, for his corrective remarks, (at page 212,) on my communication, appended to the view of Stratford (New) Church, in No. 647 of the *Mirror*.

On my visiting the site of Westham Abbey, last autumn, in company with an antiquarian friend, we were told, in answer to our inquiries, that the whole, (at least every architectural feature,) had been destroyed; but we did not, I confess, explore that *terra incognita*, the Adam and Eve Inn Tea Gardens.

"Secondly," says your Correspondent, "the parish of St. Mary, Stratford-le-Bow, *could not* have obtained its cognomen from the Bridge, the parish having *probably* existed previous to the pontine erection;" but it would be difficult, I fear, to substantiate this hypothesis. Mr. Lysons states, that in the year 1311, a license was granted by Bishop Baldock, (dated from Stepney,) to the inhabitants of Stratford and Old Ford, to build a chapel, for the convenience of attending divine worship, they being so far distant from their parish church; and the roads in winter impassable by reason of the floods. Some differences occurring in the fifteenth century, between the inhabitants of Stepney and those of Stratford, were compromised in 1497, when the people of Stratford agreed for the future to acknowledge themselves parishioners of Stepney, and their chapel subject to that church. It was not, in fact, till the time of George the first, that the hamlet of Stratford-bow was erected into a parish, the old edifice being consecrated as a church on the 26th of March, 1719; when the place seems to have dropped its original appellation, and to have retained only the distinctive particle, Bow."

Some remarks on the subject of the Bridge will be found in *Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts*, for July, 1833, which prove its existence long anterior to 1311; and which may also perhaps serve your Correspondent in determining where the river Lea was crossed in the ancient route to Barking. This, I conceive, was the same (thus far) as to Durobiton or Laytonstone, by the Roman vicinal way. F. A. S.

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

ALL classes of Christians will rejoice at the proceedings of the Church Missionary Society, during the past year, as reported at the thirty-fourth anniversary, held in Exeter Hall, a few days since. The Committee appear to have expended 48,620*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* in their useful labours, and to have collected 3,752*l.* more than in the previous year. From the increased success of the Society, considerable enlargement has been made to the Missions in the Mediterranean, North India, and New Zealand. After enumerating the number of Missionaries and catechists abroad, and their proceedings, the Report states that in Africa, it is expected, the Gospel will be introduced to its very centre. In the Mediterranean, that important and interesting portion of the globe, where so many of the transactions narrated in Scripture have taken place, the efforts of the Missionaries have been most successful. In Malta, the works published amount to 76,000, exceeding by 30,000 those of the preceding year. In Greece, the missionaries have met with much tribulation, but they have persevered in the good work. In Syria, 150 schools have been established, and there are from 3,000 to 4,000 scholars in them. In Turkey, at Smyrna, the formation of schools for boys and girls had been successfully commenced; but the Turkish government interfered, and the schoolmaster and schoolmistress were placed in the stocks; they were, however, soon released, and permitted to go on without molestation. In Egypt, a missionary establishment has been formed at Grand Cairo, and Mr. Leader was proceeding to go as far as Dongola. In Abyssinia, the objects of the Missionaries are progressing. The Report next refers to North India. In Calcutta, many have sought the truths of Christianity, and a letter from a reverend gentleman states, that twelve natives have been baptized at one time. One was introduced to the Bishop of Calcutta, and his answers to questions of religion from the prelate were most satisfac-

Digitized by Google

tory. It is still lamentable to find, that notwithstanding the extended intercourse of the natives with Europeans, gross superstition and heathenism prevail to an alarming extent in Calcutta. The pious Bishop Wilson, however, is indefatigable in his labours to avert these evils; for his Lordship is stated by the Bishop of Winchester to have preached eighty-seven sermons in three months. The accounts from Benares and Cawnpore are disheartening, from the wandering habits of the people, and their love of intoxicating liquors and herbs. Objections to the Missionaries, too, have been raised from European sources. The Brahmins used violent language to the Missionaries, and said the latter ought to have their tongues cut out, and boiling lead poured into the ears of their hearers. They compared their great gods to the root and trunk of a tree, and the other gods to the leaves and branches. But when asked, how gods, so powerful as they believed them, allowed the elephant to destroy the tree and eat the leaves, they made no answer. The infidel opposition in North India has been much subdued. The accounts from Madras are animating; but from a college, where some young men, natives, have been educated, one has died of cholera, and another, it was feared, from having been poisoned. Notwithstanding persecutions, many have been converted: one woman was repudiated by her family, but she persisted in her new Christian faith, although boiling water was poured on her naked body by her relations; but when they were ill, she returned to them, and performed their household duties for them. One Missionary had the gratification of partaking of the Lord's Supper with seventy natives; some of whom had come fifteen miles to join the ceremony. Three or four of the priests have joined in preaching the Gospel, and against their former faith. In Bombay and Western India, the Missions are progressing. In Ceylon, although the Dutch Government have passed a law that none but those baptized and registered shall inherit property, yet the grossest ignorance prevails, which the Society's Mission are endeavouring to remove. In Australia, especially in New Holland, the claims upon the Society and the Missionaries are likely to be great. The female character, in many districts, is much debased; and the women carry the weapons of war, and the food of the men, as well as their babies. They have no idea of a Supreme Being, but entertain great fear of the Devil, for whom they have two or three names in their language. In New Zealand, the contrast is most pleasing. The natives, in attending divine service, are more attentive than the congregations in our country and London churches. Their piety, too, is greater; for they prepare their provisions the day before the Sabbath. Their bell, calling to worship, to prayer, and to school, is an axe suspended from a tree, struck by a stone, and which resounds through the village and the valley: thus, the weapon of conflict has been converted to a religious use. How beautifully illustrative of the language of the Gospel, that spears should be turned into pruning hooks, and swords into ploughshares. Still more important is it to know, that the Scriptures, at least in part, have been translated into the New Zealand language, and that a printing press and a printer have been sent out. In relation to the West Indies, the past year will ever be memorable for the termination of a conflict which has agitated the councils of the nation for half a century—the emancipation of the slaves! That great philanthropist, Wilberforce, after fifty years of arduous and unremitted exertion, just lived to see the passing of this great measure. In feeling its beneficence and importance, the Committee and Society also rejoice that it affords greater facilities for their exertions to better the spiritual condition of the Negro. In British Guiana, the Missions have met with some interruption. The accounts of North-west America were delayed from the Company's ship having been frozen up in Hudson's Bay, and the dispatches were sent overland; from which it appears that the Indian children have increased double their number in the schools.

We feel sincere satisfaction in recording these facts in our columns; and it is to be hoped that the pious and influential persons who have thus far joined in "labours of love," will not relax in their scheme of universal benevolence. It is now thirty-five years since the Society began the glorious work of revealing the blessings of Christianity to the ignorant and unexplored world. But, in this period, how gratifying have been the results of their exertions, beset as they have been with formidable and appalling obstacles by the unenlightened savage, as also by the prejudices of civilization. These unwearied philanthropists may reflect that exceeding great reward is laid up in heaven for all who thus labour in disseminating religion and happiness among the human race without reference to caste or colour; and, in assurance of this truth, how impressively was it observed by the Bishop of Winchester, in exhorting the Society to special prayer for aid in their labours: "It was the prayer of a Herod to grant half a kingdom to Herodias; but the Lord God has promised a whole kingdom to the righteous."

Of kindred interest will be found the following summary of the labours of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as reported at the anniversary meeting on the day subsequent to that of the Church Missionary Soci-

Digitized by Google

ety. The Bible Society has existed thirty years, having been formed in 1804. Its object, the circulation of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, has been promoted in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, by more than 5,000 kindred institutions, of which 3,400 have been formed in Great Britain and Ireland. It has printed and distributed the Scriptures, in whole or in part, in 121 different languages and dialects; in 72 of which no part of the Word of God had before been printed; and the Society is now engaged in translations into 36 other languages. The Society, since its formation, has circulated, or caused to be circulated, no less than 13,000,000 copies of the Bible, or portions of it. In 1800, no part of the Scriptures existed in more than 60 languages: of these, the Bible Society has reprinted 42, and adopted re-translations of 50 others; it has also procured, printed, and circulated translations into 72 other languages or dialects, in which no part had even appeared before. Of these, 11 have been for the use of Europeans, 50 for the nations of Asia, 4 for Africa, and 7 for America. The Society's issues have gradually increased from 50,000 to 550,000 copies of the Scriptures annually; and the expenditure, since its establishment, has amounted to upwards of 2,000,000*l.* The number of Bibles distributed in the past year was, we believe, 900,000. The receipts of the year amounted to 83,893*l.*, being an excess of 8,400*l.* over the receipts of the previous year; but for the two preceding years there had been a deficit of several thousands. This proves that the benevolent promoters of Christianity are rallying in the "good fight." During the past year, 1,600*l.* were left to the Society's funds anonymously; Mrs. Hannah More left 1,000*l.*; and the Society's late Secretary, a legacy of 600*l.*

The Naturalist.

NOTES, FROM JESSE'S GLEANINGS.

Aged Tortoise.

Captain Gooch, one of the elder brethren of the Trinity House, informed me that when he was at Calcutta, he was told that a tortoise which had belonged to, and been a great favourite of, Lord Clive, when he was Governor General of India, was still alive.—He went to see it, and as no one seemed to take any interest in it, he procured it with little difficulty, and brought it to England. Before he left Calcutta, he made every inquiry in his power as to the probable age of this tortoise, and ascertained from a variety of corroborative circumstances, that it could not be less than two hundred years old. On its arrival in England, it was put into the coach-house at Captain Gooch's House on Clapham Common, where it did well for a short time, but one morning nothing of it was found but its shell, the poor tortoise having been devoured by rats.

Sagacity of Rats.

The sagacity and foresight of rats is very extraordinary, and the following anecdote, wonderful as it may appear, may be relied upon. I received it from a person of the strictest veracity, who was a witness of the fact. A box containing some bottles of Florence oil, was placed in a store-room which was seldom opened, the lid of the box having been taken away. On going to the room for one of the bottles, the pieces of bladder and the cotton which were at the mouth of each bottle had disappeared, and a considerable quantity of the contents of the bottles had been consumed. This circumstance having excited surprise, a few bottles were filled with oil, and the mouth of them secured as before. The next morning the coverings of the bottles had been removed, and some of the oil was gone. On watching the room, which was done through a small window, some rats were seen to get into the box, and insert their tails into the necks of the bottles, and then withdrawing them, they licked off the oil which adhered to them. I would not have ventured to introduce this anecdote had I not been as much convinced of its accuracy as if I had been a witness of it myself.

A striking proof of the sagacity, courage, and I may say reasoning power of these animals, has been recently given me by a medical friend living at Kingston, who is much devoted to the pursuits of Natural History.

It appears that from his having entertained a great deal of surprise that the Ferret, an animal *of such slow locomotive powers*, should be so destructive and obnoxious to the rat tribe, he determined to bring both these animals fairly into the arena in order to judge of their respective powers; and having selected a fine specimen of a large and full grown male rat, as also an equally strong buck ferret, which had been accustomed to the haunts of rats, accompanied by his son, he turned these two animals loose in a room void of furniture, in which there was but one window, determined to await patiently the whole process of their encounter. Immediately upon being liberated, the rat ran round the room as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape he uttered a piercing shriek, and with the most prompt decision took up his station directly under the light, thus gaining over his adversary, (to use the language of pugilists,) *the advantage of the sun*. The ferret now erected his head, sniffed about, and seemed fearlessly to push his way towards the spot where the scent of his game was strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing himself

Digitized by Google

with avidity to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he approached within two feet of his watchful foe, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at him, and in a violent attack, inflicted a severe wound on the head or neck of the ferret, which soon discovered itself by the blood which flowed from it; the ferret seemed astonished at the charge, and retreated with evident discomfiture, while the rat, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, instantly withdrew to his former station under the window.

The ferret soon recovered the shock he had sustained. and erecting his head, once more took the field.

This second rencontre was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former, with this exception, that on the rush of the rat to the conflict the ferret appeared more collected, and evidently showed an inclination to get a firm hold of his enemy: the strength of the rat, however, was prodigiously great, and he again succeeded in not only avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also inflicted another severe wound on his neck and head. The rat again returned to his retreat under the window, and the ferret seemed less anxious to renew the conflict. These attacks were resumed at intervals for nearly two hours, generally ending in the failure of the ferret, who was evidently fighting to a disadvantage from the light falling full on his eye whenever he approached the rat, who wisely kept his ground, and never for a moment lost sight of the advantage he had obtained.

In order to prove whether the choice of this position depended upon accident, my friend managed to dislodge the rat, and took his own station under the window; but the moment the ferret attempted to make his approach, the rat, evidently aware of the advantage he had lost, endeavoured to creep between my friend's legs, thus losing sight of his natural fear of man under the danger which awaited him from his more deadly foe.

The ferret by this time had learned a profitable lesson, and prepared to approach the rat in a more wily manner, by creeping insidiously along the skirting, and thus avoiding the glare of light that heretofore had baffled his attempts.

The rat still pursued with the greatest energy his original mode of attack, namely, inflicting a wound, and avoiding at the same time a close combat, whilst it was equally certain that his foe was intent upon laying hold of, and grasping his intended victim in his murderous embrace.

The character of the fight, which had lasted more than three hours, was now evidently changed, and the rat appeared conscious that he had lost the advantage he originally possessed, and like the Swedish hero, had taught his frequently beaten foe to beat himself in turn.

At last, in a lengthened struggle, the ferret succeeded in accomplishing his originally intended grapple; the rat, as if conscious of his certain ruin, made little further effort of resistance, but sending forth a plaintive shriek, surrendered himself quietly to his persevering foe.

The progress of this experiment brought to proof the instinctive character of the animals engaged therein. There were many minor traits and circumstances illustrative of a reasoning power, the detail of which would far exceed the limits of this notice. It is evident, however, that in a state of nature, or in a fair field, the rat would probably be triumphant; but in close quarters, and particularly in the dark, the insidious ferret would ultimately prove the victor.

Gilbert White.

As far as I can collect from his Diary, (if I may call it so,) which is now in my possession, he appears to have been of retired habits, with a mind constantly employed in his favourite study, and enjoying that cheerful and happy disposition which such pursuits invariably bring with them. His time was almost entirely passed in his favourite and secluded village. He notices the visits which were from time to time paid him, and these were chiefly by his own relations. He carefully notes down all his nephews and nieces as they respectively came into the world, amounting to about sixty-three, when his diary closed. He chronicled his beer, and takes notice of the quantity of port wine which came to his share when he had a pipe of it with his neighbours. He appears to have made annual visits at Lambeth, Ringmeer, and Oxford, and during these absences his old servant, Thomas, kept his weather journal. Mr. White passed much of his time in his garden, and he makes frequent mention of his crops, his fine and early cucumbers, and the flavour of his Cardilliac pears. He thought nothing too trifling to be recorded. The appearance of his neighbours' hops, the beginning and ending of their harvests, their bees, their pigs, and poultry, are all noticed in succession, and appear to have added to the interest he took in rural life. Insignificant as these little details may appear, they were not thought so by a man whose mind was stored with learning, possessing a cultivated and elegant taste for what is beautiful in nature, and who has left behind him one of the most delightful books in the English language—delightful not only for the agreeable information it contains, but also for its style and accuracy.

Digitized by Google

THE FLAMINGO.

This bird, although one of the most remarkable of all the aquatic tribes for its size, beauty, and the reputed delicacy of its flesh, is by no means well known as regards its habits and manners. The genus *Phœnicopterus*, (Linn.) or Flamingo, consists of two species, distinguished by having a naked toothed bill, bent as if broken: the feet are four-toed, palmate, the membranes semicircular on the fore part. One of the species (*P. antiquorum*) is of a rose colour, with red wings, having the quills black; and is found on almost every shore of the Mediterranean, Spain, Italy, &c.; and in every district of Africa, to the Cape of Good Hope. The other species, (*P. ruber*,) of deep red colour, with black quills, is peculiar to tropical America.

The red flamingo is altogether a very singular bird, with a body less than that of a goose; but owing to the great length of the neck and legs, it stands from five to six feet high. The head is small and round, and furnished with a bill nearly seven inches long, which is light and hollow, having a membrane at the base, and being suddenly curved downwards from the middle: its colours are red and black. The legs and thighs are slender, not thicker than the forefinger of a man, yet two feet long; the neck is also slender, and three feet long. From this extraordinary shape, the flamingo is able to wade in the water to the depth where its food is to be found. Although the feet are webbed, it seldom uses them for swimming. The length from the bill to the tail is about four feet four inches. The plumage is not less remarkable than its figure, much of it being of a bright flame colour, whence its name. In the splendour of sunset, its whole appearance is extremely beautiful. Southey sings:

"Evening came on: arising from the stream,
Homeward the tall flamingo wings his flight;
And when he sails athwart the setting beam,
His scarlet plumage glows with deeper light."

And Campbell:

"Where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, now might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes."

Flamingos live and emigrate in large flocks, frequenting desert sea-coasts and salt marshes. They are extremely shy and watchful. While feeding, they keep together,

Digitized by Google

drawn up artificially in lines, which, at a distance, resemble those of an army; and, like many other gregarious birds, they employ some to act as sentinels for the security of the rest. On the approach of danger, these give warning by a loud sound, like that of a trumpet, which may be heard at a great distance, and is the sign for the flock to take wing. When flying, they form a triangle. Their food appears to be *molluscæ*, spawn, and insects, which they draw up by means of their long neck, turning their head in such a manner as to take advantage in the crook of the beak. They breed in companies, in inundated marshes, raising the nest to the height of their bodies, by heaping up the mud, with their feet, into a hillock, which is concave at the top. In this hollow, the female lays her eggs, which are two, white, and the size of a goose's; and she hatches them by sitting on them, perched, as it were, upon her rump, with her legs hanging down, like a man sitting upon a stool. This peculiar posture is necessary during her incubation, in consequence of the very great length of the legs. The young, which never exceed three in number, do not fly until they have nearly attained their full growth, though they can run very swiftly a few days after their exclusion from the shell. Their plumage differs greatly from the adult bird, and is changed repeatedly.

The flamingo was well known to the ancients under the name of *Phœnicopterus*, and was held in high repute among the luxurious Romans. Apicius, so famous in the annals of gastronomy, and the *Ude* of his day, is recorded by Pliny to have discovered the exquisite relish of the flamingo's tongue, and a superior mode of dressing it. Dampier and other travellers speak variously respecting the flesh of this bird: some consider it to eat equal to the flesh of the partridge: others say that it is indifferent. We are induced to credit the latter, and to think the flesh must be offensively fishy, from the aquatic habits of the bird.*

In some parts, flamingos are tamed, principally for the sake of their very fine down, which is applicable to all purposes for which the down of the swan is employed. When taken young, they soon grow familiar, but they are not found to thrive in the domesticated state, as they are extremely impatient of cold. They are caught by snares, or by making use of tame birds. The method is to drive the latter into places frequented by the wild birds, and to lay meat for them there. No sooner do the wild flamingos see the others devouring this food, than they flock around to obtain a share. A battle ensues between the parties, when the bird-catchers who are concealed close by, spring up and take the unwary flamingos.

* We are often puzzled with the "luxuries" of the ancients; in this case, however, the delicacy is in the tongue. In the choice of the fish mullet, (by the way, now in fine season,) the ancients' notions of epicurism were respectable; although we still think that Pliny's price, 300*l.*, for a single fish, was paying dear, notwithstanding the mullet weighed 3lb. But the Romans mingled cruelty with their epicurism, and we preserve traits of the passion in skinning eels and boiling lobsters alive. Apicius hit upon a mode of suffocating mullet in a certain pickle which heightened their flavour. We are content to enjoy this fish without such cruelty: baked in paper with butter, and served up with a rich Sherry wine sauce, mullet is one of the greatest delicacies of this luxurious season, and has no rival near the throne of—Ude.

Select Biography.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

[We abridge from a sheet of the *Quarterly Review* the following passages in the life of this excellent man—one of the most influential of Wesley's immediate followers. They occur in a paper on the life of Dr. Clarke, in three volumes; the first written by Dr. Clarke himself—the two latter by his youngest daughter, her father supplying her with materials, who moreover perused the whole manuscript up to the year 1830, and attached his signature to each sheet in testimony of its truth; the whole edited by the Rev. J. B. Clarke, the doctor's youngest son.]

Adam Clarke was born at Moybeg, an obscure hamlet in Londonderry, about the year 1760. His father was a village schoolmaster of a superior order, and Adam, if we understand the narrative right, was one of his scholars; a lad of hardy habits, and as yet unapt to learn. It was intended that he should be brought up by his grandfather, but not liking the restraint of his grandmother's apron-strings, and having a great passion for looking into a draw-well on the premises—whether in early quest of truth, is not said—he incurred the old lady's displeasure by keeping her in a state of alarm for his life, and was accordingly sent home. Whatever was his want of capacity to acquire knowledge, his feelings were quick and tender; and one day, as he and a little school-fellow were seated on a bank together, the children fell into serious conversation on futurity,—"O Addy, Addy," said his companion, "what a dreadful thing is eternity; and O, how dreadful to be put into hell-fire, and to be burnt for ever!" and thereupon they wept bitterly, begged God to forgive them their sins, which were chiefly those of disobedience to their parents, and made to each other strong promises of amendment. His mother, who came to the knowledge of this incident, pondered it in her heart with a mother's satisfaction; his father, who seems to have been an austere, ill-judging man, had no opinion of pious resolutions in children; and Adam was old enough to find discouragement

Digitized by Google

in this indifference, and to feel that smoking flax had been quenched.

The nearest neighbour Adam Clarke's father had was one Pierce Quenlin, a very fat man. Adam beheld him with disgust, as a loathsome object; a feeling which was rendered yet more intense by a dumb fortune-teller, called, in the Scottish dialect of Ulster, a spae-man, who gave Adam to understand that it would be one day his own lot to be fond of the bottle and to have a big belly. He thought that the spae-man might be right, nevertheless that God could overrule evils even great as these; and, accordingly, he stole into the field, kneeled himself down in a furze-bush, and prayed heartily, saying, "O Lord God, have mercy upon me, and never suffer me to be like Pierce Quenlin!" He adds, that he continued throughout life to entertain a wholesome dread of drunkenness and fat. Upon such trifles in our tender years do some of the most invaluable safeguards of our future virtue depend. He still remained a dunce; was reproached by his teacher, and scoffed at by his schoolfellows; till at last a taunt of the latter kind stung him in the right place—he felt as "if something had broken within him;" and from that day forward he made rapid advances "in whatsoever he put his head unto"—arithmetic only excepted.

The circumstances of the family were strait, so much so, indeed, that his father and mother, with their first-born child, (Adam was their second,) had actually embarked for America, and were only prevailed upon to abandon their enterprise by the most earnest entreaties of their friends. Mr. Clarke, therefore, found it convenient to combine his school with a small farm; this he cultivated after the plan of Virgil's Georgics, a work of which he was a great admirer: though whether the system of agriculture which suited the Campagna di Roma would consort so well with the village of Maghera, or Moybeg, "in the township of Cootinaglugg, in the parish of Kilchronagan, in the barony of Loughinshallin, in the county of Londonderry," might admit of a reasonable doubt. However, his crops, says his son, were "as good as his neighbours'." Meanwhile, Adam and his brother were employed in the labour of husbandry, and in the studies of the school by turns: he whose duty it was to read the Georgics, communicating his lesson to him whose duty it had been to apply them. The pence they thus gained were laid out in books—such nursery tales and wild romances as were wont to make up the youthful library before the march of knowledge had superseded them by treatises on political economy, and taught us to put away childish things ere yet we are men. The use of such books Adam Clarke defends, as creating an appetite for reading, the foundation of all knowledge; leading the mind to the contemplation of a spiritual world, such as it was; and, in some instances, as in the case of Robinson Crusoe, impressing the child with such a notion of the providence of God, as nothing was ever likely to efface afterwards.

Mention has already been made of Adam Clarke's mother. She was a Presbyterian of the old Puritan school—a person powerful in the Scriptures—and whenever she corrected her children she gave chapter and verse for it. Such a practice, if generally adopted by parents, would soon render the Bible the rule of life, and go far to make religion operative. From her he received his early religious impressions.

Adam Clarke was now far in his teens, but as yet without any settled plan of life. His friends wished him to assist his father in his school, and eventually to succeed him in it, but the proposal was not to his taste. He was afloat, and in a condition, therefore, to be appropriated, when, in the year 1777, the Methodists first appeared in his neighbourhood. Hitherto he had been in the habit of attending both church and meeting-house, the former chiefly, but with no great edification from either; indeed the Presbyterian congregation here, as elsewhere, was fast drooping into Socinianism. He was now led by curiosity to hear a sermon of the new preacher. Christ crucified, and redemption through his blood, was the burden of his sermon; and Mrs. Clarke, who accompanied her son, and who was as yet his oracle in matters spiritual, pronounced rightly enough—"This is the doctrine of the Reformers." From that time the house of the Clarkes was open to such preachers as came to those parts, and young Adam was soon added to the number of the converts. It was still, however, some time before he had *assurance* of his salvation, a doctrine then strongly insisted upon by the Methodists, but "one morning," we quote his own account of an incident which he ever represented as the epoch of his life, "in great distress of soul he went out to work in the field. He began, but could not proceed, so great was his spiritual anguish. He fell down on his knees on the earth and prayed, but seemed to be without power of faith. He arose, endeavoured to work, but could not; even his physical strength appeared to have departed from him. He again endeavoured to pray, but the gate of Heaven seemed barred against him. His faith in the atonement, so far as it concerned himself, was almost entirely gone; he could not believe that Jesus had died for *him;* the thickest darkness seemed to gather round and settle on his soul. He fell flat on his face on the earth, and endeavoured to pray, but still there was no answer; he arose, but he was so weak that he could scarcely stand. * * * It is said the time

Digitized by Google

of man's extremity is the time of God's opportunity. He now felt strongly in his soul, Pray to Christ; another word for, Come to the holiest through the blood of Jesus. He looked up confidently to the Saviour of sinners, his agony subsided, his soul became calm; a glow of happiness seemed to thrill through his whole frame; all guilt and condemnation were gone."

The field in which this crisis befell him, this wrestle, as it were, with the angel, he used to visit with intense interest in the latter years of his life, when his journeys to Ireland brought him into its neighbourhood, and would have gladly got possession of it by purchase.

Adam Clarke continued to store his mind with such knowledge as a self-educated boy of active parts, slender means, and few opportunities, could command, grudging not a daily walk of many miles, early and late, in the depth of winter, to gain some acquaintance with French—never having found, as he says, a royal road to any branch of learning. His parents now made another effort to fix him in an honest calling, and a linen merchant of Coleraine, a relation of his own, was the man chosen to take him apprentice. With him he remained some time, but was never bound, satisfied with his situation chiefly as it gave him a more ready access to the ministry of the Methodists. At length through the intervention of one of the preachers, he was recommended to the notice of John Wesley, who proposed to receive him at Kingswood school, an establishment of Wesley's own projecting, and originally intended for the sons of itinerant preachers. Accordingly he set sail for England.

At this same school of Kingswood he arrived in a cold wet day of autumn, and with three-halfpence in his pocket. There he was thrust, by the churlish Nabals of the place, into a miserable, unfurnished chamber —fed thrice a day upon scanty supplies of bread and milk, not being allowed to join the family meals; and dressed before a large fire (the only one he saw there) with Jackson's itch ointment—it being presumed that such application could not be ill bestowed upon any one who proposed to be a student at Kingswood; meanwhile poor Adam was as innocent of any disease of the kind here intimated, save "an itching ear," as the child unborn. Here the poor lad worked in the garden to keep himself warm, and found a half-guinea in a clod. The inmates of this place were in general heartless persons enough, but in the present instance they could not reconcile it to themselves to deprive a forlorn boy of this God-send, for such it seemed to be, who proposed, however, on his own part, to resign it; and with six shillings of the sum, which was all that he had in the world, he gallantly bought Bayley's Hebrew Grammar, the foundation of his future acquirements in Oriental literature, and of the character by which he was principally known. Soon afterwards Wesley himself arrived at Bristol, and delivered his victim from this strange preparation for the ministry. "Mr. Wesley took me kindly by the hand. Our conversation was short, — 'Well, brother Clarke, do you wish to devote yourself entirely to the word of God?' I answered, 'Sir, I wish to do and be what God pleases.' He then said, 'We want a preacher for Bradford (Wilts), hold yourself in readiness to go thither; I am going into the country, and will let you know when you shall go.' He then turned to me, laid his hand upon my head, and spent a few minutes in praying to God to bless and preserve me, and to give me success in the work to which I was called."

Conference now met at Bristol, and thither Adam Clarke hastened—had the advantage of hearing seven sermons on the Sunday of its sitting—the last "an *awakening* one;" and, after only eleven months' probation as an itinerant preacher, was admitted into full connexion. On this occasion, the candidate has to answer certain inquiries previous to ordination, for the satisfaction of Conference; one of which, and one characteristic of the sagacity of the framer, is—"Are you in debt?" Now, it happened that Adam Clarke had borrowed a halfpenny in the morning, from one of his brother-preachers, to give to a beggar. Should he acknowledge that he was in debt, the sum would seem ridiculous: should he deny that he was in debt, the fact would not be true. "He dissolved the difficulty in a moment," we are triumphantly told, "by answering — 'Not one penny.' Thus both his credit and conscience were saved. The reader," it is added, "may smile at all this; but the situation to him was, for some hours, very embarrassing."

We have now launched the stripling in his circuit; but he was without a horse. A gentleman, however, at Bradford—one of that class who heretofore "loved our people, and built them a synagogue"—would give the young preacher a horse; and, amongst other good qualities for which he extolled him, he was an excellent *chaise*-horse. "One of my horses," quoth John Wesley, who happened to be present, and heard the conversation, "troubles me much; he often will not draw. Had not I better take your horse, Mr. R., and let brother Clarke have mine? He *may* be a good hack, though a bad chaise-horse." The exchange was made, to the great delight of Adam Clarke, too happy to find himself in John Wesley's saddle. But, alas! not ten miles could he travel without the creature coming at least once upon his knees. Adam's friends endeavoured to persuade him to part with a beast which he rode at the extreme hazard of his

Digitized by Google

neck; but it had been John Wesley's horse, and was precious in his sight. However, at last, when he had stumbled beyond forgiveness — having pitched his idolatrous rider upon his head, disturbed the vertebræ of his back-bone, and seriously injured him for three years—Adam Clarke consented "to change him with a farmer who had a high reverence for John Wesley, and promised to use him mercifully."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

The Public Journals.

KEAN'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON.

A STRANGER in the porter's room of a theatre royal, gentle reader, is generally looked upon as a "suspicious person," and soon becomes subject of general inquiry amongst the gossips of the theatre; but Kean was not unknown, though his *purpose* was; he was known to Mrs. Bartley, for he had played Glenalvon to her Lady Randolph, &c.; he was known to Rae, to Elliston, to T. Dibdin —to Hughes and Oxberry intimately: the two latter actors knew his powers well, but Hughes, who had had the latest evidence of them, was himself but a novice in the theatre, having only appeared two months before Kean. Several ill-natured stories have been currently repeated respecting the insults Kean received; but his sensitiveness made him misconstrue much, and humble as his manner was, it was truly a *proud* humility. It has been said that he had no dressing-room assigned him: this is untrue; he did not choose to dress in the place allotted him by Mr. Wroughton (then the stage-manager), and in dudgeon went to the supernumeraries' room and dressed there; but though, only the day previous to his appearance, he had received a letter from his theatrical friends advising him against his rash attempt—though Mr. Knight had volunteered his opinion that "Mr. Kean had better pass his evenings in the front, trying to improve himself by witnessing the performance of good actors"—though Mr. Rae had passed him in the hall without recognising him—though the committee had said "*he* could not do" —though a certain set of underlings had christened him, in their jocularity, "Mr. Arnold's hard-bargain," Kean was not *actually* dispirited: stung in heart and mind* he certainly was; but the night before his appearance he said, "Let me once set my foot before the float (*i. e.* the stage-lights), and I'll let them see what I am." In fact, he had one great attribute of genius—its irrepressibility: all real and all imagined slights (and he was always too apt to imagine the existence of neglect towards him) only confirmed his resolution; he did not come there merely to appear, he came there to succeed; he relied on his own powers and on the public judgment, and the little, submissive, meek, and frightened man that had rehearsed Shylock was wholly lost when he assumed the gaberdine and beard. Very little interest appeared to be excited in the theatre; at the call of "last music," *i. e.* the commencement of the overture, the first peeper through the curtain announced the fact of its being a "shy *domus*," which was replied to by "What did you expect? there'll be nothing till half-price;" intimating that the pantomime might attract, but the new tragedian would not. On went Rae as Bassanio, in an especial ill humour, and the early scenes of the play were altogether enacted with a listless and careless spirit. At last the prompter gave the word "No. 3" to the call-boy, and he went to the green-room to call Shylock to his duty; but Shylock was not in the green-room, and hadn't been there: the boy went up to the dressing-room that had been allotted to the "new gentleman;" he was not there. Somewhat alarmed at this irregularity, the call-boy was hurrying back to report the fact, when he saw Shylock standing ready at the place at which he was to make his entrance; as in duty bound, the young functionary said, "You're called, sir." Thank you," was the reply; and those were the only words (save those of Shakspeare) that Kean uttered that night, until the end of the fourth act, Shylock's last scene. Stage-fright (which has been compared to sea-sickness) he certainly did not suffer from; he dreaded the green-room more than a thousand audiences; the pent-up hopes of years were now too near fulfilment for him to know the "taste of fear." Scene 3rd, Act 1.—Shylock and Bassanio entered; his reception was cordial, not rapturous; he acknowledged it rather slightly, and began: the wings (*i. e.* stage entraces) were not over-crowded, though it is common for the actors to come to see a new one's first scene; however, "come one, come all,"—it mattered little then; "he *had* got his foot to the float." Kean began to bestir himself the instant Bassanio left the stage; he was warmly applauded at the lines

"If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him."

When he replied to Antonio's sneer,

"Is your gold and silver ewes and rams?"
"I cannot tell—I make it breed as fast,"—

there was laughter and applause; the scene

* If it was worth while to name individuals who, as Irish Johnstone said, are darkling in their refulgent obscurity, what an odd list of ladies and gentlemen could be given who did not remember him, and wondered where he came from up to the 26th of January, 1814; but who in the month of March amused their friends by the anecdotes of where they had first met Mr. Kean, and to whom they had first addressed the advice under which he was ultimately engaged.

Digitized by Google

went well, and as the act fell, a comedian who had been looking on went into the green-room—a comedian who is himself, in his peculiar walk, an admirable actor—and addressing some who had just entered, said, "I say! he's got a *black* wig and beard; did you ever see Shylock in a black wig?" This is not quoted as an instance of ill nature, for it was not said in that spirit, but as a proof of what a slight impression had been made on the mind of the actor in question by the new tragedian. Shylock does not reappear until Scene 4 in the second act; and of course it was expected Kean would have gone into the green-room. Hollow as the professions might have been, had he done so he would there have been congratulated on his success; for badly as the actors of the theatre royal, Drury-lane, might be suspected of wishing towards the interloper, they would not have been wanting in such an outward mark of decency; but Kean prowled about behind the scenes, didn't require the attention of the call-boy, but was at his post when wanted. In his speech to Jessica (Mrs. Bland) he was much applauded, and the audience had become extremely attentive,* which was particularly shown by their approbation at his exit in this scene, when their plaudits must be considered rather as a sign of their general satisfaction than as extorted by his delivery of

"Safe bind, safe find,—
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind."

Act 3 commenced, Bassanio, Antonio, and Gratiano, and in fact, all the characters save Shylock, Tubal, Salarino, and Salanio, were quietly seated in the green-room, when the dread rumble of reiterated plaudits burst on their ears—"Again! again!! *What* could it be?" not "*Who* could it be?" for of that there was now no doubt. The green-room was cleared in an instant, and every character was at the wing to look at the "little man in the *black* wig," who was raging like a lion in the great scene with Tubal: the applause was, considering the scanty number of the audience, prodigious; as Oxberry very drolly said, "How the devil so few of them kicked up such a row was marvellous!" At the end of this scene Kean ran upstairs to the room where he had dressed to avoid his congratulators, and in the deep recesses of his own proud heart bury his joys. It appeared to those who were unused to Kean's enunciation that he had become hoarse from exertion, but in fact he was never in better voice. However, after him went Messrs. Raymond and Arnold, one bearing negus and the other oranges; and believe me, "my pensive public," the fact of those great functionaries having done this proves that the impression he had made was by no means a slight one. The trial scene, though highly applauded, was rather an anti-climax in effect: such, in fact, it always was; for his scene with Salanio and Tubal was so overwhelming, that nothing could exceed it. Shylock ends in the fourth act, and before the play was over, Kean had left the theatre.†

Mr. Arnold had long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best judges of acting in England; yet he was trammelled and not allowed to exercise his discretion at Drury-lane: for, notwithstanding what in these days would have been termed Kean's "triumphant success," he was coldly announced to reappear on that day week.‡

Notwithstanding the effect produced by Shylock, so unwillingly is the wreath of genius accorded to the brow of a stranger, that there was no general feeling in theatrical circles of a master mind having risen amongst them until after his performance of Richard. —*Abridged from the New Monthly Mag.*

* It was a bitterly cold night, the house not half full, and the galleries, which were almost empty until half-past eight, had been, as twenty years ago they generally were, rather noisy.

† He *walked* to the theatre to play, and carried his *own bundle*.

‡ I am not aware that any person of note in the profession was in the house on the night of his debût; very different was the feeling on the first appearance of Macready; among the persons present that night, (October, 1816,) were Kean, Bannister, Betty, Rae, and Young.

MONA WATER.

By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Oh, Mona's waves are blue and bright
When the sun shines out, like a gay young lover;
But Mona's waves are dark as night,
When the face of heaven is clouded over.
The wild wind drives the crested foam
Far up the steep and rocky mountain,
And booming echoes drown the voice—
The silvery voice of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild, against that mountain's side
The wrathful waves were up and beating,
When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came,
With anxious brow and hurried greeting.
He bade the widow'd mother send,
(While loud the tempest's voice was raging,)
Her fair young son across the flood,
Where winds and waves their strife were waging.

And still that fearful mother prayed,
"Oh! yet delay—delay till morning,
For weak the hand that guides our bark,
Tho' brave his heart, all danger scorning."
Little did stern Glenvarloch heed:—
"The safety of my fortress tower
Depends on tidings he must bring
From Fairlie bank within the hour.

"Seest thou across the sullen wave
A blood-red banner wildly streaming?
That flag a message sends to me,
Of which my foes are little dreaming.
Thy boy must put his boat across,
(Gold shall repay his hour of danger,)
And bring me back, with care and speed,
Three letters from the light-browed stranger."

The orphan boy leapt lightly in;
Bold was his eye, and brow of beauty;
And bright his smile, as thus he spoke:
"I do but pay a vassal's duty;

Digitized by Google

Fear not for me, oh! mother dear,
See how the boat the tide is spurning;
The storm will cease, the sky will clear,
And thou shalt watch me safe returning."

His bark shot on, now up, now down,
Over those waves, the snowy-crested,
Now like a dart it sped along,
Now like a white-winged sea-bird rested.
And ever when the wind sank low,
Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,
As long she watched, with straining eyes,
That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.

He reached the shore, the letters claimed,
Triumphant heard the stranger's wonder,
That one so young should brave alone
The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.
And once again his snowy sail
Was seen by her, that mourning mother;
And *once* she heard his shouting voice;
That voice the waves were soon to smother.

Wild burst the wind—wide flapped the sail—
A crashing peal of thunder followed;
The gust swept o'er the water's face,
And caverns in the deep lake hollowed!
The gust swept past, the waves grew calm,
The thunder died along the mountain;
But where was he who used to play,
On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,
Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother;
And bitterly she wept for him,
The widow's son, who had no brother!
She raised his arm; the hand was closed,
With pain the stiffened fingers parted,
And on the sand those letters dropped,
His last dim thought—the faithful-hearted!

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow
Remorse and pain and grief seemed blending;
A purse of gold he flung beside
That mother o'er her dead child bending.
Oh, wildly laughed that woman then!
"Glenvarloch wad ye dare to measure
The holy life that God hath gi'en,
Against a heap of golden treasure?

"Ye spurned my prayer, for we were poor;
But know, proud man, that God hath power
To smite the King on Scotland's throne,
The chieftain in his fortress tower.
Frown on, frown on! I fear ye not;
We've done the last of chieftain's bidding;
And cold he lies, for whose young sake
I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

"Will gold bring back the cheerful voice
That used to win my heart from sorrow?
Will silver warm his frozen blood,
Or make my hearth less lone to-morrow?
Go back, and seek your mountain home,
And when ye kiss yere fair-haired daughter,
Remember him who died to-night,
Beneath the waves of Mona's water!"

Old years rolled on, and fresh ones came,
Foes dare not brave Glenvarloch's tower;
But naught could bar the sickness out
That stole into fair Amie's bower.
The o'erblown flow'ret in the sun
Sinks languid down and withers daily,
And so *she* sank, her voice grew faint,
Her laugh no longer sounded gaily.

Her step fell on the old oak-floor,
As noiseless as the snow-shower's drifting;
And from her sweet and serious eyes
Seldom they saw the dark lid lifting.
"Bring aid, bring aid," the father cries;
"Bring aid," each vassal's voice is crying;
The fair-haired beauty of the isles,
Her pulse is faint, her life is flying.

He called in vain, her dim eyes turned
And met his own with patient sorrow;
For well she knew, that fading girl
How he must weep and wail the morrow.
Her faint breath ceased, the father bent,
And gazed upon his fair-haired daughter;
What thought he on?—The widow's son,
And the stormy night by Mona's water!

The above ballad is founded on an incident which took place in the days when the chieftain of a clan was the most despotic of all rulers. It was told me by an old ferryman, who religiously believed "fair Amie's" death to have been the consequence and punishment of the chief's tyranny towards the widow's son.—*Court Magazine.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

AMUSEMENT FOR SHOEMAKERS.

A Shoemaker is a Gentleman.—The above is the title to a comedy by William Rowley, which was acted at the Red Bull Theatre, Clerkenwell; and afterwards revived at the theatre in Dorset Gardens, 1638. The plot of this play, (says Baker,) is founded on a novel, called *Crispin and Crispianus*, or *The History of the Gentle Craft.* It consists of a good deal of low humour, and appears from Langbaine to have been a great favourite among the strolling companies in the country; and some of the most comical scenes in it used commonly to be selected and performed by way of droll at Bartholomew and Southwark fairs.

The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft; with the Humorous Life of Simon Eyre, Shoemaker, and Lord Mayor of London.—This comedy was acted before the Queen, by Thomas, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, and his servants, on New Year's day at night. The play has been attributed to Dr. Barton Holyday, who was son of one Thomas Holyday, a tailor, and was born in the parish of All Saints, Oxford, about the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is dedicated to *all good fellows, Professors of the Gentle Craft, of what degree soever;* and in the dedication the argument of the piece is laid down. It is printed in the black letter, and not divided into acts. The story is from an old book, printed in quarto, under the title of *The Gentle Craft.* The Cordwainer's Company was first incorporated by Henry IV., 1410. "Of these Cordwayners, (says Stow,) I reade, that since the fifth of Richard II., when he took to wife Anne, daughter to Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, by her example the English people had used piked shoes, tied to the knees, with silken laces, or chains of silver, and gilt: wherefore, in the fourth of Edward IV., it was ordained and proclaimed that beaks of skin and boots should not pass the length of two inches, upon paine of cursing by the Clergie, and by Parliament to pay 20*s.* for every paine: and every Cordwayner that shod any man or woman on the Sunday to pay 30*s.*"—P. T. W.

Digitized by Google

The Gatherer.

Changing Names. — At Newgate, the ancient Jack Ketch is now the "Yeoman of the Halter;" and in the newspapers, the public singers, with black whiskers and white waistcoats, who howl out "Non nobis, Domine," and afterwards do comic songs, are called eminent "vocalists;" a wig-maker to the lawyers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, is called a "forensic perruquier;" a corn-cutter is a "chiropodist;" an ear-doctor, an "aurist;" a workman, an "operative;" a butcher in South Audley-street is a "purveyor of meat;" and the skingly-skangly skipping people at the theatre, with their long legs and short petticoats, are suddenly transformed from the ancient grade of figure-dancers into the more classical character of "Coryphees!" Where this love of change will end who shall say? —*New Monthly Magazine.*

Spain.—The mass of the people of Spain, (says a recent traveller,) take little heed of the vices of the Government, and are entirely indifferent about political privileges. The Basque provinces, which are the most enlightened, have little to complain of; for they enjoy a multitude of privileges and exemptions which are well defined and jealously maintained; and as for the Spaniard in the southern provinces, give him his shade in the summer, and his sunshine in winter, his tobacco, his melon, his dates, his bread, and his wine; give him a hole to creep into, and put him within sound of a convent bell, and he asks no more; or if you rise a degree or two in society, and speak of the respectable peasant, then give to him his embroidered jacket, his tasselled hat, his guitar, and his *maja* (sweetheart, in the dialect of Andalusia), and it is a matter of indifference to him whether Spain be ruled by a Caligula or a Titus. W. G. C.

Safe Side.—Agreement made by William Hughes, as overseer of the poor, with himself as landlord of a house:—"We, the overseers of the poor of the parish of Llanfachraeth, will pay the rent of A. Jones, pauper of our parish, to W. Hughes, of Bodedern, the sum of 1*l.* 5*s.* yearly, commencing tomorrow, the 13th of November, 1827, for an apartment of a house in Bodedern.

(Signed) "WILLIAM HUGHES."

This William Hughes was examined by the assistant commissioner on the Poor Laws, and he admitted that he signed the above on behalf of the parish and was the person mentioned in the body of it.—*Vide octavo edition of the report, page* 15.

Ancient Drama.—Aulus Gellius relates the following anecdote of an Athenian actor named Polus, who had gained a merited celebrity both for action, delivery, and figure. Polus had a son of whom he was extremely fond; this son dying young, the father was so much affected that he for some time absented himself from the stage. At the time of his return to the stage, the *Electra* of Sophocles was performing, and he was appointed to play the part of Electra, who in one act is introduced weeping over the urn of Orestes. Polus procured the urn which contained the ashes of his own son, and when that was performed, he appeared, not acting sorrow, but truly weeping. W. G. C.

Nature v. Physic.—The Middlesex magistrates have recently published a report of the expense of maintaining 558 lunatics in the county asylum at Hanwell, wherein it is stated that, in an expenditure of 8,998*l.* 7*s.* 10½*d.*, only 77*l.* was for physic.

Cashmere Shawls.—The great mart for the wool, of which these shawls are made, is at Kilghet, which is said to be a dependency of Ladak, and situated twenty days' journey from the northern boundaries of Cashmere. There are two kinds of it, that which can be readily dyed is white; the other sort is an ashy colour, which being with difficulty changed, or at least improved by art, is generally woven of its natural hue. About two pounds of either are obtained from a single goat once a-year. After the down has been carefully separated from the hairs, it is repeatedly washed with rice starch. This process is reckoned important, and it is to the quality of the water of their valley that the Cashmerians attribute the peculiar and inimitable fineness of the fabrics produced there. At Kilghet the best raw wool is sold for about one rupee a pound. By the preparation and washing referred to, it loses one-half, and the remainder being spun, three rupees' weight of the thread is considered worth one rupee. Shawls are made of various forms, size, and borders, which are wrought separately, with the view of adapting them to the different markets. Those sent to Turkey used to be of the softest and most delicate texture. Carpets and counterpanes are fabricated of the hair or coarser part of the wool.—*Martin's British Colonies.*

French Palaces.—The royal domains alienated from the French crown, in 1831, were those of Rambouillet, Strasburg, and Bordeaux, the two latter of which were scarcely ever visited by royalty. These, together with some hotels at Paris, that were incumbrances rather than necessaries, were valued at about eighteen millions of francs. The royal domains that still remain attached to the crown, are the Tuileries, the Louvre, St. Cloud, Meudon, Versailles, Fontainebleau, and Compeigne. W. G. C.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 663.] SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1834. [Price 2*d.*

RICHARD LANDER,

THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

Alas for the white man, o'er deserts a ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bosomed stranger!
Negro's Lament for Mungo Park.

Six years since we prefixed these touching lines to a hasty Memoir of the life and services of Captain Clapperton,* "the sincere friend and master," as Clapperton subscribed himself, of Richard Lander, whose active life and recent death are now about to engage our attention. Though standing in the relation of master and servant, Clapperton and Lander were "fellow pioneers in African discovery." They were alike enthusiastic in their unabated ardour to add to our knowledge of Africa, and to the improvement of its people: they embarked in a common cause—the good of mankind. In their progress, they alike suffered from unhealthiness of climate; for no climate more than that of Africa is noted for its fatal effects on Europeans. Clapperton fell a victim to these effects: he died of dysentery at Soccatoo, in the year 1827; there Lander buried his valued master, and standing alone by the grave, read over his remains the impressive

* Prefixed to the *Mirror*, vol. xi.

Digitized by Google

funeral service of the Church of England. Lander pressed on a long, difficult, and dangerous journey. He then returned to England, and embarked in another Expedition; and its splendid result was the discovery of the course and termination of the Niger,—a problem which had baffled geographers, from Herodotus, the father of historians, to our own time, through a lapse of twenty-three centuries. What a consummation of a brief, adventurous life: what a labour for a man to accomplish in his twenty-seventh year! How truly has it been sung:

> We pass o'er Africk's sultry clime,
> To where the Niger rolls his mighty stream
> With doubtful current, whether bent his course
> Or to the rising or the setting sun:
> Till one advent'rous man, through perils great,
> And toil immense, hunger, and thirst, and pain,
> The question solved, and saw him eastward flow
> Majestic through his woods.—*Millikin's River-side.*

Lander returned to England to receive the rewards due to his glorious enterprise; he revisited his birthplace; and again set forth to establish certain advantages in the track of his improtant discovery. A company of merchants fitted him out with an iron steam-boat; and thus a paragon of science, the latest labour of the most enlightened nation in the world, proudly sailed through a country hitherto uncheered by civilization and the efforts of benevolent man for the improvement of his species. Lander, by nature, kind-hearted and inoffensive, sought to enlarge the happiness of its people, not by conquest and rendering them subjects, but alone by such means as humanity and honourable enterprise dictated. Yet amidst his peaceful labours, Lander fell a victim, not to the natural influence of pestilential climate, as Clapperton had fallen, but to "the sullen ferocity of a band of savages;" and the poor traveller now lies buried, not far from the scenes of his enterprise. It has been observed, that while "other countries, farther removed from civilized Europe, have welcomed the researches of the scientific traveller, and amply rewarded him with their riches, Africa has spurned him from her soil by the destructive tendency of her climate, or the treachery of her people." The fates of Clapperton and Lander are melancholy illustrations of these remarks, prefatory to the Journal of Lander's Expedition, and written little more than two years since.

Richard Lander was born at Truro, in Cornwall, on the 8th of February, 1804, so that at the period of his decease, (February 6,) he was within two days of attaining his thirtieth year. He was the fourth of six children. He was gifted with no extraordinary talent, and it was not his fortune to boast either the honours of high birth, or even to possess the advantages of a common-place education. Yet, if the ancient saying of the people of Cornwall, that

> By Tre, Pol, *Lan*, and *Pen*,
> You may know most Cornish men,

be entitled to credit, then Lander's family is of pure Cornish extraction; and it has a double claim, in the present generation, to the enviable distinction of antiquity, his mother's maiden name being *Pen*-rose, and his father's name *Lan*-der. Richard used to say that he had the solitary satisfaction of boasting of at least one celebrated character in the humble records of his family; this was his grandfather by his mother's side, who was a noted wrestler in his day, and lived some fifty years since near the Land's End.

In childhood, Richard began to show rambling inclinations. He confessed himself never to have been "easy a great while together in one place;" and to have delighted in playing truant, and strolling from town to town, whenever he could steal an opportunity, so as to mix in the society of boys possessing restless habits and inclinations similar to his own. He listened with untiring attention to tales of the manners and ceremonies of the natives of distant regions of the earth, and never felt greater pleasure than when a superstitious beldame stroked down his face with her aged hands, saying, "You will be sure to see two kingdoms, Richard; for you have two crowns upon your head." The recital of such circumstances may appear trifling, but "the boy" being "the father of the man," these early traits are worth noting; and of all places in England, none could be found more likely than the romantic coast of Cornwall to foster such predilections. Strolling upon that wild shore, how might Lander picture forth his "home upon the wave," as his restless spirit sought to embody the marvels of the fireside.

Richard was about nine years old, when, owing to domestic misfortunes, he left his paternal roof, and he had since been almost a stranger in the place of his nativity. He visited his family there after his return from his travels; and, in so important a place as Truro, the metropolis of the county, it may be supposed that Richard Lander, the explorer of the Niger, must have been a man of some note, even among Cornish people.

At the age of eleven years, Lander accompanied a merchant to the West Indies. Whilst in St. Domingo, he was attacked by the fever of the country, so severely, that his life was despaired of; but through the attention of some benevolent negro females, his youth, and a naturally vigorous constitution, he recovered, and after an absence of three years, returned to England. From that period till the attainment of his nineteenth year, Lander lived in the service of various noblemen and gentlemen, with one of whom he visited the

Digitized by Google

Continent. Lander next lived with Major Colebrook, one of His Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry into the state of the British Colonies, with whom he embarked from Portsmouth on board the Lady Campbell, which weighed anchor on February 13, 1823, and after a stormy and hazardous voyage of nearly five months, arrived in Simmons's Bay, South Africa, on the 13th of July following. During the passage, the vessel with upwards of sixty passengers, narrowly escaped destruction three times:—by losing her rudder in a heavy gale, and leaking four feet of water in the hold—the gun-room taking fire—and the vessel striking on a rock; at length, she arrived before Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope.

Lander accompanied Major Colebrook in his journey of inquiry through the Colony; he then quitted his service, and sailing from Cape Town, arrived in England in 1824. He next lived in the establishment of a kinsman of the Duke of Northumberland, where, to use Lander's own words, his time passed "pleasantly and thoughtlessly enough," but not in accordance with his inquiring spirit. The return of Major Denham and Captain Clapperton from the interior of Africa, in the following year, again roused Lander's rambling propensities; and according to his own confession, he could not help reproaching himself for having remained so long a time in a state of comparative indolence. Having heard that the British government intended to send out another Expedition to explore Central Africa, and endeavour to ascertain the source, progress, and termination of the mysterious Niger—and the project according with Lander's long cherished wishes—he instantly waited upon Captain Clapperton, appointed to the head of the Expedition, and expressed his eagerness to become a party, however humble, in the projected enterprise. The Captain listened to Lander, and willingly engaged him as his confidential servant.

It appears that many persons endeavoured to dissuade Lander from his new undertaking; but he felt a charm in the very sound of Africa; "whilst its boundless deserts of sand; the awful obscurity in which many of the interior regions were enveloped; the strange and wild aspect of countries that had never been trodden by the foot of an European; and even the failure of all former undertakings to explore its hidden wonders, united to strengthen the determination he had come to, of embracing the earliest opportunity of penetrating the interior of that immense continent." In vain his London acquaintances urged the risk he should incur of finding a grave in Africa; and equally ineffectual were the kind representations of a medical gentleman, who pressed the danger to which his life would be exposed, by reason of his youth, inexperience, and habits of body. His relatives in Cornwall affectionately implored him not to proceed to a region they all so greatly and justly dreaded; and Mr. G. C. Fox, residing near Falmouth, in the spirit of amiable benevolence by which he is uniformly distinguished, endeavoured to dissuade Lander from his journey; adding that rather than he should be exposed to the dangers of African exploration, he should be insured a more lucrative situation in one of the South American republics. Neither of these inducements altered Lander's determination; and, accordingly, he left London with Captain Clapperton, and embarked from Portsmouth, in the Brazen sloop of war, Captain Willis, on August 27, 1825; Lander being then in the twenty-second year of his age.

It will not be requisite for us to quote the details of the Expedition, as they will be found, at some length, in the memoir of Captain Clapperton, already referred to, in vol. xi. of this Miscellany. The reader will recollect that he was the sole survivor of the Expedition, and succeeded in making his way defenceless and alone, from Soccatoo, in Haussa, to Badagry, on the western coast (of Africa)—a journey of many hundred dreary miles, through countries inhabited by a variety of tribes, by whom he was not only unmolested, but treated, for the most part, with kindness and liberality. Upon Lander's return, the Journal of the Expedition was published from Clapperton's papers; to which was appended Lander's account of the Captain's death; the melancholy details occupying upwards of three pages of the *Mirror*, vol. xiii. A few months after the publication of the Journal, Lander published an interesting account of the Expedition, containing more of his personal adventures than are to be found in the former work.* Lander's perils, as herein narrated, are neither few nor far between. At Sierra Leone, whilst amongst high coarse grass and thick jungle, he indiscreetly exposed his head to the scorching rays of a vertical sun; fever ensued, and such a *seasoning* as every European should be prepared to encounter on visiting tropical countries. At Coulfo, Lander had a frightful dysentery. On the road, he often dismounted from his horse, to roll himself in the dust, (in the hope of relieving his agony,) where he remained panting, till his master, alarmed at his lingering back, would light large fires, the smoke of which directed him to his resting-place. Whenever they came to a stream which was too deep to ford, and was not furnished with a ferry-boat, Lander

* Records of Captain Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa: by Richard Lander, his faithful attendant, and the only surviving member of the Expedition: with the subsequent Adventures of the Author, 2 vols. small 8vo., Colburn, 1830.—To this work we are indebted for the original of the annexed portrait.

Digitized by Google

being too weak to swim, his generous master used to take him on his shoulders, and often times at the imminent risk of his own life, carry him in safety to the opposite bank. At Royoo, Lander, extraordinarily lost his sight for a time, and could not rise in bed from excessive weakness and pain: here he had separated from Clapperton, and fearing that he was about to die, he implored his attendant, after he had buried him, to take charge of his property and hasten to his master. Lander rallied, and travelled for a day upon a couch on the back of a camel through a narrow road thickly lined with large thorns. At the next town, the chief, who had never before seen a white man, gave the poor traveller a bowl of six quarts of new milk, sweetened with honey, which much refreshed and invigorated him. For the chief's present, Lander gave him a pair of scissors, a hundred needles, and a paper of cloves: he was called "Little Christian," as Clapperton, who had preceded, "Great Christian." After Lander had buried his good master, he was so afflicted as to crawl round his hut with difficulty, and to be unable to rise from his mat for several days. The extreme heat compelled him to plunge his head and arms, at intervals, into a tub of water, and continually to sprinkle his burning head and body. In the Goober Bush, he was compelled by heat and clouds of sand and dust, to dismount, when he fell to the ground exhausted: he begged a mouthful of water from thousands of the natives, but they mocked his misery; at last, a young man inquired in a tone of kindness, "Christian, Christian, why don't you go on;" Lander replied he was faint and sick for want of water, and no one would relieve him; the young native then gave him a pint calabash of water: for this kindness, Lander gave him a pair of scissors and twenty gun-flints. Shortly after, Lander's boots split into fragments, and fell from his feet; and he was in acute pain. Yet our traveller had intervals of enjoyment; for, sometimes he lived like an eastern prince, on the best the country afforded; and when fatigued, his attendant would bathe his temples with lime-juice, and, after washing his feet, either sing or fan him to sleep.

Near Gorkie, whilst crossing a river, which abounded with large crocodiles, Lander's horse sunk deeply in soft mud, and his legs getting entangled in the roots of trees, he threw his rider, who was thus nearly suffocated.

At Badagry, when almost within hearing of his countrymen, Lander was compelled to drink the fetish ordeal, which was a quart bowl of clear liquid, the priest who presented it, exclaiming: "You are accused, white man, of designs against our king and his government, and are, therefore, desired to drink the contents of this vessel, which, if the reports to your prejudice be true, will surely destroy you; whereas, if they be without foundation, you need not fear, Christian; the fetish will do you no injury, for our gods will do that which is right." Lander drank the liquid, (the decoction of the bark of a tree abounding in the neighbourhood,) and the assembly murmured at not seeing him expire; his own slaves welcomed him with an astounding shout, and having returned to his hut, he ejected the potion from his stomach; but he was told that he was the only individual, who, for a long season, had escaped the poisonous qualities of the ordeal.

Upon his return to England, Lander deposited his master's property at the Colonial Office, together with gold and silver watches, without having lost a single article from the moment he left Soccatoo, twelve months previously, although he had travelled throughout the most violent rainy season that had been remembered by the natives for many years. He remained in London three or four weeks, to prepare a rough copy of his journal, and then returned to his friends at Truro, whence he had been absent nearly thirteen years.

Here we must halt for the present: since, rather than reduce the details of Lander's succeeding adventures to names and dates, we prefer delaying their completion till our next Number.

OPTICAL ANECDOTE.

If the eyes be turned directly away from an object on which they have been long gazing, the image of the object will remain for awhile present to the sight; the cause being that the retina of the eye retains for a few minutes the impression made upon it. A singular anecdote connected with this fact was once related to me by Mr. W., a gentleman eminent for his sculptural performances. He once observed a man of noble stature and beautiful countenance standing on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, with his arms crossed on his breast, and his full, large eyes earnestly staring at the bright sun. Struck by the wild but commanding expression of the man's countenance, and his abstracted appearance, Mr. W. stood in admiration and astonishment; but, on the man's moving to retire, he accosted him, and solicited him to call at his house on the following day, that he might have the opportunity to sketch him in the attitude from which he had just changed. The man consented and was true to his appointment on the next day. At the request of Mr. W. he advanced to an open window, and having assumed the required position, fixed his eyes on the burning sun while the sketch was being made. Thus he remained for some time perfectly still, without once closing his eyes; until suddenly, perhaps from impatience, he turned round and looked at the artist, towards whom he

Digitized by Google

instantly ran, brandishing a dagger which he drew forth from his bosom, and exclaiming, "I see the glory of God sitting on your cheek like a red-hot ball!" was about to strike with his weapon. Mr. W.'s terror at the moment, had not, however, deprived him of his presence of mind; so grasping his furious assailant's upraised arm, he arrested the intended blow, and bidding him be calm, he mildly assured him he would do all in his power to assist him in a matter, wherein during previous conversation, he declared himself to have been excessively ill-treated. This elicited a lengthy conversation, and had not only the good effect of quelling the danger, but permitted the delusion of a "red-hot ball" to vanish. The incoherency of the stranger's language, and the singularity of his manner, now soon induced the melancholy conjecture that the stranger was some poor maniac, escaped from a madhouse; and such subsequently was ascertained to be the fact. J. H. F.

SEALS:

THE ORIGIN OF AFFIXING SEALS TO WRITTEN INSTRUMENTS, &c.

The use of seals, as a mark of authenticity to letters and other instruments in writing, is extremely ancient. We read of it among the Jews and Persians in the earliest and most sacred records of history, viz. 1 Kings, c. xxi. Daniel, c. vi. Esther, c. viii.; and in the book of Jeremiah there is a very remarkable instance, not only of an attestation by seal, but also of the other usual formalities attending a Jewish purchase, viz.: "And I bought the field of Hananeel, and weighed him the money, even seventeen shekels of silver. And I subscribed the evidence, and sealed it, and took witnesses, and weighed him the money in the balances. And I took the evidence of the purchase, both that which was sealed according to the law and custom, and also that which was open."—c. xxxii. In the Civil Law also,* seals were the evidence of truth; and were required on the part of the witnesses at least, at the attestation of every testament. But in the time of our Saxon ancestors, they were not much in use in England. For though Sir Edward Coke† relies on an instance of King Edwy's making use of a seal about a hundred years before the Conquest, yet it does not follow that this was the usage among the whole nation: from the assurance of all our ancient historians that sealing was not then in common use, the charter mentioned by Coke is, therefore, considered, from this circumstance of being sealed, to be of doubtful authority; for though the word *sigillum* often occurred in charters before the time of Edward the Confessor, it has been agreed upon by the greatest antiquaries, (among whom is Sir Henry Spelman,) that it did not mean a seal of wax, but was used synonimously for *signum*, and denoted the sign of the Cross and other symbols made use of in early times. The method of the Saxons was, for such as could write to subscribe their names, and whether they could write or not, to affix the sign of the cross; which custom, parties who are unable to write, generally to this day keep up, by signing a cross for their mark to their names written by other persons. And, indeed, this inability to write, and, therefore, making a cross in its stead, is honestly avowed by Caedwalla, a Saxon king, at the end of one of his charters, thus: "Propriâ manu, pro ignorantiâ literarum, signum sanctæ crucis expressi et subscripsi."—*Seld. Jan. Angl.*, l. 1—42. And this, (according to Procopius,) the Emperor Justin in the East, and Theodoric, King of the Goths in Italy, had before authorized by their example, on account of their inability to write. In the Charter of Edward the Confessor to Westminster Abbey, it is witnessed only by his seal, and this is generally thought to be the oldest sealed charter of any authenticity in England. (*Lamb. Archeion*, 51.) This custom of sealing with wax he obtained while at the court of his cousin, William of Normandy; and he was the first who introduced the custom into England, although, according to Ingulphus, seals did not come into general use till after the Conquest. And in the reign of Edward I. every freeman, and even such of the more substantial villains as were fit to be put upon juries, had their distinct particular seals. (*Stat. Exon.* 14 *Edw. I.*) The impressions of these seals were sometimes a knight on horseback; but coats of arms were not introduced into seals, nor indeed into any other use, till about the reign of Richard I., who brought them from the crusade in the Holy Land, where they were first invented and painted on the shields of the knights, to distinguish the variety of persons of every Christian nation who resorted thither, and who could not, when clad in complete steel, be otherwise known or ascertained.

In ancient times, the date of the deed was generally omitted, and the reason was this, viz. that the time of prescription frequently changed, and a deed dated before the time of prescription was not pleadable; but a deed without date might be alleged to be made within the time of prescription. Dates began to be added in the reigns of Edward II. and Edward III. CAROLUS.

* Inst. 2. 10. 2—3.
† 1 Inst. 7.

Keeping a Secret.—As the must fermenting in a vessel works up to the top whatever it has in the bottom, so wine, in those who have drunk beyond the measure, vents the most inward secrets.—*Montaigne.*

Digitized by Google

The Sketch Book.

A MARCH.

From the Original Letters of an Officer in India.

Hyderabad, 1827.

On the 25th of December, we received orders to march; but being Christmas-day I merely despatched my baggage, and dining out in the evening, drank, you may believe me, to absent friends. Next morning I bade adieu to Madras; but, alas! no kind-hearted soul had I to wish me well, and to perform magical rites for insuring my safety and success; so poor Pickaxe and his poorer master wearily trudged it over thirteen miles of ground, the latter disconsolately musing upon the prospect of a two-and-thirty days' journey, over 394 miles of road, lying amidst the horrors of tigers and thieves, assassins and swamps, wilds and wastes, mountains and jungles, broken carts and broken bones, dead bullocks, unfordable rivers, &c. &c. As to what might have been the meditations of Pickaxe, I cannot pretend to say; but it is time to tell you that this splendid specimen of an officer's charger, derives his name from having contracted a trick of stumbling, (not tripping,) with his nose on the ground, whereby he cleverly saves his knees; he is, according to a branding on his hind near leg, an old warrior; and his continual inclination to wheel to the left informs me he must have been the left pivot-horse. Ten years back, I understand, he sold for about ten rupees; seven months since I gave fifty for him! How Subs *are* taken in! He was then gone in the near fore and hind feet, and is so now in the loins! Poor Pickaxe! I thought I should have had to leave this paragon on the road; but he answered my purpose, and disposing of him at the end of the march, I suited myself with a fine, young, tricky Arab. To proceed—Pickaxe and I jogged on pretty amicably, till near the close of the fourth day's march, when towards evening we lost our way. At a queer-looking sort of village where I hired a guide, and having waded through rivers and marshes, till my poor steed was saturated with wet and mud nearly to his backbone, I perceived a light at some distance, which the guide said, proceeded from a bungalow; but finding myself on a flat, swampy country, like the *Fens* in England, this intelligence afforded me small comfort; because a light may be seen in such places that is at least fifteen miles off: however, in about three quarters of an hour, I happily arrived at the "house of entertainment for man and beast." It was already occupied, but, fortunately, meeting there with an old Burmah acquaintance, Captain Page, I owed it entirely to his kindness in endeavouring to *make* accommodation for me, that, wet and wearied, I had not to wait three hours longer without shelter, until the arrival of my tent. In about twenty minutes, a fine, lively hen was killed, dressed, and *eaten!* and the supper-table, with all the chairs in the room being then removed, my camp-cot soon occupied their place, and a most sound and refreshing repose did I that night enjoy.

Nothing particular occurred to mark our progress until our arrival at the Kisthna, a river nearly as sacred, though not quite so commercial, as the Ganges, but of properties as fertilizing as the Nile. Having heard much of the purity of its waters, and that they were a sort of catholicon, and deeming, therefore, that as a *preventive* of all evils, corporeal and mental, they must be of singular avail, I sent for a specimen to taste, and do most solemnly declare I never beheld water more disgustingly filthy; no not even that of some little ditch-like rivulet, in its most turbid and torrent-swollen state; to wash in it was to cover one's self with dirt, yet in this state the natives drink it! I have no doubt but that this very circumstance renders the Kisthna a fructifying river; but had no desire by washing in it to make the experiment on that "clod of the valley," my body. There is, however, a method of cleansing it which I thought curious, by the seed or berry of a certain shrub, (whose name I forget,) which grows to the size of a hazel-nut, and is rubbed at the bottom of the vessel containing the Kisthna's muddy water, when in about two minutes, all the extraneous matter is precipitated, and the fluid left pure and clear for use.* We crossed the river in a manner which may possibly have been frequently described; still to give you an idea of it myself may not be amiss. I have no name for the species of coracle or boat, used on this occasion; but you are to imagine a coarsely made wicker tub covered with leather, or ill-tanned buffalo-hides, about twice the circumference of a cart-wheel, and about two feet and a half deep. Into one of these vehicles some companions and myself entered, when three men with paddles, contrived, by dint of performing incessant and alternate half-circles to the right and left, to paddle us across to the opposite side, the stream having carried us more than a mile from the direction in which we started. To an unconcerned spectator, the sight of my baggage crossing the Kisthna would, no doubt, have been highly amusing; but to me it was far otherwise,

* It is singular that the waters of the Nile are just as turbid as those of the Kisthna, and require, and undergo, a somewhat similar process of purification. A travelled friend informed me that ships take in Nile water in large jars, at the bottom of each is put a reddish ball, (a composition, he believed, but knew not of what,) which has the effect of precipitating the mud, &c. in a very short time, and rendering the water fit for use, which otherwise it is not. M. L. B.

Digitized by Google

who had to endure the pitiable spectacle of all my little worldly possessions embarked in one of these water-barrels, dancing up and down, and to and fro, in dangerous fashion in the great deep river, whilst poor Pickaxe, employed to tow them, was blowing his very lungs asunder. Having crossed the Kisthna, I was no longer in Joha's territories, but in those of the Nizam, with the prospect of one hundred miles further march, in a country of jungles, and infested, according to report, with tigers, thieves, and assassins. So during the first day's march, my lads were all in the rear, having taken good care to alarm themselves ere they started, with the old stories of wild beasts and assassins; and slipping out of my sight instead of following the route I had directed them, the knaves slept all night in some neighbouring village; for the Mogul princes having charitably built Serais at every stage, there was now no lack of accommodation. Patience is a virtue, Heaven knows, but it does not answer with the natives of Hindostan; and all I could do, therefore, in the way of bringing my refractory subjects to order, was, not gently to reason with them on the absurdity of their terrors, and the impropriety of their conduct in deserting and disobeying their master and officer, but to cut a good stout cudgel, and on the re-appearance of the truants to display it to them, with a strong recommendation that they should rather fear this visible weapon in my possession than the imaginary tigers, &c. in the jungles. This argument was all-powerful; next day the rogues were all up before daybreak, and on the alert; and though some dreadful stories met my ears about tigers carrying off men from the very road through which laid our route, and that within two days even of our arrival in these parts, my *cortége* soon learnt, that "can't go before daylight," was a phrase no where to be found in master's dictionary. I would not be either fool-hardy or unfeeling; but so averse are the natives of India to exertion of any kind, that most of these tiger and robber tales are mere "tricks upon travellers," tried for the purpose of making delays, and sometimes with effect, on the inexperienced.

During the march I one day shot a fine mallard, when a halt at a village allowed me leisure for a little amusement; the bird fell into the midst of a capacious tank, and a couple of coolies from the village, whom I desired to leap in, and fetch it for me, declared, that they "could not go," and "could not swim." Being hot, and weary, and unwilling to venture far into the water, I left one of these men to watch the duck, while I took the other with me to the village, in order to bring back one of my servants, and my tent-pole to assist. But, lo! on our return, Master "Can't-go" and "Can't swim," had gone, had swum, and had also decamped with the duck. Upon this, I went to his home, when, after a dreadful clamour about the bird, it was produced; the silly fellow had given it to his mother, who locked it up in a box, and that in a second, whilst her hopeful son went to hide himself from impending punishment in the jungles. But the fellow smarted for his dishonesty, as he lost, not only the mallard, but his day's wages, which, though not amounting to more than about 4*d*. English money, is worth something to a cooly.

Nothing of greater consequence and interest occurred than what I have related; I reached, at length, the place of my destination, the cantonment of Secunderabad, of which Hyderabad is the chief town; but this must not be confounded with the great city of the same name, situated near the Persian Gulf, since it occupies a central site between Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras. My regiment had arrived there fifteen days before myself, and those agreeable acts of civility between the authorities of the cantonment and the newly-arrived military residents, as dinners, balls, and suppers, had already, much to my satisfaction, commenced.

H. C. B.

PEGU.

Pegu, February 28, 1826.

I arrived yesterday morning at this ancient capital of the Pegu empire, having been in the boats above sixty hours. To my great mortification I found, that by orders from my commanding officer, I was appointed to relieve the one who had previously been in command of this place.

March 2.

Yesterday, the troops left this town, of which I remained sole governor, without an aid-de-camp to speak to, without a white face to look upon, but with 200 Sepoys as my *garde de corps*. Being able to converse pretty well in Burmese, I have some thoughts of making the old Rajah pay his respects to me every morning, after my breakfast, and act as newspaper, &c. But now for a description of the city of my little kingdom.—Pegu is about 100 miles from Rangoon, surrounded by a wall, which I suppose was formerly fortified, but it is now overgrown with weeds and overtopped with rubbish; this wall extends two miles and a half north and south, and two miles east and west, with twenty-eight gates, at present mere gaps. Without these extensive walls is a fosse, the perfect parts of which are twenty feet deep and full of water; but it is dry in some places and apt to become so in the dry season. About the centre of the city stands a large pagoda, formerly entirely gilt, and vying in beauty and magnificence with the celebrated one at Rangoon. Pegu was once full of

Digitized by Google

houses, but there are not now more than a hundred, or a hundred and twenty within the walls. My mansion is erected on the base of the mound upon which stands the pagoda, facing the inhabited part of the city, and, as I can see at a glance whatever is going forwards, no better situation could be desired for an inspector general. I have a great deal to do, and no time for lounging and idleness. It is part of my business to collect boats, carts, and buffaloes, for forwarding supplies; I have charge of the whole commissariat, and am also postmaster; for all which trouble and service I draw not a farthing extra, and there are no perquisites of office to render this "no-sinecure" tolerable. However, relief will probably ere long arrive in the shape of an officer senior to me from the advance, when the command will of right devolve upon him; and my corps, having been one of the first to arrive at this place, will be the first to quit it. H. C. B.

The Naturalist.

BEES.—BY JESSE.

To a thinking mind, few phænomena are more striking than the clustering of bees on some bough, where they remain, in order as it were, to be ready for hiving:

"Arbore summâ
Confluere, et lentis uvam demittere ramis."

I observe that where a hive is fixed over a swarm, the bees will generally go into it of their own accord, uttering at the same time their satisfied hum,* and seeming to be aware of the purpose for which it is placed near them. How the queen bee is made acquainted that so convenient a place for her to retreat to is near at hand, I know not, but so it is. Surrounded by thousands of her subjects who press around her, she makes her way through them all, and enters the hive, followed by the whole swarm. Some means of communication must have taken place, as it is quite impossible that she could herself have seen the snug retreat which had been prepared for her. Here the work of preparing future cells is instantly commenced, and I have found that although a swarm has not been able for two or three days to quit the hive after they had taken possession of it, a considerable number of cells had been nearly completed. Even as soon as the foundation of a cell has been finished, the queen bee will sometimes deposit an egg upon it, the sides being afterwards built up. As the cells increase in number, honey and the farina of flowers are stored in them:

"The careful insect 'midst his work I view,
Now from the flowers exhausts the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures loads his little thighs,
And steers his distant journey through the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend;
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears."—*Gay.*

* Shakspeare alludes to the "surly hum" of bees.—*Henry IV.*

Nothing can be more melancholy than the appearance of bees in wet weather. Some of them I have observed to come to the mouth of the hive, as if to take a view of the passing clouds, and some of those who are tempted to quit the hive return to it with the greatest difficulty. A sunshiny day in May is their delight, and it is then that bees seem most active and most joyous.

"Blest power of sunshine! genial day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,
It were a world too exquisite."—*Lalla Rookh.*

Antiquariana.

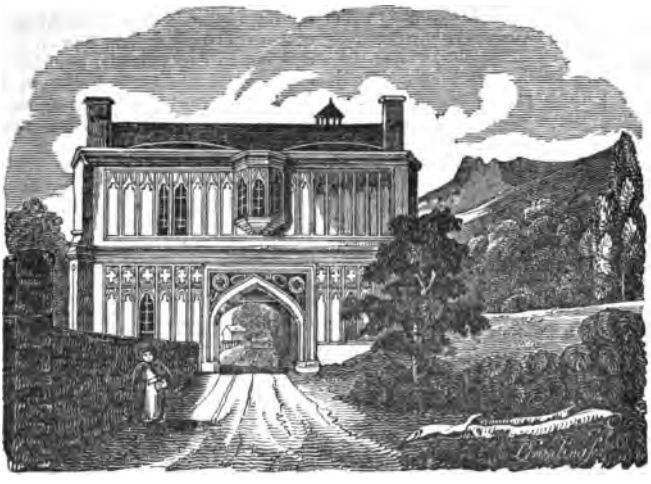
THE ABBEY.

As many of our pages are illustrated with the relics of abbeys, it may be neither unprofitable nor uninteresting to glance at the general character and objects of the ancient abbey.

An abbey, or monastery, properly means a series of buildings adapted for the domestic accommodation and religious ceremonies of a fraternity of persons, subject to the government of an abbot or an abbess. As such it is contradistinguished from a priory, friary, nunnery, hospital, and college, and from all other ecclesiastical and military houses. Although strictly and clearly different in name, it is not easy to separate and distinguish the abbey, the priory, or even the cathedral, in their architectural features and general arrangements from each other; for these arrangements varied with the age rather than with the order dwelling in the abbey; although these persons had distinctions in dress, and in certain rites and ceremonies.

An abbey was of the highest rank among religious houses. The governors, or abbots, sat in parliament; some wore mitres, and others had the crosier, or pastoral staff, carried before them. The larger abbeys had seldom fewer than fifty monks; and upwards of one hundred servants, including grooms, porters, and farming men. The buildings for the accommodation of such an establishment usually consisted of two quadrangular courts. One of them, the close, comprised an area of from fifty to ninety acres, was inclosed by a high wall, and entered by one or two gateways. It included all the appendages of a large domain, as a grange, or farm-house, barns, stables, mill, &c. Around the principal quadrangle were disposed the church and its appendages, the hall, refectory, almonry, chapter-house, locutory or parlour, infirmary, scriptorium, kitchen, and other domestic offices. This great mass of irre-

Digitized by Google



(Malvern Abbey-Gate.)

gular, but, doubtless, in general, stately buildings, when all standing, must have presented the appearance of a small fortified town, with its embattled wall and turretted gate, surmounted by the great church shooting high above the roofs.

In the exterior wall of the abbey was either one, two, or three gate-houses, forming lodges for warders, or porters. These were of various sizes and architectural features. That to the great Abbey of St. Alban's is of the size of a considerable house.* Another beautiful specimen of the Abbey Gate may be seen at Great Malvern, in Worcestershire. It is a pure example of the pointed style; and, considering its antiquity, is remarkable for retaining in many places its original freshness. The abbey church also remains, and is one of the most interesting structures of its kind in England. The nave is in the Saxon style, and the choir and tower in the florid Gothic. The roof is exquisitely ornamented, and the whole church had formerly a great number of windows curiously painted; but only two of these remain perfect.

Great Malvern was, in the Saxon times, a wilderness thick set with trees; and viewed from the north-east, the abbey stands environed with graceful foliage.

* These details are abridged from the first part of Mr. Britton's valuable Dictionary of the Architecture and Archaeology of the Middle Ages.—Part 1.

Select Biography.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

(*Continued from page* 333.)

We now come to some of those scenes of itinerancy on the several circuits to which he was appointed:—Bradford, Norwich, Cornwall, the Norman Isles, &c.—those picturesque adventures, grotesque hardships, "moving accidents by flood and field," which give to the course of the early Methodist preacher something of the stirring character of a campaign, or the wildness of an expedition of knight-errantry, sublimed, however, by the dignity of the cause in which he was embarked—scenes and sufferings which altogether served to animate his spirit, brace his limbs, and lead him on to old age with eye undimmed and force unabated. This life of religious adventure had evidently great charms for Adam Clarke, so that after he had become himself *Emeritus*, he twice visited the Shetland Isles—(overlooked by Wesley,)—where he had established, with incredible pains, a Methodist *mission*—erected numerous chapels—and maintained several preachers out of funds which his own personal influence enabled him to raise. And the glee with which the old man encounters the storms of those inhospitable seas—hails the Sumburgh Head—traverses the barren mountains and morasses of the island, on his sure-footed native pony—describes the frank aspect and blue-green glance of the Shetlander, the *oculus herbeus* of Plautus—watches the poor women, (for the men were all at the fisheries,) tripping down the hills in troops to hear the word—visits the *voe*, or bay, where the islanders had just dispatched a shoal of whale which they had driven in their boats upon the shallows, a treasure which they owed, as they said, to the Doctor's arrival among them, who does not appear to discourage the notion—all bespeak both the zeal of the man for the success of the religious service to which he

Digitized by Google

was devoting himself, and the tenacity with which he still clung to habits redolent of his youth.

The following incident is briefly noticed in Wesley's journal, but in Adam Clarke's life we have the colouring and costume, which is half the battle. Wesley, being at Guernsey, took a passage in an English brig to Penzance—Adam Clarke sailed with him—the wind became contrary, and they had to make frequent tacks:—"Mr. Wesley was sitting reading in the cabin, and hearing the noise and bustle which were occasioned by putting about the vessel to stand on her different tacks, he put his head above deck, and inquired what was the matter? Being told the wind was become contrary, and the ship was obliged to tack, he said, "*Then let us go to prayer*"—his own company, who were upon deck, walked down, and at his request, Dr. Coke, Mr. Bradford, and Mr. Clarke, went to prayer. After the latter had ended, Mr. Wesley broke out into fervent supplication, which seemed to be more the offspring of strong faith than of mere desire—his words were remarkable, as well as the spirit, evident feeling, and manner in which they were uttered. Some of them were to the following effect:—"Almighty and everlasting God, thou hast sway everywhere, and all things serve the purposes of thy will: thou holdest the winds in thy fists, and sittest upon the water-floods, and reignest a king for ever!—Command these winds and these waves that they obey thee, and take us speedily and safely to the haven where we would be!" The power of his petition was felt by all. He rose from his knees, *made no kind of remark, but took up his book and continued his reading*. Mr. Clarke went upon deck, and what was his surprise, when he found the vessel standing her right course, with a steady breeze, which slacked not till, carrying them at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, they anchored safely near St. Michael's Mount, in Penzance bay. On the sudden and favourable change of the wind, Mr. Wesley made no remark; so fully did he expect to be heard, that he took for granted he was heard. Such answers to prayer he was in the habit of receiving, and, *therefore*, to him *the occurrence was not strange*."

Adam Clarke now marries. Some of his love-letters are given, and are curious. Sir Henry Vane himself could not have made love in language more mystical. Miss Mary Cooke, the eldest daughter of Mr. Cooke, a clothier of Trowbridge, was the lady of his choice. "The connexion," says the autobiographer, "was too good and holy not to be opposed." Mary Cooke was a person not lightly to be resigned—an excellent woman, who took Clarke in his poverty, and loved him for himself; and lived to see him the friend of the great, the learned, the good—the foremost man of a powerful community; and, as we contemplate him on his *circuit*, and her at her fire-side, Donne's amusing comparison of man and wife to a pair of compasses seems meant, by anticipation, for the methodist preacher, when blessed like Clarke—

> "The one doth in the centre sit;
> Yet when the other far doth roam,
> It leans and harkens after it,
> And grows erect as that comes home."

Indeed, the locomotiveness of the preacher amongst the Methodists forms a striking, and, if properly viewed, an instructive contrast to the settled habits of the established clergy. Here we have Adam Clarke appointed to circuits containing twenty, thirty, forty stations each — called upon, therefore, to preach at least as many sermons every month, and condemned to ride more miles than we can tell. The extent of each orbit, therefore, is such as to admit of little or no pause at any point of it; and that orbit itself is changed every second or third year. Adam Clarke, in a little more than twenty years, experienced thirteen such removes.

Meanwhile, Adam Clarke found time—we are at a loss to know how—to master many Eastern languages, and thus to furnish much valuable assistance to the Bible Society in the department of their translations—to complete a Commentary upon the whole Bible, which served as a sort of saving-bank for the incidental labours of forty years—and to select, arrange, and edit for the Commissioners of Public Records a collection of state papers, supplementary to Rymer's *Fœdera*, who, beginning with the reign of Henry I. and coming down to the sixth of Charles II., left much to be done by his successors before the raw materials for English history should be fully gathered together. This new edition of the Fœdera (for such was the shape the work assumed) Adam Clarke carried through the press nearly to the close of the fourth volume; and then, wearied with a task which taxed even his patience beyond endurance, resigned it into other hands. It will be seen from this undertaking, which was not strictly within the province which he had marked out for himself, that he ceased, as he grew riper in knowledge and judgment, to think the love of literature a sin; and, accordingly, we find him, when, as President of Conference, he had to visit various parts of the kingdom—with a view to promote the general interests of religion by sermons, speeches, and the like—making a pilgrimage by the way to the monument of Burns, "in whom Scotland must ever feel with regret that she neglected a man who is her boast and her honour;" and rambling amongst the rocks a whole summer's day, to determine the scene of "The Gentle Shepherd."

The various events of his busy life, active

Digitized by Google

and contemplative, thus recorded, supply us with many incidental demonstrations of his feeling towards the Church of England. We believe that the Methodists are proud of the lustre which his attainments cast upon their body—and they have reason to be so. The conclusions to which his learning and reflection led him upon this subject, at present one of so much interest, will be perceived by the following particulars bearing upon it, which we throw together in order that the impression may be decisive. He ever considered himself *a Churchman:* early in life, indeed, he was against the use of the liturgy in the Methodist chapel, but it was because he desired, as Wesley had done, that the service of the church should be attended by the Methodists within the walls of the church: and because he believed, that to open the meeting-house at the same hour (which was proposed), and with the same form of prayer, would be to encourage separation from the church; he afterwards, however, thought otherwise, and adopted the measure.

In a communication which he makes to Lord Sidmouth, on the subject of a loyal address which the Methodist ministers proposed to send to King George IV. on his accession, he tells him—"As they find that a deputation from the three denominations of Dissenters had been condescendingly received by his Majesty, these ministers, as not ranking under any of those denominations—standing nearer to the Established Church than any of the others—*holding, without exception, all her doctrines, venerating her authority, and using her religious service*—and, consequently, in their own apprehension, not justly denominated Dissenters, in any legal sense of the term—humbly wished to be received also by deputation," &c.

Then, with respect to his own practice, Adam Clarke admitted candidates to the ministry, according to the form of the Church in ordaining priests. When he administered the sacrament of baptism, it was always *more ecclesiæ Anglicanæ;* and when he buried the dead, it was apparently after her form too. Confirmation he received himself at the hands of Bishop Bagot, *after* he had become a preacher, and he encouraged his people to resort to the church for the same rite. He is found a hearer in a church—nay, in a cathedral—and partakes of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at its altar. He is solicitous to gather his children together once more, and, in company with them, to make a solemn covenant with God, *cum Deo inire fœdus;* and the way in which he proposes it should be done is, by repairing to the church, and there getting the clergyman to administer to them the communion, one and all; adding, as he imparts the proposal to "his dear lads," old Samuel Wesley's touching application of Scripture, on a somewhat similar occasion—"With desire have I desired to eat this last passover with you before I die." And to crown all, and to give a further pledge of his sincerity in these repeated avowals, both by word and deed, of his attachment to the establishment, he brings up one of his sons at Cambridge, and leads him to take orders in the church.

Such were the sentiments of Adam Clarke on this great question; a man in whom Wesley had such confidence, that he made him one of seven trustees of all his literary property, and as it thereby turned out, executors of his will.

We now hasten to the closing scene of his life. In the autumn of 1832, the cholera was spreading death and dismay far and wide throughout this land. Dr. Clarke appears to have had no personal fear of it. On the contrary, he made volunteer excursions into districts where it prevailed. He specially named it, however, in the morning and evening devotions which he offered up in his family, and prayed that "each and all might be saved from its influence, or prepared for sudden death." He was engaged to preach at Bayswater, on Sunday, 26th of August, and on the Saturday before he was conveyed there in a friend's chaise. He was cheerful on the road, but was tired with his journey and listless in the evening; and when a gentleman asked him to preach a charity sermon for him and fix the day, he made answer, "I am not well; I cannot fix a time; I must first see what God is about to do with me." He retired to bed early, not without some of those symptoms that indicated the approach of this awful disease, but which do not appear to have excited any suspicions in himself or in his friends. He rose in the morning ill, and wanting to get home; but before arrangements could be made for his removal he had sunk in his chair,—that icy coldness, by which the complaint was characterized, had come on,—and when the medical men arrived, they pronounced it a clear case of cholera. His wife, and most of his children, short as the summons was, gathered about him—he had ever been the most affectionate of husbands and parents—and his looks indicated great satisfaction when he had them by his side, *nec desideraverunt aliquid oculi;* but he was now nearly speechless. "Am I blue?" however, he said to one of his sons, a question indicating his knowledge of the malady under which he was sinking; and without any effort of nature to rally, he breathed his last with a short sob, about the seventieth year of his age. "The heart," adds the biographer of his later days, "knoweth his own bitterness, but what can equal the anguish of that emotion which first tells the wife that she is a widow, and the children that they are fatherless? They feel its pang once—to forget it no more for ever."

Digitized by Google

New Books.

SCENES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF FLY-FISHING.

[This is a marvellously pleasant little book. It is delightful even to ourselves, whose fishing is mostly in streams of literature, where fry are as numerous as in any of the streams in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, in which Stephen Oliver, the author of these "Scenes and Recollections," has the better fortune to angle. Envy we do not entertain towards any one; but he who writes a book from such observation as Stephen enjoys, must be a happy man, if not a fortunate author. Stephen tells us:—]

Towards the end of July, or the beginning of August, I have for some years past been accustomed to take a trip into Roxburghshire, to spend a few weeks with a friend; and as I travel at my leisure, I always enjoy a few days' fishing by the way. Sometimes I pitch my tent in the neighbourhood of Weldon Bridge, for the sake of a cast in the Coquet; sometimes I take up my quarters with honest Sandy Macgregor, at the Tankerville Arms, Wooler, to enjoy a few days' fishing in the Glen and the Till; and occasionally I drive up to Yetholm to have a day's sport in the Bowmont, with that patriarch of gipsies and prince of fishers, old Will Faa; as good a fly-fisher as is to be met with between Berwick and Dumfries, in which tract of country are to be found some of the best anglers in the kingdom. There are not many trout streams in England more likely to afford a week's recreation to the fly-fisher than the Coquet; nor would it be an easy matter to point out a river on the whole more interesting, and affording better sport. The angler may undoubtedly take larger trouts at Driffield, and from streams more secluded bring home a heavier creel; but for a week's fair fishing, from Linnshiels to Warkworth, the Coquet is, perhaps, surpassed by none. The natural scenery of its banks is beautiful, independent of the interest excited by the ruins of Brinkburn Priory and the Hermitage of Warkworth; and its waters, "clear as diamond spark," present in their course every variety of smooth water, rapids, and pools, for the exercise of the angler's skill.

[The work is written in dialogue, after the manner of Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia;* but it has little of grave philosophy, such as we admire in the latter work. The characters in the conversations are glibly drawn, and much practical information on the subject of angling and its followers is mixed up with other matters in a genuine vein of pleasantry. Here is a specimen from the first portion—A Day in Coquetdale.]

Evening. Parlour of the Black Bull's Head. Decanters and glasses on the table. Present, the Rev. James Todburn, Andrew Bell, Richard Burrell, *and* Stephen Oliver, *Esqrs.*

Bell to Oliver. I should like now to hear a little of your fishing. I suspect that you have returned with an empty creel, or we should have heard something of your exploits before this; for anglers are not accustomed to be silent on their success. I should like to see your take—a couple of thorney-backs, perch *par courtesie;* half a dozen minnows, and an eel; but not a single trout, except the dozen which you would buy in coming home, to save yourselves from being laughed at.

Oliver. Thorney-backs and minnows!—I should like much to catch a few of your *trouts.* But you shall see. Waiter, let the hostler bring up that hamper of trouts and the pike which we caught this afternoon. A pike—it is a halbert of a fish—a very weaver's beam!

Enter Hostler, *with a tolerably well filled basket of trouts and a pike.*

Bell. Well done! These are something better than thorney-backs, after all. I dare say you have nearly a stone and a half of trouts here, and some of them really prime ones. You have been lucky in hooking the skeggers to-day; if you continue as you have begun you will rouse the jealousy of your brother anglers.

Oliver. Skeggers! Why surely you do not call those fine trouts, of from two to three pounds weight, skeggers? I do not think there is a single skegger amongst them.

Bell. There you are wrong—and prove that you are better acquainted with Izaak Walton than with the trouts of the Coquet, notwithstanding the numerous visits you have paid to this part of the country. The trout which Walton describes as the samlet, or skegger, is the small brandling trout of the Coquet; but the trout which we here call the skegger is a large one, almost like a bull trout, and the name is derived from an old word, "to skug"—to seek covert or shelter; for these trouts are mostly found under the shadow of a bank or projecting rock, and they are by some called alder or alter trouts, in consequence of their haunting the roots of alder trees, that grow by the side of the stream. Since I have alluded to etymologies, I must go one step farther to notice that "skug" is most probably derived from the Mœso-Gothic "Skygda," to shadow or cover; and that the mountain Skiddaw, in Cumberland, probably owes its name to the same source. Skygd-dha—the dark shadow—is admirably expressive of its character when seen from the foot of Withop, before the sun has illumined its south-western side, and when its dark shade is extended over the vale of Der-

Digitized by Google

went.—But what a famous pike you have caught; I have seldom seen such a one taken in this part of the country. What weight is he?

Oliver. Ten pounds three ounces; length from eye to fork, two feet seven inches and three sixteenths, by the exciseman's rod.

Rev. J. T. That is not a Coquet-bred fish; he must have escaped from some pond or loch during the late years. Pray where did you take him?

Oliver. In the deep pool a little above Brinkburn. I observed him lying at his ease near the surface of the water, and tried him first with a small trout, which he would not look at. I then put on an artificial frog with a double snap, which I had among my baits, and he seized it in a moment. I struck as soon as he turned, and luckily hooked him; and directly that he felt himself pricked, swoop! he was off like a whale. I let him have about forty yards of line, though not too gently, before I attempted to check him. I then was obliged to put my tackle to the test, as he was likely to gain, had I allowed him more line, a rocky part of the stream. When I found that my tackle would hold him, I began to wind him gently back, and had got him, after a good deal of manœuvring, within twenty yards of the end of the rod, when off he went again. He repeated this three or four times, growing weaker every sweep he took, till at last I got so far master of him as to draw him to the shore, where Burrell landed him with a gaff.

Rev. J. T. But how did you come by the trouts? I was out myself this morning, and only caught half a dozen which were scarcely worth bringing home; and yet I ought to know something of Coquet, and I am persuaded that you could not have more suitable flies, for I always make my own.

Oliver. We began at Piper-haugh, and fished down to Weldon Bridge. At first we had only indifferent success till we tried a fly recommended by our landlord, the red-hackle, and afterwards we had no reason to complain. We got the greatest number between Brinkburn and Weldon. At the commencement I was inclined to blame my friend Burrell for our want of success; for the trout is a *sly fish*, that appears to be instinctively aware of the danger that awaits him when a *scientific* angler is in company, and carefully keeps himself out of harm's way.

Burrell. You *practical* anglers always claim the privilege of laughing at the novice, until he perceives that your pretended mystery is a mere bag of smoke, and becomes as wise as one of yourselves. You have been winding a long reel about that pike, Oliver, but you do not relate the most interesting part of the feat—that the fish at one period of the contest had the better of the angler. I was a short distance up the stream, attending to my own sport, when I heard a loud splash, and on running towards the place, there was this simple fisherman floundering about in the water, holding his rod with both hands, and the pike making off with him, when I luckily dragged him out. In strict justice, the merit of taking the pike belongs to me.

Oliver. I do not deny it. I only wish that you had made a little more haste, and not laughed quite so loudly.

[The company toast "All honest anglers," and this brings up a few amusing anecdotes of celebrated sons of the rod and line.]

All. All honest anglers!

Burrell. That will comprehend pretty nearly all the brethren of the rod and line, "the present company excepted," as civil people say. What Pinkerton, with his usual modesty, has said of collecting old coins: "it is a most innocent pursuit, and such as never engaged the attention of a bad man," belongs more justly to angling. There is not a single angler to be found in the Newgate Calendar.

Rev. J. T. I am much inclined to agree with you, Mr. Burrell, though I hardly know whether you are speaking in jest or in earnest. We have had some most amiable men, and of great talent, in our own time passionately fond of angling—Dr. Paley, Henry Mackenzie, and Sir Humphry Davy, for instance. The former, though a dignified clergyman, and better known from his moral and theological writings than from his fishing exploits, preferred, like his great exemplar, Dr. Nowell, to have his portrait taken with a fishing rod over his shoulder rather than with a book in his hand.

Oliver. I have not unfrequently noticed in my fishing excursions that you often meet with *old* men who are anglers, either for the sake of amusement, or who have adopted the pursuit as being at once a source of profit and pleasure.

Rev. J. T. I am convinced that angling is greatly conducive both to health and longevity. It cannot have been from mere accident, or from their having originally stronger stamina than other mortals, that so many persons who have been anglers have lived to an age far exceeding the ordinary term of human existence. Their pursuits by the side of running streams, whose motion imparts increased activity to the vital principle of the air; their exercise, regular, without being violent; and that composure of mind—so necessary to the perfect health of the body—to which angling so materially contributes, must all have had an influence on their physical constitution, the effect of which is perceived in the protracted duration of their lives. Henry Jenkins,—who lived to the age of 169, and who boasted, when giving evidence in a court of justice to a fact of 120

Digitized by Google

years' date, that he could *dub* a fly as well as any man in Yorkshire,—continued angling for more than a century after the greater number of those who were born at the same time were mouldering in their graves.

Dr. Nowell was a most indefatigable angler, allotting a tenth part of his time to his favourite recreation, and giving a tenth part of his income, and nearly all the fish he caught to the poor. He lived to the age of ninety-five, having neither his eyesight, his hearing, nor his memory impaired. Walton himself, that

> " sage benign,
> Whose pen the mysteries of the rod and line
> Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
> To reverent watching of each still report
> That nature utters from her rural shrine,"

lived to upwards of ninety; Henry Mackenzie died in January, 1831, aged eighty-six; and the Rev. H. C., who resided a short distance from here, and had been an angler from his youth, continued to fish after he was upwards of eighty; and I could mention several others who are upwards of seventy, and still contine in their "frosty, but kindly," old age to fish by the side of those streams—associated in their minds with a hundred pleasing recollections—where first the love of angling and of Nature was impressed upon their youthful hearts, which time has deepened and confirmed, and which death only can efface. It must, however, be observed that the oldest anglers have been remarkable for their temperance, and for the quiet, even tenour of their lives. They were not much exposed to struggle with the rough currents of human life, which often prematurely exhaust the best and noblest of our kind, but were either placed in that happy mediocrity which affords an easy competence, or were born and educated in that condition which is little disturbed by imaginary evils, and knows few wants but such as may be easily supplied.

Oliver. Walton alludes to the fishing exploits of Mark Antony and Cleopatra; and Sir H. Davy, in his *Salmonia*, claims Trajan as an angler. To the number of royal and imperial fishermen may be added his late majesty George IV. Angling has not, however, been much in repute among the rulers of the earth, for there is no "royal road" to the art any more than there is to geometry. The servants of a king may stock a pond with fish, but it is beyond their skill to make them bite when Majesty wishes to enjoy an hour's amusement in angling. Fish have no idea of the distinguished honour of being hooked and whisked out of their native element by the hand of a king; and they are no more ambitious of seizing a monarch's bait than a clown's. They are so shockingly deficient in courtly politeness, that though a king be anxiously waiting for a bite, they never offer even to nibble until it perfectly suits their own pleasure. Looking at these circumstances, we need not wonder that angling has never been much celebrated as a royal pastime.

(*To be continued.*)

The Public Journals.

THE FETISH.—THE FRIGATE.

(*From the Cruise of the Midge.*)

"WHO is that blocking up the hatchway?" said I, as some dark body nearly filled the entire aperture.

Presently the half-naked figure of Sergeant Quacco descended the ladder. He paid no attention to me, or any body else; but spoke to some one on deck in the Eboe tongue, and presently his wife appeared at the coamings of the hatchway, hugging and fondling the abominable little graven image as if it had been her child—her own flesh and blood. She handed it down to the black sergeant, who placed it in a corner, nuzzling, and rubbing his nose all over it, as if he had been propitiating the tiny Moloch by the abjectness of his abasement. I was curious to see how Lennox would take all this, but it produced no effect: he looked with a quizzical expression of countenance at the figure for some time, and then lay back in his hammock, and seemed to be composing himself to sleep. I went on deck, leaving the negro and his sable helpmate below amongst the men, and was conversing with Mr. Sprawl, who had by this time made his appearance, when we were suddenly startled by a loud shriek from the negress, who shot up from below, plunged instantly overboard, and began to swim with great speed towards the shore. She was instantly followed by our friend the sergeant, who for a second or two looked forth after the sable naiad, in an attitude as if the very next moment he would have followed her. I hailed the dingy Venus —"Come back, my dear—come back." She turned round with a laughing countenance, but never for a moment hesitated in her shoreward progress.

"What sall become of me!" screamed Sergeant Quacco.—"Oh, Lord, I sall lose my vife—cost me feefty dallar—Lose my vife!—dat de dam little Fetish say mosh be save. Oh, poor debil dat I is!"—and here followed a long tirade in some African dialect that was utterly unintelligible to us.

"My good fellow, don't make such an uproar, will ye?" said I. "Leave your wife to her fate: you cannot better yourself if you would die for it."

"I don't know, massa; I don't know. Him cost me feefty dallar. Beside, as massa must have seen, him beautiful—oh, wery beautiful;—and what you tink dem willain

Digitized by Google

asore will do to him? Ah, massa, you can't tell what dem will do to him."

"Why, my good man, what *will* they do?"

"Eat him, massa, may be; for dey look on him as one who now is enemy—dat is, dey call me enemy, and dem know him is my vife—Oh, Lord—feefty dallar—all go, de day dem roast my vife."

I could scarcely refrain from laughing; but on the instant the poor fellow ran up to the old quartermaster, who was standing near the mast, admiring the construction of the canoe,—as beautiful a skiff, by the way, as was ever scooped out of tree. "Help me, old man; help me to launch de canoe. I must go on sore—I must go on sore."

The seaman looked at me—I nodded; and, taking the hint, he instantly lent Blackie a hand. The canoe was launched overboard, and the next moment Sergeant Quacco was paddling after his adored, that had cost him fifty dollars, in double-quick time.

He seemed, so far as we could judge, to be rapidly overtaking her, when the little promontory of the creek hid them from our view; and under the impression that we had seen the last of him, I began to busy myself in the hope of getting over the bar that forenoon. An hour might have elapsed, and all remained quiet, except at the bar, where the thunder and hissing of the breakers began to fail; and as the tide made, I began, in concert with Mr. Sprawl, to see all ready to go to sea; but I soon was persuaded, that, from the extreme heaviness of the ground swell that rolled in, there was no chance of our extricating ourselves until the evening at the soonest, or it might be next morning, when the young ebb would give us a lift; so we were walking up and down, to while away the time, when poor Lennox, who had by this time come on deck, said, on my addressing him, that he had seen small jets of white smoke rise up from among the green mangroves now and then; and although he had not heard any report, yet he was persuaded they indicated musket-shots.

"It may all be as you say, Lennox; but I hope we shall soon be clear of this accursed river, and then they may blaze away at each other as much as they please."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when we not only saw the smoke, but heard the rattle of musketry, and presently a small black speck shot rapidly beyond the head-land, or cape, that shut in our view, on the larboard side, up the river. On its nearer approach, we soon perceived that it was our friend Quacco once more, in his small dory of a canoe, with the little fetish god stuck over the bow; but there was no appearance of his wife. On his near approach to the vessel, the man appeared absolutely frantic. He worked and sculled away with his paddle as if he had been mad; and when at last he got on deck, having previously cast the little horrible image up before him, he began to curse and to swear, at one moment in the Eboe tongue, at another in bad Creole English, as if he had been possessed with a devil—

"*Hoo chockaro, chockaro, soo ho*—Oh, who could tink young woman could hab so mosh deceit!—*Ah, Queykarre tol de rol zig tootle too*—to leave me Quacco, and go join dem Eboe willain!" Then, as if recollecting himself—"But how do I know dat dem no frighten him for say so? Ah, now I remember one ogly dag stand beside him hab long clear knife in him hand. Oh, Lord! *Tooka, tooka—Cookery Pee Que*—Ah, poor ting! dem hab decoy him—cheat him into dem power—and to morrow morning sun will see dem cook him—ay, and eat him. Oh dear, dem will eat my vife—oh, him cost me feefty dallar—eat my feefty dallar—*oh Kickereboa—Rotan!*" And straightway he cast himself on the deck, and began to yell and roll over and over, as if he had been in the greatest agony. Presently he jumped on his legs again, and ran and laid hold of the little graven image. He caught it up by the legs, and smashed its head down on the hard deck. "You dam Fetish—you false willain, dis what you give me for kill fowl, eh? and tro de blood in you face, eh? and stick fedder in you tail, eh? and put blanket over your shoulder when rain come, and night fog roll over we and make you chilly? What you give me for all dis? You drive me go on board dat footy little Englis crusier, and give my vife, cost me feefty dallar, to be roast and eat? Oh, Massa Carpenter, do lend me one hax;" and seizing the tool that had been brought on deck, and lay near him, he, at a blow, split open the Fetish's head, and continued to mutilate it, until he was forcibly disarmed by some of the men that stood by him.

* * *

The frigate in the offing slowly and majestically shoved her long jib-boom past the mangroves on the westernmost bank, and gradually the whole beautiful machine hove in sight, rising and falling on the long swell.

As she came round the point, she took in topgallant sails, and hauled down the fore-topmast staysail; and whenever she had fairly opened the river, and come nearly abreast of us, she laid her maintopsail to the mast, with her fore and mainsails hanging in graceful festoons in the brails, and hove to under her three topsails, jib, and spanker. She slid silently and majestically along, the bright green wave curling outwards from her beautifully moulded bows, like the shell-shaped canopy of Daddy Neptune's car, as the cutwater slid gently through the calm heaving of the blue swell, gradually

Digitized by Google

subsiding, as the glorious old hooker lost her way and became stationary, until she floated, like a swan asleep on the dark waters, the bright sun shining cheerily on her white sails and hammocks, and clear white streak, and sparkling on her glittering sides, as they rose and fell fresh and wet from the embraces of old Ocean; and as the land-breeze laid her over, her gold-bright copper blazed like one vast polished mirror, wherein the burning sun was reflected in dazzling glances. And bright blinding rays flashed out starlike from the window in the quarter gallery, and the glass in the scuttles of the officers' cabins, and from every burnished piece of metal throughout the whole length of the gallant craft, converting her black hull into a brilliant constellation, while her heavy lower masts, with their strong shrouds and stays, and the swelling sails, and the tall and taper spars aloft, were seen clear and distinct against the deep cold blue of the seaward horizon.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Heavens and Hells of the Budhists.—The heavens of the Budhas are twenty-six, placed one above another. At the end of the *maha calpi*, when the world will be at an end, six of the lower of these celestial abodes will be destroyed by fire, four by storms, and six by water. The four superior heavens will escape destruction; but what will become of the six intermediate ones does not so clearly appear. The great hells are thirty-four; but besides these there are a hundred and twenty smaller hells. Those which are hot lie immediately under the earth; which may possibly account for the many volcanos, whirlpools, and sundry explosive and other turbulent things that it contains.

The punishment for sinners in these hells are as correspondingly degrading, as the condition of the good is in the heavens transcendantly happy; with this difference, that in their amended state they contrive to forget (so says the learned Hindoo theologian, Mr. Coleman) what they ascended from: whereas, in their debased situation, their reminiscences are more perfect.—*Martin's British Colonies.*

A miser being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demanded his fare, and was surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamour and opposition that could be made to him. All Tartarus was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequence to the infernal revenues. "Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaides? or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone?" "No," said Minos, "none of these; we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches." L. S.

Intense Effect.—Pacchierotti, on one occasion, when playing at Rome the character of Arbaces, pronounced the three words "Eppui sono innocente," in so touching a manner, that the very orchestra stopped; a short symphony, which should have immediately succeeded his declaration of innocence, was neglected; and, on his demanding, somewhat angrily, of the leader what he and his subordinates were about, the flattering answer was "Sir, we are weeping." W. G. C.

It is objected, and we admit often with truth, that the wealthy are ready to bestow their money, but not to endure personal inconvenience. The following anecdote is told in illustration:—The late Duke of D——— was walking in St. James's-street, in a hard frost, when he met an agent, who began to importune his Grace in behalf of some charity which had enjoyed his support. "Put me down for what you please," peevishly exclaimed the Duke; "but, for God's sake, don't keep me in the cold."—*New Monthly Mag.*

Warning to Onion Eaters.—A sailor seating himself in a summer-house, espied a couple of onions, (as he thought,) in a remote corner; wishing to enjoy so savoury a meal, he took from his homely pocket his bread, cheese, and knife, and then commenced a broadside upon the bulbs, which he devoured with a hearty relish. The gardener entering, and finding the remains of his bulbs scattered on the ground and their precious contents the contents of the sailor—exclaimed, in the agony of grief, "Oh! oh! I am a ruined man and undone; you have destroyed all my hopes, you have devoured my *Alexander the Great* and my *Duke of Marlborough*—worth *fifty guineas* each." P. T. W.

THE CANARY-BIRD.
This Day, with a coloured Engraving, price 1*s.* 6*d.*
INSTRUCTIONS FOR BREEDING AND REARING THE CANARY FINCH. With numerous Recipes.
By an Experienced Amateur.

Also, price 8*d.*
ADVENTURES OF COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT.

In a pocket volume, 2*s.* 6*d.*
THE SEA-SERVICE. By the Author of "A Year in Spain."

Printed by and for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

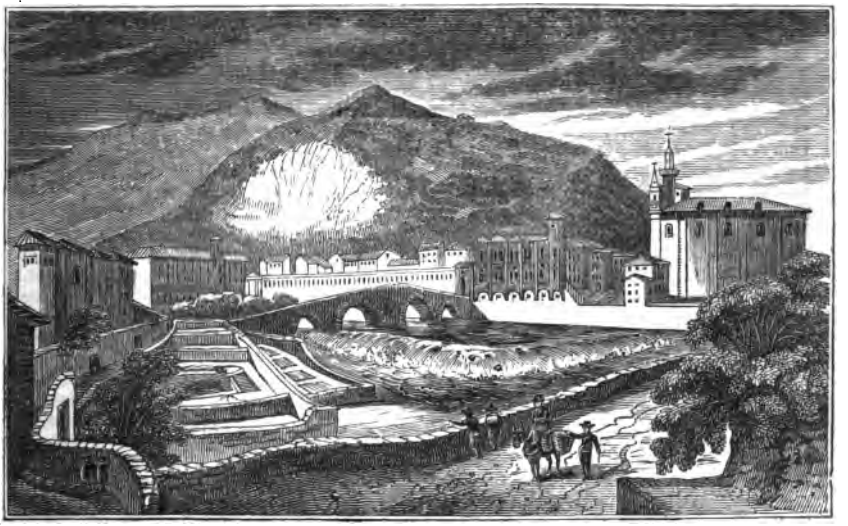
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 664.] SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1834. [PRICE 2*d.*

Cities of Europe.



TOULOUSE.

TOULOUSE is the capital of arts, literature, and science, in the south of France. It lies in a gently-inclined plane on the right bank of the Garonne, between that river and the canal of Languedoc, or of the south—is an archiepiscopal see, and the chief town of the department of the Garonne. Its situation is one of great beauty, being in the midst of a fertile and well-cultivated plain, and extensive and agreeable promenades; such as we hope will, at no distant period, form the environs of every populous town in England.

The origin of Toulouse, like that of many other ancient cities, is involved in impenetrable obscurity. "This distinction, however, is to be observed,—that it attained the rank and magnitude of a capital as a Gallic city, whilst the other great towns of the south of France were indebted for their grandeur, if not their foundation, to Greeks or Romans. The learned and sagacious D'Anville is of opinion that it must have flourished long before the Roman authors who first mentioned it—particularly Cæsar and Strabo; so long even as the invasion of Greece by Brennus. It is called by Cæsar, Tolosa; by Justin, *Tolosa antiqua Tectosagum patria*—(ancient country, or rather capital, of the Tectosages); and by Martial, Tolosa Palladia, in reference, it is conjectured, to the presiding goddess of the arts."

The early history of Toulouse may be commenced at its passing by cession, or conquest, from the Emperor Honorius to the Visigoths, who made it the capital of their new kingdom; which it continued to be until their last king, Alaric, was conquered and slain by Clovis in the year 507, and the Visigoth kingdom incorporated with that of the Franks. Charlemagne erected it once more into a capital of the kingdom of Aquitaine, in favour of his son, Louis le Debonnaire, from whom it passed under the dominion of hereditary counts until Philip the Hardy re-united it with the kingdom of France. It was frequently ravaged, or besieged, during these vicissitudes; by Visigoths, Franks, Saracens, Normans, and the famous Count de Montfort. The religious troubles of the Albigenses led to the establishment of the inquisition at Toulouse—the only French town in which the standard of that ignominious institution was planted. Under its influence, or from congenial fanaticism, the annals of

Digitized by Google

Toulouse became stained with unparelleled atrocities, not only during the stormy time of the Reformation and the League, but in the latter half of the last century. The protestant Jean Calas, a respectable merchant of Toulouse, a kind-hearted father, and a most tolerant and enlightened Christian, in one of the fanatic outbursts of the last mentioned period was broken on the wheel by an intemperate magistrate and infuriate rabble, as the murderer of his son, who had renounced Protestantism; but his innocence was established, and he was posthumously reinstated in a manner highly honourable to the enlightened majority of the French nation, the councils of Louis XV., and that prince himself. The share which Voltaire and his party took in the establishment of the innocence of Calas must entitle them to the gratitude of mankind;* and their active employment of the circumstances in exposing the horrors of intolerance gave a blow to the cause of religious persecution, which it is not likely ever lastingly to recover in France. These scenes of atrocity seem, however, to have inured the people of Toulouse to exhibitions of cruelty, and, consequently, to have made them cruel; for, in a respectable work† it is observed, "the spirit of the Inquisition and the League is that of Toulouse; gay, careless, artful, and fanatical, they are more savage in their cruelty than the rude, frank, and impetuous Marseillois." They shared in the horrors of the Revolution; and disgraced themselves after the restoration of the Bourbons and of peace, by the assassination of General Ramel. In the interval, they were long strangers to foreign or regular war, until the gallantly fought battle, on April 10, 1814, on the plains within view of the city.

Notwithstanding its antiquity, Toulouse contains but one important relic of its original grandeur, viz. the palace of the ancient Counts of Toulouse, a noble building, supported by Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns; but, alas! now appropriated as a warehouse for cotton goods. The Hotel de Ville, called "the capitol," from its occupying the site of a capitol said to have been built there by the Romans, is less curious for its exterior than for the hall of "illustrious" Toulousians; though the central part of the façade is supported by eight fine columns of Narbonne marble; and the pediment bears statues, and the arms of France.

Toulouse is, altogether, a very ill-built city, being little better than a labyrinth of narrow, crooked streets, without foot pavement; and there is but one square, still unfinished. The finest part of the city is that which lies on each side of the Garonne. The river is here about 800 feet broad, and is crossed by a noble bridge, built by Mansard, and terminated with a handsome arch or gate: a large equestrian statue of Louis XIV. was formerly its most distinguished ornament, but this was destroyed at the Revolution, and has been replaced by a statue in plaster. From this bridge, on a clear day, is a fine view of the Pyrenees and Cevennes. On one of the banks of the river is a considerable church. Among the other public buildings worthy to be enumerated, are the Gothic cathedral, very ancient and vast, with fine painted windows, but dark and dismal; and the ancient archbishop's palace, now the residence of the prefect. In the church of the Dominicans was formerly the monument of St. Thomas Aquinas; but this structure was nearly laid in ruins at the Revolution, and its Gothic arches now form cavalry stables. The church of St. Cernin is large, ancient, and handsomely ornamented; it has a singular tower with an open gallery; and in the vaults are preserved dried human bodies, ranged round the wall.

Yet, sanguinary as is the history of Toulouse, the town possesses abundantly the establishments and accessaries requisite for all liberal pursuits: an academy, a special school of painting, sculpture, and architecture; two libraries; a cabinet of natural philosophy; schools of medicine, law, botany, and music; an observatory and a theatre. The modern works are also beautiful; as a marble monumental fountain, supported by three bronze female figures, in the centre of a large stone vase; and the new Palace of Justice, a handsome and well-arranged building. But of the recent structures, the most beautiful as well as useful, is the bridge at the junction of the two canals, with its sculptured decorations. The water-works which supply the hundred fountains of Toulouse by hydraulic machinery, and the mill of Basacle, in which twenty pairs of millstones constantly work by one wheel are also objects of use and curiosity. The fall of the river as formed here, and shown in the Engraving is described as broad as that of the Rhine at Shauffhausen, and the noise on the spot nearly as great.

The most interesting spot in the environs of Toulouse, as might be expected, is the field of battle, where the Duke of Wellington gained one of his most splendid victories—or that of 1814, already mentioned. The English army was posted at the distance of half a mile from the city, on an eminence from which the batteries must have completely commanded it. When the hostile armies closed, the French, by breaking down a bridge over the canal of Languedoc, prevented the passage of the English artillery, so

* The family of Calas resided in the neighbourhood of Ferney; and to this circumstance may be attributed the zeal which Voltaire evinced in their ate. There are persons who attribute Voltaire's interference to party spirit only: if so, party was, in this case, the madness of many, and the gain of *many*. —See *Ferney*, vol. xiv. p. 81, *Mirror*.

† *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. vii.

Digitized by Google

that our troops suffered severely, until, at length, by British valour, the enemy was completely routed. The scene of several charges by Sir Thomas Picton, at the embouchure of the river and canal, and the monument of Colonel Forbes of the 45th, are pointed to as memorials of this nobly fought battle. But the ploughshare has passed over the ground many times during the lapse of twenty years; and vineyards, rich pasture lands, and wheat fields around remind one of any scenes but those of blood-stained war.

From this field is a fine view of Toulouse, in which may be reckoned the towers of above twenty churches.

RICHARD LANDER,

THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

(Concluded from page 340.)

Late in 1829, before the *Records* were actually published, the British government accepted Lander's offer to proceed with his brother, John Lander, to follow the course of the Niger below Boossà; the conditions being the provision of certain articles for their personal convenience, 200 dollars in coin, and liberty to draw for 300 more, 100*l.* to the wife of Richard Lander, the ensuing year, and, upon their return, a gratuity of 100*l.* to Richard; but no promise of remuneration was held out to John, who, in education had the advantage of his brother, and aided him in his Journals. They sailed January 9, 1830.

The details of this Expedition and its glorious result occupy three volumes of the *Family Library*, than which more entertaining books were never printed. We quoted a few scenes from them in our nineteenth volume; as the terrific Night on the Niger, the Horse-race at Kiáma, the tidings of Mungo Park at Boossà, and the occurrence of an eclipse at that place. Next to the settlement of the Niger question, the accounts of Fernando Po in the Journal, form, probably, the most important portion. Of this Expedition it is well observed, "there are two features which distinguish it from all those that have preceded it, namely, the magnitude and importance of the discovery, and the small means by which it has been accomplished. Science here was out of the question, and all depended on that homely quality of the mind, 'determination of purpose,' a leading feature in the character of our countrymen, without which, science is of little avail." Of Richard Lander, it is said, "his leading quality has been a share of perseverance rivalling that of any former traveller. This perseverance, under the protection of Divine Providence, has enabled him to surmount every difficulty, to unlock the portals of western Africa, and he has now the proud gratification of knowing, that he has well earned that reward from his King, which has placed him in honourable competency."*

Richard Lander enjoyed this reward but a few months; and in July, 1832, unaccompanied by his brother, he sailed in the iron steam-boat Alburkha, accompanied by the steam-boat Quorra, and the brig Columbine, laden with articles of trade, provisions, and fuel. How far he had accomplished the object of the Expedition is not precisely known. The accounts first received stated Lander to have suffered severely by illness; but, from intelligence to January 5th, it appeared that he was then ascending the river Nunn, and was about to ascend the Niger for the third time, and endeavour to penetrate as far up the river as Boussà; and that in his second ascent he had traded extensively at Rabbah, a Falàtah town, important for its extent, wealth, and population. The travellers had also ascended the Tshadda, 150 miles from its junction with the Niger, and ascertained from the natives that the Tshadda communicates with Lake Tshad, the inland sea of Africa: this is a valuable addition to the geography of the country. On a small island near Áttà, Lander had erected a mud fort, which he named English Island, as a depôt for British goods.

During the ascent of the Nunn, already mentioned, happened the melancholy affray, in which Lander received from the fire of a band of savages, the wound which terminated his valuable life at Fernando Po, on the 6th of February; as detailed from the *Literary Gazette*, at page 315 of the present volume. To the very day previous to his death, when he took some food with appetite, no doubt was entertained of his recovery. "But on that day, mortification of the wound in his left thigh ensued, and all hope was abandoned. So rapid was his prostration that he died soon after midnight; having given such directions as the shortness of the fatal warning permitted. While on his sick bed, it is a consolation to learn that every possible and needful aid was his. In the airiest room of Colonel Nicoll's residence, receiving the unremitting attention of that humane and gallant officer, with the best medical assistance and most soothing services, his pains were alleviated, and his spirit cheered. His body was laid in the grave amid the vivid regrets of the entire population, who accompanied the funeral; and an ardent desire is felt, not only to discover who were the perpetrators of his foul murder, but signally to punish their crime. Colonel Nicoll will, of course, do all in his power to retrieve his papers and property; for he

* Introduction to the *Journal*, by the Editor. The first annual premium of fifty guineas, which had been placed at the disposal of the Geographical Society, by his Majesty, was awarded to Richard Lander, as having been charged with the Expedition.

Digitized by Google

escaped with nothing but what he wore at the moment of attack, and was so much hurt in person as to be disabled from writing. The natives up the country where he was so much beloved, while they lament his loss, will, we doubt not, assist in investigating its cause: the proximity to the coast renders it, indeed, too probable that it was prompted by parties engaged in the slave trade."

We gather these last particulars from the *Literary Gazette* of the 10th inst.; and in the same page is a letter from John Lander, on the death of his lamented brother, stating that "he was conscious of his approaching dissolution, talked with calmness to those around him, and anticipated the termination of his career with composure and with hope." The letter is full of fraternal affection, and to a few particulars of Richard Lander's birth, adds that he "was of short stature, but he possessed great muscular strength, and a constitution of iron. No stranger could help being struck, as Sir Joseph Banks was with Ledyard, 'with the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye.' He was gifted in an eminent degree with that passive courage which is so requisite a qualification in an African traveller. His manners were mild, unobtrusive, and highly pleasing, which, joined to his cheerful temper and ingenuous, handsome countenance, rendered him a favourite with every one that knew him, by most of whom he was *beloved* in the fullest sense of the word. The many distinguished individuals of the metropolis to whose society he was introduced after his return from the Niger discovery will subscribe to the truth of this assertion; but no one knows, to the fullest extent, except the companions of his boyhood, and the friends of his riper years, the unaffected benevolence of his character, and the excellence of his warm and generous heart. To them, and to every member of his disconsolate family, who were tenderly attached to him, his melancholy and most distressing fate will be the bitterest ingredient in the cup of life. So greatly was Richard Lander beloved by the untutored Africans, that at various places in the interior, where he had remained some time—at Katunga, Boussà, Yàoorie, and other places, numbers of the inhabitants ran out to embrace him on his leaving their town; and with hands uplifted, and eyes filled with tears, they blessed him in the name of their god. He has left a fatherless child, and an afflicted, broken-hearted widow, to mourn their distressing bereavement."

After adverting to the melancholy fate of most travellers in Africa; as Ledyard, Houghton, Park, Denham, Belzoni, Clapperton, and Lander, it is added: "But the fate of these brave men is not an inglorious one: their names are embalmed in the memory of their countrymen; and every friend of humanity and honourable enterprise will mourn over the melancholy termination of their labours.

'To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.'

JOHN LANDER."

The reader will, however, receive consolation in learning that Government has settled a pension of 70*l.* per annum on Lander's afflicted widow, and 50*l.* on his only child, a daughter. They are properly objects of their country's care, since the devotedness of Lander is honourable to our national character.

The Engraving represents Lander in his travelling costume—that of central Africa—with a large flowing tobe, and a white muslin turban: the tobe is confined to the waist by a broad belt, in which is stuck a brace of pistols.

STEAM-BOATS IN 1543.

(Translated from "El Instructor," a Spanish Periodical.)

THE learned writer, Navarrete, in his valuable Collection of the Discoveries made by the Spaniards, published within the last few years, has shown by the most authentic testimonies, that the first experiment on record of impelling vessels by the motive power of steam, was made at Barcelona, in 1543, with all the success which the inventer anticipated; a period not less than eighty-five years before Brancas published the idea in Italy; more than a century before the Marquis of Worcester, in England, applied the power of steam to the purposes of labour; and nearly three hundred years before Fulton, combining the advantages of all contemporary engines, succeeded in producing an *effective* steam-boat in the United States of North America. However singular this may appear to some, it is completely authenticated by various records in Spain, particularly in those of Simancas, where the circumstances are so fully detailed as to place the subject beyond a doubt.

In 1543, a mechanic of Marina, named Blasco de Garay, offered to exhibit in the presence of the Emperor Charles V., a machine, by means of which a vessel might be impelled without the assistance of sails or oars. The proposition, in the first place, appeared ridiculous; but the engineer remained so convinced that the power of the machine would be adequate to the production of the effect announced, that he commenced anew his representations to the government, supplicating his Majesty to command the execution of the project. The Emperor, in consequence, appointed a commission to proceed to Barcelona to witness the experiment, and to report upon the result. The engineer,

Digitized by Google

Garay, secure now of making a proof of his invention, prepared a merchant-ship, called "La Trinidad," of 200 tons burthen, (thus states the record), and the commissioners having arrived, the experiment was made on the 17th of June, 1543. Immediately upon a given signal, the vessel was put in motion; proceeding forward, it turned from one side to the other, according to the will of the steersman, and finally returned to the place whence it started, without the assistance of sails, oars, or any visible machinery, except an immense cauldron of boiling water, a complicated number of wheels within, and paddles girating without.

The multitude assembled on the sea-shore remained filled with admiration at the sight of this prodigy, the port of Barcelona resounded with applauses, and the commissioners who witnessed the performance with the greatest enthusiasm, related to the Emperor that Garay had accomplished with his machine as much as he had undertaken to do. But the head of the commission, Ravago, who was then chief-treasurer of the kingdom, either through ignorance, or some other of those unseen causes which influence the conduct of statesmen, showed himself but little favourable either to the inventer or the machine. After confessing the success of the experiment, and expressing his approbation of the ingenuity of Garay, he endeavoured to persuade the Emperor that the invention would be of little or no utility; that its complicated construction would require constant repairs attended with immense expense; that the vessel would not proceed at the rate of more than a league an hour, and much more slowly when freighted; and, finally, that the boiler, unable to resist the force of the steam for any extended period, would frequently burst, and become productive of the most dreadful accidents. Such was the substance of the opinion given by this covetous or invidious minister.

Though Charles V. remained persuaded by the representations of his treasurer; though he was not insensible to the merits of the inventer, whom he promoted to the rank of an officer, and in addition to the expenses of the experiment, presented him with a reward of 200,000 maravedis from the royal treasury, equivalent to 66,000 "reales de Vellon," a very considerable sum at that period; and the munificence of which proves that the invention of Garay equalled, if it did not surpass, the most extraordinary productions of that era. The military expeditions planned by the Emperor at that time, when the profession of arms constituted the glory of Spain and the honour of the Spaniards, rendered the occasion ill-adapted for the introduction into Europe of the advantages of steam navigation; and the honour which ancient Barcelona might have acquired by this noble discovery would not have been disputed at the present moment by a people of North America who, at the period alluded to, were far from being in existence.

It being established, then, as an incontrovertible fact that, in the sixteenth century, a vessel was navigated and propelled by means of steam power, and with an apparatus similar to the modern plan, the following question arises: Does the honour of this invention belong or not to the Americans; Fitch, who attempted, or Fulton, who succeeded in, the happy application of steam to the impelling of vessels? Our opinion is, decidedly, that Fulton deserves the entire honour of the invention and execution, although the machine had been invented and proved more than two centuries and a half before. The paradox contained in this answer will entirely vanish if we assent to the undeniable principle, that a man who produced a scientific invention in the sixteenth century would have done so with much greater facilities in the eighteenth. That either Fitch or Fulton possessed any previous information of the invention of Garay is entirely improbable. The false policy, or apathetic disposition of the ancient Spanish cabinet in not presenting to the public the important records contained in the archives of Simancas during four centuries, depriving the Peninsula of considerable glory, and Europe of much information, opposed an insurmountable barrier, not only to the curiosity of Fulton, but also to the researches of more exalted genius. Many of the monks, it is true, had access to this depository; but none of these possessed any interest in sounding the mine; and if any one had attempted it, the government would not have permitted the undertaking, as this depository has always been viewed as a kind of unalienable property. But had Fulton obtained access, or received information, it could not have extended beyond the knowledge of the fact, that a vessel had been navigated or impelled by power of steam with wheels and paddles, an idea easily discovered, but with difficulty applied to the combination of the powers necessary to produce the effect. The misfortune of there not existing in Spain, at that time, periodicals and publications of general information, occasioned the extinction of this noble invention with the last breath of its author. Finally, if Spain possessed the glory of inventing steam-navigation, she has also the misfortune of having lost it; and modern engineers being free from all obligation to the Spaniard, Garay, there exists no reason for our withholding the praise due to the American, Fulton, who has succeeded in producing his invention in times more congenial, and with results so magnificent, as to justify the pride, and augment the wealth of the United States and many nations of Europe.—GEORGE.

Digitized by Google

THE HOUSE OF COURTENAY.

The earliest ancestor of the house of Courtenay, the most ancient and illustrious that has graced the annals of England, (was, we are informed by Aimoin, a monk of Fleurus, who wrote in the twelfth century,) Otho, a French knight, who lived about the year 1000, and built the castle of Courtenay about fifty-six miles to the south of Paris. Joscelin, his grandson, joined the crusade, and by the death of his kinsman, Baldwin of Bruges, acquired the title of Count of Edessa, with the princely territory annexed. His son and successor, being unfortunate in his wars with the barbarians, died a captive in the prison of Aleppo. His daughter married the brother of Baldwin III., fifth King of Jerusalem, and two of her descendants succeeded to the throne. Joscelin, third Count of Edessa, distinguished himself at the battle of Ascalon, against Saladin, the Sultan of Egypt, and is supposed to have been slain at the fall of Jerusalem; and his two daughters, Beatrix and Agnes, were married, the one to a German, the other to a French baron; thus terminating this branch of the Courtenays.

Reginald de Courtenay, great grandson of Otho, married a descendant of the ancient counts of Corbeille, Isabel, the eldest of whose daughters married Peter, *who assumed the name of Courtenay*, third surviving son of Louis *le Gros;* they left issue, Peter de Courtenay, who succeeded to the throne of Constantinople by right of his wife, the sister and heiress of Baldwin and Henry, Counts of Flanders, the first and second Latin Emperors of the East. Three of his descendants succeeded him on the throne; the daughter and heiress of the last of these, Jane, married Charles V. of France; their son, Roger de Courtenay, Sieur de Champignelles, Great Butler of France, died in Palestine, 1329. His descendant in the ninth degree, Francis, ineffectually petitioned Henry IV. for the restoration of the rights of his house as Princes of the Blood, which the remainder of the family repeated with as little success. The French line terminated on the sudden death of Charles Roger, May 7th, 1730.

Reginald de Courtenay, mentioned above, abandoned his estates in France, and settled in England in the reign of Henry II.; the reason of this, is said to have been the disagreement between Louis VII. and his Queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine, and her consequent divorce and remarriage with the King of England, to which Reginald contributed. Through the instrumentality of Henry II., he married *secondly*, Hawise, granddaughter of Robert de Abrincis, Viscount of Devonshire; the fourth in descent from Reginald, Hugh, succeeded to the ancient earldom of Devon, being descended maternally from Baldwin de Brionis, Baron of Oakhampton and Viscount of Devon, and his son, Richard, the first earl; he married Margaret, daughter of Humphry de Bohun, Earl of Essex, by Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of Edward I.

The succeeding earls were alike distinguished for their loyalty to their king and devotion to their country, and during the civil wars uniformly supported the Lancastrian cause.

Henry, ninth Earl of Devon, K. G., was created by Henry VIII., in 1525, Marquess of Exeter, and had the honour of tilting with Francis I., at the meeting between the two monarchs, on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." His prosperity, however, lasted but for a short time; for he was, in 1538, accused of high treason, with two other nobles, and beheaded on Tower Hill, 9th of January, 1539.

His son and heir, Edward, tenth Earl of Devon, who was only twelve years old at his father's death, was held captive in the Tower during the remainder of this reign, and that of Edward VI.; but he was released on the accession of Queen Mary, and restored by a new patent of creation, dated 3rd of September, 1553, as Earl of Devon.

He is described by Fuller as being "a person of a lovely aspect, of a beautiful body, sweet nature, and royal descent." Queen Mary is said to have intended him for her husband; but slighting her love for that of her sister, the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, he was again thrown into the Tower, but was released a short time after, at the intercession of Philip of Spain, and the husband of Mary. Retiring to Italy, in a short time after, he died, not without suspicion of being poisoned at the instigation of emissaries from England. He died unmarried, and his estates passed into the families of Trethiefe, Arundel of Telherne, Mohun, and Trelawney; and the title remained in abeyance until the 15th of March, 1831, when William, a descendant of the second earl, established his claim to the earldom of 1553. J. N. B. Y.*

* We shall be happy to receive the proffered assistance of our ingenious Correspondent; and the originals shall be scrupulously returned.

The Naturalist.

FALLACIES RESPECTING ANTS.

[A Correspondent writes to the *Magazine of Natural History* as follows:]

My children have just finished reading a few interesting anecdotes respecting the natural history of the ant. I have read in books, and heard from the lips of learned teachers, many such anecdotes, chiefly taken

Digitized by Google

from the statements of Solomon, that "she (the ant) provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." The gentleman who wrote the book which my children have been reading [We presume, a paper in the *Spectator;* as we remember a tantamount paper in that work,] says that he had two commonwealths of ants in a flower-box, in his window, two stories high, which he thought of planting tulips in: but seeing the ants, he was sorry to disturb them; and was more amused with the ants than he could have been with the tulips. This may be true: every one to his taste. I am no great admirer of tulips; but I detest a nest of ants. However, then follow the anecdotes, many of which are truly marvellous. He says that wheat is their favourite food; but that they are also fond of rye and oats. He observed one ant bring in its paws [? jaws] a full-sized grain of wheat up to the window from the ground; but, being so tired, it dropped it from top to bottom. The ant went down the wall a second time, and found its grain of wheat, and brought it back up the wall; but, just as it was getting it into the box, it dropped a second time. The ant again descended the wall, and again found its favourite grain; but, being then so very much fatigued, another ant assisted it to scale the wall, and deposit the precious grain in their storehouse! If the above account be true, it is very interesting; but, if it be false, it is very wrong to put such books into the hands of children. I have had as much to do with ants and ant-hills as most men; and never yet could find their winter store of provision, any more than I could find honey in a wasp's nest. I have had men [levelling down and] spreading ant-hills for days together, and have offered them a quart of ale for a thimbleful of the ants' winter food, of either wheat, rye, or oats; but never could attain my object, nor the men theirs. I have strewed rice and wheat about an ant-hill, and seen them lugging it away; but I firmly believe the stupid creatures only mistook it for their own eggs. The ants, like the wasp, and most [many] other insects, live entirely upon fluids, or suction; and lie quite dormant in the winter: their stomachs could no more digest wheat or rye, than my stomach could digest horse-nails. The wasp is seen to eat rotten wood, &c.; but it is only for the purpose of forming its comb-cells. The caterpillar and silkworm eat green food; but this is only for the purpose of preparing them for their change. The butterfly and moth live only by suction. The ant is nothing more than a biennial, or, at most, a triennial insect; when it comes to perfection, it becomes a winged insect, propagates its species, and then dies. What sorry naturalists must those, then, be who hold up the ant as a pattern for improvident man? Truly, such writers should be looked upon by modern readers as quite *ant*iquated.

They are still less acquainted with the history of the ant, who say she "hath no guide, overseer, or ruler." I shall never forget the first time I saw a nest of the large black ant; it was in a large forest in the south of England. I saw something alive lying right across my footpath: I took it for some monstrous serpent; but, on looking more attentively, I perceived it to be a thoroughfare of black ants: it actually resembled one of the crowded streets of London. I traced it to both ends: the one terminated at a huge ant-hill, as large as a heaped-up bushel; the other end went up a huge oak tree, and there dispersed all over the limbs, branches, and twigs of the tree. Is it to be thought that they were "preparing the acorns as food in the summer, to be gathered by them as meat in the harvest?" Really, these large ants might lug away small acorns on level ground, as easily as the small red ant could carry a large grain of wheat up a brick wall two stories high. But, no; they were merely sucking the honey-dews, and excretions proceeding from smaller insects. Neither would they all have kept one track if they had not had a guide; nor brought home their full bellies, if they had not had a governor, or, what is more likely, some *self-interest.* . . . I wish my homely remarks may prevent the telling again of any untrue statements of the foresight, &c., of the ant, to children.

Manners and Customs.

CURIOUS JAVANESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

Among the Javanese musical instruments brought to England by the late Sir Stamford Raffles, there is one called the Gender, in which the resonances of unisonant columns of air are employed to augment, or almost to render audible, the sounds of vibrating metallic plates. Of these plates there are eleven; their sounds correspond with the notes of the diatonic scale, deprived of its fourth and seventh, and extend through two octaves. The mode of vibration of the plates is that with two transversal nodal lines; and they are suspended horizontally by two strings, one passed through two holes in the one nodal line, and the other through similar holes in the other nodal line of each plate. Under each plate is placed an upright bamboo, containing a column of air of the proper length to reciprocate the lowest sound of the plate. If the aperture of the bamboo be covered with pasteboard, and its corresponding plate be struck, a number of acute sounds only (depending on the more numerous subdivisions of the plate) will be heard; but on removing the pasteboard, an addi-

Digitized by Google

tional, deep, rich tone is produced by the resonance of the column of air within the tube.

The instrument from which the annexed drawing was taken is at present in the museum of the Honourable East India Company; and there is another specimen in the possession of Lady Raffles.

The same principle appears to have been employed, in more rude forms, in the construction of several Asiatic and African musical instruments; but we are not aware of any instrument having yet been manufactured in Europe, in which the unisonant resonances of columns of air have been made available as a means of augmenting the intensity of sounds.

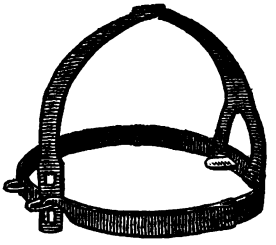
THE BRANK, OR GOSSIP'S BRIDLE.

THE contrivance represented in the annexed Cut, is a curious illustration of the manners of past ages. Its application, as shown also here, must be considered as a species of penance for certain offences, which are prevented in our day by means less direct than bridling the mouth. Every one may recollect a host of rustic penances and local customs to punish and mark out those who infringe upon the decorum of society. We need not enumerate the pains and penalties to which we especially refer; since our own pages will illustrate not a few of them. Every village in the empire has or had its little code of by-laws for punishing and reforming its offending daughters and sons; from the "schoolmaster's" rod, (which, however, is, we hope, more talked about than used in these days,) to the punishment for riper years. The brank, as we have said, is in disuse; but a few specimens of this very unsightly, and, we dare say, uncomfortable penal instrument are preserved to the present day as *curiosities:* we wish we could add, that the vice which they were designed to punish is as great a rarity.

The brank was made of iron hooping, with a flat piece projecting inwards to lie

upon the tongue. It was put upon the head of the offender, padlocked behind, and a string was annexed, by which a man led the wearer through the town.

The specimen in the Cut was formerly used in the borough of Newcastle-under-Lyne, for "the Taming of Scolds." Its practical value is so forcibly before us as to rein our descriptive pen. This bridle is now in the possession of Samuel Mayer, Esq., Mayor of the Borough; and there may be a less valuable relic in the Corporation chest.



Another bridle, we are informed by the Correspondent to whom we are indebted for the above, may be seen at Manchester.

A third bridle, our Correspondent *W. P.* informs us, is preserved in the ancient church of Walton-upon-Thames, in Surrey. Tradition tells this third bridle to have been presented to the parish about a century and a half since, by a person of some consequence at that period, whose name was Chester. The instrument bears the following inscription,

Digitized by Google

denoting in good set terms the appropriation of this singular benefaction:

Chester presents Walton with a bridle,
To curb women's tongues that *talk* too idle.

Its presentation arose from the singular circumstance of the person whose name it bears losing a valuable estate through the idle stories of an unguarded gossip.

Brank is the ancient name of this instrument; but the modern appellation is "Gossip's Bridle." It would, however, be more correct to call it "Scold's Bridle," since *gossip*, as the reader may be aware, is the old name for the sponsors of a child in baptism. Shakspeare has the "gossip's feast," and the "gossip's bowl." Johnson also defines it "a female tattler," and Dryden has,

The common chat of gossips when they meet.

The scold is "a clamorous, rude, mean, low, foul-mouthed woman," such as we may imagine the wearer of the bridle in the Cut. The punishment accorded with the manners of the times in which it was used; but it would only be just to place this bridle upon such a woman.

Another punishment for such as were "famous for a scolding tongue," and probably of still greater antiquity than the brank, was the Ducking-stool described as follows:—

A post was set up in a pond; upon the former was placed a transverse beam, turning on a swivel, with a chair at one end of it. In this the scolding woman was placed, and the end turned to the pond, and let down into the water. Scolds were also punished by fines in the manorial courts.

The shrew was but another name for the scold; but it may not be so well known that according to Robert of Gloucester, the shrew signified anciently any one perverse or obstinate of either sex. Shakspeare has,

By this reckoning *he* is more shrew than she.

Johnson, under "Shrewmouse," gives a curious conjecture which is worth repeating. Having quoted the Saxon root, he describes it as "a mouse of which the bite is generally supposed venomous, and to which vulgar tradition assigns such malignity, that she is said to lame the foot over which she runs. I am informed that all these reports are calumnious, and that her feet and teeth are equally harmless with those of any other little mouse. Our ancestors, however, looked on her with such terror, that they are supposed to have given her name to a scolding woman, whom for her venom they call a shrew."

But neither the brank, nor the ducking-stool can so reform a shrewish wife as Katherine's telling the women in the *Taming of the Shrew*, (act v. sc. 2.)

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands:
* * * * * *
—Love, fair looks, and true obedience.

The bridle in the Cut is certainly a tax upon knowledge, and, at the same time, a certain bar to its diffusion.

The Public Journals.

CHATEAUBRIAND

[Is understood to have written his memoirs, which are *unpublished, and intended to be posthumous.*]

How, then, have we got a peep at their contents? In the following manner:—Monsieur de Chateaubriand has but a short time ago regaled a select circle of his friends with the high treat of hearing him read these memoirs at his retreat at the *Abbaye au Bois*. We need hardly say that they were heard with the liveliest sensations of delight, and moved his audience often even to tears. Of this favoured audience one—doubtless not without the permission of Monsieur de Chateaubriand—has communicated to the *Revue de Paris* certain passages and fragments of the MSS., from *recollection, it is said*. These recollections are most vivid, and have all the appearance of being faithful; but there is often more than recollections—whole extracts from the memoirs themselves. These we are now about to lay before our readers. But we must not omit previously to notice the *Testamentary Preface* of Monsieur de Chateaubriand, lately published in the *Quotidienne*.

"Sicut nubes, quasi navis, velut umbra."

"As it is impossible for me to foresee the moment of my end—as at my age the days granted to man are days of grace, or rather of rigour, I am about, lest Death should surprise me, to explain the nature of a work whose prolongation is destined to beguile the *ennui* of these last deserted hours, which interest no one, and of which I know not how to dispose.

"The memoirs, at the head of which this preface will be read, embrace, or will embrace, the entire course of my life. They have been begun since the year 1811, and continued till the present day. I have related in that which is finished, and I shall relate in that which is only planned, my infancy, my education, my early youth, my entrance in the service, my arrival in Paris, my presentation to Louis XVI., the commencement of the Revolution, my travels in America, my return to Europe, my emigration to Germany and England, my return to France under the Consulate, my occupations and my works under the Empire, my journey to Jerusalem, my occupations and works under the Restoration; and, finally, the complete history of the Restoration, and its fall.

"I have met almost all the men who, in my time, have played any part, small or great, both in foreign countries and at home, from Washington to Napoleon, from Louis XVIII.

Digitized by Google

to Alexander, from Pius VII. to Gregory XVI.; from Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Londonderry, Capo d'Istria, to Malesherbes, Mirabeau, &c. &c; from Nelson, Bolivar, Mehemet, Pacha of Egypt, to Suffrien, Bougainville, La Perouse, Moreau, &c. &c. I have made part of a triumvirate which had never before an example. Three poets, of opposed interests and nations, found themselves, nearly at the same time, Ministers of Foreign Affairs — myself in France; Mr. Canning in England; and Martinez de la Rosa, in Spain. I have traversed, successively, the vacant years of my youth, the crowded years of the Republic, the pomps of Napoleon, and the reign of legitimacy.

"I have explored the seas of the Old and New World, and trodden the soil of the four quarters of the globe. After having sheltered under the hut of the Iroquois, under the tent of the Arab, in the wigwams of the Hurons, in the ruins of Athens, of Jerusalem, of Memphis, of Carthage, of Grenada, with the Greek, the Turk, the Moor, among forests and ruins; after having donned the bear-skin casque of the savage, and the silken cafetan of the Mameluke; after having suffered poverty, hunger, thirst, and exile, I have sat down minister and ambassador, embroidered with gold, and covered with decorations and ribbons at the table of kings, and the fêtes of princes and princesses, only to fall again into indigence, and to experience the prison.

I have been in relation with a crowd of personages, illustrious in armies, in the church, in politics, in the magistracy, in sciences, and in arts. I possess immense materials, more than four thousand private letters, the diplomatic correspondence of my different embassies, especially some relating to my appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs, among which are several remarkable pieces concerning particularly myself, hitherto unknown. I have carried the musket of a soldier, the stick of a pedestrian, and the staff of a pilgrim. A navigator, my destinies have shifted with the inconstancy of my sails. A water-bird, I have made my nest upon the waves.

"I have been concerned in peace and in war; I have signed treaties and protocols, and published in the midst of them (*chemin faisant*) numerous works. I have been initiated in the secrets of parties of the court and the state. I have witnessed, not afar off, but near, the greatest reverses, the loftiest fortunes, the most sounding celebrities. I have assisted at sieges, at congresses, at conclaves, at the re-edification and demolition of thrones. I have made essays on history, which I could have written; and my life, solitary, dreamy, and poetic, has traversed this world of catastrophes, tumult, and noise, with the sons of my dreams, Chactas, René, Eudore, Aben Hamet; and with the daughters of my fantasy, Atalla, Amelia, Blanca, Velleda, and Cymodocia. On my age, I have exerted, perhaps without wishing it, and without seeking for it, a triple influence, religious, political, and literary.

"I am no longer surrounded but by three or four contemporaries of a long renown; Alfieri, Canova, Monte, have disappeared. Of its brilliant days, Italy preserves only Pindemonte and Manzoni. Pellico has lingered out his best years in the dungeons of Spielburg; the talents of the country of Dante are condemned to silence, or forced to languish on a foreign shore. Lord Byron and Canning died young. Walter Scott seems about to leave us. Goethe has just quitted us, full of glory and of years. France has almost nothing of her past, so rich in talent. She is commencing a new era; I remain to inter my age, as the old priest in the sack of Beziers, who was to sound the knell to entomb himself after the last citizen had expired.

"When Death shall have let down the curtain between me and the world, my drama will be found to be divided into three acts. From my earliest youth to 1800, I was soldier and traveller; from 1800 to 1814, under the Consulate and the Empire, my life has been literary; since the Restoration to the present day, political. In my three successive careers I have proposed to myself a great task; as a traveller, I aspired to the discovery of the Polar world—as an author, to re-establish religion on its ruins; as a statesman, I have striven to show to nations the representative monarchic system, with its several liberties. I have at least aided to attain that which is worth them all, which replaces them, and holds the place of a constitution—the liberty of the press. If I have often failed in my designs, it was a failure of destiny. Foreigners who have succeeded in their designs, were seconded by fortune; they had behind them powerful friends and a tranquil country. I have not had this happiness.

"Of all contemporary modern French authors, I am the only one whose life resembles his works; traveller, soldier, poet, legist, it is in the woods that I have sung of the woods, in vessels that I have described the sea, in camps that I have spoken of armies, in exile that I learnt of exile, and in courts, in affairs, in assemblies, that I have studied princes, politics, laws, and history. The orators of Greece and Rome were involved in the public cause, and partook of its fate. In Italy and Spain, towards the close of the middle age, the first genius of letters and the arts participated in the social movement. What stormy and splendid lives are those of Dante, of Tasso, of Camoens, of Ercilla, and Cervantes!

Digitized by Google

"In France, our ancient poets and ancient historians sang and wrote in the midst of pilgrimages and of combats. Thibault, Count of Campagne, Villehardouin Joinville, borrowed the felicities of their style from the adventures of their career. Froissard sought for his history on the high roads, and learnt it from the knights and abbots whom he met. But from the reign of Francis I., our writers have been isolated individuals, whose talents might be the expression of the mind, but not of the facts of their epoch. If I am destined to live, I will represent in my person — represented in my memoirs — the principles, the ideas, the events, the catastrophes, the epopœia of my time; and this the more faithfully, as I have seen a world begin and end, and the opposed characters of this beginning and this end are mixed in my opinions. I meet myself, as it were, between two ages, as at a confluence of two streams; I have plunged into the troubled waters, borne with regret from the old bank where I was born, and swimming with hope towards the unknown shore, on which new generations will arise."

[The remainder of the preface explains the publication of the memoirs.]

But it is time we should proceed to the narrative. The first volume, then, is devoted to the ancestors, and the father of Monsieur de Chateaubriand, a race of gentlemen of the old *noblesse*, and who lived constantly away from the Court of Louis XIV. One of the most remarkable of this old race was the father of the author. He was poor, as had been *his* father, and was left alone in the world with his mother. He was scarcely fifteen years of age, when, kneeling before the bed of his mother, he asked her for her blessing, as he had resolved to go and seek his fortune. With his mother's blessing, he embarked at St. Malo. He was twice prisoner, and twice escaped. On his return to St. Malo the last time, he married a young person of noble birth, by whom he had several children. Monsieur de Chateaubriand and his sister, Lucilla, were the two youngest. They were brought up at the chateau of Combourg, the ancient mansion of the Chateaubriands, which his father had repurchased. Of the chateau of Combourg, desolate and abandoned, there is the following description in *René*. "I arrived at the chateau by the long avenue of pines. I traversed on foot its deserted courts; I stopped to contemplate the closed and half-broken windows. The thistles which grew at the foot of the walls, the fallen leaves which gathered about the doors, and the solitary vestibule where I had so often seen my father and his faithful servants. The marble basins were already covered with moss. Yellow weeds grew up between their disjointed and trembling stones. An unknown porter opened to me rudely the gate. Covering for a moment my eyes with my handkerchief, I entered beneath the roof of my ancestors. I traversed the echoing apartments, and heard nothing but the sound of my own steps. The chambers were hardly lighted by the feeble light which penetrated through the closed shutters. I visited the room where my mother had expired, that in which my father used to retire, the one in which I had slept in my cradle, and where friendship had uttered its first vows in the bosom of my sister. Everywhere the halls spread before me in melancholy nakedness, and the spider spun its webs along the abandoned cornices. I quitted these scenes precipitately. I left them with a hurried step, and dared not turn round my head as I departed. How sweet, but how rapid, are the moments which brothers and sisters pass together in the society of their aged parents!" If Monsieur de Chateaubriand had not written those memoirs of his youth, his character might be found in *René*. "My temper was impetuous and unequal, alternately buoyant and joyous, and silent and melancholy. Sometimes I assembled about me my young companions, and then suddenly abandoned them to contemplate a passing cloud, or to listen to the rain falling on the leaves." But that which we find not in *René*, we find in his memoirs: that his respect for his father was mingled with terror. His father was a man of tall stature, of a physiognomy sombre and severe, imposing in all his manners, his step heavy, his voice solemn, his look stern. During the day, young François de Chateaubriand would rather make a long circuit than meet his father; but on the fall of night the whole family assembled together in the half-deserted chateau, situated in the midst of woods, and far from all other habitation. In a vast hall they spent their evenings; the mother and the two youngest children sitting within the embrasure of the immense chimney, and the father, enveloped in his cloak, pacing the apartment backwards and forwards in silence. As this lord and master got more distant from the chimney corner, the conversation between the mother and the children became more animated; as his footsteps sounded more distant, the children's voices became louder, but as the old Count returned from the door to the chimney, the conversation lowered; and the more he advanced, the more the voices sank. Sometimes he would stop before the chimney, and not a whisper was heard; but if by chance there were, his stern voice demanding "*who speaks?*" produced again the most profound stillness. Thus were the evenings spent in alternate chatter and silence. At eleven o'clock the old *seigneur* retired to his chamber, then the mother and children would listen till they heard him walking above; his footstep made the old floor groan; as

Digitized by Google

soon as all was silent, the mother, son, and daughter, uttered a cry of joy, and the two children began to play a thousand frolics, or amused themselves in telling ghost stories. Among these stories there is one which Monsieur Chateaubriand relates in his memoirs. The following is a feeble sketch of this tale:—One night at midnight an old monk in his cell heard a knocking at his door. A plaintive voice called to him. The monk hesitated to open. At last he rises and opens. It was a pilgrim who demanded hospitality. The monk gave a bed to the pilgrim, and threw himself upon his own. But scarcely was he asleep, when he sees the pilgrim at the side of his bed, signing to him to follow him. They go out together. The door of the church opens and then shuts behind them. The priest at the altar celebrates the holy mysteries. Arrived at the foot of the altar, the pilgrim takes off his cowl, and shows the monk a death's head. "You have given me a place by your side," said the pilgrim, "and in my turn I will give you a place on my bed of ashes." The delightful terrors occasioned by such tales as these, made the brother and sister cling close together. Nothing is more touching than the pages of Monsieur de Chateaubriand when he speaks of his beautiful, affectionate sister, Lucilla. All his infancy was passed by her side; they had both the same sorrows, the same pleasures, the same terrors. "Timid," he says, "and under constraint before my father, I only found joy and content in company of my sister; she was a little older than me. We loved to climb the hills together, and together to traverse the woods at the fall of the leaf; the recollection of these walks yet fills my soul with delight. Oh! illusions of infancy and my country, will you never lose your charms! Sometimes we walked in silence, listening to the wailing of the autumn winds, or to the noise of the dried leaves which rustled under our feet; sometimes we pursued with our eyes the swallow in the meadow, or the rainbow upon the cloudy hills, and sometimes we murmured together verses which the spectacle of nature inspired. We had both a strain of sadness in our hearts. This we derived from God and our mother."

Chateaubriand was educated at the college of Rennes, and that his favourite studies were *Horace* and the *Confessions of St. Augustin*, which last book seems to have determined the religious character of his genius. From college he entered the army, and became, as far as military drill and duties are concerned, in the language of his colonel, an *accomplished officer*. His new military education being finished, his father determined to send him to Paris, to make his way by his own merits; but before he enters upon this new scene, he once more visits Combourg. Thus he speaks in his memoirs on the occasion of this last visit:—"I have only revisited Combourg three times," (since his first absence we suppose.) "At the death of my father, all the family were assembled in the chateau, to say to each other *adieu*. Two years afterwards I accompanied my mother to Combourg; she went to have the old manor-house furnished, as my brother was about to establish himself there with my sister-in-law; my brother, however, came not into Brittany, and shortly after mounted the scaffold with his young wife, for whom my mother had prepared the nuptial bed. The last time I took the road to Combourg, was on arriving at the port where I was to embark for America. After sixteen years of absence, when about to quit my native soil for the ruins of Greece, I went to embrace the remnants of my family in the lands of Brittany, but I had not courage to undertake the pilgrimage to my paternal fields. It was among the shades of Combourg that I have become what I am. It was there I saw my family united and dispersed. Of ten children only four remained. My mother died of grief, and the ashes of my father were scattered to the winds. If my works survive me, if I should leave behind me a name, the traveller, perhaps, some day, guided by these memoirs, will stop a moment in the places I have described. He may recognise the chateau, but he will look in vain for the wood; it has been felled; the cradle of my dreams has disappeared like my dreams themselves. Alone remaining upon its rock, the antique dungeon seems to regret the oaks which surrounded it, and protected it from the tempests. Isolated like it, I have seen, like it, the family which embellished my days, and afforded me shelter, fall around me. Thanks to Heaven, my life is not built so solidly upon the earth as the towers in which I passed my youth!"

(To be continued.)

SONGS,
From the "Noctes" of Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FAIRY'S BURIAL.

Where shall our sister rest?
Where shall we bury her?
To the grave's silent breast
Soon we must hurry her!
Gone is the beauty now
From her cold bosom!
Down droops her livid brow,
Like a wan blossom!

Not to those white lips cling
Smiles or caresses!
Dull is the rainbow wing,
Dim the bright tresses!
Death now has claimed his spoil—
Fling the pall over her!
Lap we earth's lightest soil,
Wherewith to cover her!

Where down in yonder vale,
Lilies are growing,
Mourners the pure and pale,
Sweet tears bestowing!

Digitized by Google

Morning and evening dews
Will they shed o'er her;
Each night their task renews
How to deplore her!
Here let the fern grass grow,
With its green drooping!
Let the narcissus blow,
O'er the wave stooping!
Let the brook wander by,
Mournfully singing!
Let the wind murmur nigh,
Sad echoes bringing!

And when the moonbeams shower,
Tender and holy
Light on the haunted hour
Which is ours solely,
Then will we seek the spot
Where thou art sleeping,
Holding thee unforgot
With our long weeping!

Come forth, come forth! it were a sin
To stay at home to-day!
Stay no more loitering within,
Come to the woods away!

The long green grass is filled with flowers,
The clover's deep dim red
Is brighten'd with the morning showers,
That on the winds have fled.

Scatter'd about the deep blue sky,
In white and flying clouds,
Some bright, brief rains are all that lie
Within those snowy shrouds.

Now, look!—our weather-glass is spread—
The pimpernel, whose flower
Closes its leaves of spotted red,
Against a rainy hour.

That first pale green is on the trees;
That verdure more like bloom;
You elm-bough hath a horde of bees,
Lured by the faint perfume.

The cherry-orchard flings on high
Its branches whence are strown
Blossoms like snow, but with an eye
Dark, maiden, as thine own!

As yet our flowers are chiefly those
Which fill the sun-touch'd bough;
Within the sleeping soil repose
Those of the radiant brow.

But we have daisies, which, like love
Or hope, spring everywhere;
And primroses, which droop above
Some self-consuming care.

So sad, so spiritual, so pale,
Born all too near the snow,
They pine for that sweet, southern gale,
Which they will never know.

It is too soon for deeper shade;
But let us skirt the wood,
The blackbird there, whose nest is made,
Sits singing to her brood.

These pleasant hours will soon be flown;
Love! make no more delay:
I am too glad to be alone,
Come forth with me to-day!

Three goblets of wine
Alone should comprise
The extent of the tipple
Of those that are wise.

The first is for health;
And the second I measure,
To be quaffed for the sake
Of love and of pleasure.

The third is for sleep,
And while it is ending,
The prudent will homeward
Be thinking of wending.

The fourth, not our own,
Makes insolence glorious;
And the fifth ends in shouting,
And clamour uproarious.

And those who a sixth
Down their weasands are pouring,
Already are bruising,
And fighting, and flooring.

Oh! the tight little vessel,
If often we fill it,
How it trips up the heels
Of those who may swill it!

New Books.

THE BEAR-HUNT.

(From Tutti Frutti, a New Work by the German Prince, Pückler Muskau.)*

[On his way through Leipzig, Prince Pückler dined at the house of his old friend, the Prussian Consul-general Baumgärtner, where he met Alcibiades de Tavernier, nephew of the celebrated traveller of that name. This singular personage combined the characters of Captain of the French Garde, Doctor, Emir, Khan, &c., and had outdone his uncle in the extent and adventurousness of his wanderings. From him our author had the following incident:]

The Bear-Hunt.

A bear, no less remarkable for his unequalled size than for his gigantic strength, was the terror of all the country between Bucharest and Cempino, near the Carpatho-Romano-Moldavian mountains. This monster's favourite haunt was the endless forest of Poeinar, through part of which runs the road from Bucharest to Kronstadt in Transylvania. For eight or ten years the terrific beast had been known to the inhabitants of this district, having, in that space of time, destroyed at least four hundred of their oxen and other domestic animals. No one dared to attack him; a panic terror seemed to have taken possession of the whole country. The last report of his devastations, which at length attracted the attention of the highest divan, was as follows.

A large load of wine was slowly descending the hill on its way to Bucharest. According to the custom of the country-people of those parts, the drivers had halted during the mid-day heats, and had unharnessed their teams, and let them feed at large on the skirts of the forest by the side of the road. All on a sudden they heard a tremendous roar. The nearest peasants ran to the spot, and saw, in the midst of their buffaloes, an animal as black as they, but much larger, which had already seized one of them, and thrown him on his back, and spite of the fearful struggles of the agonizing victim, it clutched him as with a claw of iron, while it trotted off with perfect ease on its other three paws. This

* Translated in the *Athenæum*.]

Digitized by Google

story, though seemingly half-fabulous, awakened not only the attention of the government, but also that of the keenest sportsmen of Bucharest, namely, the Bojars, Kostaki, Kornesko, Manoulaki Floresko, the Bey Zadey Soutzo, and your humble servant. A grand hunt was projected, and was soon admirably organized by one of the party, Signior Floresko, prefect of the foreign department.

It was settled that the bear was to be first tracked, and then driven by five or six hundred peasants into a semicircle of about a hundred hunters. All these arrangements having been made, on the appointed day the people assembled as silently as possible. The signal for the chase was given—a long blast of the hunting-horn, which was quickly followed by other loud instruments, answered by the shouts of the drivers. It was not long before a shot resounded on my right, where Signor Kornesko stood, and then all was still again. After a few minutes I heard some beast break through the thick underwood with considerable noise; the stillness of the serenest of October days, and the rustling of the dry leaves which already strewed the ground, doubled the noise of the steps of every animal. This time it was only a well-fed fox, which I caught sight of at about eighty paces' distance. I sent a shot after him, and he instantly fell; the ball had hit him in the head. The former dead silence now returned for a short time; but the drivers began to draw nearer and nearer, and renewed their violent cries. It is really terrific to hear our Moldavian peasants, scattered along a line of two leagues, set up their piercing shouts, and their yet more frightful wailings, while they beat the trees with a hundred clappers and other discordant instruments. I now heard on my left, at about half a league's distance, two shots, one shortly after the other, on which a deafening yell of *Oure, Oure*, which in the Romano-Moldavian language is sounded as in French, ran like lightning along the whole line of the drivers. The Prince or Bey, Zadey* Soutzo, soon came up to me and said, "Seigneur Alcibiade, the bear has broken through the drivers. What have you killed?" "A fine fox, as you see." His mameluke took it up. Sig. Kornesko now came up, and we all went together to the spot where the bear had disappeared. On our arrival there, we met Sig. Floresko trying to discover by the track whither the enemy had fled. "It was the Jäger Lazar who shot at him," said he, "but he only grazed his back; the other shot was from a peasant, past whom the bear rushed with such rapidity, breaking down the young trees to the right and left, that the poor fellow fell flat on his back from fright, and his gallant rifle went off of its own accord." We laughed at the sight of the still stupified peasant, and at length brought him to himself with some pretty strong doses of brandy.

We then followed up the track of the bear without delay. After about a hundred paces, we began to perceive streaks of sweat on the leaves and trunks of the trees which he had rubbed against in his rapid course. These spots were all at about the height of five feet and a half,† just the height of my eyes. As this is the height of a tall man, I asked Lazar of Poeinar, the same who had shot at the bear, whether the beast ran on its hind legs, or on all fours. "On all fours," replied he, "like a a dog." Now, for the first time, I began to put some faith in the wonderful stories I had heard of the enormous size and strength of the monster; and my curiosity, as well as my eagerness to kill him if possible, was raised to the highest pitch.

For a long time I wandered on with the others, who meanwhile had sent for a pack of fifty or sixty hounds, which had been left at the nearest village. At length, however, tired of this eternal search, I left the company, and turned to the left into the wood, through a wild path, where I hoped to stumble on a road which might lead to the place where the carriage with our provisions was stationed, for I began to be hungry.

I soon came into a valley which might be called virgin. Gigantic oaks had died of old age, and wild plants and young saplings grew up to the cheering light out of the mouldering trunks. On the other hand, deep night reigned under the wide-spread arms of other giants, still in all the vigour and freshness of youth. Enticed by the coolest shades, I sought repose for a few minutes. I was suddenly startled by a noise, as if a squadron of horse was bearing down upon me at full gallop, and I saw the huge, coal-black animal cross the valley with the rapidity of lightning, at about two hundred paces from me. I could not find a moment even to take aim, but thus much I saw—that, from the white Arctic bear to the black Siberian, nothing approached this in size. I hastened after him in a westerly direction, and heard the pack, who had found the scent, and were after him at full speed. Soon after I met a bojar, chief-steward of Sig. Floresko. As we were hurrying along, the unfortunate man said to me, "I have a strong presentiment that I shall come up with the bear, and I have brought my best shots with me; they are following me on foot." We now came into a deeper part of the forest, thickly grown with wild fruit-trees. Here, amid

* Bey signifies Prince; Zadey, son of a sovereign prince, who is vassal or farmer-general (as for instance, Ibrahim of Adana) of the Sultan.

† Probably French feet.—*Transl.*

Digitized by Google

aged trunks of trees and rocky caves, seemed to be the favourite haunt of the bear, for we found the earth covered with the dung of that animal. I determined to stop in this strange and savage spot. Kostaki went on his way, though neither had his suite overtaken us, nor was anything to be heard of the dogs. Tired and hot, I lay myself down, with my faithful dog Amico, under a large apple-tree; lighted my tchoubouk leisurely, and desired Amico, one of the strongest of wolf-dogs, thoroughly trained against man or beast, to keep good watch. Here, lying at my ease, luxuriously puffing the thick cloud of smoke into the air, I might have dreamt away half an hour, when I again heard the rush of approaching animals. I rose softly, and stepped behind the tree.

[This was a herd of about a dozen swine, one of which our hero shoots, and shows triumphantly to his companions, who rejoin him. Unfortunately, however, the supposed wild boar turns out to be a runaway pig, who had left the comforts of civilization (in the shape of a Moldavian sty,) for the freedom of the woods, and had thus met with a death in harmony with his noble tastes. The laugh, however, was against the sportsman.]

The jokes of the hunters would not have ceased so soon, had they not been interrupted by a distant tumult, and the cry of the hounds; though we reckoned that, by the sound, they were still a league from us. The whole party left me, as I did not choose to quit my post, and hurried to the spot. Only Lazar, the same hunter who had had the first shot at the bear, and had come up with the rest at the sound of my horn, remained with me. As the cry of the hounds died away, I lighted my tchoubouk again, and sat myself astride on my inglorious game, which, in mockery, they had stretched before me on his belly. But soon we heard the dogs again; and now the sound came directly towards us, and with increasing rapidity. In a few minutes we heard a frightful cry, followed by a still more frightful roar; I cocked my gun, and ran to the place. A momentary silence followed; and as this was instantly succeeded by a crash like a tempest, the underwood opposite to me bowed and quivered, and on the very same footpath which I had struck into, the long-sought monster stood before me. He completely filled it from side to side with his gigantic mass, and as soon as he saw me, he rushed towards me with a violent spring, sending forth a howl that nearly stunned me, and with which the air literally trembled. I was indistinctly conscious, however, that there was no alternative now but death or victory; I took steady aim, let the bear come within six paces, and then fired the same lucky barrel of my gun with which I had killed the fox and the boar. The ball hit the terrific beast just between the eyes: he staggered for a moment, in which pause my trusty Amico sprang gallantly forward, and placed himself in front of him. Bewildered, perhaps, at the sudden appearance of the large white dog, and at his furious barking, the bear gave me time to send my second shot just after the first; while Lazar, taking up a position behind an oak, fired a third at him, which, however, did not do him much injury, as it was afterwards found buried in his fat. As I now distinctly saw that every time he drew breath, two streams of blood gushed from his head, I drew my hunting knife, and tried with the aid of my good dog to stun him with the loudest cries I could utter, on which, again roaring tremendously, he turned aside, and seemed to wish to escape into the thicket; but he already tottered, and his strength was visibly failing him. After about thirty paces he lay down. I seized the opportunity to load again; I could now follow him with greater safety. He lay perfectly still, did not roar, and repeatedly wiped the streaming blood from his face with his fore paws, just like a man. I now tried to irritate him, that he might turn round again, and give me an opportunity of taking aim at the most mortal part. I succeeded only too well; for after first breaking off some trees, and hurling them at me with enormous force, I and my dog goaded him to such fury, that seeing no escape, he once more raised himself up with all his pristine strength, and made a second rush at me. But his aim was frustrated. Almost touching the barrel of my gun, he received my whole charge into his brain, and fell forwards, sprinkling my face with his blood, and almost burying me under his enormous mass. The last sounds he uttered, however, were more dreadful than anything I ever heard; a tone so full—so deep—so despairing—so piercing, that the whole wood rang with it, and the echoes of the rocks seemed to repeat it with a shudder.

Now came Floresko, the hounds, and hundreds of men, astonished and looking at the huge beast almost with affright; every one overwhelming me with congratulations at having slain the monster, which had so long been the terror of the whole neighbourhood. I must confess, indeed, that I was in a strange state of mind, for never had I encountered a danger more imminent, or more terrific in its aspect; never had I won a victory which gave me more satisfaction at the moment.

We were forced to cut away the underwood before we could drag the fallen monster out of the wood into the nearest road, where he lay for some time.

Meanwhile, Floresko said to me, that he greatly feared his head steward, Kostaki, had been the victim of this day; for that he had

Digitized by Google

met him in a frightful situation. And shortly after, the poor fellow was brought on a bier. He was horrible to look at; his flesh, like his clothes, hung in shreds—the bowels torn out—the spine broken; all help was vain. After a few hours' agony, he expired. Thus the ferocious beast died not unavenged. and our triumph was bought at too dear a price.

The bear was now laid on a vast wagon or dray, drawn by four oxen, to be taken to Bucharest. This project, however, we were obliged to abandon, for the body was so extremely offensive, that the atmosphere of our head-quarters was quite infected by it. It was, therefore, flayed; it contained from 780 to 800 pounds (French) of fat, and 963 pounds of flesh and bone; from the extremity of the spine to the forehead, it measured nineteen feet, and according to a calculation founded on the system of Dr. Gall, must have been 170 or 180 years old. The fur was perfectly black; the teeth were very much worn away. It was certainly a Siberian bear, which had been hunted at different periods, and gradually driven into these regions. In his left hind leg and in his back were found two points of arrows. The skin I gave to my friend the Turkish general, Namik Pacha, who has lately travelled in Europe, charged with various missions by the Sultan. The skull I have still, and a part of the fat, which is in my ice-house at Bucharest.

Since then, I have heard that the consort of my formidable antagonist had been seen with two cubs, already as big as large oxen, in the forest skirting the district of Poeinar, and they affirm that she is nowise inferior to her deceased mate in size or ferocity. So gentlemen, (said Signor Alcibiades, laughing,) you may win laurels like those which crown me, and you will thus far outdo Hercules and his wild boar; for a boar can hardly see two feet above his head, is very awkward at turning, and was never known to climb a tree; whereas no human foot can escape an evil-disposed bear.

The Gatherer.

Kean.—At Birmingham, his benefit was a total failure; in the last scene of the play ("A New Way to pay Old Debts,") an allusion is made to the marriage of a lady; he suddenly said, "Take her, sir; and—the Birmingham audience into the bargain."

Kitty Clover.—Little Knight wrote a song called "Kitty Clover," the melody of which Kean played over one day in the presence of his (Knight's) son; it was subsequently brought out as "composed by Mr. Kean." Knight was attempting to flatter the tragedian by talking *at* him of the beauty of the melody to Miss Stephens, whom he persuaded to sing a serious song that he had written to the air. Kean turned away from Jerry Blossom, and said to a friend, "Don't mind that fellow; the truth is, I was out all night in Glasgow, and heard a soldier, who was as drunk as myself, whistling an air: my ear is quick, and I caught up something like the melody in question; but as no one has claimed it, I suppose it's *bad enough* to be mine."

Regent's Park Improvements.—The Commissioners of Woods and Forests are employing a number of workmen in throwing open the interior of the Park as a public promenade, commencing from the entrance of Park-square, and extending to the Zoological Gardens. The serpentine walks which front Cambridge, Chester, and Gloucester terraces are completed. The thick plantations of underwood are now removed. The Commissioners have also given directions for the whole space extending from Gloucester-gate to the termination of the plantations of the Earl of Dundonald, a distance of nearly a mile and a half, to be thrown open to the public.

Richmond Park.—The property of the late Lord Huntingtower, at Petersham has been recently purchased by the Crown, and is now in progress of being added to Richmond Park. By the removal of an extensive plantation, a view as beautiful as the one seen from Richmond Hill, will be thrown into sight, and the public will be gratified with a walk along the brow of the hill, which cannot fail to delight them, in which clumps of cedars, perhaps the finest in Europe, form a prominent feature. This admirable improvement has been effected by the good taste and perseverance of the Surveyor of his Majesty's park.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Moonlight.—The effect of the moonlight on the eyes in Egypt, (says Mr. Carne,) is singularly injurious; the natives tell you, as I found afterwards they did in Arabia, to cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. The moon in Egypt strikes and affects the sight, when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun; a fact of which I had a very unpleasant proof one night, and took care to guard against it afterwards. Indeed, a person who should sleep with his face exposed at night, would soon have his sight utterly impaired or destroyed. W. G. C.

The vulgar heart of prosperity cannot comprehend the delicate sentiments of misfortune.—*Chateaubriand.*

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 665.] SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1834. [Price 2d.

GUILSBOROUGH SCHOOL.

Guilsborough, a small parish in Northamptonshire, has been especially fortunate in its provision for public education. It contains a free school for the instruction of youth in English, writing, &c., and a free grammar-school, the considerable building represented in the above Engraving.

This school was founded by indenture, dated 8th of March, 1688, by Sir John Langham,* Bart. of Cottesbrook, in this county, and endowed with a salary of 50*l.* a year to a master, 20*l.* to an usher, and 10*l.* for keeping the dwelling house, school, and other premises in constant repair. These several sums are paid out of the manor and lands of Sibertoft, now producing 160*l.* per annum.

The school is *free* for the youth of Guilsborough, Cotesbrook, Thornby, and Cold Ashby, or any other place within the distance of four miles. The government is invested in Trustees, who, when reduced to four, are to nominate others.

"Upwards of half a century ago, many of the sons of the neighbouring gentry were educated here, when Rugby School was less eminent than it is now. But for many years past, (until within about the last six years,) the School has been a sinecure, without either Free Boys, or Private Boarders."†

The munificent founder of this school, Sir John Langham, Bart., was the first of his family that received the honour of knighthood. He was a merchant and alderman of London, and with the Lord Mayor, Sir John Gayer, was sent to the Tower in 1647. After being liberated, Sir John was again committed, with Sir Abraham Richardson, Knt. and Mayor, in 1648, for refusing to publish an Act entitled, "An Act for the Exheredation of the Royal Line, the Abolishment of Monarchy in the Kingdom, and the Setting up of a Commonwealth." As a reward for his unshaken loyalty, on the Restoration, he was created a baronet by Charles II.

Sir John Langham and his lady are buried in the south cross aisle of Cold Ashby church. On an altar tomb of black marble are the recumbent effigies of the Knight in his alderman's gown, and his lady dressed in the full costume of the time. The inscription states Sir John to have died May 13th,

* Ancestor of Sir James Langham, who built Langham Place, Regent Street.

† Carlisle's *Endowed Grammar Schools*, 1818.

Digitized by Google

1671; and Dame Mary, his wife, to have died April 8, 1652.

Besides the school at Guilsborough, Sir John founded and endowed in the year previous to his death, an hospital in Cottesbrook, for two poor widowers and six poor widows.

APOPHTHEGMS.

He is unworthy to be a magistrate, who is not better than his subjects.—(Cyrus.) "How much pleasure have I hitherto lived a stranger to!" said Artaxerxes Mnemon, when reduced to hunger by the loss of his baggage.—When Anaxagoras was thrown into prison and condemned, he said, "Nature long ago pronounced the same sentence against me." On receiving the news of the death of one of his sons, while delivering a lecture on philosophy, he calmly said, "I knew that I begat him mortal." Being asked just before his death whether he wished to be carried for interment to Clazomene, his native city, he said, "It is unnecessary; the way to the regions below is every where alike open." Anacharsis used to say, "The best method of teaching a youth sobriety, is to set before his eyes a drunken man: the vine bears three sorts of fruit; the first, pleasure; the second, intoxication; the third, remorse." To an Athenian of infamous character, who reproached him for being a Scythian, he said, "My country may be a disgrace to me; but you are a disgrace to your country." As he was one day considering the thickness of the planks of a ship, he cried out: "Alas! those who go to sea are but four inches distant from death." Being asked what was the most secure ship, he replied, "That which is arrived in port." He often repeated, that "every man should be particularly careful to make himself master of his tongue and his belly." Being asked what was the best and what the worst part of a man, he answered, "The tongue." "It is much better," said he, "to have but one friend, if he be faithful to us, than a great number of those who are always ready to follow the change of fortune." He used to compare laws to spiders' webs, and to ridicule Solon, who pretended to restrain the passions of mankind by pieces of writing. Anacharsis was introduced to the society of the principal persons at Athens, and was the first stranger upon whom the Athenians conferred the honour of citizenship. P. T. W.

STENOGRAPHY.

This mode of writing was known to the Greeks; and Plutarch, in his life of Cato, informs us that the celebrated speech of that patriot relating to Catiline's conspiracy, was taken in short-hand. Cicero, at that time consul, placed *notarii*, or short-hand writers, in different parts of the senate-house to preserve the speech. We are also further informed, that Titus Vespasian was remarkable for the rapidity with which he wrote short-hand. He not only applied it to purposes of business, but of diversion; it was his custom to get his amanuenses together, and entertain himself with trying which of them could write the fastest.

Nothing can more fully prove the interest which is attached to the study of short-hand at the present time, than the number of publications on the subject, each of which professes to be superior to all that have gone before. It would be well for the credit of the art, if more attention was paid to those grand requisites, expedition and legibility; some are so short they cannot be read, and others so long they cannot be written. Every one must invent a *new* mode, rather than put forth an old one of unquestionable excellence.

The system, however, of Byrom, who, by his scholars, was called the Grand Master, is rapidly gaining ground, to the delight of every admirer of rational stenography. It is a system so replete with beauty, so ingenious in its contrivance, and the testimonies in its behalf are so numerous, that it must eventually supersede all others. The original work, (a posthumous one,) published in 1767, had long been out of print, when Mr. Molineux of Macclesfield, the reviver of Byrom's system, brought out an edition of the work, accompanied by a stenographical copy-book; since that time, various other editions of Byrom have been published with considerable success, and the demand is still increasing.

In a very interesting lecture on the short-hand of Byrom, lately delivered at Exeter Hall, London, by Mr. G. W. Jones, professor and teacher of stenography, it was well observed that "the immortal Byrom took the three great principles of mathematics for the basis of his system; and thus, on reviewing it, it will be found that a circle, line, and point are the only constituents of which it is composed.

"Of the point he made the vowels, distinguishing each by its locality with the consonant to which it is most nearly connected, and rendering its application such, that wherever it is desirable, every vowel in a word may be expressed *so that one can never be mistaken for another*. Of the other parts he formed the consonants. First, from the circle he obtained eight simple characters in the following manner:—by describing a square within it, he formed four; these he called D, M, N, and P; by dividing it again by an horizontal line and by a perpendicular, he obtained four other characters, two of which he appropriated to the letter B, and the remaining two to the

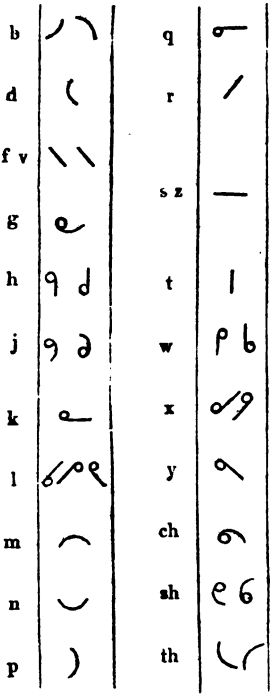
Digitized by Google

useful compound Th; the horizontal line he called the S, and the perpendicular he denominated the T. Again, by drawing two oblique lines of 45° inversely, he made two other characters, which he appropriated to the letters F and R; and thus, having found simple figures for the letters most commonly in use, by the addition of a loop, or small circle to those characters, *not indiscriminately placed*, but with the greatest care and ingenuity, he composed representatives for all the other letters, in such a manner as to enable the poet truly to exclaim

"Clear and unbroken flow the level lines,
And each smooth stroke with simple neatness joins."

Thus we find that Byrom's system is purely mathematical—that the alphabet does not contain a character of an indefinite description, but that each may be defined with clearness and precision.

By reference to the annexed alphabet of Byrom, the force of the above remarks will be clearly demonstrated. R. ROFFE.



Manners and Customs.

PRISON INDULGENCE.

AN indulgence extends to every debtor confined in the prison of Swansea Castle, by virtue of which the prisoners have an opportunity, if their debts be small, with a little exertion of prudence, and economy, to liberate themselves from the horrors of a jail. Having obtained this indulgence, (which, on proper representation, it is in the power of the high bailiff to grant,) they are allowed to expose whatever articles their slender funds may enable them to muster, for sale in the open street, on that side of the market-place next to the castle. The limits of this bailiwick are distinctly pointed out by a range of small stones down the highway, and within this boundary the debtors are as secure from the molestation of their creditors as though they were confined within the walls of the castle.

W. G. C.

HADDINGTON WHIPMEN PLAY.

AT Haddington, a number of rustics, mounted on less rustic-looking chargers, all grotesquely decorated with a profusion of ribands, parade the streets, previous to their conducting one of their own number, who, during the day, is never addressed in other words than "my lord," and who is invested with the power of settling all disputes and awarding the different prizes to be run for, to the scene of contest, amidst the happy cheers of a thousand schoolboys, whose leave of absence from school has been asked and obtained by "my lord." The awkward gambols of the long-tailed wights of the plough are truly laughable, and are followed by foot-races, a sack-race, and other sports and amusements.

W. G. C.

FAIR AUCTION.

A SINGULAR custom prevails among the young rustics on the banks of the Eiffel, on the north-eastern frontier of France. On the morning of St. Mathew's day, they collect together from the several villages, and put up the whole maiden portion of the community to auction, calling out the name of every lass in succession, and knocking her down to the highest bidder. The fortunate purchaser, in right of his acquisition, is entitled to become her *cavaliere servente* for the next six months. In other districts, the youth draw lots, when they plant the May-tree, for the maidens of their respective villages, and each of them becomes, for one twelvemonth afterwards, the sweetheart elect of the damsel whose name he has drawn. If she marry, and he has not previously renounced his right, she enjoys the privilege of calling upon him to give her a good character.—W. G. C.

LES CHAMPS DE MARS ET DE MAI, &c.

THESE were annual assemblies held in the early period of the French monarchy, and in which whatever related to the general welfare of the nation was submitted to the public deliberation, and determined by the suffrage of

the people. These assemblies were called "*Champs*," because they were held in the open air, that the number of people who had a right to be present, could there assemble: they were named "*Champs de Mars et de Mai*," from the months in which they were held. Childebert, in the year 532, says, "We have treated in the assembly of *March*, together with our nobles, concerning some affairs; and we now publish the conclusion, that it may come to the knowledge of all: We have agreed together with our vassals. It is agreed in the assembly that we are all united." The Salic laws, the most ancient monument of French jurisprudence, were enacted in the same way. In their charters, the kings of the first race specified that they were granted with the consent of their vassals. In these assemblies, their authority was very limited. In the assembly of *March* and *May*, it was the custom to make the king a present of money, of horses, or arms, &c. This custom was derived from the Germans, and these gifts were part of the royal revenue.

Clotaire the second, instituted a kind of parliament in his own palace: he also submitted the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of his kingdom to a council composed of people celebrated for their high rank and attainments in wisdom. He died in the year 628, having acquired the titles of the *Great* and *Debonair*. P. T. W.

CURIOUS ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD.

THE *Amaranth* was an order of knighthood, instituted in Sweden by Queen Christina, in 1653, at the close of an annual feast, celebrated in that country, called *Wirtschaft*. This feast was solemnized with balls, masquerades, &c. and held from evening till the next morning. The Queen changed the name, (as too vulgar,) to that of the *Feast of the gods*, and each person personified some deity, as it fell to his lot. The queen assumed the name of *Amarante*, i. e. *unfading* or *immortal*. The young nobility, dressed in the habit of nymphs and shepherds, served the gods at the table. At the end of the feast, the Queen threw off her habit, which was covered with diamonds, leaving it to be pulled in pieces by the masques; and in memory of so gallant a feast, founded a military order called in Swedish *gescilchaffi*, into which all that had been present at the feast were admitted, including sixteen lords, and as many ladies, besides the Queen. Their device was the cipher of Amarante, composed of two A's, the one direct, the other inverted, and interwoven together on a jewel of gold adorned with diamonds; the whole inclosed by a laurel crown, with this motto, *Dolce nella memoria*. The jewel was worn by the knights either from a gold chain, or a crimson or blue ribbon. Bulstrode Whitlock, the English ambassador from Cromwell to the court of Sweden, was made Knight of the order of Amarante, on which account it seems to be that we sometimes find him styled Sir Bulstrode Whitlock.

P. T. W.

New Books.

SCENES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF FLY-FISHING.

(*Concluded from page* 350.)

[WE resume the conversation at Coquetdale as follows:—]

Burrell. Walton's instance of Antony's angling is very ill chosen, for the passage in Plutarch wherein it is mentioned shows it to have been altogether a pitiful exhibition. Think of an *angler* employing divers to hook his fish on—this was indeed imperial angling! I think I see the "world's great master," when in the pride of his heart he had pulled up a prime large fish, and found it to be a dried haddock, which Cleopatra, who had found out the secret of his success, had bribed the divers to put on. Notwithstanding George IV.'s splendid book of flies, which a few years ago was exhibited at the maker's, to the great admiration of cockney anglers, the fishing excursions on Virginia water were little calculated to afford amusement to a genuine disciple of the rod and line—at least in the way of angling. It was yet pleasant sometimes to see a pike landed to the sound of soft music, while the lord in waiting, having his hands covered with a pair of French gloves, worked himself into a state of gentle perspiration in trying to get the hook out of the pike's mouth, without having a finger snapped off by the sharp-toothed water-wolf.

Bell. Sir Humphry Davy has mentioned Nelson as being an ardent fly-fisher, and so fond of the sport, that he continued to angle after he had lost his right arm. To the list of eminent characters who have been lovers of angling let me add the name

"Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain side,"—

Robert Burns. Among the living worthies of the present age, who have not yet arrived at the full maturity of fame—

"True, perfect fame springs only from the grave
Of him whose deeds and worth it consecrates"—

the Ettrick Shepherd may be noticed as an expert angler; and Professor Wilson,—as I have heard from one who has fished with him,—is one of the best fly-fishers that ever threw a line in the Tweed. Wordsworth also is an angler, and I fancy that in many of his poems may be traced images which have reference to, or have been suggested by, the delightful art of angling. When I think of his description, in the Excursion, of the trouts, which a boy has caught, laid on a blue slate-stone, I almost fancy that I see

them in reality, as I have seen them so often. The colours of a newly caught trout are never seen to such advantage as when the fish is displayed on a smooth wet slate. Cooper, the next time he paints trout, may take a hint from Wordsworth.

The Rev. J. T This talk of eminent and talented men who have been anglers brings to my recollection the name of Hill, the learned tailor, whom Spence, in a little volume printed at Strawberry Hill, has compared to that "helluo librorum," Magliabecchi. Hill initiated into the mysteries of fly-fishing a young scholar, who, in return, taught him Greek; one of the finest instances of mutual instruction that ever came to my knowledge. Emerson, the mathematician, was also a fly-fisher; and I have fished in the Tees with an old angler who acquired his knowledge of algebra and the art of dressing and throwing a fly from the eccentric geometer of Hurworth.* Dr. Birch, formerly Secretary to the Royal Society, was a lover of angling; and Dr. Wollaston and Sir Humphry Davy in our own times are instances of men of the highest philosophic attainments finding pleasure in the exercise of the rod and line.

Burrell. I am inclined to think the three last named were amateurs rather than proficients in fly-fishing. Dr. Birch was evidently *known* to the fish, or he would not have taken such pains to disguise himself like the stump of an old tree when angling. Of Dr. Wollaston's fly-fishing acquirements I know nothing more than what Sir Humphry Davy reports; and that is not much, beyond the fact of his using Indian rubber with a slit in it to straighten the gut on which his hooks were tied. Sir Humphry himself, I suspect, was only great as an angler among F. R. S's. Among the accomplished anglers of Tweedside and the Highland Lochs, he was only, as I have heard, President of the Royal Society; rather ingenious in devising improvements in angling than skilful in catching fish.

* * * * *

Oliver.—You were acquainted with Thomas Bewick, I believe, Mr. Bell,—was he an angler?

Bell. Certainly he was. With his love of hills and streams, green fields, and trees, and flowers, and of all the beautiful animals which run, and swim, and fly,—

"——— fair creatures! to whom Heaven
A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given"—

how could he be otherwise? In one of his angling excursions in Cumberland, and in the Western Highlands of Scotland, he made many of those sketches which were afterwards introduced as tail-pieces in the Quadrupeds and British Birds, and which are so forcibly stamped with the impress of genius and truth. If ever an artist deserved the name of "pupil of Nature," it was Bewick. * * * It is much to be regretted by every lover of Natural History, and by anglers in particular, that Bewick did not live to finish his long projected work on fishes, which is certainly much wanted.

[Gleanings in Glendale form the second conversation, which is preceded by some shrewd remarks on the anathemas on angling by Dr. Johnson and Lord Byron. In the parlour at the Tankerville Arms, the talkers are Reed and Roddam, Northumbrians, and good Stephen. The following relates to what may be called the coxcombry of angling:—]

Oliver. Do you not think that there is a good deal of trifling in most books on angling on the subject of dressing flies? A person who has never seen a fly dressed is about as likely to learn to dance a hornpipe as to learn to dress a fly by book—and when the operation has been once observed, all written directions are mere waste paper. You may teach a boy in ten minutes how to make a wooden whistle from a slender branch of plane-tree or willow, provided you let him see you at work; but an intelligent man shall not be able, after half a day's study, to form the thing from a mere account of the process upon paper. Most of our teachers of the art of angling are too fond of dilating upon that which their books can give only an imperfect idea of, while they are comparatively silent on subjects which are really useful and interesting. Among all the books that have appeared on the subject of angling, I would not give one of them a place in my travelling trunk, except old father Walton—and him I value, not from his instructing an angler how to fish, but from the purity and beauty of his reflections and observations, which may teach all men whose minds are not insensible to the charms of Nature, how to enjoy them.

Reed. I entirely agree with you. The introduction of the dubbing-bag generally acts as a composer, even upon the most wake-rife student, who is anxious to read himself into a "complete angler," and to sally forth to the streams a perfect adept in the "mysteries of the rod and line," warranted to kill the first throw. Flies natural often interrupt our repose, but the long-winded, trifling description of flies artificial is very apt to set us to sleep; and the sum total only serves to prove a fact which the teachers appear not indisposed to conceal—that hungry trouts are not very particular in their selection of flies, but will rise at such whose original type is not to be found either on earth or in air. The direction, generally given in most books on angling, to beat the

* Hurworth, a pleasant village, in the churchyard of which Emerson is buried, is about three miles S. E. of Darlington.

Digitized by Google

bushes by the side of a stream for the purpose of seeing what kind of flies are abroad, is also a piece of information, which, for any use that it is of, might be dispensed with. Let the knowing theorist make the experiment some morning or afternoon in the months of June or July, by beating the bushes with the stock of his rod, and, buzz! a thousand flies are on the wing, of at least a dozen different shapes and hues. Well, he has beaten the bushes according to the rule—what has he to do next? Does his guide inform him which to select—which at that hour are playing at the surface of the stream, or which, for the purpose of depositing their eggs, are then seeking the shade of the trees and bushes? He does no such thing, but leaves his pupil, after telling him how he may raise a host of flies, to put one on his hook according to his own judgment—which is, in other words, telling him how on a small scale he may produce a little "sound and fury signifying nothing," unless he should happen to rouse a nest of wasps, which, perhaps, may teach him a lesson that will render him cautious in beating the bushes again. Walton has observed with great truth and humour, "that whereas it is said by many that in fly-fishing for a trout, the angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year; I say, he that follows that rule shall be as sure to catch fish, and be as wise as he that makes hay by the fair days in an *almanac*, and no surer." This passage, which stands in the preface, where it is apt to be overlooked, should be diligently noted by the speculative angler, who thinks to become master of his art by diligent study rather than by practice and experience.

* * * * *

Some writers on angling, who profess to teach the art with as much precision as a village dominie does the rule of three, direct the novice when he has taken a trout* to examine his stomach to see what kind of flies he has been feeding on, and to put on his artificial fly accordingly. My advice is: continue to fish with the fly which you have succeeded with, and when the fish refuse to take it, you may then, if you please, examine the stomach of one which you have caught. But even this is a very questionable guide, as fish will not unfrequently rise at an artificial fly of quite a different shade to those that are playing on the water, and on which they have been previously feeding. I have often known a red hackle or a dun fly take trouts when they would not look at either the artificial or the natural May fly, though hundreds of the latter were at the same time skimming the surface of the stream.

* * * * *

* This piece of advice first occurs in the "Treatyse of fysshynge with an Angle," in the book of St. Alban's.

Oliver. Do you know any precise standard for the length of a perfect rod?

Reed. Do I know any precise standard for the breadth of a perfect trout stream?—No: I use a rod suitable to the breadth of the water I fish in, and my own power of casting; and however broad the stream, whether fishing for salmon or trout, I never use one more than fifteen feet long, with which I can throw more accurately the same length of line than I can with a rod three feet longer. Whenever I see a gentleman dressed in fashionable angling costume—a broad-brimmed straw hat, new short-lapped coat, caoutchouc boots, and a dirty-looking broad-striped shirt—angling with an eighteen feet rod in a stream that he might stride over, I set him down at once as a novice, fresh from Cockneyshire and a perusal of "Walton's Complete Angler," which, perchance, he carries in his creel, where it is in little danger of being soiled by any fish he may catch. With respect to lines and hooks, the former should always be as fine as possible, consistent with strength, more especially the foot line, which I think should be dyed of a bluish green shade, and may serve for all states of the water, whether clear or discoloured, for in the latter case it will not be so readily perceived as to render a change of colour necessary. The chief excellence of a hook is to be of a proper temper, neither so brittle as to break when the fish is struck, nor so soft as to straighten with a dead pull. Though I mostly use Carlisle hooks, as being most readily obtained in this part of the country, I occasionally try a Kirby or a Limerick, and if they be equally well tempered, one is equally as good as another for holding fish, so far as my observation extends.

[We know little of the pleasures of angling near London, as appears by the following passage.]

Oliver. When you were in London in September last, did you visit any of the fishing-tackle maker's shops, Mr. Reed, and did you take a day's fishing in the neighbourhood?

Reed. I did both—and I must confess that such flies and such tackle I never saw before. It is a pity that the rivers near London afford so little worthy of employing them. I was out one day at the river Lea, which to me seemed little better than a great mill-dam, winding its sluggish way through a marshy flat, and affording the chance of catching a dozen perch or roach in a long day's fishing, with perhaps as many pike in a week. I also tried the river Colne, but from the success—or rather the want of it—which I met with on both occasions, I should be tempted, were I to become a resident in London, to abandon angling entirely, and console myself with thinking on "the days o' lang syne." Float-fishing for roach or

Digitized by Google

barbel in the Thames has also no charms for me; my old tastes and habits are too deeply rooted to allow of my being conveniently transplanted to a punt to enjoy a six hours' fishing bout under the arch of a bridge, or by the side of a jetty. Those, however, who are accustomed to it, and who have never known better fishing, may, perhaps, feel as much pleasure in watching their floats sink from a bite as I do in throwing a fly, and drawing the bright trouts out of the Glen and the Till—though I can scarcely think so either. There *is* some difference in the feeling with which a man follows the moor-cock on the fell, and slinks after sparrows in the hedge—although he may shoot the latter with a double-barrelled Manton, while he brings down the mountain-bird with an old flint-and-steel. Give me the clear streams of my native county, and my own home-made tackle, and let who will fish, with their well varnished rods and silken lines, in the Thames, the Colne, and the Lea. One day, when I was out at Hampton Court, I saw such a specimen of Thames angling as I shall not readily forget. A great, stout man, with top boots on, and his waistcoat loose for the purpose of displaying his frill, was seated on a chair in a flat bottomed boat, moored in the middle of the river, *angling*, as he was pleased to call it. The butt-end of the rod was under his toe, and he enjoyed the intervals of a bite—which, I presume, was like an angel's visit—in reading a newspaper and smoking his pipe, occasionally cooling his mouth with a draught of porter; recreation pleasant enough, but no more like angling, as I understand the word, than a drink of Thames water from the reservoir near Chelsea is like quenching your thirst from the living spring as it gushes pure and sparkling from the rock.

[The conversational form is now dropped, and the remainder of the volume is chiefly descriptive—as an angling tour among the hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland. After a lament for the good old times, and a sly shaft at the flood of "mental entertainment" just overwhelming us, there follow instructions for fishing in the mountain streams and a storm at the Lakes. Of the Laureate, at Keswick, is the following piece of pleasantry.]

Sometimes a scout is taken into the pay of a family party to give timely notice of the out-goings of Mr. Southey,—when he quits his library to read the book of Nature under the canopy of heaven,—in order that they may obtain a sight of the laureate wandering in meditative mood, or pouring out, in accents loud, a flood of sounding hexameters to exercise his lungs. The writer was sitting in a friend's garden one evening,

"—— at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
And from surrounding things the hues wherewith day has adorned them,
Fade, like the hopes of youth,"

when he heard a strange, discordant noise at the foot of the lake, which he mistook for the evening tattoo of a bittern, till he was informed that it proceeded from Mr. Southey, who was thus exercising his vocal powers, at a somewhat loud pitch, for the benefit of his health.

[There is an appendix of angling in the olden time—the salmon tribe and their species—Keswick and Ulswater compared—and a list of trout streams; and so ends this delightful little book. By the way, there is a sort of burlesque dedication to the famed editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*:

Clarissimo Viro
Domino Christophero North
Piscatori, Poetæ, Critico;
&c. &c. &c.

not forgetting Fuste, (Hibernice, *shillelah*,) and Scipione (Anglice, *crutch*.) The work is printed in handsome style—such as Stephen Oliver himself must commend.

The Naturalist.

THE RHINOCEROS.

(*Concluded from page* 295.)

In preceding Numbers (657, 658, 659,) of the *Mirror*, the habits and economy of the Indian rhinoceros have received considerable attention; whilst other species have been mentioned, and their leading characteristics enumerated. We now propose to describe the ordinary Cape rhinoceros, chiefly from the details in the valuable Travels of Mr. Burchell, whom we referred to as peculiarly qualified for illustrating the natural history of the countries through which he journeyed.

Of this species of rhinoceros, Mr. Burchell shot nine in the course of his travels, besides a smaller one. The latter has been presented to the British Museum. The animal is, however, becoming every day more and more scarce in Southern Africa, and indeed, is rarely to be met with in some parts. It is fond of inhabiting the open, dry country, abundant in low bushes; but the advances of the colonists, and their destructive huntings have alarmed and driven the rhinoceros more into the interior of the continent.

It appears that in one day, two rhinoceroses were shot by Speelman, the faithful Hottentot who attended Mr. Burchell; and who, upon being requested to give an account of his feats, was, in his manners, so animated and lively, that Mr. Burchell says, he might have been ascribed to any tribe rather than to that of the Colonial Hottentots. As the hunting of a rhinoceros is attended with danger, he certainly had some reason to be proud, when he had, in one day, killed two of these formidable animals.

Digitized by Google

(The Double-horned Rhinoceros.)

Speelman related, that accompanied by some Bushmen, when they came to the place where they expected to find the rhinoceroses, the animals had changed their ground; but they soon discovered no fewer than four, feeding quietly upon the bushes in another part of the plain. They advanced towards the creatures at various distances, according to each man's courage, but Speelman came the first within shot, and wounded one mortally. The other people coming up, fired till it had received seven balls, when it fell dead. He then went in pursuit of the other animals, which had fled over the hills; and having discovered one in the middle of the open plain, Speelman approached fortunately unperceived, and brought it down with a single ball; nor did he fail with exultation to remark, that he had that day fired off his gun but twice, and at each time had killed a rhinoceros.

Speelman was somewhat experienced in chasing rhinoceroses; and he described the smell of the animals to be so keen and nice, that they know, even at a great distance, whether any man be coming towards them; and on the first suspicion of this, take to flight. Therefore, it is only by approaching them against the wind, or to the leeward, that the hunter can ever expect to get within musket-shot. Yet, in doing this, he must move silently and cautiously, so as not to make the least noise in the bushes, as he passes through them; otherwise, *the hearing* of the rhinoceros is so exceedingly quick, that it would instantly take alarm, and move far away to some more undisturbed spot.

But the dangerous part of the business *is*, that when rhinoceroses are thus disturbed, they sometimes become furious, and pursue their enemy; and then, if once they get sight of the hunter, it is impossible for him to escape, unless he possess extraordinary coolness and presence of mind. Yet if he will quietly wait till the enraged animal make a run at him, and will then spring suddenly on one side to let it pass, he may gain time enough for reloading his gun, before the rhinoceros get sight of him again, which, fortunately, it does slowly and with difficulty. The knowledge of this *imperfection of sight*, which is occasioned, perhaps, by the excessive smallness of the aperture of the eye, (its greatest length being only one inch,) in proportion to the bulk of the animal, encourages the hunter to advance without taking much pains to conceal himself; and by attending to the usual precautions just mentioned, he may safely approach within musket-shot.

The first rhinoceros shot by Speelman was a male of a large size. No hair whatever was to be seen upon it, excepting at the edge of the ears, and on the extremity of the tail. The *bullets*, though cast with an admixture of tin to render them harder, were flattened, or beat out of shape, by striking against the bones; but those which were found lodged in the fleshy part, had preserved their proper form; a fact which shows how little the hardness of the creature's hide corresponds with the vulgar opinion of its being impenetrable to a musket-ball.

Mr. Burchell found this rhinoceros nearly cut up. On each side of the carcass, the Hottentots had made a fire to warm themselves; and round a third fire, were assembled, at least, twenty-four Bushmen, most of whom were employed the whole night long, in broiling, eating, and talking. Their appetite seemed insatiable; for no sooner had they broiled and eaten one slice of meat, than they turned to the carcass, and cut another. The meat was excellent, and had much of the taste of beef.

In the middle of a dry and extensive plain, thinly covered with low bushes, Mr. Burchell and his guides found the *second rhinoceros;* at which Speelman, with a party of natives, had arrived an hour earlier, to prevent its being cut up. Mr. Burchell made drawings of this animal, one of which furnished the original of the subjoined Cut: it lay in a position very favourable for this purpose; having fallen on its knees, and remaining nearly in the same attitude as when alive.

The first view of this beast suggested the idea of an enormous hog, to which, besides in its general form, it bears some outward resemblance in the shape of its skull, the smallness of its eyes, and the proportionate size of its ears; but in its shapeless, clumsy

legs and feet, it more resembles the hippopotamus and elephant. It is, in fact, in many less obvious particulars, closely allied to all these; and by later naturalists, has been arranged in the same class with them.

Its length over the forehead and along the back, from the extremity of the nose to the insertion of the tail, was 11 ft. 2 in. English measure;* but in a direct line not more than 9 ft. 3 in. The tail, which was flattened vertically, measured 20 in., and the circumference of the largest part of the body, 8 ft. 4 in. On examining its mouth, Mr. Burchell found, agreeably to common opinion, no incisive or fore teeth in either jaw; on the upper jaw on each side, were five large grinders, and a smaller one at the back; but in the lower, there were six grinders, besides the small back tooth. The ink which our traveller carried with him being nearly dried up, he was obliged to write its description in his memorandum-book, with the animal's own blood.†

As Mr. Burchell professed to shoot these animals for the advantage principally of the natives, he had not intended taking for himself and his party, more of the meat than enough for a day or two; but as a proof of the improvident disposition of the Hottentots, he discovered that his people, satisfied with what they had eaten on the spot, were not prepared to bring any away with them, till he ordered a quantity to be loaded up, at least for his own use, as the meat of the second rhinoceros seemed, as a change of food, more wholesome and of a better taste than the African mutton. "The tongue," says Mr. Burchell, "would have been pronounced a dainty treat, even by an epicure." The Hottentots, however, thought only of the brandy and tobacco, which they were to get by selling their *shamboks*, and had, therefore, cut up the hide of both the animals into strips for this purpose.

When Mr. Burchell had finished his drawings, and the Hottentots had loaded up as many shamboks as the oxen could carry, he left the natives busily employed in cutting up their meat; and returned to the place of the first rhinoceros. Here Mr. Burchell assembled all his own people; as soon as they had taken another meal as a farewell to their game, and had packed up another quantity of the hide, they set out on their return home. In their way they met a large party of the natives, men and women, who joyously greeted them as they passed, and said they were going to assist their friends at the rhinoceros; that is, to eat and feast, day and night, till they had consumed the whole of it.

The *shambok*, above mentioned, is a strip, three feet or more in length, of the hide either of a hippopotamus or of a rhinoceros, rounded to the thickness of a man's finger, and tapering to the top. This is universally used in the colony of the Cape for a horsewhip, and is much more durable than the whips of European manufacture. It is not, however, peculiar to the Cape, but forms likewise an article of trade in Northern Africa.

The food of the rhinoceros, till the animal fled before the colonists, was a neat, pale, bushy shrub of the height of three or four feet, called *Rhinoster-bosch*, or Rhinoceros-bush. The leaves are very minute, and like scales, in the manner of the cypress; the flowers are small, and though very numerous, are neither showy nor ornamental, being of a simple, herbaceous colour. Several species, which in growth resemble this one, are all, without distinction, called by the colonists, *Rhinoster-bosch*, and perhaps have, in former days, been equally the favourite food of the rhinoceros. It abounds in dry, hilly lands; and occupying extensive tracts, gives a peculiar character to the landscape. The monotony becomes tedious; but the roads through what is called a rhinoceros-bush country, are always very good.

(The Rhinoceros-bush.)

The rhinoceros-bush is well known for its valuable property of burning while green, as freely as the driest fuel; and whole plants, when thrown on the fire, blaze up in

* The length of the young rhinoceros at the Surrey Zoological Gardens is 4 ft. 10 in. or 9 in. less than half the size of that above described.

† Similar use is made of the blood of the hippopotamus, which is employed by Indian painters in preparing their colours. Mr. Burchell's explanation of the formation of the horn of the rhinoceros will be found at page 258 of the present volume, and need not be re-quoted.

an instant, the larger stems giving a very strong heat and flame. By this means, the Hottentots make a roadside fire, and broil their meat with great expedition. Although Mr. Burchell ventures to assert that the plant contains a considerable quantity of either inflammable oil or resinous gum, these are not discoverable with the eye.

The Public Journals.

CHATEAUBRIAND.*

Malesherbes.

The scene now changes to Paris. The venerable Monsieur de Malesherbes, the defender of Louis XVI., and whose daughter was married to the elder brother of Chateaubriand, seems to have been the first who appreciated the talents of young François. The following is the sketch which the memoirs give of this venerable character, who afterwards, in his extreme old age, with his grand-daughter and her husband, perished by the guillotine:—"The alliance which united his family to mine procured me often the happiness of approaching him. I seemed to become stronger and freer in my mind when in the presence of this virtuous man, who, in the midst of the corruption of courts, had preserved, in an elevated rank, the integrity and courage of a patriot. I shall long recollect the last interview I had with him: it was in the morning. I found him, by chance, alone with his grand-daughter. He spoke of Rousseau with an emotion that I fully partook of. I shall never forget the venerable old man condescending to give me advice, and saying,—"I am wrong to speak of these things with you; I should rather urge you to moderate that warmth of heart which brought so much evil on our friend. I have been like you: injustice revolted me; I have done as much good as I could, without counting on the gratitude of men. You are young, you have many things to see. I have but a short time to live." I suppress what the freedom of intimate conversation, and the indulgence of his character, made him add. The pain which I experienced on quitting him, felt like a presentiment that I should never see him again!

"Monsieur de Malesherbes was a man of large stature, but the feebleness of his health prevented him from appearing so. That which was astonishing in him was the energy with which he expressed himself in his extreme old age. If you saw him seated without speaking, with his sunken eyes, his grey eyelashes, and his benevolent air, you would have taken him for one of those august personages painted by Lesueur. But when the sensitive chords were touched, the lightning flashed forth. His eyes immediately opened and expanded. Words of fire came from his mouth; his air, from pensive, became animated, and a young man in all the effervescence of youth seemed before you; but his bald head, his words a little confused, from the defect of his pronunciation, caused by his want of teeth, recalled again the old man. This contrast redoubled the charm found in his conversation, as one admires those fires which burn in the midst of the snows of winter."

Louis XVI.

From the city, Monsieur de Chateaubriand passes to the Court. To be presented to the King, it was necessary to be military, and of the grade of captain at least. He, therefore, obtained that rank, and was admitted to the honours of the Court, and saw Louis XVI. face to face. Thus he speaks of this unhappy and amiable monarch and victim:—

"Louis XVI. was of an advantageous stature; his shoulders were large, and his belly prominent. His walk was ungainly, rolling, as it were, from one leg to the other; his vision was short; his eyes half shut; his mouth large; his voice hollow and vulgar. He was fond of a hearty laugh: his air announced gaiety,—not the gaiety, perhaps, of a superior mind, but the cordial joy of an honest man, coming from a conscience without reproach. He was not without knowledge, especially in geography. For the rest, he had his weaknesses like other men. He loved, for example, to play tricks upon his pages, and to spy, at five o'clock in the morning, from the windows of the palace, the movements of the gentlemen of the Court as they left their apartments. If at a hunt one passed between him and the stag, he was subject to sudden fits of anger, as I have experienced myself. One day, when it was excessively hot, an old gentlemen of the stables, who had followed the chase, being fatigued, got down from his horse, and, stretching himself on his back, fell asleep in the shade. Louis passed by, perceived him, and thought it a good joke to wake him up. He got down, then, from his horse, and, without wishing to hurt this ancient servant, he let fall rather a heavy stone on his breast. Awakening up, the old gentleman, in the first moment of pain and anger, called out, 'Ah! I know you well in this trick; you were so from your infancy; you are a tyrant, a cruel man, a ferocious animal!' And he continued to overwhelm the King with insults. His Majesty quickly regained his horse, and half laughing, half sorry that he had hurt a man whom he loved much, muttered as he went away,—'Ha, ha! he is angry! he is angry! he is angry;'"

The Revolution—Mirabeau.

But what was Versailles, its Palace, and its Court, to Monsieur de Chateaubriand,

* Concluded from page 364.

whilst the Bastile was taking at Paris, and the Revolution, with its mighty events, were in full career of developement! What his opinions were at the *commencement* of the Revolution is not stated, but he had personal acquaintance with all the great disorganizing spirits, who let loose its fierce elements, and were afterwards pulverized and swept from the scene by its ravaging breath. He seems to have known Mirabeau intimately, dined often with him, and accompanied him to the tavern. One day as they got up together from dinner after a long, animated conversation, Mirabeau, laying his two large hands on the shoulders of his young companion, said to him, alluding to their conversation, "They will never pardon me my superiority." But the horrors of the Revolution soon ensued, and whatever illusions the brilliant vision of prospective liberty and regeneration might have cast over the imagination of the young poet, they quickly melted away at the touch of *humanity*. The blood, the crimes, the rant and fury, which early began to blot out and swallow up every fair hope in despair and dread, awakened his uncontrollable indignation; this was too strong to be suppressed in one so ardent and humane; and on one occasion, seeing a head carried on a pike before his hotel, he called out of his window, "Murder, murder! assassins, assassins!" This virtuous ardour and indignation would soon, doubtless, have brought him to the guillotine, if Monsieur de Malesherbes, compassionating his youth and virtue, and foreseeing, that if he remained in France, he would surely fall a victim to his generous and courageous sentiments, had not persuaded him to make the voyage to America.

"If I were in your place," said Monsieur de Malesherbes, "I would go to America; I would undertake some great enterprise; I would travel for ten years." This idea fired the imagination of young Chateaubriand. He had already a great enterprise in his mind. It is thus he developes in his memoirs the idea of this enterprise:—

"The voyage which I then undertook was only the prelude of another much more important, the plan of which I communicated to Monsieur de Malesherbes on my return. I proposed to myself nothing less than to determine, by land, the grand question of the South Sea passage by the North. It is known, that in spite of the efforts of Captain Cook and other navigators, it has always remained in doubt."

Wanderings in America.

Monsieur de Chateaubriand embarked for America at St. Malo, on the 6th of May, 1791. The sentiments he experienced on his first arrival, are well described in his *Genie du Christianisme*. "I remained for some time with my arms crossed, looking about me with a confusion of feelings and ideas, which I could not disentangle then, and which I cannot at present describe. This continent, unknown by the rest of the world in ancient times, and in the modern for many ages; its first savage destinies, and its fate since the arrival of Christopher Columbus; the domination of the monarchies of Europe shaken off in this new world; their old societies renewed in this young country; a republic of a nature hitherto unknown, announcing a change in the human mind, and in political order; the part which my country had taken in these events; these seas and shores owing partly their independence to French blood; a great man, Washington, arising suddenly in the midst of these discords and deserts, the inhabitant of a flourishing city in the same place, where, a century before, William Penn had bought a slip of ground from some Indians; the United States, sending to France, across the ocean, the revolution and liberty; finally, my own destinies, the discoveries which I aimed at in those native solitudes, which yet extended their vast domains behind the narrow empire of foreign civilization;—these were the reflections which occupied my mind." Another pointed reflection he makes is—"There is nothing old in America, but the woods, the sons of the earth, and liberty, the mother of all human society."

Washington.

The recital of his interview with Washington is very pleasing. "A little house of the English construction, resembling the houses in its neighbourhood, was the palace of the President of the United States. No guards, no valets. I knocked—a young servant-girl opened to me. I asked her if the General was at home. She asked me my name, which being difficult to pronounce in English, she could not retain. But she said, 'Walk in, sir,' and went before me through one of those long and narrow corridors, which serve as a vestibule to English houses. She introduced me into a parlour, and told me the General would attend me. I was not moved; greatness of soul or of fortune never disconcert me. I admire the first, without being humbled by it. The world inspires me with more pity than respect. Never has the face of man troubled me. In a few minutes the General entered. He was a man of large stature, his demeanour calm, rather cold than noble. He resembles his pictures. I presented him my letter in silence; he opened it, turned to the signature, which he read aloud, exclaiming—'Colonel Armand!' It was thus that the Marquis de la Rouverie had signed. We sat down. I explained to him as well as I could the motive of my voyage. He answered me by monosyllables in French or English. He listened to me

Digitized by Google

with astonishment. I approached him, and said with vivacity—'But it is less difficult to discover the North-East passage than to create a people as you have done.'—'*Well, well,*' said he, '*young man,*' stretching to me his hand. He invited me to dine with him on the following day, and we parted.

"I was exact to the rendezvous. We were but five or six guests. The conversation turned almost entirely on the French Revolution. The General showed us the key of the Bastile. These keys were silly toys, which were then distributed in the two worlds. If Washington had seen, like me, the vanquishers of the Bastile in the gutters of Paris, he would have had less faith in his relic. The seriousness and the force of this revolution was not in its bloody orgies. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, the same populace of the Faubourg St. Antoine demolished the Protestant temple of Charenton with as much zeal as they devastated the church of St. Denis in 1793. Such was my meeting with this man, who has emancipated a whole world. Washington had sunk into the tomb before any fame was attached to my name; I passed before him as the most unknown being. He was in all his splendour, and I in all my obscurity. Perhaps, my name did not remain a whole day in his memory. Happy am I, nevertheless, that his regards have fallen upon me. I have felt myself warmed by them during the rest of my life. There is virtue in the regard of a great man. I have seen since Bonaparte. Thus Providence has shown me two persons, whom it has been pleased to place at the head of the destinies of their age."

Return to Europe.

Having taken leave of Washington, Monsieur de Chateaubriand pursues his route.

"Wandering from forest to forest, I approached a new American settlement. One evening, I saw on the banks of a streamlet, a farm-house built of the trunks of trees. I demanded hospitality, and it was granted. The night fell. The habitation was only lighted by the flame of the earth. I sat down by the corner of the chimney; and whilst my hostess prepared my supper, I amused myself in reading, stooping my head, an English journal which had fallen on the ground. I perceived these words written in large letters: 'FLIGHT OF THE KING!' This was an account of the evasion of Louis XVI., and the arrest of the unfortunate monarch at Varennes. The journal also spoke of the increased emigration, and the assembling of nearly all the officers of the army under the banners of the French princes. In this I thought I heard the voice of honour, and I abandoned my projects."

Returned to Philadelphia to embark, the first thing that reminded him he was a civilized man, was his want of money to pay his passage. The Captain, however, consented to take him, trusting to his word for payment. In his passage, he encounters a terrible tempest. The description of this tempest finishes the fourth book. "When a Dutch vessel is assailed by a tempest, officers and sailors shut themselves up in the inside of the vessel; all the port holes are shut; the dog of the vessel is alone left on the deck, who howls at the storm. Meantime the officers and sailors drink and smoke till the storm ceases. When it is over, the dog ceases to bark, and the crew come again on the deck—and I," says he, "I am the dog of the vessel, whom the restoration left on the deck to give warning of the storm, whilst it was under shelter."

As soon as Monsieur de Chateaubriand returns to Paris, he marries, and takes obscure lodgings in a little, obscure street, behind the church of St. Sulpice. His picture of Paris, at that moment of terror, is said to be magnificent and terrible. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, the Convention, the Jacobin club, the theatres, the cries, the clamours, the atrocious vociferations of the Mountain, of the populace, the street scenes, the tribune, the prisons: everything which the ravelled up scene of horror, which Paris in 92 presented, has afforded matter for his eloquent pen. But honour and patriotism called him away from these orgies of blood and crime.

Campaigning.

Monsieur de Chateaubriand then determines to emigrate, but he has no money; the fortune of his wife consisted only of assignats. At last he gets a notary in the Faubourg St. Honoré to advance him 12,000 francs on these assignats. But, on returning home, he meets with a friend; they walk and talk together, and at last they enter a gambling-house. At that time gaming was, perhaps, the most innocent amusement that remained. To a gentleman society was dangerous, and the relaxations of the people were in the clubs and round the scaffold. Whether from curiosity, or *ennui*, or weakness, Monsieur de Chateaubriand plays, and loses all his money except 1,500 francs. With this he departs, gets into a *fiacre*, and drives home. On arriving, however, when he would hand his portfolio to his wife, he finds it gone. He had left it, with his last 1,500 francs, in the hackney-coach. Nevertheless, Monsieur de Chateaubriand had imbibed too much equanimity of soul in the forests and among the savages of America, to be disturbed by this. He sleeps as profoundly and tranquilly as if nothing had happened. In the morning, by great good luck, a young priest comes to him and returns him his

Digitized by Google

portfolio, within which was his name and address, with the money. This priest had hired the hackney-coach immediately after he left it. He now directs his course to Bruxelles, travelling as a wine-merchant, and commissary of the army. Bruxelles was then the general rendezvous of the army of the Princes. The emigration was at that time divided into two parties, the first come and the last come: the first attributed to themselves exclusively the right of restoring the ancient dynasty. Monsieur de Chateaubriand was therefore very ill received, and from captain of cavalry became simple soldier, in one of the Breton companies, which were marching to form the siege of Thionville. With his knapsack on his back, and his musket on his shoulder, he marched gaily forward. One day he met the King of Prussia, Frederick William, on horseback. "Where are you going?" said the monarch. "I am going to fight," replied young Chateaubriand. "I see the French nobleman in that answer," said Frederick, and, saluting him, passed on. Monsieur Chateaubriand had a similar conversation at Bruxelles with Champfort, a man once of celebrity, but whose name is now almost forgotten. "From whence do you come?" asked Champfort.—"From Niagara."—"Where are you going to?"—"To where battles are fought."

We regret that our limits will not permit us to follow the young soldier through his campaigns, and to give in his own words, for no other words could do them justice, the piquant anecdotes he relates, and to show the sportive, happy spirit with which he sustained—enjoyed, we might say—every privation. Sometimes we have him preparing his soup for his company, at others washing his shirt in the stream; but we wonder not at the gaiety and serenity of his temper, for at this moment he was writing *Atala*. One day the manuscript of *Atala*, which he carried in his knapsack, was pierced by a ball and thus saved the poet's life; but he adds, with a smile, "*Atala had still to sustain the fire of the Abbe Morellet.*"

But he had heavier hardships than mere privations to suffer. He receives a wound in the leg, and is at the same time attacked by the small-pox and the dysentery, which was called the malady of the Prussians. But his courage does not abandon him. He marches as long as he can walk. When he passed through the towns, the road to the hospital was always pointed out to him, but he passed on. At Namur, a poor woman, seeing him tremble with fever, feeling pity for him, threw an old blanket over his shoulders, and he continued his route with this covering. At last he is perfectly exhausted, and falls into a ditch by the road-side. In this state, motionless and senseless, he is picked up by a company of the Prince de Ligne which chanced to pass, and transported in a wagon to Bruxelles. But there he found every door shut against him; he goes from hotel to hotel, from house to house, in vain. He has no money to pay for his lodging; and lame, sick, ill, and apparently on the point of death, he is everywhere refused harbour. When, in this abandoned condition, without help and without resource, seeking only a place to lie down and die, a carriage passes him; in this carriage was his brother. He had 1,200 francs in his pocket—he gives the half to Francis, and bids him adieu to re-enter France, and to die on the scaffold. Having had his wounds dressed, and recovered a little strength, M. de Chateaubriand determines to go to Jersey, to rejoin the royalists of Brittany. He is conducted to Ostend. "At Ostend," the memoirs here speak, "I met several Bretons, my compatriots and my comrades, who had formed the same project as myself. We hired a little bark for Jersey, and were shut up during the passage in its hold. The bad weather, the want of air and space, and the motion of the sea, exhausted the little strength I had left; the wind and the tide obliged us to put in at Guernsey. As I was on the point of death, I was carried on shore and placed against a wall, my face turned to the sun, that I might breathe my last. The wife of a sailor happened to pass; she took compassion on me, called her husband, and aided by two or three other English sailors, transported me into the house of a fisherman, and placed me in a good bed. It is probably to this act of charity that I owe my life. The next day I was re-embarked on board a sloop of Ostend. When we arrived at Jersey I was completely delirious. I was received by my maternal uncle, the Count de Bedée, and remained several months in a state between life and death. In the spring of 1793, thinking myself sufficiently strong to take arms again, I crossed into England, where I hoped to find the direction of the princes; but my health, instead of mending, continued to decline; my chest was affected, and I could hardly breathe. Some skilful doctors who were consulted, declared that I might linger on for some weeks, perhaps, for some months, perhaps, for some years, but that I must avoid all fatigue, and not count on a long existence.

"Throw open the doors for his Excellency my Lord Viscount de Chateaubriand, Peer of France, Ambassador at London, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, &c.!" It is with this exclamation that Monsieur de Chateaubriand breaks off. The memoirs, so far as they have yet proceeded, terminate nearly in this place. They stop after his first voyage to England. He has made only two copies of them; one in the hands of Madame de Chateaubriand, and

Digitized by Google

the other in those of Madame Recambier. It is said that they are already sold to an English bookseller for 1,000*l.* per volume.—*Abridged from Blackwood's Magazine.*

Spirit of Discovery.

ON COINS AND MEDALS.

*By W. Wyon, A. R. A. Chief Engraver at the Royal Mint.**

Mr. Wyon commenced by stating that it was not his intention to waste time in an attempt to discover who were the first inventors of money; and he referred the curious in such matters to Rinck and other writers. On the contrary, he should confine himself to a rapid sketch of the progress of the art, exhibited in the coinage of the ancients down to the decline of the Roman Empire; then give a brief account of modern coins, and conclude with a few remarks on medals. As the subject is one of general interest, we intend to give a very full report, and shall, therefore preserve, as nearly as possible, the words of the lecturer.

The learned Eckhel, (said Mr. Wyon,) considers the first epoch to include all those coins fabricated from the invention of coinage to Alexander the First of Macedon, who is said to have died in the 291st or 309th year from the building of Rome. The early Greek coins are generally characterized by having on the reverses indented squares, or rude indentations; but some have an incuse (sunk in) reverse, answering, or nearly so, to the subject which is in relief on the obverse or head side. Some, however, have upon the reverse an indented object, different from that which is raised on the obverse, as may be seen in a very ancient coin of Metapontum; while the coins of Metapontum, Pœstum (or Posidonia), Crotona, or Caulonia, have a dotted circle at the extreme edge.

One of the most interesting coins of antiquity, and certainly one of the most ancient, is the gold Daric, which is said to have been first coined by Darius Hystaspes, in the second year of the 64th Olympiad, or 522 before Christ; it is indeed doubtful whether there be any coins of greater antiquity. These gold Darics are of great purity as to the metal, but of a rude, irregular shape, and coarse workmanship. They have on the obverse the figure of a king kneeling upon one knee, holding in the left hand a bow, and in the right an arrow; upon the reverse merely a rude indentation. It was this type of an archer which gave rise to the pun, that Agesilaus, King of Sparta had been driven out of Asia by 30,000 archers, he having, it is said, taken a bribe of that amount from Artaxerxes Mnemon, to evacuate Ionia, where he had gone to free the Greek cities, then groaning under the tyranny of Persia.

The most obvious peculiarity to be observed in this epoch is the indented or hollow square, which may probably have arisen in rude efforts to fix the blank piece of metal between the two dies while the blow was struck.

The second epoch is from Alexander I. of Macedon to Philip II., or the 395th year from the building of Rome; and during this period we discover a considerable improvement; but still the peculiarities of the earlier coins are visible; we have still the indented squares on the reverses, but the name of the city where struck, or of the king in whose reign, appears, or there is engraved a head, or some other object, or the same subject is repeated which appears on the obverse. Examples of this may be found in the coins of Acanthus, of Alexander I. of Macedon, of Thebes, of Syracuse, of Selinus, of Himera, and of Argos. Towards the end of this epoch some remarkably fine coins occur, as in those of Amphipolis of Thebes, (with the head of the Indian Bacchus,) of Methymna, of Chios, of Chalcis in Macedon, and many other specimens.

I am now, (said Mr. Wyon,) approaching the period when the art arrived at the highest point of excellence that it ever attained, or perhaps ever will attain—the third epoch, which is dated from Philip II. of Macedon to the termination of the Roman republic. That it was during this period that the art among the Greeks reached its highest perfection, may be proved by the coins of Syracuse, of Tarentum, of Rhegium, of Metapontum, of Velia, of Thurium, and other cities and states; and by the coins of kings, as of Alexander the Great, of Pyrrhus, of Lysimachus, of Antigonus, and his son Demetrius—by those of the kings of Egypt, of Pergamus, of Caria, of Syria, and of Pontus, and others.

Mr. Wyon now exhibited diagrams upon an enlarged scale, of some of these splendid productions of art, and stated that his object was to direct attention to the noble simplicity which characterized these works. In them all the adventitious embellishments of background, which so frequently debase modern efforts, and are particularly observable in the medals struck during the reign of Louis XIV., are rejected, and emblems, when introduced, are all made subservient to the principal subject;—no one, said he, can observe the head of Ceres on the obverse of the Syracusan medallion, without exclaiming, this must be a goddess! and perhaps, in the whole range of Grecian art, there will be found no specimens superior to this in beauty and boldness; although the size of the medallions scarcely exceeds that of a half-crown, they appear of colossal proportions.

* Read before the Society of Arts, on May 13, and ably reported in the *Athenæum*, No. 343.

Digitized by Google

This effect is produced by the simple treatment of the parts, and the depth of the impression; and the high relief given to these works has probably been the means of handing them down to us in the wonderful state of preservation in which we see them.

But however deservedly the coins of antiquity are admired for the beauty of their workmanship, and for the interest which they create, either from their portraits or symbolical reverses, it is much to be lamented that they so rarely give us a date. In fact, no date is to be found on Greek coins but that from the era of the Seleucidæ, and this only appears on a few of the coins of the cities of Asia Minor, and upon those of the kings of Syria, Pontus, and Bithynia; and as it first occurs only on the coins of Demetrius I. of Syria, the identification of most of his predecessors is extremely doubtful, difficult, and uncertain. This want of dates, therefore, makes the greater number of coins of very little use to the student of chronology.

It may be worthy of remark that the coinage of Athens by no means kept pace with that of other districts, far inferior to it in science and renown. It is known, from universal testimony, that the fine arts were carried, in Athens, to a height of refinement beyond the reach of other nations—the coarse execution of their coins, therefore, is not a little remarkable, and the purity of the silver has been assigned as the reason—this being so universally acknowledged, even by the barbarians, that the Athenians feared to make any considerable change in the form or workmanship of their coin; and it may be observed that we have a parallel for this in more modern times, similar causes having prevented the Venetians from making any alteration in the type or figure of their zechin, which may be termed the standard gold coin of the East.

The learned author of the introduction to the volume of Sculpture published by the Dillettanti Society, supposes the heads of Minerva on the early coins of Athens to have been copied from the statue of that goddess executed by Endæus, (the disciple of Dædalus,) seen by Pausanias in the Acropolis—a supposition which appears very reasonable when we compare the style and costume with other works of the highest antiquity.

At an earlier period, which we assume to have been before the time of Pericles, the helmet on the head of Pallas is of the simplest form, and of rude workmanship: at the next we find some improvement: the head is decorated by a sphinx and two griffins: in the first instance, we have on the reverse the owl, accompanied only by an olive branch and a small crescent; but in process of time she is surrounded by a wreath of laurels, standing upon a diota, with emblems of all times and countries. It is partly by the progressive change of the accessories, that the respective dates of Athenian coins are attempted to be ascertained.

In taking even a rapid survey of the Greek coinage, we cannot sufficiently admire the grandeur of style displayed in the heads of their deities, many of which belong to the highest class of works of art; and in comparing these works with all modern efforts, it will be admitted that, while the latter are frequently more correct in drawing, they are inferior in energy and power. The portraits of their kings are only inferior to those of the deities they worshipped, and probably retained merely sufficient likeness for identification; there are, however, to be met with, many splendid examples of the most elaborate finish in the detail, and truth of resemblance to individual nature, without the breadth of effect being destroyed.

The reverses of the Greek coins are usually very simple—sometimes symbols by which a particular place was indicated. Thus Cyrene adopted the silphium which it cultivated; Selinus the leaf of parsley corresponding with its name; Sicily might be distinguished by the triquetra, or three legs united, as in our Isle of Man halfpence, and Rhodes by its favourite bearing of a rose.

(To be continued.)

The Gatherer.

Epicurism.—Clodius Æsopus, a Roman actor, contemporary with Cicero, was much addicted to luxury: according to Pliny the elder, a single dish at table, composed of the rarest singing birds, cost him 800*l.* sterling; and Horace records that he dissolved in vinegar a precious pearl and swallowed it. Notwithstanding this ostentatious profusion, so well was he rewarded, that he left a fortune equal to 160,000*l.* sterling behind him.

Religion of the Chinese.—The Chinese worship, with great cost and parade of public processions, the statues of their deceased Emperors, with such creatures of their imagination as the following:—the gods of the Southern, Northern, Eastern, Western, and Central Mounts; the god of Furnaces, with a thank-offering on the day of his ascension; the Budhi, on their days of ascent and descent; the god of Spring; the gods of Wealth and Wine (in which, perhaps, a few British Christians may sympathize with the Chinese); the gods of Learning, of Happiness, of Land and Grain, of the Small-pox, of Thunder, War, and Fire; also of the Southern and Northern Seas and of the South Pole; the Queen of Heaven, who is considered the goddess of Sailors; the goddess of Childbirth; and the god of Carpenters. These gods are worshipped on their several days in

Digitized by Google

the Chinese calendar, which is replenished with them; together with the anniversaries of the airing of clothes, the exhibition of paper lanthorns, and the births and deaths of their deceased emperors, to which they add the birth of Confucius and the decease of their own respective ancestors, whom they commemorate by offerings at their tombs. Christians discovered in China are persecuted somewhat after the manner in which a mad dog would be in England.—*Martin's British Colonies.*

Seals.—The ancients forbade the figure or image of God on their rings or seals. But in process of time, this was little regarded; it was usual to have the figures of Egyptian and other deities, as well as of heroes, monsters, friends, ancestors, and even brutes, on their *dactyli*, or ring seals: Cæsar had the image of Venus, Pollio of Alexander, Augustus of the Sphinx, Pompey of a frog, Lentulus of his grandfather.

Strange Mode of Fattening Ladies.—Among the Tenbrio, a genus of the Coleoptera order of insects, there is one species which the women of Arabia and Turkey dig out of the filth of the garden; and they swallow three of them, fried in butter, every morning and evening, in order to acquire that plumpness which is deemed in the East a beauty.

"Cut it Short."—A gentleman having his hair cut, and being annoyed with the operator's stories, in the middle of each, he said, "Cut it short." At last, the barber, in a rage, exclaimed, "It cannot be cut shorter, for every hair of your head is off."

Curious Circumstance.—At Ambleteuse, a seaport town near Calais, Cæsar embarked his cavalry when he passed over into England; and at this place, King James II., on his departure from England in the year 1688, landed. P. T. W.

The Ruling Passion.—Mr. Charles Wesley, the celebrated organist, died a short time since. Until within ten days of his death, he played from recollection many of the pieces and choruses of the immortal Handel; and, perhaps, there was scarcely a piece that Handel wrote, with which he was unacquainted. Even on his deathbed, Mr. Wesley would say, "I must go down and amuse myself with my organ;" or, "I must have my pianoforte in my bed-room." That being impossible, he was continually humming Handel's music; and, fancying he had his pianoforte before him, worked his fingers on his bedclothes, as though he were playing on the instrument, and that even within two days of his decease.

Puck.—The Welsh Pwcca is evidently the same as the English Puck, and is known in some parts of the principality by the name of Brocci. In Breconshire, a whole glen bears his name, Crom Pwcca; and it is traditionally said that from this spot Shakspeare drew some of his materials for the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, through the medium of his friend Richard, the son of Sir John Price, of the priory of Brecon.

An Original.—The celebrated picture of the Woodman, by Gainsborough, from which so many prints and drawings have been made, was done from a hale woodcutter who worked for Dr. Webster, Chigwell-row, in the parish of Chigwell, Essex.

Judges' Circuits.—It is not, perhaps, generally known at how very remote a period the practice of judges going the circuit prevailed; but on consulting the 1st of Samuel, c. vii. v. 16, we find this extraordinary confirmation: "And he (Samuel) went from year to year in circuit to Bethel, and Gilgal, and Mizpeh, and judged Israel in all those places."

Judge's Salary.—In 1466, the salary of Thomas Littleton, judge of the King's Bench, amounted to 138*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* modern money, besides about 17*l.* 7*s.* for his fur gown, robes, &c.

Lord Chancellors.—The three chancellors who have held the seals the longest are, Lord Ellesmere, twenty years within a few days; Lord Hardwicke, twenty years and nine months; and Lord Eldon, during the two periods of his being in office, twenty-five years within a few days.

Long Suit.—The longest lawsuit ever heard of in England was between the heir of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley on the other, respecting certain possessions not far from Wotton Under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester. It commenced at the end of the reign of Edward IV., and was pending till the reign of James I., when a compromise took place, it having lasted above 120 years. W. G. C.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF COLONEL CROCKETT.
Just Published,
THE LIFE OF DAVID CROCKETT, of the State of Tennessee.
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.
I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—THEN GO A-HEAD!
THE AUTHOR.
Also, with a coloured engraving, 1*s.* 6*d.*
INSTRUCTIONS FOR BREEDING AND REARING THE CANARY-FINCH.
By an Experienced Amateur.
Printed by and for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, *Strand,* (*near Somerset House,*) *London; sold by G. G. BENNIS,* 55, *Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

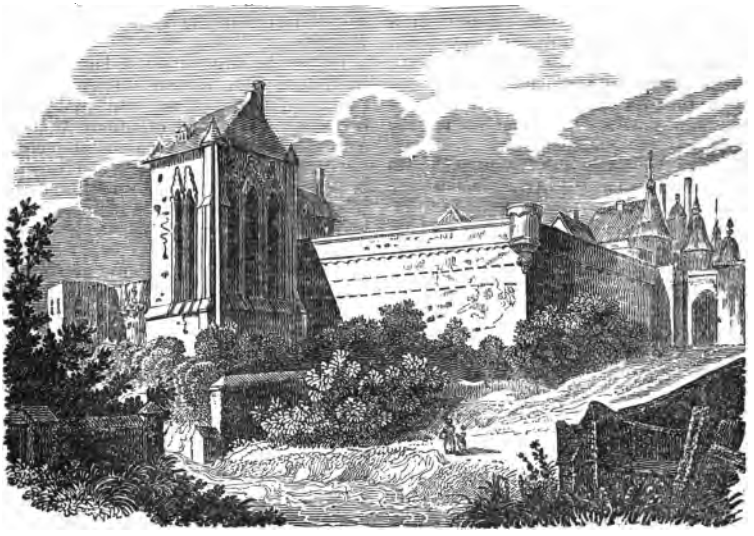
Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 666.] SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1834. [PRICE 2*d*.



DIEPPE CASTLE.

DIEPPE, a considerable sea-port town of France, is situated in Upper Normandy, at the mouth of the river Arques, or Bethune, on the British Channel. It lies nearly opposite to our Brighton. The general appearance of both coasts is similar; but the height of the French cliffs may be greater.

In many respects, the route by Brighton and Dieppe from London to Paris possesses advantages over that by Dover and Calais. There is a saving of distance, amounting to twenty miles on the English, and sixty on the French, side of the water;* and, while the ride to the French metropolis by the Calais route is through an uninteresting country, with no other objects of curiosity than Amiens, Beauvais, and Abbeville;† by the Dieppe route it passes through a province unrivalled for its fertility and the beauty of its landscape, and allowed by the French themselves to be the garden of the kingdom. Rouen, Vernon, Mantes, and St. Germain, names more or less connected with English history, successively present themselves to the traveller; and the road for the most part lies by the side of a noble stream, gemmed with islands, and varied with graceful windings.

The history of Dieppe is more interesting to the English reader than that of French towns generally. Chroniclers claim for it high antiquity. One writer represents it as the *Portus Ictius*, whence Julius Cæsar sailed for Britain. Others report Charlemagne to have built a fortress on the site of the present town, and to have called it Bertheville, in honour of the Berthas, his mother and his daughter. Bertheville was one of the first places taken by the Normans, by whom the name was changed to Dyppe or Dieppe, a word which in their language is said to signify a good anchorage. Other writers, however, treat the whole of the early chronicle of Dieppe as a fiction, and maintain that even at the beginning of the eleventh century the town had no existence, and the place was only known as the port of Arques, within whose territory it was comprehended. Whatever date may be assigned to the foundation of Dieppe, it is frequently contended

* The passage is, however, much longer by sea, and is, on that account, less eligible for tourists than the Calais route, where the sea passage is little more than a score of miles. The nearest route from London to Paris is from Rye to Boulogne. It is fifty miles less by sea than from Brighton to Dieppe, and thirty miles less by land than through Dover.

† Yet the cathedral at Abbeville is a gem almost worth the whole journey to visit.

Digitized by Google

that William the Conqueror embarked here, and it seems undoubted that he sailed hence for his new kingdom in the next year.

It is, however, accredited that ten ages since the site of Dieppe was occupied by a few fishermen's huts. In 1080, the village began to assume the appearance of a town. In 1360, the increasing prosperity of Dieppe led the inhabitants to encompass it by a strong wall; but, as this defence encroached on the domains of Robert d'Estonville, (a powerful Norman,) a serious war followed, and all the inhabitants who fell into his hands were detained as hostages for the restoration of the violated property. Henry II. of England endeavoured to profit by its advantageous position, (which commands the course of the Bethune,) by erecting, in 1188, a strong castle upon the same hill on which the present fortress stands. This stronghold afforded but little protection; for, in 1195, Philip Augustus of France, entering Normandy with an hostile army, laid siege to Dieppe, and set fire not only to the town, but also to the shipping in the harbour. A few years afterwards the town was lost by Richard I. to Walter, archbishop of Rouen, for some encroachment made by Richard upon the right of the archbishop's see. In the fifteenth century the castle was rebuilt, but the design of the original structure is still visible. Dieppe became by the skill and bravery of its sailors of great importance as a maritime town. It fell by assault to the Dauphin, son of Charles VII., on the 14th of August, 1443. In 1590, the keys of the castle were placed by the Commander for the League in the hands of Henri IV., whose memory is deservedly revered at Dieppe. Its proximity to the plains of Arques sufficiently attest his valour, and the records of his generosity and enthusiasm are cherished in the minds of the people. It is somewhat remarkable that the sailors of this port have the privilege of wearing the dress of the warriors of Henri IV. in certain public ceremonies.

This village now becoming a powerful town, no longer disputed with a weak neighbour for a few acres of land. Its sailors overcame the Dutch and Flemish fleets, in 1555, with so little diminution of their strength that within three years they went on an expedition to Canada, and soon after to Florida; and, 1637, Thomas Lambert, a native of Dieppe, dared to raise the first French habitation for the spread of Christianity on the banks of the Senegal, in Africa. The establishment was not of long duration, but its effects have been permanent: for it was owing to the consignment of ivory then made to Dieppe, that many of the inhabitants were induced to become workers in that substance, a trade in which they have few rivals to the present time.

The last memorable event in the history of the original town was its bombardment in 1694, when the English, foiled near Brest, wreaked their vengeance upon Dieppe, and reduced the whole to ashes, save two churches and the castle. The town was rebuilt on a regular plan, agreeably to a royal ordinance. Hence Dieppe is commonly regarded as one of the handsomest places in France.

Dieppe is situated on a low tongue of land, but, from the sea, appears to great advantage; characterized, as it is, by its old castle, an assemblage of various forms and ages placed insulated upon an eminence to the west, and by the domes and towers of its churches. The mouth of the harbour was originally narrow and inclosed by two long stone piers, on one of which is a small house, built by Louis XVI., for the residence of a sailor, who, by saving the lives of shipwrecked mariners, had deserved well of his sovereign and of his country. Its front bears "A Jn. Ar. Bouzard, pour ses services maritimes;" but there was originally a second inscription in honour of the king, which has been carefully erased.*

The harbour of Dieppe has been for some time in course of improvement. A magnificent basin has been completed on the west, and here have been fitted out vessels for the whale fisheries; this year the French government have voted a sum of 200,000 francs for further improvements; while Dieppe is beginning to acquire the fashionable repute of a bathing-place: it is nearer Paris than any other port; and it supplies the capital with fish.

Round the harbour is built the town, which is singularly picturesque, as well from its situation, backed as it is by the steep cliff to the east, which, instead of terminating here abruptly, takes an inland direction, as from the diversity in the forms and materials of the houses of the quay: some of these are of stone, others of grey flint, more

* The fury of the Revolution could pardon nothing that bore the least relation to royalty; or, surely, a monument like this, the reward of courage, and calculated to inspire only the best of feelings, might have been allowed to remain uninjured. The French (observes Mr. Dawson Turner, whose valuable *Letters* we quote,) are wiser than we are in erecting these public memorials for public virtues: they better understand the art of producing an effect, and they know that such gratifications bestowed upon the living are seldom thrown away. We rarely give them but to the dead. Captain Manby, to whom above 130 shipwrecked mariners are even now (1818) indebted for their existence, and whose invention will probably be the means of preservation to thousands, is allowed to live in comparative obscurity; while, in France, a mere pilot, for having saved the lives of only eight individuals, had a residence built for him at the public expense, received an immediate gratification of one thousand francs, enjoyed a pension during his life, and, with his name and his exploits, now occupies a conspicuous place in the history of the Duchy.

Digitized by Google

of plaster with their timbers uncovered, and painted of different colours, but most of brick, not uncommonly ornamented, with high, slanting roofs. These remarks applied to the quay a few years since: the buildings there now may probably assume more regularity. In its streets, Dieppe is conspicuous among French towns for the uniformity of its structures: some of the houses are supported on arcades of red and yellow bricks.

The castle and two churches are the only buildings that escaped the bombardment. The hill on which the castle stands is steep; and the building, as well from its position, as from its high walls, flanked with towers and bastions, has an imposing appearance. In its general outline it bears a resemblance to the castle of Stirling; but it is not of such architectural importance. It is a confused mass of various eras; yet, as a whole, a picturesque and pleasing effect results from the very confusion and irregularity of its slanting topped towers, and spiral roofed turrets; and this is enhanced by a row of lofty arches, thrown across a ravine, near the entrance, supporting the bridge, and appearing at a distance like the remains of a Roman aqueduct. What appears to be the most ancient part is represented in the foreground of the Engraving: it is a lofty quadrangular tower with pointed panels in the four walls.

The present castle may be said to have been completed in the reign of Henri IV.; for it was not till this time that permission was given to the inhabitants to add to it a keep. "In its perfect state, whilst defended by this keep, and still further protected by copious outworks and bomb-proof casemates, its strength was great; but the period of its power was of short duration; for the then perturbed state of France naturally gave rise to anxiety on the part of the government, lest fortresses should serve as rallying points to the faction of the League; and the castle of Dieppe was, consequently, left with little more than the semblance of its former greatness."*

Of the churches, that of St. Jacques is considerably the finest. It is an excellent specimen of what has been called the decorated English style of architecture, and nearly coincides in its principal lines with that which prevailed in our own country during the reigns of the second and third Edwards. The aisles of the interior resemble those of Westminster Abbey, having lateral separations made for nineteen chapels, the work of the piety of individuals. There is also a beautiful screen, and a lady chapel of pure Gothic art; and the extent and arrangement of the exterior resembles that of a conventual or cathedral church. Mrs. Stothard, in her interesting Tour, was in this church much struck by a display of enthusiastic devotion in the lower orders; "for," adds this accomplished writer, "Christianity is the poor man's solace; it reconciles him to his painful and laborious portion in this world, by showing him a futurity, wherein, by the just dispensation of Providence, all conditions are equalized to their comparative scale of virtue."

The other church is dedicated to St. Remi, and is a building of the seventeenth century; though, judging from some of its pillars, it would be pronounced considerably more ancient. This edifice was scarcely finished, when a bomb, in 1694, destroyed the roof of the choir, and this remains to the present hour incomplete.

Ivory-working and the making of lace are the principal employments of such of the natives as are not engaged in the fishery. At present, the only manufacture on the beach is that of kelp, for which a large quantity of the coarser sea-weeds is burned; but the fisheries, which are not carried on with equal energy in any other port of France, are the chief support of the place.

Mr. Dawson Turner has well observed:

"To a painter Dieppe must be a source of great delight: the situation, the buildings the people, offer an endless variety; but nothing is more remarkable than the costume of the females of the middle and lower classes, most of whom wear high pyramidal caps, with long lappets entirely concealing their hair; red, blue, or black corsets, large wooden shoes, black stockings, and full scarlet petticoats of the coarsest woollen, pockets of some different die attached to the outside, and not uncommonly the appendage of a key or corkscrew: occasionally too the colour of their costume is still farther diversified by a checkered handkerchief and white apron. The young are generally pretty; the old, tanned and ugly; and the transition from youth to age seems instantaneous: labour and poverty have destroyed every intermediate gradation; but, whether young or old, they have all the same good-humoured look, and appear generally industrious, though almost incessantly talking. Even on Sundays or feast-days bonnets are seldom to be seen, but round their necks are suspended large silver or gilt ornaments, usually crosses, while long gold ear-rings drop from either side of their head, and their shoes frequently glitter with paste buckles of an enormous size. Such is the present costume of the females at Dieppe, and throughout the whole Pays de Caux; and in this description, the lover of antiquarian research will easily trace a resemblance to the attire of the women of England, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. As to the cap, which the Cauchoise wears when she appears *en grand costume*, its very prototype is to be found in Strutt's *Ancient Dresses*."

* Turner's Letters, &c.

Digitized by Google

Still more remarkable as respects costume are the inhabitants of Pollet, a suburb of Dieppe, and by whom the fishing trade is chiefly carried on. "To the present hour they continue to preserve the same costume as in the sixteenth century; wearing trousers covered with wide, short petticoats, which open in the middle to afford room for the legs to move, and woollen waistcoats laced in the front with ribands, and tucked below into the waistband of their trousers. Over these waistcoats is a close coat, without buttons or fastenings of any kind, which falls so low as to hide their petticoats and extend a foot or more beyond them. These articles of apparel are usually of cloth or serge of a uniform colour, and either red or blue; for they interdict every other variation, except that all the seams of their dress are faced with white silk galloon, full an inch in width. To complete the whole, instead of hats, they have on their heads caps of velvet or coloured cloth, forming a *tout-ensemble* of attire, which is evidently ancient, but far from unpicturesque or displeasing."

The castle is not the only antiquarian work worthy of inspection in the suburbs of Dieppe: for, on the cliff, about a mile to the east, is an immense Celtic encampment in the finest preservation.

Anecdote Gallery.

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

When the battle of Pultowa, so fatal to the Swedish monarch, was over, Peter invited the principal of his prisoners to dine with him in his tent; and after dinner, rising gravely from his seat, he gave the health of "his masters in the art of war." One of the Swedish generals said, "Pray, sir, to whom does your Majesty give that honourable title?" "To you, gentlemen," replied the Czar. "Then your Majesty has just treated your masters with great ingratitude," said another of the Swedish officers. "I will repair that," said the Czar, "as well as I can," and instantly restored their swords to them, and treated them with the most marked attention all the time they continued his prisoners.

The Emperor Alexander was accustomed to travel with the utmost rapidity. On a certain occasion, his Majesty, fatigued by having remained a long time in his carriage, alighted, and unaccompanied by any of his suite, pursued his way on foot through a village that lay before him. The Emperor was attired in his usual travelling costume, a military great coat without any particular mark of distinction. Desirous of obtaining some information respecting the road he was pursuing, he accosted a military-looking personage who stood smoking a cigar at the door of a house. To each of the Emperor's questions, the stranger replied in the most uncourteous manner; and by way of terminating the ungracious parley, "Allow me to ask," said Alexander, "what may be your military rank?"—"Guess."—"Perhaps, sir, you may be a lieutenant?"—"Higher, if you please."—"Captain?"—"Another step."—"Major?"—"Go on, go on."—"Lieutenant-colonel, I presume?"—"You have hit it at last, though not without effort." These words were pronounced in a tone of arrogance, and the several answers in the preceding dialogue were accompanied by a cloud of smoke puffed full in the Emperor's face. "Now comes my turn, good Mr. Traveller," said the officer; "Pray what may be your military rank?"—"Guess."—"Well, then at the first glance I should say Captain."—"Higher, if you please." "Major?"—"Go on, if you please."—"Lieutenant-colonel?"—"Pray, go on."—"Colonel?"—"A little higher, if you please."—(The officer upon this threw away the stump of his cigar.)—"Major-general?"—"Another step, if you please."—(The officer now stood immovable at "attention.")—"Your Excellence is then Lieutenant-general."—"You are not quite up to the mark."—"In that case I have the honour to address myself to his Serene Highness the Field-marshal?"—"Do me the favour, Lieutenant-colonel, to make another effort."—"Ah, sire!" cried the officer with emotion, "will your Majesty deign to pardon me? But could I imagine that the Emperor—"—"I am not offended," replied Alexander, "and to prove it, if you have a favour to ask, I will grant it with pleasure."

At the storming of Warsaw, the principal battery was defended by only two battalions, but with such bravery as history can hardly parallel. When it was evident that it could no longer hold out, several privates of the artillery seated themselves on powder-barrels, and blew themselves up. But the conduct of General Sowinski was truly heroic; having lost one foot, he was, at his earnest request, seated in a chair, and placed on the altar of the desperately defended church, where he continued to give orders until the last of his comrades were cut down, when drawing forth two pistols, he, with one, shot a Russian who was rushing upon him, and with the exclamation—"So dies a Polish general!" fired the other through his own heart.

One evening, after a great battle, Frederic II. approached a fire, which had been lighted by some of the grenadiers of his own regiment. The soldiers began to ask him where he had been during the battle. "Generally," said they, "you lead us yourself where the fire is hottest; but this time nobody saw you, and it is not right to abandon

Digitized by Google

us so." The King, in a good-humoured manner, explained to them in what part of the field he had been, and his reasons for being there, which had prevented him from being at the head of his own regiment. As he began to grow warm, he unbuttoned his great coat, and a ball dropped out which he had received in his clothes. The hole the ball had made in the great coat and coat was perceptible. Upon this the enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds They cried out, with all the tenderness of expression belonging in the German tongue to the singular pronoun. "You are our own good old Fritz; you share in all our dangers with us —we will all die for you!" and the conversation concluded with three cheers, and their entreaties to the King to take more care of his own safety.

Frederic II. wrote one day to General Salmon, commander at Cleves: "My dear Salmon,—If the Austrians come into my territories, tell them they have mistaken their way; if they begin to argue, make them prisoners; and if they make any resistance, cut them in pieces."

Viscount de Beaulieu having declared Antwerp in a state of siege, and ordered all the wine-houses to be closed, on the very first day a grenadier was found on his post desperately drunk. The commander, who, before condemning him to be shot, gave him an opportunity of explaining. The muddled soldier stammered out, "Why, General, your proclamation says, the refractory are to be fired on with *grape-shot*, and as I had none, I thought it my duty to *provide myself with ammunition*." Beaulieu laughed, and the grenadier escaped with a reprimand.

Lewis Birto Grillon, a gentleman of Avignon, was as remarkable on account of the peculiarities in his temper as his intrepidity, which had procured him the name of Dreadnaught. Having been sent to the Duke of Guise after the reduction of Marseilles, the Duke resolved to try his courage, and agreed with some gentlemen to give a sudden alarm before Grillon's quarters, as if the enemy had taken the place; at the same time he ordered two horses to the door, and going up into Grillon's room, told him all was lost; that the enemy were masters of the post and town: that they had forced the guards, and broken and put to flight all that opposed them; that, finding it impossible to resist any longer, he thought it was better for them to retreat, than by suffering themselves to be taken, add to the glories of the victory; that he had, therefore, ordered two horses to be brought, which were ready at the door, and desired he would make haste, for fear they should give the enemy time to surprise them. Grillon was asleep when the storm began, and was hardly awake whilst the Duke of Guise was saying all this to him; however, without being at all disconcerted by so hot an alarm, he called for his clothes and his arms, saying, they ought not, on too slight grounds, to give credit to all that was said of the enemy; and even if the account should prove true, it was more becoming men of honour to die with swords in their hands, than to survive the loss of the place. The Duke of Guise not being able to prevail on him to change his resolution, followed him out of the room, but when they had got halfway downstairs, not being able to contain himself any longer, he burst out laughing, by which Grillon discovered the trick that had been played upon him; he thereupon assumed a look much sterner than when he only thought he was going to fight, and squeezing the Duke of Guise's hand, said to him, swearing at the same time, "Young man, never make a jest to try the courage of a man of honour; for had you made me betray any weakness, I would have plunged my dagger into thy heart!" and then left him without saying a word more.

A respectable bourgeois, (says Dr. Beattie,) having waited upon Marshal Count Torrano, to complain of the number of soldiers who were quartered upon him, the Count, who was no German, called his interpreter. The honest bourgeois, however, conscious that he could talk, and talk well too, declined the friendly intervention; and drawing himself up square in front of the Count, with a low and reiterated bow, addressed him with "Ihr Eelenz!" The Count returned the bow, repeating the salutation, "Ihr Eelenz." Surprised at the honour thus suddenly accorded him, the sagacious client fancied he must have mistaken the title, and, therefore, with a still lower bow, resumed, "Monseigneur!" "Monseigneur!" said the Count, interrupting him in a more serious tone, "We will stop at that, if you please, lest, in the excess of our mutual compliments, we arrive at 'Your Majesty.'" The shopkeeper was nonplussed and embarrassed, which the Count perceiving, inquired, "What is your name, my friend?" "Spanckenberg," answered the man of ceremony. "Good!" said the Count, "and mine is Torrano. Now, Spanckenberg, what is your business with Torrano?"

W. G. C.

CURIOUS BIOGRAPHY.

VALENTINE JAMERAY DUVAL was born at Antonay, a village of Champagne, in the year 1695, of very poor parents, who died while Valentine was very young, leaving behind them a very numerous progeny in a state of great indigence. Valentine was in a short time taken into the service of a farmer, and employed by him in the care of his poultry, but was dismissed at the begin-

Digitized by Google

ning of the severe winter of 1709. Destitute of every resource, and probably without a friend, he set out, not knowing whither he was to proceed. In walking towards Lorraine, he was seized with the small-pox, of which he must have perished, but for the humanity of a shepherd. From this time till the age of nineteen, he became an attendant on the flocks of the plains; when, being of a contemplative mind, and having, by his own exertions, acquired a taste for reading, he sought protection at the hermitage of St. Anne, not far from Luneville, of which the inhabitants made him an overseer of their rural concerns. Here, (says his biographer,) besides a most diligent attention to the business in which he was engaged, he learned writing and arithmetic; and, like our own countryman, Ferguson, spent his nights in examining the heavens. His observatory he made in the top of one of the highest oaks, which he constructed of osiers, in the form of a stork's nest. His finances, though very trifling, enabled him to purchase a few maps; with these he continued to gain some knowledge in astronomy and geography, which was introductory to more sublime pursuits. He now found himself in want of money to purchase books and other things necessary to the attainment of knowledge; and to supply his need, he hunted and killed a vast number of wild animals for the sake of their skins, the produce of which he converted into a fund to supply his literary exigencies. Accident procured him the assistance and protection of an Englishman, Mr. Forster, by whose liberality he obtained a library of some hundred volumes. He began now to be uneasy at his situation in life, which he thought was not that in which he ought to move. Pursuing his studies one day under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, with his maps and books about him, he was accosted by a hunting party, who proved to be branches of the royal family, with their tutors. Struck with the novelty of the scene, and having learnt Duval's history, they persuaded him to follow the bent of his inclination at the Jesuits' college at Pont-à-Mousson, under the patronage of the Duke of Lorraine. From thence he went to Paris, and soon after became professor of history in the high school at Luneville. In the year 1738, he removed to Florence, and became keeper of the ducal library. He was afterwards appointed by the Emperor Francis the First, keeper of the cabinet of ancient and modern coins at Vienna; he had a house assigned him near the palace, and he usually dined with the Emperor one day in every week. He was appointed sub-preceptor to Joseph the Second, in 1751, and was ever held in the highest esteem by the court. He died in the eighty-first year of his age. He was plain in his dress, simple in his manners, mild and kind in his disposition, and grateful to his benefactors. To the hermits of St. Anne he presented an elegant mansion, with land; and on the spot where he was born, he erected a house, and assigned it as a dwelling for a schoolmaster. P. T. W.

The Naturalist.

AFFECTION AND VAST NUMBER OF FISHES.

It may be supposed that little natural affection exists in this cold-blooded race, and in fact fishes constantly devour their own eggs, and, at a later period, their own young, without compunction or discrimination. Some few species bear their eggs about with them until hatched; thus, the *syngnathi* (sea-horse, Pegasus, &c.) have, beneath the base of the tail, a small cavity, closed by two scaly pieces, which lap over it like folding doors. Within these are placed the eggs, enveloped in a fine membrane, and are allowed to remain there until the young ones appear. This we thought about the utmost extent of care which fishes lavished on their young, but Dr. Hancock has stepped in to rescue at least one species from the unmerited charge.

"It is asserted," he says, "by naturalists, that no fishes are known to take any care of their offspring. Both the species of *hassar* mentioned below, however, make a regular nest, in which they lay their eggs in a flattened cluster, and cover them over most carefully. Their care does not end here; they remain by the side of the nest till the spawn is hatched, with as much solicitude as a hen guards her eggs, both the male and female hassar, for they are monogamous, steadily watching the spawn, and courageously attacking the assailant. Hence the negroes frequently take them by putting their hands into the water close to the nest, on agitating which the male hassar springs furiously at them, and is thus captured. The *roundhead* forms its nest of grass, the *flathead* of leaves. Both at certain seasons burrow in the bank. They lay their eggs only in wet weather. I have been surprised to observe the sudden appearance of numerous nests in a morning after rain occurs, the spot being indicated by a bunch of froth which appears on the surface of the water over the nest. Below this are the eggs, placed on a bunch of fallen leaves or grass, which they cut and collect together. By what means this is effected seems rather mysterious, as the species are destitute of cutting teeth. It may possibly be by the use of their arms, which form the first ray of the pectoral fins."—*Zool. Journ.* No. XIV.

Pennant, indeed, gives an additional instance of parental affection in this much wronged class, for he says that the blue shark will permit its young brood, when in danger,

Digitized by Google

to swim down its mouth, and take shelter in its belly! The fact, he tells us, has been confirmed by the observation of several ichthyologists, and, for his part, he can see nothing more incredible in it than that the young of the opossum should seek an asylum in the ventral pouch of its parent. He does not tell us, however, that any of these ichthyologists, who may have seen the young sharks, swimming down the throat of their affectionate parent, ever saw one of them *returning*; and until that is seen we must think the evidence rather incomplete, more particularly as the position and direction of a shark's teeth seem to us to render such a feat next to impossible.

But affection is scarcely to be looked for where the offspring is so very numerous as to put all attempts at even recognising them out of the question. How could the fondest mother love 100,000 little ones at once? Yet this number is far exceeded by some of the matrons of the deep. Petit found 300,000 eggs in a single carp; Leuwenhoeck, 9,000,000 in a single cod; Mr. Harmer found in a sole 100,000, in a tench 300,000, in a mackerel 500,000, and in a flounder 1,357,000.* M. Rousseau disburthened a pike of 160,000, and a sturgeon of 1,567,000, while from one of this latter class some other person (whose name we do not immediately recollect) got 119 pounds weight of eggs, which at the rate of seven to a grain, would give a total amount of 7,653,200 eggs! If all these came to maturity the world would be in a short time nothing but fish; means, however, amply sufficient to keep down this unwelcome superabundance have been provided. Fish themselves, men, birds, other marine animals, to say nothing of the dispersions produced by storms and currents, the destruction consequent on their being thrown on the beach and left there to dry up, all combine to diminish this excessive supply over demand. Yet, on the other hand, (so wonderfully are all the contrivances of nature harmonized and balanced,) one of these apparent modes of destruction becomes an actual means of extending the species. The eggs of the pike, the barbel and many other fish, says M. Virey, are rendered indigestible by an acrid oil which they contain, and in consequence of which they are passed in the same condition as they were swallowed, the result of which is, that being taken in by ducks, grebes, or other water fowl, they are thus transported to situations, such as inland lakes, which, otherwise, they could never have attained, and in this way only can we account for the fact, now well ascertained, that several lakes in the Alps, formed by the thawing of the glaciers, are now abundantly stocked with excellent fish.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

* Mr. Harmer's paper will be found in the Philosophical Transactions for 1767. The results of his investigations he has reduced to a tabular form at the end. A tench was brought to him so full of spawn that the skin was burst by a slight knock and many thousands of the eggs lost; yet even after this misfortune he found the remainder to amount to 383,252! Of other marine animals which he includes under the general term fish, the fecundity, though sufficiently great, is by no means so enormous. A lobster yielded 7,227 eggs, a prawn 3,806, and a shrimp 3,057.

WHAT IS MILDEW?

(From a Lecture, by Professor Lindley.)

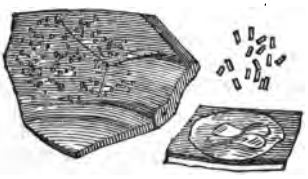
Every horticulturist has heard of mildew; and, though it is often confounded with blight, honey-dew, &c., the destructive fungi which constitute the real mildew, and the ravages they occasion, are unfortunately but too familiar to every one accustomed to either a garden or a field. Notwithstanding this, even the most eminent horticulturists know comparatively little either of the nature of this pest, or of its cure. One most important error exists respecting it, and this is, the belief, common among gardeners and agriculturists, that one kind of mildew will infect several kind of plants: but this can never be the case; each tribe of plants has a mildew peculiar to itself, which cannot, under any circumstances, affect plants of a different kind.

Mildew generally appears on the leaves or stems of plants in the form of red, white, or black spots, as a number of minute projections, as a frosty incrustation, or as a brownish powder; in every case spreading, more or less rapidly, according to its kind, and in its progress, withering the leaves, destroying the fruit, and finally, killing the plant. The popular reasons assigned for this pest are various: it has been ascribed to insects, fog, and even in one agricultural report, to the inflammation of the oxygen gas in the air towards the end of summer, which scorched the leaves. These opinions have, however, been all proved to be erroneous. Mildew is nothing more than different kinds of fungi, or parasites, attacking different kinds of plants, and varying in appearance and species according to the nature of the plants which they attack. It is the greatest enemy to the agriculturist, but the gardener also suffers from it severely.

The fungi, commonly called mildew, are divided into three classes:—1. Those which grow, or rather lie, on the surface of leaves, and which, perhaps, do not derive any nutriment from the plant; 2. Those which are formed in the interior of the stem or leaf, and protrude themselves from it when ripe; and 3. Those which only attack the roots. All are extremely simple in their organization, and very minute in their forms; they seldom appear but in autumn, except in forcing-houses.

Digitized by Google

The first class, or mildew composed of those fungi that live on the surface of leaves, injure a plant by preventing its respiration, but do not appear to draw any nourishment from it. One of the most common of the fungi attacks the common cabbage. These



(Mildew on Cabbage.)

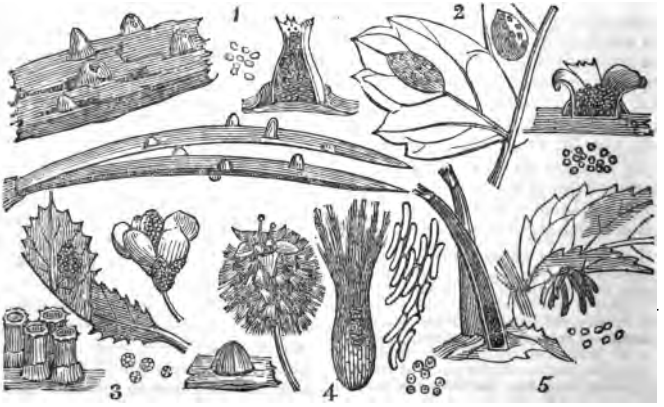
very destructive fungi have the appearance of small, white patches or specks, of frosty incrustation, which, when magnified, are found to consist of a number of small cylinders, lying end to end, or across each other. These cylinders are all filled with seed, and burst when it is ripe, scattering it in every direction: wherever it falls upon the leaf it takes root, and thus the fungus spreads rapidly.

The second class of fungi, viz. those which spring from the interior of leaves and stems, are by far the most fatal. These fungi generally appear in a sort of bag or case, which is supposed to be formed of the cuticle of the affected leaf. The oak is attacked by a species of fungus, different varieties of which are found on many kinds of forest-trees. That found on pine-trees, (fig. 1.) has, when magnified, the appearance of a number of pinepins. When ripe, the cuticle which covers the fungus bursts, and emits a powder of a bright orange colour, which is the seed. A mildew of this kind, which infects corn, is highly injurious to the farmer. It is vulgarly called the pepper brand, and when corn is attacked by it, it gradually consumes the substance of the grain, leaving in its stead only a dark powder which has a very offensive smell. This fungus is found only on barley, and in this respect differs from the smut, which is destructive not only of barley, but also of wheat and oats. The smut has been the subject of many interesting experiments by Mr. Bauer, of Kew, whose discoveries will no doubt throw very considerable light upon the subject. It not only destroys the grain, which it converts into a kind of jelly, but it attacks the leaves and stems, always forming in the interior of the plant, and bursting forth when ripe.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that a berberry tree, if planted in a corn-field, will, if infected with mildew, communicate the disease to the corn. This cannot be the case, as the mildew which attacks the berberry, (fig. 3) is quite different from any of the fungi which are found on corn. The berberry mildew, when magnified, is found to consist of a number of small orange cups, with white films over each. When ripe, these lids burst, and the top of the cup assumes a ragged, uneven appearance, like white fungi. Each cup has within it a number of little boxes containing seeds.

The ergot on the rye is a well-known and very destructive species of mildew (fig. 4.) It partakes of the nature of the truffle, and grows out of a spike of corn like a prolonged kernel. It is long, horny, and cartilaginous; and it consists of fibres closely interlaced. This disease evidently originates in the centre of the stem. It affects maize, various species of grass, and is often found in plants of yellow gentian, &c.

Fig. 2, attacks gooseberry bushes; and



(Mildew on Trees and Plants.)

Digitized by Google

fig. 5, the mountain ash; both spread rapidly, and are very difficult to cure.

The principal fungi of the third class, or those which attack the roots of plants, are two; and both closely resemble truffles. One of these is of a brownish yellow, attacks crocuses; and in those countries where the

(Mildew on the Crocus.)

crocus is cultivated for its saffron as an article of commerce, it makes great ravages. It is called by the French, *la mort du safran*, and soon destroys a whole crop. The other fungus is found on the potato, lucern, &c. It turns the roots, which are naturally white, of a purplish hue. Its ravages are often attributed to grubs. Both these fungi appear to be propagated by spawn, or fibres which spread through the earth, and cling round the roots which they find in their way.

All these kinds of fungi are very easily propagated, from the rapidity with which they arrive at maturity, and the immense number of seeds which they produce. Most of the mildew fungi require only twenty-four hours from the first springing of the plant to the ripening of its seed; and the number produced by each may be guessed from the circumstance of one mushroom being sufficient to propagate 250,000,000. The extreme minuteness of the mildew fungi renders them still more numerous. The first class, or the superficial mildew, appears to be communicated by the air, the seeds when ripe being carried by it from one plant to another, and establishing themselves wherever they touch. They destroy a plant by covering the surface of its leaves, and thus preventing respiration. Plants are generally most affected by superficial fungi after a long drought, when the fibres of their roots are unable to imbibe sufficient moisture from the soil, and the plant thus becomes debilitated, and affords an easy prey to the parasite which attacks it: as a proof, Dr. Lindley mentioned that in Scotland, where there are heavy night-dews, this fungus is unknown. The cure seems to be abundant watering.

The internal mildew evidently cannot be communicated by the air, since it always appears to spring from the interior of the plant, and to be at first covered with a thin skin, from which it does not burst till it is ripe. It is impossible, therefore, that this kind of mildew can be communicated externally, and yet the fact that it is contagious is so clear as not to admit a doubt. The only manner in which it appears probable that it can reach the interior, is through the roots. The seeds, when ripe, fall upon the earth, which becomes contaminated by them, and they are sucked up by the spongioles of the roots.—*Abridged from the Gardener's Magazine.*

Fine Arts.

THE IMPERIAL PALACE, ST. PETERSBURGH.

Few cities in Europe present such an assemblage of royal mansions as St. Petersburgh. Indeed, it has been not inappropriately called a City of Palaces. It surprises the travel-

Digitized by Google

ler more than London or Paris, from the great number and magnitude of its public buildings, from the boldness of its architecture, and from the total absence of those dark and wretched courts and lanes, which, in other cities, and especially in London and Paris, obtrude themselves on the notice in the midst of grandeur and stateliness of exterior. This superiority is easily explained. St. Petersburgh is one of the most recently built capitals in Europe: its first stone was laid but 136 years since; hence its architects have possessed the advantages of consulting convenience in spacious squares and broad streets, which are but rare features in ancient cities. Wherever cities have been rebuilt in modern times, the width of the streets has been increased: 170 years since, or before the Great Fire, the City of London must have been a knot of tortuous lanes and alleys, and these features distinguish the most ancient part of our capital to the present day. After the Fire, the streets were much widened; in our time the width of new streets has been still increased; and Regent-street is to parts of the City of London, what St. Petersburgh is to our entire capital.

The Imperial or Winter Palace occupies a vast space, with a noble quay of granite, upon the left bank of the Neva. It was built by the order of the Empress Elizabeth, in 1754, and 80,000 workmen are said to have been employed in its construction, to which its architect, Rastrelli, owes his elevation to the dignity of a Count. We fear it will be long before any individual will obtain such an honour for building a palace in this country; for our architects have but sorry ideas of the magnificence that should wall a king. A curious observer may probably trace something of the failure in national feeling.

The vast and imposing structure of the Winter Palace has a square form, three sides of which are unconnected with any other building. The north side, or that which faces the Neva, is 721 feet in extent. It is composed of a basement story of the Ionic order, surmounted by a principal and a second story or attic of the Corinthian order. The roof is surrounded by a light balustrade adorned with vases and statues. The Corinthian columns and pilasters, between the windows of the principal and second story are 35 feet high. The upper entablature is interrupted in the centre, and at the two extremities, by appropriate pediments. This may be considered as the principal, and certainly, the finest elevation of the building. The style of the Winter Palace may, however, be called heavy; but, as a mass, its appearance is more striking than either the Tuileries, the Royal Castle at Berlin, or any of the royal palaces in Europe, excepting that of the King at Madrid, which, though smaller, has a more imposing front. For size, Dr. Granville believes the Winter Palace to be superior to all these, and in internal decorations, it yields to none of them.

It would be an endless task to attempt a description of the different apartments of this palace, which occupies an area of 400,000 square feet. There are from 90 to 100 principal rooms on the first story. Among these is the Great Hall of St. George, one of the most magnificent rooms on the Continent. Neither the Tuileries nor the palace at Versailles can boast of anything like it. It is a parallelogram, 140 feet by 60, surrounded by 40 fluted Corinthian columns of porphyritic marble, with bronze capitals and bases, richly gilt; on which rests a gallery, with a gilt bronze balustrade of exquisite workmanship. Another striking apartment is the Military Gallery, erected by command of the late Emperor of Russia. The walls of this gallery are 180 feet long, and entirely covered with half-length portraits of the general-officers who distinguished themselves in the Russian service during the war with France. At one extremity is a portrait of the late Emperor Alexander nearly twice the size of life, on his white charger; painted by the English artist, Dawe.*

The diamond-room of the Winter Palace contains the jewels and crowns of the Imperial family. That of the Emperor is surrounded by a chaplet of oak-leaves, represented by diamonds of an extraordinary size. The celebrated diamond supposed to be the largest in Europe, being 194 carats in weight, decorates the Imperial sceptre, which, with the globe, forms part of this splendid collection.

This palace is the ordinary residence of the Emperor during the winter months, from which circumstance it derives its appellation. When his Majesty resides in it, the Imperial flag is hoisted from the top of the palace. It is asserted that upwards of 2,000 persons habitually reside in this palace, and that even a larger number are lodged in it when the Emperor is at St. Petersburgh.

The Engraving shows the Winter Palace on the side of the square, seen through the tropheal arch of the Etat Major: it is copied from one of the illustrations of Dr. Granville's Tour.

Connected with the Winter Palace are the *Grande* and *Petit Hermitage*. To these buildings is similarly joined the Theatre; the three presenting a frontage of 776 feet along the Neva, and forming, with the Winter Palace, a continued line of Palaces, unequalled in extent by any in Europe, and measuring 1,996 feet, or more than one-third of an English mile.

* Mr. Dawe is said to have been mainly indebted for the Emperor's patronage, to his popular production of the portraits of the late Princess Charlotte and her Royal Consort, as seen from a box at the Opera.

Digitized by Google

The Public Journals.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Mortal man of flesh and blood,
What wouldst thou with a Fairy-Love?
Where should we spread
Our bridal bed?
Under the depths of the roaring flood,
That fills thee with dread as it rolls above!

Canst thou tread an ocean cave?
Canst thou gaze on the emerald light,
That plays round the wall
Of the coral hall,
Where studded with pearls the sea flowers wave,
Like moving stars in their azure height?

Is there charm that can set thee free,
Till thou melt and mix in the sunbeams rare?
Canst thou float,
In our Nautilus' boat,
Over the green and glassy sea,
To chase the Spirits of viewless air?

Thou wert born for leafy bower—
We live in the spells wherewith 'tis fraught—
In the secret sound,
The gleam on the ground.
Thou art substance—we are power—
And what is thy love but a fleeting thought?

Thou art a thing of decay and death,
With a form, but lent thee, awhile to wear;
The narrow room
Will cover thy bloom—
But we that breathe not mortal breath,
Can take a thousand shapes more fair.

Water we touch, and it does not wet,
Fire we pierce and it does not burn;
Nor earth can hold,
Nor air enfold,
For we chase the stars that are going to set,
And girthing the world with the sun return.

Thou creepest but in an earthly cell—
We live in the clouds of the gorgeous east,
That shoot and fly,
From the summon'd sky,
To shape us a palace wherein to dwell,
When we hold our Fairy-feast.

Our banquet can eye of thine behold;
Thy lip can it taste our charmed cup?
The regions of light
Are but shades of night,
To the blaze of our Palace of living gold,
That naught but our presence has lighted up.

Mortal man, of flesh and blood,
What wouldst thou with a Fairy-Love?
Where should we spread
Our bridal bed?
Under the depths of the roaring flood!
Or in realms thou canst not reach above!

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HANWELL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

By Harriet Martineau.

It is commonly agreed that the most deplorable spectacle which society presents, is that of a receptacle for the insane. In pauper asylums we see chains and strait waistcoats, —three or four half-naked creatures thrust into a chamber filled with straw, to exasperate each other with their clamour and attempts at violence; or else gibbering in idleness, or moping in solitude. In private asylums, where the rich patients are supposed to be well taken care of, in proportion to the quantity of money expended on their account, there is as much idleness, moping, raving, exasperating infliction, and destitution of sympathy, though the horror is attempted to be veiled by a more decent arrangement of externals. Must these things be?

I have lately been backwards and forwards at the Hanwell Asylum for the reception of the pauper lunatics of the county of Middlesex. On entering the gate, I met a patient going to his garden-work with his tools in his hand, and passed three others breaking clods with their forks, and keeping near each other for the sake of being sociable. Further on were three women rolling the grass in company; one of whom,—a merry creature, who clapped her hands at the sight of visiters, had been chained to her bed for seven years before she was brought hither, but is likely to give little further trouble henceforth, than that of finding her enough to do. A very little suffices for the happiness of one on whom seven years of gratuitous misery have been inflicted;—a promise from Mrs. Ellis to shake hands with her when she has washed her hands,—a summons to assist in carrying in dinner,—a permission to help to beautify the garden, are enough. Further on is another in a quieter state of content, always calling to mind the strawberries and cream Mrs. Ellis set before the inmates on the lawn last year, and persuading herself that the strawberries could not grow, nor the garden get on without her, and fiddle-faddling in the sunshine to her own satisfaction and that of her guardians. This woman had been in a strait waistcoat for ten years before she was sent to Hanwell. In a shed in this garden, sit three or four patients cutting potatoes for seed, singing and amusing each other; while Thomas, a mild, contented looking patient, passes by with Mrs. Ellis's clogs, which he stoops to tie on with all possible politeness; finding it much pleasanter as Dr. Ellis says, "to wait on a lady than be chained in a cell." In the bakehouse, meanwhile, are a company of patients, kneading their dough; and in the wash-house and laundry, many more, equally busy, who would be tearing their clothes to pieces if there was not the mangle to be turned, and a prodigious array of linen in the drying closet to be ironed. A story higher, are coteries of straw-plaiters, and basket-makers, and knitters, among the women,—and saddlers, shoemakers, and tailors among the men. A listless or moping one may be seen here and there; and the greater number can think of nothing but their own concerns; but certain curious arguments and friendly discussions may be perceived going on in corners; kind offices are perpetually exchanged. The worst grievance, for the time, is a good deal of senseless chatter; while here is the actual fact of a large company of lunatics, clean, orderly, sociable, busy, and useful. When

Digitized by Google

the dinner-bell rings, what a cheerful smile runs round! and how briskly they move off to the ward, where their meal awaits them! feeling, perhaps, what one of them expressed: "However little intellect we may have, we all know what the dinner-bell means." There is another place where the greater number of them go, with equal alacrity; to the chapel, where they may be seen on a Sunday evening, decked out in what they consider their best, and equalling any other congregation whatever in the decorum of their deportment. Where are the chains, and the straw, and the darkness? Where are the howls, and the yells, without which the place cannot be supposed a mad-house? There is not a chain in the house, nor any intention that there ever shall be; and those who might, in a moment, be provoked to howl and yell, are lying quietly in bed, talking to themselves, as there is no one else present to talk to. They will probably be soon ready to make a rational promise to be quiet, if they may get up and join their companions. A few, who are not to be trusted with the use of their hands, but who are better in society than alone, are walking about their ward, with their arms gently confined; but, out of five hundred and sixty-six patients, only ten are under even so much restraint as this. Almost the whole are of the same harmless class with the painter in the hall, who hastens to remove his ladder and paint-pot to let us pass, and politely hopes to see us all in London very soon; or the self-satisfied knitter, who concludes me to be a foreigner, because I do not know Mrs. A. B——, of C——, who is a great friend of hers, and because I have nothing to do with the Bank of England.

* * * * * *

The commonest objection to the true method of managing lunatics,—treating them as nearly as possible like rational beings,—is the supposed danger of letting them be at large. What is to be learned at Hanwell about this?

It is nearly twenty years since Dr. and Mrs. Ellis began to treat lunatics as much as possible as if they were sane; and in all that time *no accident has happened*. This was, of course, the point of their management most anxiously pondered by them, when they took the charge of the Wakefield institution, which was conducted by them with high honour and success for many years. The question of confinement or liberty was that on which the whole of their management hung. They decided for liberty; determining that the possible loss of a life, perhaps of their own, would be a less evil than the amount of woe inflicted by the imprisonment of a great number of irritable persons for a long series of years. They threw open their doors, were lavish of air, sunshine, liberty, and amusement to their patients; and have been rewarded by witnessing the happiness they proposed, without paying the possible penalty. It should be remembered that the irritable are exasperated by opposition, and not by freedom. How much of the safety of Dr. Ellis's patients may be owing to the recognition of this principle, and how much to the system of classification to which he has been led by his adoption of phrenological principles, it is for himself to declare; but no one who witnesses the results can doubt the wisdom of his methods. I saw the worst patients in the establishment, and conversed with them, and was far more delighted than surprised to see the effect of companionship on those who might be supposed the most likely to irritate each other. Some are always in a better state when their companions are in a worse; and the sight of woe has evidently a softening effect upon them. One poor creature, in a paroxysm of misery, could not be passed by; and while I was speaking to her as she sat, two of the most violent patients in the ward joined me, and the one wiped away the scalding tears of the bound sufferer, while the other told me how "genteel" an education she had had, and how it grieved them all to see her there. Why should it be supposed that the human heart ceases its yearnings whenever confusion is introduced among the workings of the brain? And what is so likely to restore order as allowing their natural play to the affections which can never be at rest? For those who cannot visit Hanwell, it may be enough to know that no accident has happened among Dr. Ellis's many hundred patients, during the twenty years that he has been their guardian; but there is a far higher satisfaction in witnessing and feeling the evident security which prevails in the establishment, where the inmates are more like whimsical children, manageable by steadiness, than wretched maniacs, controllable only by force. "O, do let me out! Do let me go to my dinner!" wailed one in her chamber, who had been sent there because she was not "well enough" for society in the morning. The dinner-bell had made her wish herself back again among her companions. "Let me out, and I will be quiet and gentle." "Will you?" was the only answer when her door was thrown open. In an instant she dispersed her tears, composed her face, and walked away like a chidden child. The talk of these paupers often abounds in oaths when they first enter: but the orderly spirit of the society soon banishes them. "I cannot hear those words," Mrs. Ellis says. "I will hear anything that you have to say in a reasonable manner. I am in no hurry. I will sit down: and now let me hear." No oaths can follow upon an invitation like this: and the habit of using them is soon broken.

Digitized by Google

An observation of what is passing within the walls at Hanwell may be found to throw much light on what is done in the world; and, on this account, it is to be desired that all who have any share of the welfare of humanity in charge, should visit the place for higher purposes than those of curiosity. They may gain even much more than guidance towards the true principle of treating insanity. Let them inquire the chief cause of all this mental disease among the women who compose the majority of the society, and they will be told "gin-drinking." Let them next inquire what led to gin-drinking, and take the answer to heart. Let them mark the direction taken by the sorrow and anger of the murmurers. "How do I do?" said one, in answer to a gentleman present, who had once incautiously promised to see what could be done for her. "Pretty well, only pretty well. How else should I be in this place? It is a barbarous thing to keep me here, when you said long ago you would do something to get me to London. You are like all the rest. You are a delusive man." It is as true of these helpless sufferers, as of the proudest among the wise, that not a word of their lips is forgotten before God! Alas, for those against whom the idlest of those words is rising up in judgment!—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

SONGS

From the "Noctes" of Blackwood's Magazine.

Do you see our vessel riding
At her anchor in you bay,
Like a sleeping sea-bird biding
For the morrow's onward way?
See her white wings folded round her,
Rock'd upon the lulling deep—
Hath the silent moonlight bound her
With a chain of peace and sleep?

Seems she not, as if enchanted
To that lone and lovely place,
Henceforth ever to be haunted
By that fair ship's shadowy grace?
Yet come here again to-morrow,
Not a vestige will remain;
Though those sweet eyes strain in sorrow.
They will watch the waves in vain.

'Twas for this I bade thee meet me;
For one parting word and tear;
Other lands and lips may greet me,
None will ever seem so dear.
Other lands—I may say other!
Mine again I shall not see!
I have left my aged mother—
She has other sons than me.

Where my father's bones are lying,
There mine own will never lie;
Where the pale wild-flowers are sighing
Sweet beneath a summer sky.
Mine will be less hallow'd ending,
Mine will be a wilder grave;
When the shriek and shout are blending,
Or the tempest sweeps the wave.

Or, perhaps, a fate more lonely,
In some sick and foreign ward,
When my weary eyes meet only
Hired nurse or sullen guard.

Be it wound, or be it fever,
When my soul's death-doom is cast,
One remembrance will not leave her,
Thine will linger to the last.

Dearest maiden! thou art weeping!
Must I from those eyes remove?
Hath thy heart no soft pulse sleeping,
Which might waken into love?
No! I see thy brow is frozen,
And thy look is cold and strange;
Oh! when once the heart is chosen,
Well I know it cannot change!

And I know thy heart has spoken
That another's it must be;
Scarce I wish that pure faith broken,
Though the falsehood were for me.
No! be still that guileless creature
Who upon my boyhood shone;
Couldst thou change thy angel nature,
Half my trust in Heaven were gone.

With these parting words I sever
All my ties of youth and home,
Kindred, friends, good-by for ever!
See! my boat cuts through the foam!
Wind, tide, time, alike are pressing,
I must leave my native shore;
One first kiss, and one last blessing—
Farewell, love, we meet no more!

LINES ON A WHITE DOVE. BY A GIRL.

Emblem of Innocence! spotless and pure,
Sweet bird of the snowy-white wing,
So gentle and meek, yet so lovely thou art,
Thy loveliness touches and gladdens my heart,
Like the first early blossoms of Spring.

There are birds of a sunnier land, gentle dove,
Whose plumage than thine is more bright;
The humming-bird there, and the gay paroquete,
But even than they thou art lovelier yet,
Sweet bird with the plumage of white.

For purity rests on thy feathers of snow,
Thy dark eye is sad, gentle dove;
And e'en in the varying tones of thy coo,
There's an accent of sadness and tenderness too,
Like the soft farewell whisper of love.

The eagle is queen of the cliff and the wave,
And she flaps her wild wing in the sky;
The song of the lark will enrapture, 'tis true,
When no one would list to my white dove's soft coo,
No one—save her young ones—and I.

Farewell, then, sweet dove! if the winter is cold,
May the Spring with her blossoms appear
In sunny-clad beauty, to waken the song
Of the sweet-throated warblers the forests among,
And the nest of my fav'rite to cheer.

Notes of a Reader.

DUMB PAINTER.

One of the most remarkable colourists that Spain ever produced was Juan Fernandez Navarrete, born at Logrono about 1526, and surnamed, "El Mudo," from being dumb. It appears that an illness deprived him of the sense of hearing at three years old, and consequently that he never learnt to speak. His inclination for painting was first shown by attempting in his childhood to imitate with charcoal anything that struck his fancy; and his father was thus induced to procure him the instruction of Fra Vicente, a Hieronymite monk from a neighbouring monas-

Digitized by Google

tery. The advice of his first master was the cause of his visiting Italy, where, after seeing Rome, Naples, and Florence, he is said to have studied in the house of Titian. It is curious, that the little picture of the Baptism of Christ, which he presented to Philip II. after his return, as a proof of his ability, and which is now in the Royal Gallery at Madrid, bears no trace of the Venetian school; on the contrary, the pinkish draperies, and the tone of the whole picture, as well as the forms of the figures, are much more Florentine, and in point of colour totally unlike Navarrete's later works. The King was so well satisfied with this specimen of his talents that he assigned him a pension of 200 ducats, and employed him in the Escurial. Of the eight pictures which he first painted for that monastery, three perished by a fire. Another celebrated work of his which formerly adorned the same treasure-house of art, is one of the most brilliant ornaments of the collection of the Duke of Dalmatia. It is Abraham receiving the Angels, and with a very fine tone of colour, possesses a depth of shadow and an impressive gloom, highly characteristic of the artist and his country. Cean records a curious contract between the monks of the Escurial and Navarrete, of which the substance was as follows: — That Navarrete should execute thirty-two pictures for their church, twenty-seven of them to be of the dimensions of 7½ feet by 7½, and the other five, 13 feet by 9. That he was to be at all the costs of canvass, &c., and that none but himself was to touch any important part. That for each he should receive 200 ducats, besides his ordinary pension from the king, who was to approve of them as they were finished. The standing figures were to be six feet and a quarter high, and if the same saint occurred twice, his face was to be repeated, *after an authentic portrait, if any such were accessible*. The painter, too, was forbidden to introduce a cat, dog, or other unbecoming figure: all were to be saints, and such as would excite devotional feelings. The last clause was probably occasioned by his having placed a cat and dog fighting in a Holy Family which he had painted for the cloister, and thereby perhaps provoked the laughter of some incautious novice. But the whole contract is highly interesting, as showing the extreme strictness with which the monks bound down the artists whom they employed, and how many probably of the errors of taste, or peculiarities in composition, may be attributed to the painter's want of free will. Fernandez did not live long enough to complete his gigantic undertaking: the eight first pictures, representing the twelve Apostles and four Evangelists, two in each, are still to be seen in the church of the Escurial, and it is difficult to speak too much in praise of some of them; they are almost equal to Fra Bartolomeo in dignity, and to Titian in colour. The remainder of these altar-pieces were executed by Alonso Sanchez Coello and Luis de Carabajal, and they would appear fine pictures if they did not stand by those of El Mudo. Notwithstanding his misfortune, Navarrete is said to have been able to read and write, to have played cards, and expressed himself by signs with wonderful precision. The scene which passed when Philip II., without his usual feeling for art, and with the impatience characteristic of a sovereign, ordered Titian's picture to be reduced in size, so as to fit its place in the refectory, would make a fine subject for a painter. The Spanish artist expressed by signs his readiness to make an exact copy on peril of his head, and earnestly besought the king not to mutilate the work of his ablest instructor. He died at Toledo in 1579; and Padre Siguenza hardly said too much when he affirmed that it was worth a long journey to the Escurial only to see the works of this great man. We know of no picture by him in any English collection, except that in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, which represents the widowed heroine of the Comuneros, Dona Maria de Pacheco, as, arrayed in mourning, she paraded the streets of Toledo on her mule, and roused the sinking energies of its patriots.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

HYMN, BY CUNNINGHAM.

DEAR is the Sabbath morn to me,
When village bells awake the day,
And by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear the simple melody,
Sung with the pomp of rustic art;
That holy, heavenly harmony—
The music of a thankful heart.

And dear to me the loud Amen,
That echoes through the blest abode;
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

In secret I have often pray'd,
And still the anxious tears would fall;
But on the sacred altar laid,
The fire descends and dries them all.

Then dear to me the hallow'd morn,
The village bells, the shepherd's voice;
They oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Oft when the world with iron hands
Has bound me in his six days' chain,
This bursts them like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Go, man of pleasure, strike the lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours are the prophet's car of fire
To bear us to a Father's arms.

Digitized by Google

TYROLESE MINSTRELS.

By a Recent Tourist.

THE Tyrolese are a race of men as joyous as they are energetic; one may observe the near vicinity of Italian life, noisy and gay, seeking room under porticoes and in the open air. * * * * * *

In the evening we suddenly heard sweet female voices, and a melody that penetrated through bone and marrow. We followed the sound, and behold! two young girls were singing popular Tyrolese songs at the *table d'hote*. We bade them come to us next. They came, and sang all they knew, even till midnight. We were beside ourselves with delight. * * * We thanked God for the happiness of hearing these songs in the Tyrol itself, and sang by natives. The peculiar mode of singing them, that variation and fraction of sounds,* celebrated all over Germany under the name of to *jodeln* or *johlen*, which is held to express a redoubled alternating echo of herdsmen's voices and hunting horns amidst the mountains, requires such marvellous action of the voice, such springs and falls of tones, as cannot possibly be produced by other throats than such as have had the Alps for their singing school. They are imitated, however, as may be, especially at German Universities, where, as is well known, a sort of forester's or hunter's life is always led. Nay, at Jena, the *Senatus Academicus* was compelled to publish a prohibition "*more Tyrolensium inconditos clamores edere*, (to utter rude clamours after the Tyrolese fashion,) because it happened that all the windows of a many-storied house, situate in a large market-place and entirely inhabited by students, were, for a considerable length of time, seen open from morning till night, and crammed full of shirt-sleeved sons of Minerva, who *jodled* away all day long, in so full a chorus, that business was at a stand, and the whole town remained as if deaf and dumb.

But it was not by their lays only that the young songstresses afforded us poetic enjoyment; the story of their own life, which we had from the people of the inn, is highly poetical. They are properly three in number, orphans, in age from fifteen to twenty, live in a little cottage out of Insbruck, and support themselves by their singing. They visit the town daily, or are sent for, to sing their simple ditties to lovers of music and travellers. Two are sisters, who have taken the third, a poor orphan like themselves, into their singing association. This last, who is the prettiest, we did not see till the following morning, when we had appointed them to come again and repeat their songs. They now sang in addition a ballad upon the *Sandwirth* Hofer and his feats; they stood before his portrait, and his blithe countenance seemed to listen with pleasure to his name, as it sounded so gratefully on the lips of the daughters of his country. Nature has endowed all three with admirable voices; they have practised singing together, and they give the whole with a force, a warmth, a correct harmony, and a musical judgment that cannot be sufficiently praised. Neat and clean in their dress, they are free alike from all appearance of beggary, as from all marks betraying the loss or impairing of female honour. They come in only when summoned, drop a modest but slight curtsey at the door, step quickly forward, place themselves in a triangle in the middle of the floor, look only at each other, and instantly begin their songs. Even when these, as is not unfrequent in popular songs, express passion in its coarser forms, they seem nearly as unconscious as the rose when it stands forth amidst the sunshine, the very image of nature's voluptuousness. * * * When they have sung as much as they can, they at length raise their eyes to the travelling audience, and with simple, childlike friendliness, and a pretty curtsey, ask whether they have given satisfaction, adding that they can sing no longer. He were a barbarian who could scantily reward their nightingale-toil! Thereupon they return thanks for what they have received with another curtsey, somewhat deeper than the former, and rapidly vanish from one's sight. We were assured that, according to their station, they maintain themselves richly by their art, and, doubtless will soon find honourable suitors. Could prettier materials for a novel be devised.—*From a Swedish Journal—in the Foreign Quarterly Review.*

* We cannot accurately translate the strange word *lindbrytandet*, (literally, sound-fraction) nor does it appear descriptive of the thing; but all who recollect the singing of the Tryrolese minstrels will understand what is meant.

NIGHT-MARE.

THE modifications which night-mare assumes are infinite; but one passion is almost never absent—that of utter and incomprehensible dread. Sometimes the sufferer is buried beneath overwhelming rocks, which crush him on all sides, but still leave him with a miserable consciousness of his situation. Sometimes he is involved in the coils of a horrid, slimy monster, whose eyes have the phosphorescent glare of the sepulchre, and whose breath is poisonous as the marsh of Lerna. Everything horrible, disgusting, or terrific, in the physical or moral world, is brought before him in fearful array; he is hissed at by serpents, tortured by demons, stunned by the hollow voices and cold touch of apparitions. A mighty stone is laid upon his breast, and crushes him to the ground in helpless agony: mad bulls and tigers pursue

Digitized by Google

his palsied footsteps: the unearthly shrieks and gibberish of hags, witches, and fiends float around him. In whatever situation he may be placed, he feels superlatively wretched: he is Ixion working for ages at his wheel: he is Sisyphus rolling his eternal stone: he is stretched upon the iron bed of Procrustes: he is prostrated by inevitable destiny beneath the approaching wheels of the car of Juggernaut. At one moment he may have the consciousness of a malignant demon being at his side: then, to shun the sight of so appalling an object, he will close his eyes, but still the fearful being makes its presence known; for its icy breath is felt diffusing itself over his visage, and he knows that he is face to face with a fiend. Then, if he look up, he beholds horrid eyes glaring upon him, and an aspect of hell grinning at him with even more than hellish malice. Or he may have the idea of a monstrous hag squatted upon his breast—mute, motionless, and malignant; an incarnation of the Evil Spirit—whose intolerable weight crushes the breath out of his body, and whose fixed, deadly, incessant stare petrifies him with horror and makes his very existence insufferable.

In every instance there is a sense of oppression and helplessness; and the extent to which these are carried varies, according to the violence of the paroxysm. The individual never feels himself a free agent; on the contrary, he is spell-bound by some enchantment, and remains an unresisting victim for malice to work its will upon. He can neither breathe, nor walk, nor run with his wonted facility. If pursued by any imminent danger, he can hardly drag one limb after another; if engaged in combat, his blows are utterly ineffective; if involved in the fangs of any animal, or in the grasp of an enemy, extrication is impossible. He struggles, he pants, he toils, but it is all in vain: his muscles are rebels to the will, and refuse to obey its calls. In no case is there a sense of complete freedom: the benumbing stupor never departs from him; and his whole being is locked up in one mighty spasm. Sometimes he is forcing himself through an aperture too small for the reception of his body, and is there arrested and tortured by the pangs of suffocation produced by the pressure to which he is exposed; or he loses his way in a narrow labyrinth, and gets involved in its contracted and inextricable mazes; or he is entombed alive in a sepulchre beside the mouldering dead. There is, in most cases, an intense reality in all that he sees, or hears, or feels. The aspects of the hideous phantoms which harass his imagination are bold and defined; the sounds which greet his ear appallingly distinct; and when any dimness or confusion of imagery does prevail, it is of the most fearful kind, leaving nothing but dreary and miserable impressions behind it.

In general, during an attack, the person has consciousness of an utter inability to express his horror by cries. He feels that his voice is half choked by impending suffocation, and that any exertion of it, farther than a deep sigh or groan, is impossible. Sometimes, however, he conceives that he is bellowing with prodigious energy, and wonders that the household are not alarmed by his noise. But this is an illusion: those outcries which he fancies himself uttering are merely obscure moans, forced with difficulty and pain from the stifled penetralia of his bosom.—*Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep.*

The Gatherer.

Some one asking the late Mr. Curran why a countryman of his walked about London with his tongue out of his mouth, said that he "supposed he did so in hopes to catch the English accent."

Englishmen are said to love their laws; that is the reason, perhaps, why they give us so many of them, and so many different editions.

It was observed of a celebrated physician, that he never said in company, "I drink your health," but "My service to you."

Lord Oxford, (said Pope,) was huddled in his thoughts, and obscure in his manner of delivering them. It was he who advised Mr. Rowe to learn Spanish, which he did in about three months, thinking that there was some place ready for him; but, after all his pains and expectation, Lord Oxford only said, "Then, sir, I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original."

"Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddle-wise," said a gentleman. "No," said one of his guests, "cut it bridlewise for then I may chance to get a bit in my mouth."

Cart versus Card.—Davies, in his *Life of Garrick,* tells us, that James Ralph, the dramatist, was frequently with Lord Melcombe; but, it is said, that a silly mistake of a domestic had very nearly caused a rupture between them. Lord Melcombe gave orders to his servant to go to Ralph, who lived not far from his lordship, at Isleworth, and take a card with him for a dinner invitation to Mr. Ralph and his wife. The servant mistook the word *card* for *cart,* and set out with one full speed to bring them to his lord's house. The supposed indignity offended the pride of Ralph, who, with great gravity, sent back the messenger and his carriage, with a long expostulatory letter.—P. T. W.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 667.] SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1834. [PRICE 2*d.*

Cities of Europe.

VITTORIA.

THE CATHEDRAL.

How many sites of battles have become corn-fields! Just one-and-twenty years since, the plain in which stands Vittoria was a scene of burning contest: now corn waves there. Toulouse and Waterloo present similar changes.

Vittoria, in Latin *Victoria*, is the capital of the canton of Alava, in the province of Biscay, in the north of Spain. It is the first city after crossing the Bidassoa from France, and entering Spain. It is situated partly upon the declivity of a hill, and partly at the end of a well cultivated valley, through which meanders the Zadorra river. The country is less fertile than that which lies nearer the frontier; but the proverbial indus-

Digitized by Google

try of the Biscayans force from it an unwilling crop.

Vittoria was founded by Don Sancho, King of Navarre. Why it received the name of Victory does not appear; but, to an Englishman, it has become a most appropriate and significant designation of the place, from the signal victory of the allies under Wellington, over the French, under Jourdan, already referred to. In the heights of La Puebla, south of the town, was the hottest of the fight; but the traveller in vain looks round for a column, or memorial, to record the event. The country has proved ungrateful for the timely succour of our millions; for, "there is not even a grey stone set up to mark the cold depositories of so many English hearts and arms. These mountains are their only monuments." Yet, a little further on, the people have set up a marble column, with an inscription, to tell the limits of Alava and Old Castile; reminding us that it is of little use to raise landmarks unless the people have virtue to defend their territories.

Laborde, in his excellent *View of Spain*, published five-and-twenty years since, describes Vittoria as divided into the new town and old town; the latter is much less inhabited than the former: it is surrounded by a double row of walls. It is, in general, close and ill built; yet there are some tolerably broad streets, ornamented with trees, and watered by cool and clear streams. The city has a collegiate chapter, four parishes, three monasteries of monks, and three nunneries, five chapels, and an asylum. The latter deserves attention among the public edifices. The architecture is tolerably good, and the interior well distributed; and children here are taught to read, write, and say their catechism. Most of the churches are Gothic, some of them handsome enough. The city contains 1,000 houses, besides about 2,000 in the suburbs—altogether about 6,500 inhabitants.

Other and more recent tourists differ from Laborde. In the *Recollections of the Peninsula*, it is styled "a very clean town, with a very handsome square, excellent houses, good shops, and a well supplied market." Mr. Quin passed through this "large and handsome city" in 1823. It was then crowded with soldiers, and its entrances were defended with new, rough, temporary walls, with portholes. There are some fine streets, he says, in most of which a considerable degree of industrious activity appeared to prevail. He looked into three or four of the principal churches: "they are gloomy without being solemn; richly gilt, and decorated with paltry wooden images." A small but handsome theatre had recently been finished.

The finest portion of the city described by Laborde, is a beautiful square, 220 feet each way, which opens into four streets. The houses in it are almost all uniform; but the Hôtel de Ville and two convents, which are situated here, have distinct and different fronts. This is the *Plaza*, referred to by Mr. Inglis, in 1830, as little inferior to the Place Vendôme, in Paris.

The Engravings convey some idea of the architecture of Vittoria, which, to an English eye, may appear gloomy and uninviting. The oxen in the first Cut remind us of the use of these beasts for every kind of laborious work; and, according to Mr. Inglis, their pace outstripped his best pedestrianism.

It is now time to glance at that proud event which has rendered Vittoria so celebrated in our time, and will enshrine its name in the page of history for ages to come. The appropriateness of introducing a brief sketch of this memorable event to our readers, on the present occasion, need scarcely be urged; for, at what moment can historical details possess more interest than upon the anniversary of their occurrence.

The Battle of Vittoria, fought June 21, 1813, was one of the crowning glories of the Peninsular War, and among the proudest of those splendid successes, honourable to British skill and valour, which brought to a glorious termination the late contest in Spain and Portugal.*

Previous to the battle, Wellington perceiving that Napoleon had somewhat weakened his armies in Spain, advanced from the Portuguese frontier. He was now in possession of the supreme authority over the Spanish armies, as well as the Portuguese and English, and appeared in greater force than ever. Thus prepared, during the 20th of June, Lord Wellington closed up his rear, collected all his divisions, and reconnoitred the enemy at Vittoria, where Joseph Buonaparte had, on the previous day, concentrated all his forces, and placed them in a battle position. The succeeding details are abridged from a work of accredited character.†

"The French armies occupied a line nearly

* Mr. Southey, in the opening chapter of his valuable *History of the Peninsular War*, says, "There are few portions of history from which lessons of such political importance are to be deduced; none which more powerfully and permanently excite the sympathy of mankind, because of the mighty interests at stake. For this was no common war, of which a breach of treaty, an extension of frontier, a distant colony, or a disputed succession, serves as the cause or pretext: it was as direct a contest between the principles of good and evil, as the elder Persians, or the Manichæans, imagined in their fables; it was for the life or death of national independence, national spirit, and all those holy feelings which are comprehended in the love of our native land. Nor was it for the Peninsula alone that the war was waged: it was for England, for Europe; for literature and for liberty; for domestic morals and domestic happiness; for the vital welfare of the human race."

† *Military Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington.* By Capt. Moyle Sherer. Lardner's Cabinet Library.

Digitized by Google

eight miles in extent. Their extreme left rested upon the lofty heights of La Puebla. Their right was posted upon high ground above the villages of Abechuco and Gamarra Mayor. Their centre covered a range of strong hills on the left bank of the Zadorra, and commanded the valley through which it flows towards the south in front of Vittoria. Part of their left wing was drawn up, touching the left centre, on steep and commanding ridges above the village of Subijana de Alava. A strong reserve was posted in rear of the centre at the village of Gomecha. Their light troops lined the banks of the Zadorra in front of the centre, and the bridges over that river were fortified. A woody space between the centre and right was also occupied by light infantry; and some field works had been thrown up in front of Abechuco and Gamarra Mayor. Thus posted, the enemy covered the city of Vittoria, and held the three great roads, which, from Logrono, Madrid, and Bilboa, unite in that city, and thence pursue one line to Bayonne.

"Here, therefore, it was absolutely necessary that the enemy should make a resolute stand to protect the main road to Bayonne, and to cover the evacuation of their grand depôt at Vittoria, as well as the orderly and safe march of those immense convoys which had accompanied them from the heart of Spain. Joseph Buonaparte nominally commanded in person. The armies of Portugal and the south were in the first line, that of the centre and the cavalry in reserve. Thus they had near 70,000 combatants, and 100 pieces of cannon, arrayed in battle order. The allies outnumbered them by 4,000 or 5,000 All the divisions of the Anglo-Portuguese were present, with the exception of the sixth, which was detained at Medina in observation; for there was a corps of 12,000 French in the direction of Bilboa, under General Foy; and General Clausel, with a body of 15,000 men, was at Logrono. But the French, actually present on the field of battle could not have been short of 70,000; and in the number given for the allies are included three divisions of Spaniards, under Giron, Longa, and Murillo.

"The sun of the 21st of June rose clear and cloudless. The allied columns stood to their arms, and marched from their bivouacs on the Bayas, in the assured hope of a day of glory. Lord Wellington disposed the army in three corps. The right under Sir Rowland Hill; the left under Sir Thomas Graham; while the centre, consisting of four divisions formed in two columns, received orders more immediately from himself. In the right corps was the allied division under Sir William Stewart, the Portuguese division under the Conde de Amarante, and a division of Spaniards under Murillo. In the centre were the divisions of Sir Lowry Cole and Baron Alten, and those of Lord Dalhousie and Sir Thomas Picton. On the left, with Sir Thomas Graham, were the first division and General Oswald's; also two brigades of cavalry, and the Spanish division of Longa. The centre of the enemy's position was so strong, and it was defended by such enormous batteries of field artillery, and so large a force, that any attempt to pierce it was not hopeful or prudent; though the immense extent of line from Abechuco to Puebla would, with a less formidable post for the centre, have favoured such an attack. As it was, it became necessary to force back the enemy's flanks, and to delay any assault on the French centre till the right or left corps of the allies should have crossed the Zadorra, and be so well advanced as to give a powerful support in flank to a front attack. The Spaniards of Murillo commenced the action, supported by the light companies of the second division, and the 71st light infantry under the Honourable Colonel Cadogan. The Spaniards ascended the steep heights of Puebla with great spirit, and were soon engaged with the enemy, who kept up a very hot fire of musketry on their advance. Murillo behaved admirably; he was wounded, but kept the field, and continued the combat with good countenance, till the support under Colonel Cadogan came to his aid. The enemy reinforced this point strongly, and a severe struggle ensued; but they were at length driven back, though not without having inflicted a heavy loss on the allies. The 71st regiment lost 400 men; and Cadogan, the heroic commander of that gallant corps, fell mortally wounded at its head: he died upon the field, with his eyes anxiously following its advance. The heights of Puebla thus won, Sir Rowland Hill directed two brigades of the second division to carry the village and heights of Subijana de Alava. The village was immediately seized by the brigade of Colonel O'Callaghan, without loss; the defensive cannonade from the heights above, though heavy, being ill directed. The enemy, however, soon filled the ravines among the heights above, and a wood to the left of Subijana, with a swarm of tirailleurs, and made repeated efforts to recover the village; but they were stoutly opposed, and the ground was contested hotly. The regiments which skirmished opposite the wood suffered severely from the fire of the French voltigeurs, and the combat was maintained here, till the head of a column, directed by Sir Rowland Hill to advance along the lofty ridge running from the Puebla mountain, appeared upon the enemy's flank. About this time, the fourth and light divisions under General Cole passed the Zadorra; the former at the bridge of Nanclares, the latter at that of Tres Puentes. Almost as soon as these had crossed, the column under the Earl

Digitized by Google

of Dalhousie reached its point of attack; and the third division under Sir Thomas Picton, followed by the seventh under the earl, crossed the bridge on the Mendonza road higher up. These four divisions formed rapidly on the left of the Zadorra, and advanced against the enemy's right centre; while their left centre was immediately exposed to a flank attack by the complete success of Sir Rowland Hill, who now followed up their retreat from Subijana de Alava with his wonted steadiness and vigour. The allied columns which advanced against the enemy's right centre were furiously engaged. They were received with a most destructive fire; but they moved on in admirable order, notwithstanding the difficulty of the ground. It was not possible for the movements of any troops to be conducted with more spirit and regularity. The advance was made by echellons of regiments in two or three lines, according to the nature of the ground. The brigade of General Colville, in Picton's division, being on the left, led up, and was first engaged, the enemy falling upon it hotly in very superior force; it not only stoutly held ground against this attack, but, assailing in turn, drove before it this body, and coming on its reserve lines well formed, overthrew them at the bayonet's point and captured their guns. In the village of Arinez, the enemy fought for a time with better success; but it was at last carried by the bayonet. As the fourth and light divisions advanced, the French fell back upon Vittoria in good order. So long, however, as they did maintain themselves against these attacks of their centre,* the fire of their artillery was terrible: 80 guns were thundering from their position. While the right and centre of the allies were thus vigorously pursuing their success, the left column under Sir Thomas Graham, supported by a Spanish division under General Giron, attacked the French right on the heights above the village of Abechuco, and carried them. This done, Sir Thomas Graham directed General Oswald to assail the post of Gamarra Mayor, and formed the first division to attack Abechuco. Both these villages having bridges over the Zadorra were strongly occupied. Gamarra Mayor was stormed by a brigade of General Oswald's division, and carried at the bayonet's point without firing a shot. General Robinson, under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, led up his troops to this gallant attack in columns of battalions, with the support of two guns of Major Lawson's brigade of artillery. Sir Thomas Graham now placed two brigades of field artillery in battery against Abechuco; and, under cover of this fire, Colonel Halket, with the German light battalions, supported by a brigade of Portuguese infantry under General Bradford, dislodged the enemy by so resolute an assault, that one of the German battalions took two guns and a howitzer on the bridge. While this combat took place at Abechuco, the enemy made the greatest efforts to retake Gamarra Mayor; but General Oswald defeated them with the same gallantry which had distinguished his first attack. Upon the heights on the left of the Zadorra, the enemy still had two divisions of infantry in reserve, posted so strongly that it was not possible as yet for the troops of Sir Thomas Graham to pass the bridges which they had so bravely taken: but they waited eagerly for that moment when the perfected combinations of Lord Wellington should loosen them to pursue; for already they could hear the advancing battle in the centre. No sooner had the allies passed Vittoria in pursuit of the enemy's centre and left, than Sir Thomas Graham, pushing across the river, took possession of the road to Bayonne. This line of retreat being intercepted, the road to Pampeluna was the only route by which these reserve divisions could retire, and upon this they instantly fell back in great haste and disorder. The entire army of the enemy was now not only beaten, but driven back upon one line of retreat; and in a state so disorganized and helpless, that they never rallied, but ran off in large confused masses, abandoning all their cannon, ammunition, and baggage to the victors. They moved so swiftly, that comparatively few prisoners were made. The infantry could not overtake them; and from the nature of the ground, which is much intersected by ditches, and otherwise inclosed, the cavalry of the allies could do but little. The French suffered, however, as they fled, some little loss from the bullets and shells of a battery of horse artillery, which from a commanding eminence, were poured upon them, as, crowding towards one point, the different corps were thrown upon each other, and becoming one dense mob, were somewhat delayed under this fire by the pressure.

The pursuit was continued till dark; Lord Wellington being in person with his advanced guard. The troops now, being greatly exhausted, were halted for the night. They had been sixteen hours under arms. They had fought and won a battle; and, independent of their manœuvres, they had marched three leagues since the morning. But the victory rewarded and astonished them. They had beaten the French often before—but thus never. One hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, 415 caissons, the military chest, and more than 3,000 carriages, wagons, and cars, laden with stores, treasure, or plunder, lay spread over the conquered field. Among

* The heights on which the French centre stood, are by tradition the same on which the English under Edward the Black Prince obtained a complete victory over the army of Henry the Bastard, and seated Don Pedro, the rightful king, on the throne.

Digitized by Google

the trophies of this complete victory were a stand of colours and the baton of Marshal Jourdan. The loss of the allies did not much exceed 700 killed and 4,000 wounded. Of the cannon taken, more than ninety were field-pieces, foul-mouthed with recent use. The ground for nearly a square league was covered with the wreck of chests and baggage. The soldiers who got among the carriages and cars ransacked them most thoroughly; and as there were more than 200 coaches belonging to the court, the generals, and private individuals in the French interest, the spoil was rich and curious. State robes, embroidered uniforms, court dresses, insignia, jewels, the wardrobes of females, plate, pictures, and costly curiosa of an endless variety, the accumulated plunder of invaded Spain, were here rejoicingly divided by the exulting soldiers. But the spoil which Wellington deserved, and which his admirable combinations, and the intrepid and successful attacks which he directed, entitled him to expect, was a good solid column of prisoners.* A crowning result which must inevitably have been his sure reward, had the enemy made one single attempt at a rally or stand; had they even maintained a military formation. But no army was ever seen to fly in more irregular and headlong confusion. Their loss did not exceed 7,000 killed and wounded, and the prisoners amounted to 1,000 more. Of all their material and equipment, they only carried off the field one gun and one howitzer. There is no record in history of so vast an army of well disciplined and veteran soldiers being thus broken, scattered, and hunted, like a rabble, from the field."

Among the honours showered upon Wellington for this splendid victory, were an estate in Spain, of the supposed annual value of 10,000*l.*, a dukedom, and the baton of a Field-Marshal in England, in return for the baton of Marshal Jourdan, which Wellington found in the field of Vittoria, and sent to the Prince Regent. The captured cannon contributed to cast the colossal statue in Hyde Park.

* The British soldiers are unrivalled for fighting; yet in the hot haste of success they are with great difficulty kept in the ranks. Therefore, it may be said with truth, that while an English general may count surely upon them to win a battle, it is doubtful whether they possess those less valuable but important qualities which enable a skilful commander to take full advantage of a victory. No man, however, more truly and gratefully estimated the sterling worth of his soldiers than Lord Wellington. He felt pride and confidence in his veterans; and has been heard to say, that he would rather have one officer or soldier who had served with him one or two campaigns, than two or three who had not.

LINES.—BY CUNNINGHAM.

As the sweet flower which scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day:
Thus lovely was my Henry's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled his life away.

And as the flower that early dies,
Escapes from many a coming woe;
No lustre lends to guilty eyes,
Nor blushes on a guilty brow.

So the sad hour that took my boy,
Perhaps has spared some heavier doom;
Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ill to come.

He died before his infant soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurn'd at Heaven's control,
Or ever quench'd its sacred fires.

He died to sin, he died to care,
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then springing on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings and soar'd to God.

This—the blest theme that cheers my voice—
The grave is not my darling's prison;
The "stone" that covered half my joys,
Is "roll'd away," and "he is risen."

The Velvet Cushion.

ANCIENT STATUES.

The Phœnicians are said to have been the first who erected statues to the gods. Phidias was the greatest statuary among the ancients, and Michael Angelo among the moderns.

Roman Statues.—Those of emperors, with long gowns over their armour, were called *statuæ paludatæ;* those of captains and cavaliers, with coats of arms, *thoracatæ;* those of soldiers with cuirasses, *loricatæ;* those of senators and augurs, *trabeatæ;* those of the magistrates with long robes, *togatæ;* those of the people, with a plain tunic, *tunicatæ;* and those of women, with long trains, *stolatæ.* There were other statues, consecrated to the gods, as Jupiter, Mars, &c.; heroes, which were those of demigods, as Hercules, &c.; and *Augusti,* which were those of the emperors, as those of Cæsar and Augustus, under the portico of the Capitol.

The Greeks succeeded in their statues beyond the Romans, both in workmanship and fancy. Wilkins, in his *Mathematical Magic,* tells us: "Architects propounded unto Alexander, to cut the mountain Athos into the form of a statue, which in its right hand should hold a town, capable of containing ten thousand men, and in its left, a vessel to receive all the water that flowed from the mountain:"

"Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live."
Pope.

Polycletus, the famous sculptor, who flourished about the year 430 B. C., was supposed to have carried the art of sculpture to the highest perfection, at least as far as the excellence of single figures could go. One of his figures, representing a life-guard of the King of Persia, was performed in such exact proportions that it was called *the rule;* and artists came to study it as a model. He made the statue of a boy, which was estimated at a hundred talents, or nearly 20,000*l.* according to our reckoning.

Digitized by Google

The statue of the Olympian Jove, made of ivory and gold by Phidias at Elis, was paid for by all the spoils taken from the Pisans. In the statue of Minerva, made for the Acropolis, there were 8,000 pounds sterling of gold, besides the ivory, &c. The statue of the Venus of Gnidus was refused to be given up for the payment of the debts of a whole city. The city of Elis was adorned with temples, porticos, and gymnasia. Pluto and Bacchus, had their respective temples: the statue of Venus bore the name of *Cœlestis*, the feet of this goddess rested upon a tortoise; the sculptor was Phidias. P. T. W.

ANCIENT LIBRARIES.

The Hebrews had their libraries, and Osmandyas, King of Egypt, had a library built in his palace; as had also the Ptolemies. The first who erected a library at Athens, was the tyrant Pisistratus: it was transported by Xerxes into Persia, and was afterwards brought back by Seleucus Nicanor to Athens. The library of Ptolemy Philadelphus contained several hundred thousand volumes, all in rolls, burnt by Cæsar's soldiers. Constantine erected a magnificent one at Constantinople, which was burnt by order of Leo Isaurus; in which were the Iliad and Odyssey, written in letters of gold, on the gut of a serpent. The most celebrated libraries of Rome, were the Ulpian, and the Palatine. A second library was formed from the remains of the first at Alexandria, and reputed to have consisted of 700,000 volumes, which was totally destroyed by the Saracens, who heated the water of their baths for six months, by burning books instead of wood, by command of Omar, Caliph of the Saracens.

Anciently, every large church had its library. Pope Nicholas laid the first foundation of that of the Vatican, in the year 1450. It was destroyed by the Constable Bourbon in the sacking of Rome, and restored by Pope Sixtus the Fifth; and has been considerably enriched with the spoils of that of Heidelberg, plundered by Count Tilly in 1622. One of the most complete libraries in Europe was erected at Florence, by Cosmo de Medicis, 1560. The Bodleian at Oxford was founded in the year 1598. The Cottonian, formerly kept at Cotton House, Westminster, was founded by Sir Robert Cotton, about 1600; appropriated to the public use and benefit, 13th William III. 1701; partly destroyed by fire, 1731; removed to the British Museum, 1753. The Radcliffeian, at Oxford, was founded by the will of Dr. Radcliffe, who left £40,000 to the University for that purpose, 1714.

The first circulating library in London, was instituted about the year 1740, by Samuel Fancourt, at a subscription of a guinea a-year for reading. He afterwards changed the plan, and made the subscribers proprietors. P. T. W.

DAMIETTA.—EGYPT.

Travellers tell us, the rivers which intersect the land in the neighbourhood of Damietta, render it the most fertile spot in Egypt. Nature here presents flowers, fruits, and harvests, at every season of the year. Winter never deprives it of these advantages; nor are its beauties ever impaired by summer. Destructive heats as well as chilling colds are equally unknown in this happy spot. Here are also forests of papyrus, of which the ancient Egyptians made their paper: the lotus also, called by the Arabs *nuphar*, exalts its lofty stalk above the waters, and diffuses from its flowers a most agreeable odour along the marshes and canals of the interior parts of the country. The reed, Calamus, is here found in abundance, and is used for writing by the orientals. The villages round Damietta are generally surrounded with little woods or trees irregularly planted, which form a picturesque and whimsical assemblage. The elegant cassia-tree, with its clusters of yellow flowers, is seen by the side of the sycamore and tamarind; the date-tree lifts its head with enormous branches above the grove; the orange and lemon-trees cover the labourer's cabin with their golden fruit; the banana-tree, the pomegranate, and the fig-tree, with their different productions, throw a vast variety into these landscapes. At a mile from the town to the south-west is a grove of orange-trees, which serve as a walk for the inhabitants; at the end of the walk is a canal filled with papyrus. P. T. W.

Notes of a Reader.

LUDICROUS SCENE.

(*From Mr. Morier's new Work, Ayesha; or the Maid of Kars.*)

[The hero is a young English nobleman, Lord Osmond, who travels in the Turkish provinces, attended by a kidnapped Swiss, turned into a Tartar courier, and a supple Greek, his valet. In the remote inland town of Kars, Lord Osmond's baggage is overhauled by the dignitaries of the place; and the following scene ensues, says the *Quarterly Review*, "in the happiest vein of 'Hajji Baba in England.'"]

First, the contents of the portmanteau were exhibited. In succession were displayed waistcoats, neckcloths, shirts, drawers, and stockings, which drew forth the astonishment of all present, for they wondered what one man could possibly want with so many things, the uses of most of which were to them incomprehensible. They admired the

Digitized by Google

glittering beauties of a splendid uniform jacket, which its owner carried about to wear on appearing at courts and in the presence of exalted personages; but when they came to inspect a pair of leather pantaloons, the ingenuity of the most learned amongst them could not devise for what purpose they could possibly be used. For let it be known that a Turk's trousers, when extended, look like the largest of sacks used by millers, with a hole at each corner for the insertion of the legs. Will it, then, be thought extraordinary that the comprehension of the present company was at fault as to the pantaloons? They were turned about in all directions, inside and out, before and behind. The mufti submitted that they might perhaps be an article of dress, and he called upon a bearded chokhadar, who stood by, wrapped up in doubt and astonishment, to try them on. The view which the mufti took of them was, that they were to be worn as a head-dress, and accordingly, that part which tailors call the seat, was fitted over the turban of the chokhadar, whilst the legs fell in serpent-like folds down the grave man's back and shoulders, making him look like Hercules with the lion's skin thrown over his head. "*Barikallah*—praise be to Allah!" said the Mufti, "I have found it: perhaps this is the dress of an English pacha of two tails!" "*Aferin*—well done!" cried all the adherents of the law. But the pacha was of another opinion; he viewed the pantaloons in a totally different light, inspecting them with the eye of one who thought upon the good things of which he was fond. "For what else can this be used," exclaimed the chief, his dull eye brightening up as he spoke—"what else, but for wine? This is, perhaps, the skin of some European animal. Franks drink wine, and they carry their wine about in skins, as our own infidels do. Is it not so?" said he, addressing himself to Bogos the Armenian. "So it is," answered the dyer, "it is even as your highness has commanded."—"Well then, this skin has contained wine," continued the pacha, pleased with the discovery, "and by the blessing of Allah! it shall serve us again."—"Here," said he to one of his servants, "here," take this, let the saka sew up the holes, and let it be well filled: instead of wine, it shall hold water." And, true enough, in a few days after, the pantaloons were seen parading the town on a water-carrier's back, doing the duty of mesheks. But it was secretly reported, that not long after they were converted to the use for which the pacha intended them, and actually were appointed for the conveyance of his highness's favourite wine.

"In the lid of the portmanteau was discovered a boot-jack, with a pair of steel boot-hooks. These articles put the ingenuity of the Turks to a still greater test. How could they possibly devise that so complicated a piece of machinery could, by any stretch of imagination, have anything in common with a pair of boots, a part of dress which they pull off and on with as much ease as one inserts and re-inserts a mop into a bucket? They thought it might have something to do with necromancy, then with astrology; but at length it struck them that the whole machine must be one for the purposes of torture;—what more convenient than the hinges for squeezing the thumb or cracking the finger-joints—what better adapted than the boot-hooks for scooping out eyes? Such they decided it to be; and in order to confirm the conclusion beyond a doubt, the pacha ordered his favourite scribe to insert his finger between the hinges of the boot-jack, which having done with repugnance, he was rewarded for his complaisance by as efficacious a pinch as he could wish, whilst peals of laughter went round at his expense. The instrument was then made over to the chief executioner, with orders to keep it in readiness upon the first occasion.

The various contents of the dressing-case were next brought under examination. Every one was on the look-out for something agreeable to the palate, the moment they saw the numerous bottles with which it was studded. One tasted eau-de-Cologne—another lavender water; both which they thought might or might not be Frank luxuries in the way of cordials. But who can describe the face which was made by the pacha himself, when, attracted by the brilliancy of the colour, he tossed off to his own drinking the greater part of a bottle of tincture of myrrh! The mufti was a man who never laughed, but even he, on seeing the contortions of his colleague, could not suppress his merriment; whilst the menials around were obliged to look down, their feet reminding them of the countenance they ought to keep, if they hoped to keep themselves free from the stick.

Whilst this was taking place, the iman of the mosque, whose mortified looks belied his love of good things, quietly abstracted from the case a silver-mounted box, which having opened, he there discovered a paste-like substance, the smell of which he thought was too inviting to resist; he therefore inserted therein the end of his forefinger, and scooping out as much as it could carry, straightway opened wide his mouth, and received it with a smack. Soon was he visited by repentance:—he would have roared with nausea, had he not been afraid of exposing himself—he sputtered—he spat. "What has happened?" said one, with a grin. "*Bak*—see!" roared the pacha, who was delighted to have found a fellow-sufferer——"*Bak*—see! the iman is sick." The nature of the substance which he had gulped

soon discovered itself by the white foam which was seen to issue from his mouth: then other feelings pervaded the assembly—they apprehended a fit—they feared madness; in short, such was the state to which the unfortunate priest was reduced, that he was obliged to make a rapid escape from the assembly, every one making way for him as one who is not to be touched. The reader need not be informed that he had swallowed a large dose of Naples soap.

Many were the mistakes which occurred besides those above-mentioned, and which it would, perhaps, be tedious or trifling to enumerate. They pondered deeply over every article; they turned the books upside down, they spilt the mercury from the artificial horizon, broke the thermometers, displaced the barometer, scattered the mathematical instruments about, so that they never could be re-inserted in the case. A small ivory box attracted their attention: it was so prettily turned, so neat, and so ornamental, that, like children quarrelling for a toy, each of them longed to possess it. At length it was ceded to the mufti. This sapient personage had enjoyed the pleasure of laughing at others, but as yet had not been laughed at himself. Twisting the box in all directions, at length he unscrewed it, much to his satisfaction, and seeing a small tube within, surrounded by a bundle of diminutive sticks, he concluded this must be the Frank's inkstand—the liquid in the tube being the ink, the sticks the pens. He was not long in inserting one of the sticks into the tube; he drew it out, and instantaneous light burst forth. Who can describe the terror of the Turk? He threw the whole from him, as if he had discovered that he had been dandling the *Shaitan* in person. "*Ai Allah!*" he exclaimed, with eyes starting from his head, his mouth open, his hands clinging to the cushions, his whole body thrown back:—Allah, protect me! Allah, Allah, there is but one Allah!" he exclaimed in terror, looking at the little box and the little sticks, strewn on the ground before him, with an expression of fear that sufficiently spoke his apprehension that it contained some devilry, which might burst out and overwhelm him with destruction. Nor were the surrounding Turks slow in catching his feelings; they had seen the ignition, and had partaken of the shock. Every one drew back from the box and its contents, and made a circle round it; looking at it in silence, and waiting the result with terror,—low "Allah, Allahs!" broke from the audience, and few were inclined to laugh. At length, seeing that it remained stationary, the ludicrous situation of the mufti began to draw attention, and as he was an object of general dislike, every one who could do so with safety, indulged in laughing at him. The grave Suleiman, who had seen more of Franks than the others, at length ventured to take up the box, though with great wariness: he was entreated, in the name of the Prophet, to put it down again by the pacha, who then ordered Bogos, the Armenian, to take up the whole machine, sticks and all, and at his peril instantly to go and throw it into the river: swearing, by the Koran and by all the imans, that if the devil ever appeared amongst them again, he would put not only him, but every Armenian and Christian in Kars to death.

There only now remained the medicine-chest to be examined, but, seeing what had happened, every one appeared but little anxious to pursue the investigation, fearful of some new disaster. However, when Bogos had explained that it was to this the Frank had recourse when he required medicine, at that moment every Turk present seemed impelled with a desire to take some; and, indeed, they would have proceeded to help themselves, had not the Mufti interposed, who, still with the fear of some satanic influence before his eyes, entreated them to refrain. But an expedient occurred to him which he immediately put into practice. He sent for as many Jews as could be found upon the spur of the moment, and ordered them to appear before the pacha. A few of these miserable outcasts lived at Kars, under the severest of tyrannies, and if ever any misery was to be inflicted, were sure to come in for the first share. Very soon after the order had been given, some half-a-dozen of them were collected, and marshalled in a row at the end of the room. The bottles were taken out separately from the chest, and a certain quantity, *ad libitum*, of every medicine was administered to each of the Jews. They were then conducted into an outer room, where they sat in doleful mood, watching their approaching doom, like men condemned to some severe punishment, bewailing their misfortune, and in their hearts wishing for the destruction of their tyrants. The effects produced were as various as they were effectual: the Turks looked on in horror—the Jews were absorbed in disgust. "Allah, Allah!" was exclaimed by every looker-on; and by the time the whole ceremony had drawn to a close, they became all seriously convinced that their town had been visited by the great Evil One in person; the medicine-chest was put on one side with caution, and every thing which related, directly or indirectly, to Osmond, was treated with becoming suspicion.

Antiquariana.

ESSENDINE CHURCH.

THE southern door of Essendine Church, above represented, is, beyond question, the

(Southern Door of Essendine Church.)

most ancient specimen that the county of Rutland, which abounds in Saxon and Norman remains, can produce of English architecture. Other parts of the Church are not of such high antiquity. The arch which separates the church from the chancel is pointed, but has the rude zig-zag ornament on the mouldings; and in the west end of the church was a lance-window, which, though old, was of a date subsequent to the arch which separates the church from the chancel. And the chancel is of more recent date than the west end of the church.

This Church was originally the chapel of the castle of Essendine; and it stands within the circuit of the outer moat. About the latter end of the reign of Henry II. its owner granted certain land to the monks of St. Andrew, in Northampton, in consideration of their finding a chaplain to reside continually in Essendine, and to supply the cure of the chapel there.

When the Danes invaded England, about the year 1016, the then Baron of Essendine, with the men of Stamford, gave them battle near that town, and repulsed them. Essendine still gives the title of baron to the Marquess of Salisbury.

Mr. Blore, the antiquarian illustrator, remarks that he has generally found fonts, and the principal doors of the entrance into the churches of this county, more ancient than any other parts of those edifices. He does not know how to account for this, unless some idea of greater sanctity was attached to them, which operated to their preservation when other parts of the original buildings were taken down.

The above is an interesting relic, especially in illustration of the Anglo-Gothic style, often miscalled Saxon; and in further explanation of this error, the reader is requested to turn to p. 24 of the present volume.

New Books.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

[The ingenious Mr. W. J. Thoms, duly considering how the leaven of utilitarian dulness prevails over entertainment in literature, has set about collecting and translating such stories of various nations as illustrate their traditions, popular literature, manners, customs, and superstitions, and publishing the same in a convenient form, and at an easy price. The work will succeed, unless the pseudo-economists who propose to educate children and enlighten grown persons "by stratagem," have so bewildered the world with their facts and figures as to have left little relish for the fancies of bygone ages.

We trust, however, that the propagandists of dulness—the prose persuaders, as Dr. Kitchiner would call them—have not so far made this a leaden age, as to render fairy lore unacceptable, and its excellent moral tendencies valueless; for, one of its lessons of good is worth a bushel of the idle speculations which are daily showered forth with the ostensible object of enlightening and improving the people.

Mr. Thoms has completed four parts of his work. They are occupied with Lays and Legends of Germany, France, Ireland, and Spain. The editor commences with Germany, to which is prefixed an introduction on national tales generally, replete with good sense and knowledge of the subject. Of the German legends it is well observed:—]

One feature, which will most forcibly point out the distinction between the fictions of the north and south, is the introduction into the former, as into the old mysteries of this country, of sacred personages and events—even of the Creator himself. The sober inhabitants of Germany, but little accustomed to the debasing irony of the sceptic, are habituated from their earliest childhood to look upon sacred subjects with the reverence which is so justly due to them; and thence it is, that the familiarity with which the names and personages of Scripture are so frequently introduced into their tales, and which the less religious would consider as a sign of contempt, is, by their pious and well-ordered minds, recognised only as an evidence of endearment and respect.

[We need scarcely add that Mr. Thoms has our cordial wishes for his success, and to show the reader what stores of entertainment are treasured up in his little work, we take one or two of the German fictions entire.]

St. Andrew's Night.

It is commonly believed in Germany, that on St. Andrew's night, St Thomas's night, and Christmas and New Year's nights, a girl has the power of inviting and seeing her future lover. A table is to be laid for two persons, taking care, however, that there are no forks on it. Whatever the lover leaves behind him at his departure must be carefully preserved; he then returns to her who has it, and loves her passionately. It must, however, be kept carefully concealed from his sight, because he would otherwise remember the torture of superhuman power which he that night endured, and be conscious of the charms employed, and this would lead to fatal consequences.

A fair maiden in Austria once sought at midnight, after performing the necessary ceremonies, to obtain a sight of her lover; whereupon a shoemaker appeared, having a dagger in his hand, which he threw at her and then disappeared again. She picked up the dagger which he had thrown at her and concealed it in a trunk.

It was not long afterwards before the shoemaker visited her, courted her, and married her. Some years after their marriage, she chanced to go one Sunday, about the hour of vespers, to the trunk, in search of something which she required for her work on the following day. As she opened her trunk her husband came to her, and would insist on looking into it: she kept him off, until at last he pushed her away with great violence, looked into her trunk, and there saw his long lost dagger. He immediately seized it, and demanded of her how she obtained it, because he had lost it at a very particular time. In her fear and alarm she had not the power to invent any excuse, so declared the truth, that it was the same dagger which he had left behind him on the night when she had obliged him to appear to her. Her husband hereupon grew enraged, and said with a terrible oath, "'Twas you, then, that caused me that night of dreadful misery!" and with that he thrust the dagger into her heart.

Note.—Grimm (Deutsche Sagen, Bd. I. s. 172), who mentions that the story is still current in many parts of Germany, varying as to the actors and precise nature of the incidents, according to the locality where it is related. Grimm gives several similar legends; but, as he has unfortunately not accompanied his German legends with illustrative notes, like those to his German popular stories, we cannot ascertain the opinion of this learned antiquarian as to the origin of this mysterious incantation. A belief of a similar nature obtains in England; and its resemblance to the principal features of Maturin's tale of Lexslip Castle, in the Literary Souvenir for 1825, will immediately strike every one who reads that curious specimen of the terrific legends of the Sister Isle.

The Mannikin and the Three Princesses.

There was once a king who had three daughters, who used to walk daily in the royal gardens, which were filled with all sorts of wonderful trees, for of these was the king a great admirer; and among the trees there was one, from which, if any one ventured to pluck an apple, they were immediately charmed a hundred fathoms deep into the earth. Now it was the time of harvest, and the apples on the tree were red as blood; and the three Princesses went every day to the tree to see if the wind had blown off any of the apples, but they never found any, although the tree was so loaded that they thought it would break, and the branches of it were bent down to the ground. And the youngest of the king's children longed exceedingly to taste of this fruit, and said to her sisters, "I am sure our father loves us too much to let us be charmed down into the earth for an apple.

I believe he has only threatened to do so to strangers."

Thereupon she plucked a huge apple from the tree, and gave it unto her sisters; but no sooner had they tasted of it, than all three of them sank down into the depths of the earth where no cock ever crew.

When it was mid-day, and the king sat down to dinner, his daughters were no where to be found; the palace and the gardens were searched in vain, and the king, in his sorrow, proclaimed that whosoever restored his daughters to him should have one of them for his wife. All the young men of the nation went in search of the three lost princesses; who were not only the most amiable, but also the most beautiful that were ever seen. Among others who were seeking them were three young huntsmen, who, after travelling eight days, arrived at a great castle filled with beautiful chambers; in one of these there was a banquet spread, and the viands were all hot and smoking; yet, throughout the whole castle, no one was to be seen. And they waited half a day, expecting to see the persons to whom it belonged, and the dishes kept hot all the time; but at last they grew so hungry, that they fell to and enjoyed themselves; and agreed that they would make a stay at the castle, one remaining there all day, while the others went forth in search of the king's daughters: and they drew lots, and it fell to the eldest to remain at home on the first day.

The next morning the two youngest went forth accordingly, and at noon a very little Mannikin came into the room where the eldest huntsman was, and begged for a little piece of bread, so he cut him a round off the loaf which he found there, and handed it to him; but the little Mannikin, as he reached it, let it fall, and begged him to be so good as to pick it up for him. He stooped to do so, when the Mannikin took a stick, and, seizing the huntsman by the hair of his head, thrashed him soundly. On the following day, the second remained at home and fared no better; and when his brothers came home at night, the eldest asked him, "How has it gone with you?"—"Oh, badly enough," was his answer. Then complained they of this bad treatment to one another, but said not a word to their youngest brother, whom they called Silly Hans, because he was not skilled in the ways of the world.

On the third day Hans staid at home; and at noon the Mannikin came as before, asked for a slice of bread, dropped it, and asked Hans to be so good as pick it up for him again. Then, said Hans to the little Mannikin—"What, can't you pick it up for yourself? If you won't give yourself the trouble to help yourself to your daily bread, you don't deserve to eat." The Mannikin thereupon grew very angry, and told him he must do it; but Hans was not afraid, and began to beat the Mannikin soundly, but he begged him to leave off, promising him, if he desisted, to show him where the King's daughters were. When he heard this, he desisted; and the Mannikin having first told him he was an elf, led him to a deep well, in which, however, there was no water, and then disclosed to him that his brothers did not mean to deal fairly by him, and he must therefore release the Princess entirely by himself. His brothers would be ready enough to recover the Princesses, but would not incur the trouble and danger of doing it; he, therefore, must take a large basket, and having provided himself with a sword and a bell, take his seat therein, and be gradually let down below: there he would find three chambers, in each of which sat one of the King's daughters, guarded by a many-headed dragon, and the heads of these dragons he was to cut off. And when the Mannikin had said thus, he vanished.

When evening arrived, home came his brothers, and asked him how it had fared with him; and when he told them what had happened, they were vexed at his better fortune. On the next morning, however, they went to the well, and then cast lots who should be the first to descend, and the lot fell to the eldest, who got into the basket with the sword and bell, saying at the same time, "Mind, pull me up again as soon as ever I ring." But he did not descend far before he rang the bell, and was pulled up again; and the second brother did the like. It now came to the youngest, and he went the whole way down to the bottom readily enough. And when he stepped out of the basket, he drew his sword, went to the first door, listened there, and heard the dragon snoring very loudly; so he opened the door very gently, and there he saw one of the Princesses, and the dragon's nine heads were laid in her lap. But with his good sword he soon lopped them all off. Then the Princess sprang up, threw her arms around him, kissed him, and hung her necklace of pure gold about his neck. Then in like manner he released the second daughter, who was walking by a dragon with seven heads, and the youngest, who was watched by a dragon with four heads.—And they were all greatly rejoiced, and embraced and kissed him without ceasing. Then he rang his bell so loudly, that those above heard him, and he placed the three Princesses, one after the other in the basket, and when it came to his turn to be drawn up, he bethought him of what the Mannikin had told him that his brothers would not deal fairly by him. So he placed a great stone in the basket, and when it was about half-way up, his false brothers let go of the rope, and the basket

and stone fell to the ground. Then they believed he was dead, and they fled with the Princesses, making them promise that they would tell their father that it was they who had released them, and when they had done so, they restored them to the king.

In the meanwhile the youngest huntsman traversed sorrowfully the three chambers, thinking in his heart that he must surely die. And he saw hanging against the wall a little pipe, and he said to himself, "Thou art but of little use, for no one can ever be merry here." Then he looked down at the dragons' heads and said, "Neither can you help me at all," and he kept walking up and down until the ground was polished by his feet. At last he thought he would try and cheer himself with the music of his pipe; but no sooner did he begin to blow it than little Mannikins made their appearance, for every note he blew fresh ones came, and at length the whole place was full of the elves. Then they asked him what were his commands; and when he told them that he wished to get above ground, and see daylight once again, an elf took hold of each hair that he had upon his head, and so they flew with him up to the face of the earth.

No sooner was he there than he hastened to the King's Court, and found that the marriages of the Princesses were about to be celebrated; thereupon he went to the chamber where the King sat with his daughters. And when the Princesses saw him, they were so ashamed that they fainted; whereupon the King thinking that he had in some way injured them, commanded that he should be cast into prison. But the Princesses no sooner recovered than they solicited his release. The King demanded why they did so, but they said they dare not divulge it; then their father said they should divulge it in an oven. Then he went out and listened at the door, and heard all. Then he had the two eldest brothers hanged, and gave Hans his youngest daughter to wife.

Note.—Grimm. Kind; und Haus Marchen 2, s. 32—37. This tale is from Paderborn, and is given by Grimm in his dialect of that district. Several similar tales are quoted in the notes upon it. And it will be found to correspond in many particulars with the romance of the Horny Siegfried. That hero being assisted by the Dwarf Eugleyne, as Hans by the Mannikin, &c.

The Stolen Pennies.

A man and his wife and children were once upon a time sitting at their noon-tide meal with a good friend, whom they had invited to share it with them. And while they were so seated, the clock struck twelve, and the stranger saw the door open, and a very little child, dressed all in white, came; it neither looked about nor spake a word; but went right through the chamber. Soon afterwards it came back, as silently as before, and went out of the door again. And it came again in like manner on the second and third days; until at length the stranger asked the good man of the house to whom the beautiful child belonged, who came every day at noon into the chamber? "I have never seen it," said he, "nor do I know to whom it can belong." On the following day the stranger pointed it out to the father when it came in, but he saw it not, neither did his wife nor children see it. Then the stranger arose, went to the door through which it had passed, opened it a little way, and peeped in. Then saw he the child stting on the ground, groping and raking very busily in the crevices of the floor; as soon, however, as it perceived the stranger it vanished. Then he related what he had seen, and described the child so minutely, that the mother knew it at once, and said, "Alas! that is my own dear child, that died four weeks since." Then he broke up the flooring, and there found two pennies, which the child had once received from the mother to give to a poor beggar, but it had thought that it could buy sweetmeats with the two pennies, so had kept them and hidden them in the crevices of the floor; and therefore it had found no rest in the grave, but had come every day at noon to search after the pennies. Thereupon the parents gave the money to a poor man, and after that the child was never more seen.

Note.—Grimm. K. u. H. Marchen, B. 2, s. 277-8. This story is from Cassel. We recollect reading a similar one from the pen of Mr. Lockhart some years since in the Christmas Box. In that instance, the scene of the legend was laid in Scotland.

The Public Journals.

SUMMER IN LONDON.

By L. E. L.

NOTHING can be so pleasant as London in the summer. It is so cool, putting Piccadilly, from two till five, out of the question: there is always shade on one side or other of the street, a shade which you doubly enjoy on the principle of contrast. It is satisfactory to think how hot the people must be opposite: then, though I do not eat ice myself, I can suppose other people doing it. If they do, an eastern poet might gain new ideas about coolness and fragrance, while enjoying the coloured coldnesses at Grange's. Towards the close, flowers begin to pass away; you are not met at every second step in Regent-street by a bunch of moss-roses—a little faded, it is true, allegories by the way of our pleasures, but sweet notwithstanding. Dark-eyed pinks no longer heap the stands in such profusion; but then fruit is come

Digitized by Google

ia, such fruit as only London can furnish. I confess that I have no simple and natural tastes about gathering it myself. My experiences in that way have been unfortunate. I once picked some strawberries and disturbed a whole colony of frogs; I once gathered a plum, and was stung by a wasp; and my latest experience regarded a peach, which hung—

"With rosy cheek turn'd to the sun
Upon a southern wall."

There is an old proverb which says, "Tell me your company, and I will tell you yourself." By this rule the peach would be severely judged, for its associates were earwigs. I can't say, for I made no trial of its merits: the sight of its friends was enough for me. I pass over a horde of other miseries, such as stooping in the sun, thorns, dirt, &c. and will only observe that fruit never looks to such an advantage as it does on china, whether Dresden, Sevres, or even Worcester. There are two seasons when Covent-garden will more especially reward a visit—at the beginning of summer, and at the close. Flora holds her court in the first instance, and Pomona in the second. Pass along the centre arcade, and it is lined with trophies of the parterre or of the orchard, and you may look upon the early roses, and grow sentimental about

"The blush that ever haunted early love,"

or become unsophisticated, and go back to the innocent enjoyments of your childhood while gazing on the crimson-sided apples. I like, too, Hungerford market; it gives one the idea of a Dutch picture. People wear mere bargaining faces; fruit and flowers have their price, but fish were sent into the world, at least into the market, to be cheapened. Every body beats down the price of a fresh pair of soles, or a fine turbot. It is just the sort of place for a new edition of the old anecdote of a well-known legal peer, who, feeling the necessity of reform among fishmongers, and retrenchment in their bills, determined on "shaming the rogues." He took his station at the dinner-table in all the triumph of a good bargain, that ovation of daily life, when "there was a place where the turbot was not." Instead of that, he met his lady's eyes, triumphant in her turn, with a consciousness of a good bargain also, —"My dear, fish was excessively dear to-day, and poor Mrs. So-and-so called in great distress, her fishmonger having disappointed her; so I let her have the turbot for—" exactly one-half what her unfortunate husband had paid for it.

The moral of this story is,—we English people delight in a moral—not a moral to be deduced or inferred, but a nice, rounded, little moral, in all the starch of set sentences, and placed just at the end,—the moral of this is, let no man think of buying bargains. Alas for the unfortunate woman whose husband delights in surprises and presents! If she has red hair, he brings her home pink ribbons: he buys a cap at the Bazaar or a bonnet in the Arcade,—not that I mean the least disrespect to those two very pretty places;—but certainly the crimsons and yellows, the blues and greens, which ornament the fabrics there exhibited, meant to decorate "the human face divine,"—to say nothing of size or shape, do require a considerable degree of moral courage in the wearer. No, let a man venture on nothing but shawls and jewellery: in a Cashmere or a diamond necklace he cannot go far wrong. By the by, Kensington Gardens are just now singularly beautiful: I do not mean the walk *par distinction*, for I am writing of the picturesque, not the social pleasures of London: no; go among the old trees, whose depths of shade are as little known as the depths of the Black Forest. The fine old branches will close over your head; the caw of the rooks is heard in melancholy but musical monotony; while their flight ever and anon disturbs the quiet leaves, and lets in fantastic streaks of sunshine on the soft grass. From afar off comes the perpetual and deep voice of the huge city—that human ocean, whose waves know not rest. After wandering through many a shadowy walk, all darkly green, for there are no flowers, you arrive at the square old palace, associate with William and Mary; formal, staid, suiting the town portion of a period when "the tangles of Næera's hair were powdered, and "the silver-footed Thetises" wore high-heeled slippers. I like William. Placed all his life in the most difficult circumstances, he yet made the best of them; and he, at least, owed no gratitude to his father-in-law. But Mary—it is treason to all her sex's most kindly affections not to entertain an aversion to the most cold and thankless of children. Female patriotism is a thing utterly beyond my comprehension. Her father had been a kind father to her; and the claims even of a nation are, to a woman, little in comparison with those of home. The reader may or may not think so; he can turn the subject over in his mind while he pursues the dim and chestnut-shaded walk which brings him again to the Park. During this time the sun has been setting; the fine old trees stand still and solemn in the crimson air; the Park is empty; the smoke has rolled away, and rests, like a thunder-storm over the distant buildings. A clear and softened atmosphere is immediately above you; a few light clouds are flushed with lights of fugitive red; a deep purple hue is upon the Serpentine, along which are floating, still as shadows, snowy as spirits, two or three white swans. They alone share with you the

Digitized by Google

silence and the solitude to be found even in London.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

FOLLY.

THERE is folly in all the world,
Or go we East or West,
A folly that vexes the old,
And keeps the young from rest.

The miser has folly enough,
For his soul is in sordid bags,
And the spendthrift's folly, alas!
Brings him to sin and rags.

There is folly in statesmen's schemes,
For, spite of their plotting and wit,
There's a wiser hand above
That leads them with bridle and bit.

There's folly in power and pride,
That makes full many to fall;
There's a folly in maiden's love,
But that is the sweetest of all.

But of all the follies, the worst—
For it stings with constant smart,
The scorpion of the mind—
Is that of a thankless heart.

For the thankless heart is cursed,
And with blessings encompass'd grieves—
For it cannot rejoice with the hand
That gives nor yet receives.

To be thankful makes better the good;
And if Heaven should send us ill,
There is kindness in Him that gives—
So let us be thankful still.

O let us be thankful in youth,
And let us be thankful in age—
Let us be thankful through life,
For there's pleasure in every stage.

Youth has its own sweet joys,
And he must be blind as a bat,
Who cannot see Love's sweet smile,
And will not be thankful for that.

There are friends the dearest to cheer,
Ere half our sand is run—
And affection makes wintry days
As bright as the summer's sun.

And when from the dearest on earth
We part, let us hope 'tis given
A boon to the thankful still
To meet them again in Heaven.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A LEAF FROM A LOG.

WE had a negro on board of very sullen and repulsive aspect, who bore the euphonious cognomen of Quaco. He belonged to the captain of the schooner, who had treated him with great kindness, and cured him of that scourge of the African called "mal d'estomac," caused by eating earth. That his cure might be completed, his humane master brought him up the Orinoco* with us, and as he had been accustomed to the kitchen, or, what is better understood in the West Indies, the cook-room, employed him as cook on board the schooner. The crew having been much fatigued with their exertions that day, the captain ordered his cook to make some good coffee, and enough for all on board. This was presently brought us; but the lad who served us as steward, an intelligent Creole youth, the moment he placed it upon the table, besought us with earnest intreaties not to touch it, saying that he felt certain there was something wrong in it, and that he had already cautioned the crew. The captain was inclined to treat the boy's warning as some idle suspicion, observing that the man had not been on shore, and that the medicine-chest was safely locked. But nothing could pacify the boy.

"Look at it, sir," said he earnestly; "smell it, and say if it is as it ought to be."

"Why, it *is* rather thick," said the captain; and taking the cup up in his hand, "egad! it *does* smell rather queer."

I inquired whether he had any test on board that might detect anything deleterious.

"True," said he, "I have a test, and a sure one;" and he reached a case from the lockers, from which he drew a brace of pistols, and very deliberately began to load them.

"What would you do?" I exclaimed. "Surely, upon such slight grounds, you would not————"

"Don't be alarmed," said he, interrupting me. "I shall do nothing rash;" and he coolly examined the flint. Having loaded and primed the weapons—"Call down Quaco and the crew."

They came into the cabin. The cook was called forward, and the crew thronged around the door.

"Quaco," said the captain, sternly, "drink that cup of coffee to the very dregs."

"I don't like coffee," said the African, drawing back in evident surprise and alarm.

"Swallow it this instant!"

The negro took a spoonful of the mixture, though trembling with fear. He held it in his mouth for a moment, and then, shuddering, spit it out.

"Force him to take it, sir," said one of the sailors.

"He would have poisoned the whole of us," said a stout Angosturian;—"St. Antonio and the saints keep us!" and he crossed himself most devoutly. The sailors made an advance as though they would have enforced the request of the former, when the captain called out—

"Stand off; let no one lay hands upon him." He then emptied the cup which held the liquid into a vessel containing about a pint or more, and addressed the negro:—

"Do you see these pistols? each contains two balls. You are a guilty man if you refuse to drink that coffee which you have made, and you only choose your death; for, as God is just, your minutes are numbered. But if you drink and are unharmed by it, I will give you your freedom for accusing you unjustly. I promise it in the presence of these witnesses. Now drink it."

The negro looked as though he understood the action of his master, if he did not fully comprehend his words, for he appeared to meditate a flight on deck; but the crew

* A river in South America.

Digitized by Google

seemed to anticipate his intentions, and their angry gestures plainly told him what mercy he might expect at their hands. Meantime all was as silent as death, save the clicking noise which accompanies the cocking of pistols. The negro paused; big drops of sweat poured down his dark brow like rain; his eyes glared fearfully around, and the paleness of death was on his lips.

"Drink it this instant, you black, murderous fiend!" cried the captain, who had now no doubt of his guilt; and he levelled the pistol at his head.

The African with a convulsive grasp seized the jug, and, while his teeth chattered against its edge, drank every drop; then rolling his eyes frightfully, either from fear or agony, sunk with a deep groan upon the floor of the cabin. A murmur of execration arose from the crew as he fell, and not one moved forward to assist the wretched man. Whether the captain thought he was hardly warranted in enforcing such summary justice; or that a slight shade of compassion came over him, he immediately endeavoured to ascertain the nature of the poison with which it was evident the coffee was drugged; but the negro either could or would not answer. We examined his chest, and sought for a clue, but without success, until one of the crew discovered a quantity of savannah flowers (*echites suberecta*), a most deadly poison, which the assassin had picked out from the refuse of the mules, the instinct of these animals always inducing them to reject it from their food. Satisfied with this discovery, we returned to the cabin, where we found the youth who had warned us in the first instance on his knees, returning thanks to Providence for having been the means of saving us all from a dreadful death. His thanksgivings were only interrupted by the groans of the negro, who was writhing on the floor apparently in his last agony. We prepared an emetic of white vitriol, which we forced the murderer to swallow; but it was useless. It brought on a slight vomiting; but in a few minutes he expired in dreadful tortures. Many a time since have I been haunted by that dark, agonized, despairing face, and the recollection of those dying groans!—*Monthly Magazine.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.*

In the fight at Actium, Cleopatra has been charged with treachery to Antony; it is more apparent she was urged by momentary fear; but if her nature yielded to the terror of the conflict, she endeavoured to repair misfortune with a noble energy. When Antony, dejected by reverses, joined her at Alexandria, she was gallantly attempting to transport her gallies from the Egyptian to the Erythræan sea. Her daring and enthusiastic mind conceived the project of abandoning her country and of seeking out a distant shore, where love and sovereignty might yet prevail beyond the arms of Cæsar. And yet she was prepared to end them at the frown of destiny; and had devised, from the result of several poisonous experiments, the easy means of self-extinction. Is it likely that a woman, thus fraught with all the fire of love and heroism, would secretly concede Pelusium to the Roman arms—a city of enormous wealth and strength, which gave possession of the Delta, and opened a communication with the rest of Egypt? or was it likely to have fallen by the treason of Seleucus? Afterwards, at least, *he* was a traitor to his queen; and the wretch that could betray his sovereign's confidence, when danger and distress beset her, deserves the worst conjectures of mankind. Cæsar was inexorable to the prayers of Antony; his promises to Cleopatra were specious but indefinite. He was recalled to Rome by the entreaties of Agrippa, but resumed hostilities in the ensuing spring. Had Antony been capable of permanent exertions; had he even caught the energy of her by whom he was enslaved, he might, before the fatal cession of Pelusium, have starved the Roman capitol, and given law to his victorious enemy. On two occasions he exemplified the conduct of a hero; it was, however, followed by such intermissions of effeminacy, that it conduced but little to reanimate a sinking cause. He is said to have defied Octavius to a single combat; but the latter coldly answered, "Antony might think of many other ways to end his life." Treachery and desertion followed on reverses. When information was conveyed to him of Cleopatra's death, he put his sword into the hand of Eros, exposed his breast, and bade him strike; but the faithful servant, reverencing the person, and overwhelmed with the misfortunes of his master, dealt the blow upon himself and perished at his feet. This solitary instance of devotion in the midst of infidelity, dissolved him into tears. "If thy heart revolted from the killing thy master, thou hast taught me, faithful friend," said Antony, "to act by thy example;" when he plunged his weapon in a vital part. The wound did not produce immediate death, and he in vain solicited the standers by to consummate his end; but they forsook him to a man. Cleopatra, when she heard the cries of anguish, and recognised the voice of Antony, despatched a messenger to bid him join her in her tower, a monument to which she had retreated near the shrine of Isis. Antony, pale and bleeding, was raised into the tower by a rope. The wretched Cleopatra saw him in the agonies of death. She soothed him with the fondest cares affection could suggest,

* From "Wives of the Cæsars," a clever and very amusing paper in the *Monthly Magazine.*

Digitized by Google

and as she wiped away the blood, still ebbing from his wound, she called him "Emperor and husband!" The dying triumvir, though speechless, could evince his sensibility to her endearments; and while she held him in her arms, Mark Antony breathed his last upon the lips of Cleopatra. A scene of tumultuous negotiation followed between the queen and Cæsar's messengers. Cleopatra was secretly informed by Dolabella, and indeed she subsequently saw from her discourse with Cæsar, that the victor destined her to swell the glory of a Roman triumph. This humiliation she determined to avert. By Octavius's permission, she visited the place of Antony's interment, and, kneeling at his tomb, addressed the manes of the dead; first in the depth of love and tenderness, and lastly in the language of a heroine. The deities of Egypt had forsaken her! she implores the gods of Antony and Rome to shield her from the ignominy of appearing, to her lord's disgrace, in the triumph of the victor; and exclaiming on the misery of life without him, beseeches half his grave to hide her shame and her afflictions. Having kissed a coronal of flowers and wetted it with plenteous tears, she laid it on his tomb.

On the evening of her death, she supped with her accustomed splendour. An asp, the reptile she had chosen for her purpose, was brought her by a peasant, under cover of some figs. Before retreating to her monument, she wrote to Cæsar, who discovered in the tone of her address an earnest of her secret resolution. He despatched his guards in haste; but Cleopatra was no more. When the doors of her apartment were burst open she was dead; her beauty yet was unimpaired. She lay beneath a canopy of white Pelusian, dropped with gems, upon a golden couch of gorgeous workmanship, attired in all the ornaments of royalty. Her attendant Iras, too, was lifeless at her feet; and Charmian, barely able to support herself from the approach of death, was striving to arrange a diadem on Cleopatra's brows.

The Gatherer.

St. Ives.—In the Saxon times St. Ives is said to have had a mint; but this opinion, says Mr. Gough, "rests entirely on a mistake of a coin of Edmund, having on the reverse Ive Moneta, the name of the mint-master, which, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, was appropriated to St. Ives; whereas that name was not known in the Saxon times, and it is called Slepe in Domesday."

Making a Borough.—The village of Godmanchester was formerly noted for its husbandry, the people sparing neither expense nor labour to promote every different branch of agriculture; and the lands in and near it are held by a very singular tenure: namely, that when any of our kings pass that way the people are obliged to attend him with their ploughs and other instruments of husbandry. It does not appear in what king's reign this custom took place, nor do we find it was ever put in practice more than once, which was in the reign of James I. when that monarch came from Scotland, in passing by this place, the people met him with 70 ploughs, each drawn by a team of horses. The king, being surprised at the sight of so many people with such implements, asked the reason of it, and was answered that they were his own tenants, and by that tenure they held their land; upon which his Majesty was so well pleased that he incorporated them by the name of two bailiffs, twelve assistants, and the commonalty of the borough of Godmanchester.

Eye Water.—At Hailweston, near St. Neots, "are (says Camden) two little *springs* one of fresh water, the other somewhat salt: the latter is reckoned, by the neighbours, good against itch and leprosy, the former against *dimness of sight.*"

Marvel.—In Long Orton churchyard, Huntingdon, is a monument, which, according to a tradition of the inhabitants, recorded by Bishop Kennet, was intended to commemorate "a Lord Longueville, who in fighting with the Danes near this place, received a wound in his belly so that his entrails fell out; but wrapping them round the wrist of his left arm, he continued the combat with his right hand till he had killed the Danish king, and soon after fell himself."

English Diana.—At Ryhall, (says Camden,) when our forefathers were so bewitched by superstition as almost to lose the true God in the crowd of deities, Tibba, a saint of inferior order, was worshipped as another Diana by fowlers, patroness of hawking. Tibba was a female anchorite at Godmanchester, related to Penda, king of Mercia, about 696, and buried here, from whence her relics were removed by Elfsi, abbot of Peterborough, 963, to his monastery. Dr. Stukely makes her the *hunter's* saint, and derives from her name the notes of the horn *Tan Tivy*, q. d. *Sam* or *Saint Tibba.* At Ryhall they call her a queen, and say she used to bathe in *Tibba's* hill spring, i. e. *Tibba's* hill *well:* on this hill is *Hale* (q. d. *Holy*) green.

Among the North American Indians to hold up the open palm of the hand is a sign of peace.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by C. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 668.] SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1834. [Price 2*d*.

TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

The relics of Columbus—"a number of bones and a quantity of mould, evidently the remains of a human body"—have rested for the last eight and thirty years in the cathedral of Havannah, the capital of Cuba. Every voyager who touches at the island is anxious to make a devotional pilgrimage to this memorial of the illustrious mariner, "who first had the judgment to divine, and the intrepidity to brave, the mysteries of this perilous deep (the Atlantic); and who, by his hardy genius, his inflexible constancy, and his heroic courage, brought the ends of the earth into communication with each other." Fireside travellers hold, proportionally, in esteem every record of the troubled life and the memorable obsequies of Columbus; and with this persuasion, we present the above Engraving for the interest of our readers.

By turning to Washington Irving's *Life of Columbus*, we find appended several particulars of his obsequies. Columbus died at Valladolid, in Spain, with great resignation, on the 20th of April, 1506. He was surrounded by a few devoted friends, and his last words were: "*In manus tuas, Domine! commendo spiritum meum.*" "Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit."

"The body of Columbus was deposited in

Digitized by Google

the convent of S. Francisco, and his obsequies were celebrated with funereal pomp in the parochial church of Santa Maria de la Antiqua, in Valladolid. His remains were transported, in 1513, to the Carthusian convent of Las Cuevas, at Seville, and deposited in the chapel of Santa Christo. In the year 1536, they were removed to Hispaniola, and interred by the side of the grand altar of the city of San Domingo. But even here they did not rest in quiet. On the cession of Hispaniola to the French in 1795, it was determined by the Spaniards to bear them off to the island of Cuba as precious relics, connected with the most glorious epoch of Spanish history. Accordingly, on the 20th of December, 1795, in the presence of an august assemblage of the dignitaries of the church, and the civil and military officers, the vault was opened beside the high altar of the cathedral: within were found the fragments of a leaden coffin, a number of bones, and a quantity of mould, evidently the remains of a human body. These were carefully collected, and put into a case of gilded lead, secured by an iron lock; the case was inclosed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and the whole placed in a temporary mausoleum. On the following day, there was another grand convocation at the cathedral: the vigils and masses for the dead were chanted, and a funeral sermon was preached by the archbishop. After these solemn ceremonials in the cathedral, the coffin was transported to the ship, attended by a grand civil, religious, and military procession. The banners were covered with crape; there were chants, and responses, and discharges of artillery; and the most distinguished persons of the several orders took turns to support the coffin.

"The reception of the body at Havannah was equally august. There was a splendid procession of boats to conduct it from the ship to the shore. On passing the vessels of war in the harbour, they all paid the honours due to an admiral and captain-general of the navy. On arriving at the mole, the remains were met by the governor of the island, accompanied by the generals of the military staff. They were then conveyed, in the utmost pomp, to the cathedral. Masses and the solemn ceremonies of the dead were performed by the bishop, and the mortal remains of Columbus were deposited in the wall, on the right side of the grand altar, where they still remain."

Captain T. E. Alexander, who travelled sixteen thousand miles, by flood and field, in the space of a twelvemonth, has described his visit to the tomb of Columbus in four of the most entertaining pages of his Journal.*

On the morning after his arrival in Havannah, he says:—

"I rose at an early hour, and hastened to the tomb of Columbus. The cathedral in which his precious remains are deposited occupies one side of a small square. The exterior of the building is of massive stone, of no particular order of architecture; its gable rises in a pyramidal shape; on the apex is a cross, and on either side are towers; pillars adorn the building, and behind these, hired assassins frequently lurk. I passed into the body of the church, and was struck with its grandeur and simplicity. The roof was arched and very lofty, and Saxon arches inclosed the aisles. The whole was tastefully painted in imitation of grey marble, and there were none of the gaudy colours and tinsel decorations which are too often met with in Catholic churches.

"Exquisite paintings were disposed here and there round the walls; one was the announcement to Sarah, by the angel, of her miraculous conception; another, our Saviour conversing with the woman of Samaria at the well; whilst in the same were representations of Moses, the Prophets, and the Evangelists. The principal altar, at the upper end, was chastely and richly ornamented. Within the railing was a mosaic floor of marble, and the seats of the dignitaries were highly carved. Looking to the left, I saw a slab of white marble let into the wall; this was the monument of Columbus, and as there was only a single priest in the cathedral, we obtained his permission to approach the tomb.

"I was under the influence of no ordinary sensations on finding myself in so interesting a situation. I stood beside the mouldering bones of the most intrepid mariner who ever lived. He must be dull and insensible, indeed, who could contemplate the final resting place of the great Colon, without being powerfully affected, and without sympathizing deeply in the sorrows and sufferings of his latter days.

"The effigy of Columbus is in mezzo relievo, and represents him with a long visage, prominent straight nose, curled hair, full eyebrows and moustaches; round his neck is a double ruff, and his wrist is similarly ornamented. His body is cased in armour to the waist; a scarf is thrown across the breast, and the fore-finger of the right hand points to America on a globe. Naval emblems are below the half-length of 'the worthy and adventurous General of the Seas,' consisting of a cannon, rudder, anchor, oar, quadrant, compass, sand-glass, &c. and in the midst of these the following inscription:

"Restos e Imager del Grande Colon,
Mil siglos durad guardados in la urna,
Y in remembranza de nuestra nacion!"

Remains and image of the Great Columbus,
A thousand ages continue preserved in the urn,
And in the remembrance of our nation!

* *Transatlantic Sketches.* Our Engraving is from one of the characteristic embellishments of this entertaining work.

Digitized by Google

"The enthusiastic biographer of Columbus, Washington Irving, had been most kind to me in giving me many introductions to his friends in America, and I was anxious to obtain some relic from the tomb to present to him. But 'let the hand of the man who ever attempts to mutilate or efface it be withered.' I would not have done it for the wealth of Potosi, but I was fortunate enough to observe a small fragment of wood which lay under the slab, but in no way connected with it, and seizing it with the avidity of an antiquary, I bore it off in triumph."

Washington Irving adds to the passage already quoted, the following eloquent and touching conclusion: "It is with deep satisfaction that the author is able to close his history with the account of a ceremonial so noble and affecting, and so honourable to the Spanish nation. When we read of the remains of Columbus thus conveyed from the port of San Domingo, after an interval of nearly three hundred years, as sacred national relics, with civil and military pomp, and high religious ceremonial, we cannot but reflect that it was from this very port he was carried off, loaded with ignominious chains, blasted, apparently in fame and fortune, and taunted by the revilings of the rabble: such honours, it is true, are nothing to the dead, nor can they atone to the heart, now dust and ashes, for all the wrongs and sorrows it may have suffered; but they speak volumes of comfort to the illustrious, yet slandered and persecuted living, encouraging them bravely to bear with present injuries, by showing them how true merit outlives all calumny, and receives its glorious reward in the admiration of after ages."

PROFILE OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR ON THE WING OF A BUTTERFLY.

A CORRESPONDENT to the *Entomological Magazine*, (vol. i. p. 518,) states that "on the reverse of *Hipparchia Janira* may be traced a very tolerably defined profile, in some specimens no very bad likeness, of the Lord Chancellor Brougham." His lordship is not the only man whom Dame Nature has honoured with a portrait stamped on her works. That clever observer, the Rev. Mr. Bree, the most valuable of Mr. Loudon's correspondents, states in the *Magazine of Natural History*, (vol. vii. p. 262,) that "a much stronger resemblance of the human profile, (I do not say portrait of the Chancellor,) is exhibited on the upper side of the primary wings of *Eolias Edusa*. In some specimens, which, I need hardly observe, vary very much, the face is so conspicuous, as at once to catch the eye of the beholder on the first inspection of the insect. The black spot towards the centre of the wing forms the eye of the profile; the profile itself being yellow upon a black ground, and fronting the tip of the wing." J. F.

Temple.

Anecdote Gallery.

BUONAPARTANIA.

BUONAPARTE on his arrival at the Military School of Paris, found the whole establishment on so brilliant and expensive a footing, that he immediately addressed a memorial on the subject to the Vice-Principal of Brienne. He showed that the plan of education was really pernicious, and far from being calculated to fulfil the object which every wise government must have in view. The result of the system, he said, was to inspire the pupils, who were all sons of poor gentlemen, with a love of ostentation, or rather with sentiments of vanity and self-sufficiency; so that, instead of returning happy to the bosoms of their families, they were likely to be ashamed of their parents, and to despise their humble homes. Instead of the numerous attendants by whom they were surrounded, their dinners of two courses, and their horses and grooms, he suggested that they should perform little necessary services for themselves, such as brushing their clothes and cleaning their boots and shoes, that they should eat the coarse bread made for the soldiers, &c. Temperance and activity, he added, would render them robust, and enable them to bear the severity of different seasons and climates, to brave the fatigues of war, and to inspire the respect and obedience of the soldiers under their command. Thus reasoned Napoleon at the age of sixteen, and time showed that he never deviated from these principles. Of this, the establishment of the military school at Fontainebleau is a decided proof.

Buonaparte was talkative when travelling. When passing through Burgundy, (says M. de Bourrienne,) on our return to Paris, after the battle of Marengo, he said exultingly, "Well, a few more events like this campaign, and I may go down to posterity."—"I think," replied I, "that you have already done enough to secure great and lasting fame."—"Yes," replied he, "I have done enough, that is true; in less than two years I have won Cairo, Paris, and Milan; but for all that, my dear fellow, were I to die to-morrow, I should not, at the end of ten centuries, occupy half a page of general history." He was right. Many ages pass before the eye in the course of half an hour's reading; and the duration of a reign or a life, is but the affair of a moment. In an historical summary, a page suffices to describe all the conquests of Alexander and Cæsar, and also the devastations of Timour and Genghis Khan. We

Digitized by Google

are indeed acquainted with only the least portion of past events. Is it worth while to desolate the world for so slight a memorial?

Prussia once exacted of the French Republic thirty millions, as the price of her neutrality. Napoleon, for this conduct, was determined to be revenged. On the 27th of October, 1806, he made his entry into the capital of Prussia: the victory of Jena made a definitive set-off to these thirty millions. In this new conquest he took notice of the handsome Queen of Prussia; it was at Tilsit that Napoleon saw this Princess for the first time. "She is a fine woman," said he, addressing himself to one of his generals. The Emperor, to show his gallantry, presented the Queen with a bouquet of flowers, saying, "Accept them, madam, as sweet presage of the friendship which I vow to you." The Queen, pale and trembling, received the flowers, and, encouraged by the handsome offer, she asked the favour of the Emperor to give Magdebourg to her son. "Magdebourg! Magdebourg!" exclaimed Buonaparte, in a tone of voice like one who had lost his senses, "never dream of such a thing, madam; never dream of such a thing!" and quitted her abruptly. It is, nevertheless, true, that this unfortunate Princess obtained from Buonaparte advantageous terms for her husband; but the distresses she had suffered, and the pain she felt at seeing Prussia deluged with blood, brought on illness, which in a short time hurried her to the grave.

The Count of Hatzfeld was strongly accused of a secret correspondence with the ministers of the King of Prussia, which, if true, must have inevitably brought him to the scaffold. The letter which proved his guilt fell into the hands of Napoleon. Furious at the discovery of the Count's treachery, he gave orders to constitute a military commission, in order to carry the sentence of death into execution. In the meantime, the chamberlain announced the Countess of Hatzfeld: this unfortunate lady, all in tears, and, to increase her distress, far advanced in pregnancy, threw herself at the feet of the conqueror of Jena. "Look, madam," said the Emperor, presenting to her the fatal letter; "judge for yourself!" The Countess, placed near the chimney, eagerly read it over, and with eyes drowned in tears, tremblingly awaited her fate. "Well!" continued the Emperor, "throw it in the fire, you will annihilate the proceedings." The Countess obeyed with transport; but, overpowered by her feelings, fainted. Napoleon himself assisted in recovering her. W. G. C.

A CHINESE MINISTER.

The following account of Hoquen, or Hechung-tong, the minister and favourite of the Emperor Keenlung, whose great influence is supposed to have thwarted the objects of the British embassy under Lord Macartney, is given in the *Asiatic Journal* for November, 1830:—"He was a Tartar of obscure birth, and raised from an inferior station, owing to the Emperor's being struck, at first, with the comeliness of his person as he stood guard at one of the palace gates, and, afterwards discovering him to be a man of talents and education, he was quickly elevated to dignity; and when the British ambassador visited Peking, twenty years after, the direction of public affairs was entirely confided to him, and he might be said to possess, under the Emperor, the whole power of the empire. Great as his interest really was, however, the Emperor was not so blinded or so weak as to be his slave; and conceiving that the minister had imposed upon him by a falsehood, Keenlung degraded him to his original low station, where he remained for a fortnight, when a fortunate accident exhibiting his innocence, he was restored to his wonted, perhaps, to greater favour; a daughter of the Emperor was married to a son of Hoquen. The general opinion was, that he took advantage of the dotage of the Emperor in his declining years, to abuse the power he possessed, and the prodigious wealth he amassed furnishes a strong presumption, if not a convincing evidence, of his corruption. An authentic statement of the property he possessed, at the period of its confiscation, represents that, besides lands, houses, and other immovable property, bullion and gems were found in his treasury to the amount of twenty-three millions sterling." W. G. C.

Retrospective Gleanings.

PALACE OF ULYSSES.

The writer of the article, "Civil Architecture," in Rees's *Cyclopædia*, says:—"In the Iliad, few particulars of architecture are to be found. We read there little more than that Priam's palace contained fifty chambers, and that Paris lived in a separate house adjoining, which he built for himself, with the assistance of some architects. It had a hall, a chamber, and a court. But it is in the Odyssey, that interesting narrative and pleasing delineation of manners, that the architecture of Homer's age is to be traced; and especially in the palace, (if it may be so called,) of Ulysses. This edifice was distinguished from all the rest in the town of Ithaca, by having the wall of the court built of stone, with some crowning ornament, and a gate with folding doors. There appears to have been but one room or hall for the reception of the company, the entrance to which was from the court. It must have been of great dimensions, for it was not only large enough to entertain above fifty

Digitized by Google

persons at separate tables, but also served for several other purposes. The columns, (if they were more than one,) that stood within it, seem to have been as much for use as ornament. They were lofty; and the room probably rose to the height of two stories. The floor was paved with stone; but rather sunk than raised above the level of the natural soil; or, at least, it was lower than the stone threshold at its entrance. Two staircases led from the hall; one to the roof, as it should seem, and the other to certain store-rooms, whither Ulysses conveyed away the armour from the hall, lest the suitors should avail themselves of it when he came to attack them. The windows must have been at a great height from the floor; for the suitors when they were assailed, and saw themselves without any means of defence, neither attempted to escape out of them, nor to call for assistance through them, notwithstanding that they proposed to raise the town in their behalf; but they knew no other way to do this than by getting to the roof, and the staircase which led to that was guarded against them. On the night before they were slain, they entertained themselves with music and dancing; when the hall was lighted up by fires, made upon three movable hearths or braziers; and during that time Ulysses in the character and dress of a beggar, attended in the room to supply the cleft wood which was burnt upon them for a light. The total neglect of cleanliness is a feature which marks as strongly as any, the condition, perhaps, the riot and licentiousness, of Ulysses' house: for to omit other particulars, such as the dunghill lying by the pathway from the court-gate to the hall-door, the hall itself was the place where they killed, or at least, cut up and dressed their beasts; and they held the feasts in the midst of the skins and offal. When, upon the discovery of Ulysses, the suitors were inclosed and destroyed in the hall, the herald who was among them, saved his life by hiding himself under a skin, that was newly taken off and left there; and when one of the suitors designed to insult Ulysses while he was sitting at meat near Telemachus, he found a bullock's foot lying close by him, which he took up and threw at his head."

P. T. W.

ARABIAN BENEFICENCE.

Sale, in his Preface to the Koran, says:—"Three men were disputing in the court of the Caaba, who was the most liberal person among the Arabs. One gave the preference to Abdallah, another to Kais, and a third to Arabah. It was proposed for the decision of the dispute, that each should go to his friend, and ask his assistance. Abdallah's friend found him with his foot in the stirrup, mounting his camel, and just setting out on a journey, and thus accosted him: "Son of the uncle of the apostle of God, I am a traveller, and in distress." Upon which Abdallah instantly dismounted, and presented the pilgrim with his camel, its rich caparison, some vests of silk, and a purse of 4,000 pieces of gold. The servant of Kais informed the second applicant that his master was asleep; but that he had rather relieve his necessity than awake his master. Accordingly he gave him a purse of 7,000 pieces of gold, assuring him that it was all the money they then had in the house; and he directed him to go to those who had the charge of the camels, with an order for a camel and a slave. When Kais awoke, and was informed of what his servant had done, he gave him his freedom, and asked him why he did not call him; "for," says he, "I would have given him more." The third person went to Arabah, who, being dim-sighted, was leaning on two slaves, and just coming out of his house, in order to attend the hour of prayer. As soon as his case was made known, Arabah clapped his hands, lamented his misfortunes, as he had no money, but desired him to take his two slaves. When these were refused, Arabah protested, that if they were not taken, they should be enfranchised; and, leaving the slaves, groped along the wall. Arabah was pronounced the most generous of the three.

P. T. W.

Fine Arts.

THE CORREGIOS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The two pictures by Corregio, purchased by the Government at 11,550*l.* for the National Collection, are now open to public view in the temporary gallery, 105, Pall Mall, next door to the Travellers' Club. Whatever price may have been paid for them more than they might have been bought for, as works of art they are invaluable; and we congratulate the nation upon its possession of two *chefs d'œuvre* of a master whose pictures are as exquisite as they are rare. The subjects are "Ecce Homo" and "Venus and Mercury teaching Love." The figures in the first are of the life size, but only half of them is shown; those in the latter are whole-length, but smaller than life. There are both painted with a wonderful power and elaboration of execution and richness of colour and chiaroscuro, and with that harmony and breadth of effect and those subtle gradations of tint that characterize the works of Corregio. They are in fine preservation. The "Ecce Homo," which is in the lower room, represents Christ crowned with thorns, his hands bound, and wearing the crimson robe which a soldier has just put over his shoulders. His mother is fainting with agony at the awful sight, in the arms of a female

Digitized by Google

in the foreground (so to speak); and Pontius Pilate is seen in the background, saying to the Jews, "Behold the man!" The head of Christ is painted with the utmost refinement of art, and the expression of pain is conveyed with extreme pathos, and without the slightest distortion; but the godlike dignity and serenity of mind does not shine through the weakness of the man, it is only a patient martyr, not a divine person that stands before you. The face of Mary, over whose beauty the pallid shade of horror has cast a veil, is the image of loveliness and tenderness in death; her eyes, dim and half closed, straining as if still to keep in view the features of Christ; her hands drawn back reluctantly as she sinks swooning in the arms of her attendant; and the expression of pain in the bloodless lips and the open mouth, as though the tongue clave to it, are depicted with the power of Raphael superadded to the delicacy of Corregio. The introduction of Pilate—an unmeaning old man, with a ludicrous air of importance, who, by the smallness of his form, is meant to appear at a little distance, though he is close to the eye—would almost spoil the picture, but that, while it creates a smile at the simplicity of the painter, it is in a manner a guarantee for the genuineness of the feeling that pervades it. It is this unsophisticated earnestness of intention, this unalloyed sincerity of purpose, that constitutes the great charm of the old painters. If they do not always succeed completely in accomplishing what they wished, you not only see what they meant, but that they were in earnest in their endeavours; and the elaborate care and pains bestowed upon the work proves that they thought no labour and skill too great to achieve it and to do honour to the subject. It is like witnessing an act of devotion: though you may smile at the simplicity or quaintness of the devotee, you cannot but admire and be affected with his faith and patience.

The execution of this picture is extraordinary: the hands of Christ are absolutely real; but the figure is not so well painted, and the head does not sit well on the body. The colouring is glowing: the hue of the flesh of Christ is too warm, indeed, for that of a man in a state of extreme suffering.

The "Venus and Mercury teaching Cupid," is a charming picture, whose subject and character are a relief to the painful intensity of the other. It is fresher in its tone of colour too; though less profound in its expression, it is scarcely less true. Mercury, seated, is teaching Cupid, while Venus stands by "in naked grace," with a bewitching smile, looking out of the picture. The attitude and action of Mercury and Cupid are extremely simple and natural. They are both intent on what they are about. The look of the little urchin is very characteristic and infantine; he seems actually trying to spell a word, stooping his head with his knees bent in, and his finger on the paper as though he would pick out the letters. The winged god seems a pleased and patient schoolmaster; but his position denotes that he has but sat down for a short time, and will be off presently. His golden cap and buskins, though winged, seem too heavy for flight, however; neither is his form eminently light and tapering. The figure of Venus is out of drawing, and loses, therefore, some of its grace; the limbs are solid, and the flesh is pure white with roseate tints where the blood beneath is visible.

There is something meretricious in the expression of Venus, that makes one doubt whether the painter had a definite idea of the feeling that he should put in her face: she is not in any way concerned in the teaching of Cupid, but is coquetting with the spectator. This peculiarity, and also the feebleness in the head of the Christ, is thus accounted for by that penetrating critic, Hazlitt; who seems almost to have had these two works in his eye when he wrote the remarks on the Corregios at Parma.

"There is the master hand, no doubt, but tremulous with artificial airs—beauty and grace carried to a pitch of quaintness and conceit—the expression of joy or woe, but lost in the doting contemplation of its own ecstacy or agony, and after being raised to the height of truth and nature, hurried over the brink of refinement into effeminacy, by a craving after impossibilities, and a wanton dalliance with the ideal. *Corregio has painted the wreathed smile of sweetness, but he does not stop till he has contorted it into affectation; he has expressed the utmost distress and despondency of soul, but it is the weakness of suffering without strength.* His pictures are so perfect and so delicate that the sense aches at them."—*Journey through France and Italy.*

These two pictures may be ranked among the brightest ornaments of the National Collection. They are far superior to the other smaller works of the same painter here—a Holy Family, and "Christ's Agony in the Garden"—in the last of which are to be seen only his mechanical beauties and defect of expression. Its fame has surpassed its merits. The largeness of manner and gusto of the two groups of heads by Corregio, contrast with these miniature pictures as remarkably in sentiment as in style.—*Spectator.*

Spirit of Discovery.

ON COINS AND MEDALS.

(*Continued from page* 383.)

Mr. Wyon now proceeded to the fourth epoch, which, according to Eckhel, dates

Digitized by Google

from the termination of the Roman Republic to the time of the Emperor Hadrian. During this period were produced the finest specimens that are to be found in the Roman mintage, and foremost of these, may be mentioned the coins of Nero (particularly the brass ones), of Hadrian, Antonianus Pius, and Domitian, although very fine ones of other Emperors are also extant.

The fifth epoch Eckhel extends from the period of the Antonines, successors of Hadrian, to the reign of Gallienus; but so very rapid a decline takes place in the art of coinage after the third Gordian, that a learned Numismatist has suggested, that this division should terminate with the last-named Emperor; and that the existence of a sixth epoch should be admitted, to extend from Gordian III. to Constantine I. (or the Great), during which period, although, for the most part, a deplorable falling off in the beauty of the coins appears, yet a few are occasionally met with of *good*, and some, the gold ones of Posthumus in particular, of *fine* workmanship.

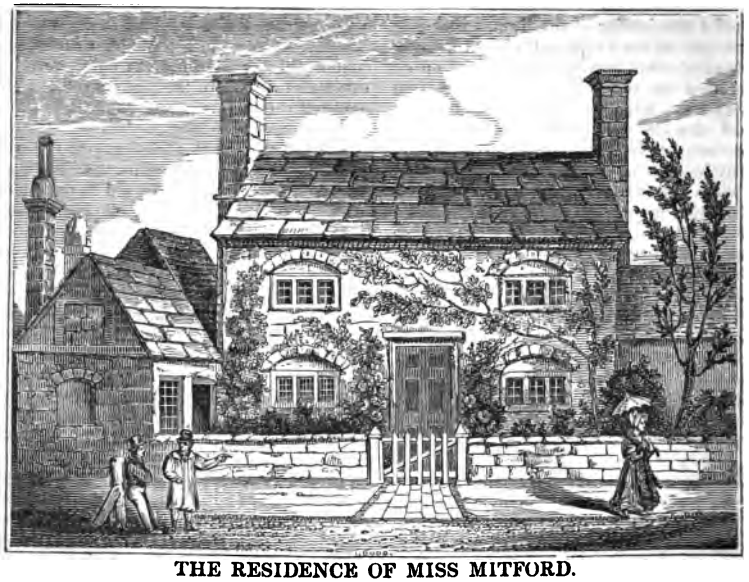
If the Roman series of coins cannot boast of the noble simplicity that is to be found in the Greek, yet it possesses specimens of great beauty, variety, and interest, remarkable for fidelity of portraiture, delicacy of workmanship, and richness of device. The portraits of the Emperors are particularly to be admired for their truth of resemblance: by them, we become acquainted with their character, from the expression of the face. We receive from them the likenesses of emperors, empresses, and great men, for three successive centuries; and on their reverses are recorded the virtues of the sovereign, his pursuits, his honours, civic and military: they also furnish us with many historical facts. Among the coins of Claudius, for example, is one, struck on the occasion of the conquest of this country, upon which is a triumphal arch inscribed with De Britann. The figure of Britannia, not unlike the one upon our copper money, is to be met with in the large brass coins of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius; an interesting coin of Tiberius commemorates the restoration of twelve cities of Asia destroyed by an earthquake; another of Germanicus celebrates the recovery of the Roman eagles; others give us triumphs, secular games, and exercises. The coins of Vespasian and of his son Titus boast of the conquest of Judea; those of Nerva constantly proclaim his unbounded benevolence to the people; one of Trajan's represents the Emperor as a warrior, (standing between two rivers,) the Euphrates and Tigris subjugated at his feet, adding the eastern provinces of Armenia and Mesopotamia to the Roman empire; another of Severus represents the funeral pile on which his obsequies were performed. We have also upon the Roman coins, copies of the most celebrated statues, temples, buildings, bridges, aqueducts, and columns of the imperial city; the most imperishable records of the grandeur, taste, and power of the Roman people exhibited in their common monies.

We have the same deficiency of dates to regret in the Roman coins, as has been already acknowledged in regard to the Greek. Mr. Wyon stated, that, as well as he could recollect, only two in the whole series of Roman Emperors bear a date; and there are no dates on consular coins, although they present many very interesting portraits and reverses. The first of the two dates appears on a coin of Hadrian, which exists both in gold and in brass, although both are of great rarity, and refer to the 874th year from the building of Rome, or 122 after Christ. The second instance is of the Emperor Philip, a very common coin in silver and brass, which belongs to a much more important period, the 1000th year of Rome, or the Millisarium Sæculum, being 248 years after Christ, on which occasion Philip, in order to please the Roman people, and make them forget the recent assassination of the young and amiable Gordian, celebrated the secular games with great magnificence.

The reverses of some of these coins present lively figures of some uncommon animals, then exhibited to the people to be slaughtered in the cruel sports of the arena; amongst others, that of the hippopotamus, being the only specimen of that unwieldy animal brought alive into Europe. From the time of this Philip to that of Diocletian, it may be said that there are no coins of good silver: indeed, from Gallienus to that period, a space of twenty-four years, although in that short space of time there are coins of at least twenty Emperors who had walked over the bloody stage of empire, yet, there are no coins even tolerably pure, of that metal. This is very difficult to account for, as the gold coins are by no means rare, and are of good workmanship. With Constantine the Great, a new era presents itself—coins of good silver of himself, and his successors in the West, being common until the reign of Valentinian III., A.D. 435, when the silver coinage ceases altogether, and no more coins of Roman Emperors are known.

The rise of Christianity seems to have been the signal for the decline of all interest in the design and execution of coins. The reverses of those after the Constantines present no historical memorials, and the heads scarcely furnish any resemblance to the human face divine,—a remark more particularly applying to the wretched successors of the Greek dynasty at Constantinople, not excepting the great Justinian.

Digitized by Google



THE RESIDENCE OF MISS MITFORD.

(*From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.*)

Mary Russell Mitford is the only child of Dr. Mitford, a gentleman, who, in early life, received a diploma as a physician, but who many years ago retired from practice, and has since devoted a large portion of his time to the discharge of his duties as a magistrate for Berkshire, to which those of a magistrate for Wiltshire have been recently added. As chairman of the most important and populous division of Berkshire, that which includes Reading, he has distinguished himself, not only by his activity, but by those rarer qualities, a cordial sympathy with the pleasures and sufferings of the labourers, and a disposition to make just allowance for their frailties.* Miss Mitford's mother, who died at the beginning of the year 1831, was a lady of ancient family and of singularly amiable manners. The greater part of her life has been spent in the above cottage,† at Three Mile Cross, a village so called from its being situated just three miles from Reading. It straggles prettily up a gentle hill, on the road from Reading to Southampton, and is often pointed out to the traveller as the scene of those pictures of rural life which have so often multiplied the enjoyments of country people and given the feeling of the fresh air to citizens. We need scarcely add that Three Mile Cross is the original of Miss Mitford's delightful series of sketches and pictures with the unassuming title of *Our Village*; which resemble nothing that preceded them in literature, and yet are as true likenesses of the most familiar objects in the world as an imagination of reasonable honesty can be desired to mirror!

Perhaps the great distinction of these works is, that they are—not only in style and subject, but in manner and tone—essentially and idiomatically *English*. There are no writings, since the novels of Fielding, which we should so readily present to a foreigner, in order to show him what, in the most characteristic points, English scenery, habits, and virtues are. The descriptions of the country are all individual—they set, or seem to set, the very place before us by a few masterly touches, almost as few and as vivid as those of Mr. Cobbett himself; and then the places are such as belong only to England. They are not *show places*, which seem to extort admiration, till the very eye is weary, but quiet, unpretending scenes;—the warm homestead; the dark pond covered with water-lilies, and edged with hazels; the stubble upland, cheered by the ploughboy's jocund whistle or the ploughman's song; the village green all alive and heroic with cricketers; the winding lane running unsuspected among the hedge-row woods; the shady bank where the violets cluster thickest in early spring—these are the scenes which she loves to set in no artificial lustre, but in the sweetest lights of common day. We may, perhaps, like Miss Mitford, be partial—but there is no county which seems to us so full of pictures, which speak to the heart of home, as Berkshire—so touching in their quiet; so unpretending in their loveliness;

* Dr. Mitford is a genuine promoter of the "noble game of cricket."

† The building on the left is the library.

so fitted for pensive and happy thought to those, at least, whose slender imagination does not aspire to make friends of mountains, and whom the grander forms of matter oppress and chill; and these are the scenes which will ever "look green" in her prose.—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

The Sketch Book.

THE CURSE OF KISHOGUE.

You see there was wanst a mighty dacent boy, called Kishogue—and not a complater chap was in the siven parishes nor himself—and for drinkin' or coortin' (and by the same token he was a darlint among the girls, he was so bowld), or cudgellin', or runnin', or wrastlin' or the like o' that, none could come near him; and at patthern, or fair, or the dance, or the wake, Kishogue was the flower of the flock. Well, to be sure, the gentlemen iv the counthry did not belove him so well as his own sort—that is the eldherly gintlemen, for as to the young 'squires, by gor they loved him like one of themselves, and betther a'most, for they knew well that Kishogue was the boy to put them up to all sorts and sizes of divilment and divarshin, and that was all they wanted—but the owld, studdy (steady) gintlemen—the responsible people like, didn't give into his ways at all—and, in throth, they used to be thinkin' that if Kishogue was out of the counthry, body and bones, that the counthry would not be the worse iv it, in the laste, and that the deer, and the hares, and the pattheridges wouldn't be scarcer in the laste, and that the throut and the salmon would lade an aisier life;—but they could get no howlt of him good or bad, for he was as cute as a fox, and there was no sitch thing as getting him at an amplush, at all, for he was like a weasel, a'most—asleep wid his eyes open. Well; that's the way it was for many a long day, and Kishogue was as happy as the day was long, antil, as bad luck id have it, he made a mistake one night, as the story goes, and by dad how he could make the same mistake was never cleared up yet, barin' that the night was dark, or that Kishogue had a dhrop o' dhrink in; but the mistake *was* made, and *this* was the mistake, you see—that he consaived he seen his own mare threspassin' an the man's field, by the road side, and so, with that, he cotched the mare—that is, the mare to all appearance, but it was not his own mare, but the 'squire's horse, which he tuk for his own mare,—all in a mistake, and he thought that she had sthrayed away, and not likin' to see *his* baste threspassin' an another man's field, what does he do, but he dhrives home the horse in a mistake, you see, and how he could do the like is hard to say, except'n that the night was dark, as I said before, or that he had a dhrop too much in; but, howsomever, the mistake was made, and a sore mistake it was for poor Kishogue, for he never persaived it at all, antil three days afther, when the polisman kem to him and towld him he should go along with him. "For what?" says Kishogue. "Oh, you're mighty innocent," says the polisman. "Thrue for you, sir," says Kishogue, as quite (quiet) as a child. "And where are you goin' to take me, may I make bowld to ax, sir," says he "To jail," says the Peeler. "For what?" says Kishogue. "For staalin' the 'squire's horse," says the Peeler. "It's the first I heerd of it," says Kishogue. "Throth, then, 'twont be the last you'll hear of it," says the other. "Why, tare an ouns, sure it's no housebreakin' for a man to dhrive home his own mare," says Kishogue. "No," says the Peeler; "but it is burglaarious to sarcumvint another man's horse," says he. "But supposin' 'twas a mistake," says Kishogue. "By gor it 'll be the dear mistake to you!" says the polisman. "That's a poor case," says Kishogue. But there was no use in talkin'—he might as well have been whistlin' jigs to a milestone as sthrivin' to invaigle the polisman, and the ind of it was, that he was obleeged to march off to jail, and there he lay in lavendher, like Paddy Ward's pig, until the 'sizes kem an, and Kishogue, you see, bein' of a high sperrit, did not like the iday at all of bein undher a compliment to the king for his lodgin'. Besides, to a chap like him, that was used all his life to goin' round the world for sport, the thoughts o' confinement was altogether contagious, though indeed his friends endayvoured for to make it as agreeable as they could to him, for he was mightily beloved in the counthry, and they were goin' to see him mornin, noon, and night—throth, they led the turnkey a busy life, lettin' them in and out, for they wor comin' and goin' evermore, like Mulligan's blanket. Well, at last the 'sizes kem an, and down kem the sheriffs, and the judge, and the jury, and the witnesses, all book-sworn to tell nothin but the born thruth: and with that, Kishogue was the first that was put on his thrial, for not knowin' the differ betune his own mare and another man's horse, for they wished to give an example to the counthry, and he was bid to howld up his hand at the bar (and a fine big fist he had of his own, by the same token), and up he held it—no ways danted, at all, but as bowld as a ram. Well, then, a chap in a black coat, and a frizzled wig and spectacles gets up, and he reads and reads, that you'd think he'd never have done readin'; and it was all about Kishogue—as we heerd afther—but could not make out at the time—and no wondher: and in throth, Kishogue never done the half of what the dirty little ottomy was readin' about him—barrin' he

Digitized by Google

knew lies iv him; and Kishogue himself, poor fellow, got frekened at last, when he heerd him goin' an at that rate about him, but afther a bit he tuk heart and said:—"By this and by that, I never done the half o' that any how!" "Silence in the coort!!!" says the crier—puttin' him down that a-way. Oh there's no justice for a poor boy at all! "Oh murther," says Kishogue, "is a man's life to be swore away afther this manner, and mustn't spake a word?" "Howl' your tongue!" say my lord the judge. And so afther some more jabberin' and gibberish, the little man in the spectacles threwn down the paper and asked Kishogue if he was guilty or not guilty. "I never done it my lord," says Kishogue. "Answer as you are bid, sir," says the spectacle man. "I'm innocent, my lord!" says Kishogue. "Bad cess to you, can't you say what you're bid," says my lord the judge; "Guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty," says Kishogue. "I don't believe you," says the judge. "Small blame to you," says Kishogue; "you're ped for hangin' people, and you must do something for your wages." "You've too much prate, sir," says my lord. "Faix then, I'm thinkin' its yourself and your friend the hangman will cure me o' that very soon," says Kishogue. And thrue for him, faith, he wastn't far out in sayin' that same, for they murthered him intirely. They brought a terrible sight of witnesses agin him, that swore away his life an the cross-examination; and indeed, sure enough, it was the crossest examination altogether I ever seen. Oh, they wor the bowld witnesses that would sware a hole in an iron pot any day in the year. Not but that Kishogue's friends done their duty by him. Oh, the stud to him like men, and swore a power for him, and sthrove to make out a lullaby for him; maynin' by that same, that he was asleep in another place at the time;—but it wouldn't do, they could not make it plazin' to the judge and the jury, and my poor Kishogue was condimned for to die; and the judge put an his black cap, and indeed it is not becomin', and discoorsed the hoight of fine language, and gev Kishogue a power o' good advice, that it was a mortyal pity Kishogue didn't get sooner; and the last words the judge said was, "The Lord have marcy an your sowl!" "Thank'ee, my lord," says Kishogue; "though indeed it is few has luck or grace afther your prayers" And sure enough, faith; for the next Sathurday Kishogue was ordhered out to be hanged, and the sthreets through which he was to pass was mighty throng; for in them days, you see, the people used to be hanged outside o' the town, not all as one as now when we're hanged genteely out o' the front o' the jail: but in them days they did not attind to the comforts o' the people at all, but put them into a cart, all as one a conthrairy pig goin' to market, and stravaiged them through the town to the gallows, that was full half a mile beyant it; * * * * but, to be sure, when they kem to the corner of the crass streets, where the Widdy Houlaghan's public-house was then, afore them dirty swaddlers knocked it down and built a meetin'-house there—bad cess to them! sure they're spylin' divarshin wherever they go,—when they kem there, as I was tellin' you, the purcesshin was always stopped, and they had a fiddler and mulled wine for the divarshin of the pres'ner, for to raise his heart for what he was to go through; for, by all accounts, it is not plazin' to be goin' to be hanged, supposin' you die in a good cause itself, as my uncle Jim towld me when he suffer'd for killin' the gauger. Well, you see, they always stopped ten minutes at the public-house, not to hurry a man with his dhrink, and, besides, to give the pres'ner an opportunity for sayin' an odd word or so to a frind in the crowd, to say nothin' of its bein' mighty improvin' to the throng, to see the man lookin' pale at the thoughts of death, and maybe an idification and a warnin' to thim that was inclined to sthray. But, however, it happened, and the like never happened afore nor sence; but, as bad luck would have it, that day, the divil a fiddler was there whin Kishogue dhruv up in the cart, no ways danted at all; but the minit the cart stopped rowlin' he called out as stout as a ram, "Sind me out Tim Riley here,"—Tim Riley was the fiddler's name,—"sind me out Tim Riley here," says he, "that he may rise my heart wid 'The Rakes o' Mallow;'" for he was a Mallow man, by all accounts, and mighty proud of his town. Well, av coorse the tune was not to be had, bekase Tim Riley was not there, but was lyin' dhrunk in a ditch at the same time coming home from confission, and when poor Kishogue heerd that he could not have his favorite tune, it wint to his heart to that degree, that he'd hear of no comfort in life, and he bid them dhrive him an, and put him out o' pain at wanst. "Oh, take the dhrink, any how, aroon," says the Widdy Houlaghan, who was mighty tinder-hearted, and always attinded the man that was goin' to be hanged with the dhrink herself, if he was ever so grate a sthranger; but if he was a frind of her own, she'd go every fut to the gallows wid him, and see him suffer. Oh, she was a darlint! Well,—"take the dhrink Kishogue, my jewel," says she, handin' him up a brave big mug o' mulled wine, fit for a lord,—but he wouldn't touch it;—"Take it out o' my sight," says he, "for my heart is low bekase Tim Riley desaived me, whin I expected to die game, like one o' the Rakes o' Mallow! Take it out o' my sight!" says he, puttin' it away wid his hand, and sure 'twas the first time Kishogue was ever known to refuse the drhop o' dhrink, and many re-

Digitized by Google

marked that it was the change before death was comin' over him. Well, away they rowled to the gallows, where there was no delay in life for the pres'ner, and the sheriff asked him if he had any thing to say to him before he suffered; but Kishogue hadn't a word to throw to a dog, and av coorse he said nothin' to the sheriff, and wouldn't say a word that might be improvin', even to the crowd, by way of an idification; and indeed a sore disappointment it was to the throng, for they thought he would make an illigant dyin' speech; and the prenthers there, and the ballad-singers, all ready for to take it down complate, and thought it was a dirty turn of Kishogue to chate them out o' their honest penny, like; but they owed him no spite for all that, for they considhered his heart was low an account of the disappointment; and he was lookin' mighty pale while they wor makin' matthers tidy for him; and, indeed, the last words he said himself was, "Put me out o' pain at wanst, for my heart is low bekase Tim Riley desaived me, when I thought he would rise it, that I might die like a rale Rake o' Mallow!" And so, to make a long story short, my jew'l, they done the business for him: it was soon over wid him; it was just one step wid him, aff o' the laddher into glory; and to do him justice, though he was lookin' pale, he died bowld, and put his best leg foremost. Well, what would you think, but just as all was over wid him, there was a shout outside o' the crowd, and a shilloo that you'd think would split the sky; and what should we see gallopin' up to the gallows, but a man covered with dust an a white horse, to all appearance, but it wasn't a white horse but a black horse, only white wid the foam. He was dhruv to that degree, and the man hadn't a breath to dhraw, and couldn't spake, but dhrew a piece o' paper out of the breast of his coat, and handed it up to the sheriff; and, my jew'l, the sheriff grewn as white as the paper itself, when he clapt his eyes an it; and says he, "Cut him down—cut him down this minute!" says he; and the dhragoons made a slash at the messenger, but he ducked his head and sarcumvinted them. And then the sheriff shouted out, "Stop, you villians, and bad luck to yiz, you murtherin' vagabones," says he to the sojers; "is it going to murther the man you wor?—It isn't him at all I mane, but the man that's hangin'. Cut *him* down," says he: and they cut him down; but it was no use. It was all over wid poor Kishogue; for he was as dead as small beer, and as stiff as a crutch. "Oh, tare an ouns!" says the sheriff, tarin' the hair aff his head at the same time, with the fair rage. "Isn't it a poor case that he's dead, and here is a reprieve that is come for him? but, bad cess to him," says he, "it's his own fault, he wouldn't take it aisy." "Oh, millia murther, millia murther!" cried out the Widdy Houlaghan, in the crowd. "Oh, Kishogue, my darlint, why did you refuse my mulled wine? Oh, if you had stopped wid me to take your dhrop o' dhrink, you'd be alive and merry now!" So that is the maynin' of the Curse o' Kishogue; for you see, Kishogue was hanged for lavin' his liquor behind him.—*Lover's Legends and Stories of Ireland.*

Notes of a Reader.

THE NEWDIGATE PRIZE POEM;

(*Recited at the recent Installation of His Grace the* DUKE *of* WELLINGTON, *as Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*)

THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

FAST fades the day; the winds have sunk to sleep,
Monastic Bernard! on thy lonely steep;
Like halcyons hovering o'er their ocean nest,
The golden clouds are gathering into rest
O'er the far peaks, where still the sunset flings
A gleam of splendour from his parting wiugs,
And stars, like fairy visions, dimly bright,
Now melt in air, now tremble into light.

Night deepens round—the Spirit of Repose
Breathes o'er the darkling crags and boundless snows;
No voice disturbs their gloom; no living form
Cheers the still scene, or haunts the realms of storm;
No more the eagle, wheeling to the sky,
Pours through the sullen waste her echoing cry:
The wolf's long howl, that rose upon the gale,
The cataract's roar, the pine-wood's fitful wail,
As the faint chime of some aërial lay
Melts from the dreamer's ear have died away.

Yes—stern the scene!—magnificently drear!
No sound to ravish, and no sight to cheer;
Yet to the soul more speaking than the page
Of loftiest poet, or divinest sage,
Proclaims in characters of heavenly birth,
Graved on the star-lit sky, the slumbering earth,
That He, who fram'd them both, the Power Divine,
Still in the desert rears his chosen shrine;
Still loves to commune with his erring child
On the lone mountain and the pathless wild;
And far from human cares, from feverish strife,
The storm of passion, and the stir of life;
When earth breathes peace below, and heaven above
Is bright with hope, and redolent of love,
He bids each sense awake, each feeling soar,
The spirit kindle, and the heart adore;
Till to the awe-struck wanderer's musing breast,
E'en Silence speaks, and Solitude is blest.

The stars are forth—the moon serenely bright
Walks in calm beauty through the waste of night;
Beneath her beams, like silv'ry clouds on high,
The pale snows glimmer in the dark-blue sky;
And as the shadows wander, vale and steep
Now gleam in light, now wrapt in darkness sleep.

Oft at this twilight hour, her quivering rays
Stream through the cliffs, to greet the wanderer's gaze;
As faint and worn from many a peril past,
The rushing avalanche and the roaring blast,
He slowly climbs where closing mountains lean,
In shadowy grandeur o'er the hush'd ravine;
Where beneath beetling crags, and drifted snows,
In charnel cell, the unwasting* dead repose;
And moonlit crosses rising through the gloom,
In spectral silence point the pilgrim's tomb.

* The charnel of the passengers is a small chapel, built under a cliff to the east of the Hospice, and just within view of it; owing to the cold, the bodies are long preserved from putrefaction.

Digitized by Google

Alike they sleep in that sepulchral grot,
Their death unhonour'd, and their name forgot;
In life's last hour unsooth'd by pitying tear,
Their last deep sigh unheard by mortal ear;
No coffin guards their clay, no sheltering stone,
Their only dirge the wild wind's hollow moan,
When through the grated loopholes, harsh and loud,
Sweeps the chill blast, and waves each eddying shroud—
Well might the wanderer linger there to scan
The might of nature and the wreck of man.
But, lo! th' ascent is won, the mountain hoar,
The lake's black calm,* the hush'd and frozen shore,
And 'mid the snows, yon structure rude and vast,
Rear'd like some rock-built palace of the blast,
Rush on his gaze—and faint as smiles that play
O'er the wan lips that fade in young decay,
So cold! so cheerless!—desolately falls
The misty moonlight on the bleak, grey walls,
Seam'd by the scars of time; and deeper rents
Stamp'd by the wrath of men and elements.
No sculpture there her Gothic tracery weaves,
Piles the tall shaft, or twines the clustering leaves;
But the rude carving of the storm has thrown
A time-worn aspect o'er each mouldering stone.

Hark! o'er the lake the choral notes combine,
In mingling cadence from the lonely shrine;
The dark-rob'd brethren of the Hospice there,
Close with a deep-ton'd hymn their ev'ning prayer;
While one who long has listen'd to the beat,
And far-off echoes of ascending feet,
Still keeps his moonlight watch, and seems to wait
The way-worn wanderer at the welcome gate.

The threshold past, around their frugal board,
His toils forgotten, and his strength restor'd;
As the red pine fire throws a flickering blaze
O'er the rude hall, delighted shall he gaze
On many a lofty brow, and speaking eye,
In that unknown, yet friendly company;
While the blithe laugh, and pleasure-stirring sound
Of cheerful converse, gaily echoes round,
As from the stranger of the world below,
They learn the changeful tale of weal and wo.

Oh! other lyres of graver tone may praise
The convent's wakeful nights and languid days;
Religion bids me weep, and reason sigh
O'er the lorn heart's uncheer'd captivity,
That chills each tend'rer impulse, and reproves
What Heav'n has sanction'd, and what nature loves:
By priestly craft or jealous power design'd
To curb th' aspirings of the manly mind;
While genius pines, and feeling's early flow'rs
Droop in the sickly shade of joyless hours.
Not mine to laud the penance and the chain,
Ascetic toils or self-inflicted pain;
Or trace to heavenly source the zeal that pil'd
Fond Simeon's pillar in the Syrian wild;†
Or that false faith whose meteor smile illumes
La Trappe's cold cells, or Nubia's peopled tombs;‡
Where dark-brow'd zealots vex the weary nights
With ghastly orgies and mysterious rites,
Breathe 'mid remorseful sighs the frequent prayer,
Live without love, scarce die without despair.

Such are devotion's feverish dreams, that ply
The fool with taunts, and wake the wise man's sigh;
Far loftier hopes St. Bernard's sons allure,
Their faith erroneous, but their practice pure;
And nobler ardour nerves their hearts to mock
The frost's keen power, and brave the tempest's shock.
The lingering memories of departed hours,
Youth's worshipp'd dreams, and beauty's roseate bow'rs,
Th' unbidden thoughts that kindle fond regret
For joys e'en virtue cannot all forget,
Come soften'd through the calm: earth's sorrows wind
A sweet sad influence on the musing mind,
Felt but to vanish, like the hues that glow
In summer's twilight on the mountain snow.

Theirs is the sunshine of the heart that springs
From high-soul'd deeds and heav'n-taught sufferings;
Theirs the pure love no laws of sect can bind,
Their creed to soothe the sorrows of mankind;
And theirs the precept—more can angels teach?
To live for God, and act the truths they preach;
And freely fly, unconscious of dismay,
Where Pity prompts, and Courage points the way.
Yes! oft at night's dread noon, when gales are loud,
And shapes of terror ride the murky cloud;
When the white snow-waves§ drifting silently,
Wreathe o'er the rocks, and roll along the sky;
'Tis theirs, at Mercy's call, to brave the wrath,
That guides the av'lanche on his thundering path,
Wak'd by the mastiff's bay. A faint, low shriek
Is echoing far below, from cave and peak,
By some lone wanderer pour'd, whose latest breath
Is all concentred in the cry of death;
Thrilling, and fearful, as the rushing snows
Sweep on, and shroud him in their dire repose.
"On, fearless on! and trace him through the storm;
Still in his veins the pulse of life beats warm;
The dog's deep wailing howl our steps shall guide,—
Near and more near, it climbs the mountain side."
Swift on their iron poles from steep to steep,
From crag to crag, impetuous down they sweep;
Like spectres thread the dark ravine—and, lo!
The strong dog crouching o'er the tomb of snow
Plies with untiring limb his generous toil,
Scoops the cold drift, and bares the frozen soil;
Licks from the pale, chill brow the tangled hair,
And wakes to hope the features of despair;
Till from the cerements of his living tomb,
They raise the wanderer, while the paly bloom
Of coming life plays warmly on his cheek,
And those half-op'ning lips do all but speak.

Deeds such as these, while quickly wears the night,
In that rude hall St. Bernard's sons recite;
And oft they speak of crags where peasant show
Mysterious crosses on the untrodden snow,‖
Planted by hands unseen, or traces left
Of wizard dances in the sunless cleft;
Or whisp'ring tell, when clouds snow-laden sail,
At solemn midnight on the moaning gale,
How on each cavern'd steep, in shadowy forms,
The demon-brood of Darkness and of Storms,
Shout in wild chorus, while on every blast,
Weird voices sweep, and laughter hurries past:
Oft too in gentler shape, they seem to ride,
In mimic pomp, the mists of eventide;
Or move unmark'd within their vapoury shroud,
The winds their coursers, and their car the cloud;
While from their stringless lyres wild music flows,
Charms the mute air, and dies along the snows.¶

Such the fond faith in every age confest,
Nurs'd by each clime, and rear'd in every breast,
The secret yearning, the mysterious sense
Of some unseen, o'ershadowing influence,
That taught the Greek to people earth and sky
With forms of light, and dreams of poesy;
Which teaches still the savage and the child,
Their heart untutor'd, and their fancy wild,
To vision spirits of the viewless breeze,
Phantoms in clouds, and voices on the seas;
And on the expanse of Heav'n's eternal dome,
Fix their fond gaze, and weep that long-lost home.

But when the lamp burns faintly, and the guest
Seeks his low cell, and homely couch of rest,

* The lake always appears black, from the dazzling whiteness of the surrounding snows.

† Simeon Stylites lived forty-five years in the Syrian desert, on a pillar gradually raised till it reached the height of sixty feet.

‡ The ruined tombs of Upper Egypt are (or were) filled by monks of the sternest cast.—Gibbon, vol. vi.

§ Rogers' *Italy*.

‖ Vide Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches*.

¶ For these, and other superstitions of the Alpine peasantry, see Coxe's *Tour*, and Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches*.

Digitized by Google

Dim with the mists of time before his eyes,
Majestic forms of other days arise,
And to his ear the night-winds waft along
Names that have lived in story or in song.
Once more the foe of Rome, from height to height,*
Cheers his dark host, impatient for the fight,
And where yon plains expand in boundless gloom,
He bids them seek an empire or a tomb.
With nodding plumes, bright helms, and glitt'ring spears,
Lo! Gaul's great emperor leads his knightly peers;
Hush'd is their iron tramp, and moonbeams dim
Shower on each ghastly brow, and mail-clad limb.
He, too, is there, who, slain on vict'ry's day,
Beside their altar sleeps, the young Dessaix;†
And there his chief, whose name of terror spread
Wide o'er the world, and shook mankind with dread,
Curbs his proud steed, and waves his warriors on
To Piedmont's vales yet bright with Lodi's sun;‡
Unlike the despot lord of after days,
Youth on his cheek, and ardour in his gaze;
E'en now his spirit from the fields of fight,
The shout of triumph hears, the rush of flight,
As from Marengo's plain, "th' invading horde"§
Flies the keen vengeance of his conquering sword;
Chang'd is his brow, what loftier visions roll,
What dreams of empire crowd upon his soul!
Lo! prostrate nations tremble at his sway,
Kings quail before him, thrones in dust decay;
Dominion crowns what Conquest has begun,
And Fortune smiling on her fav'rite son,
Wreathes round his tyrant brow the glitt'ring toy,
Her fatal dower that shines but to destroy.

If in that hour of pride and fervid youth
Such were his dreams, mankind has mourn'd their truth;
O'er seas of blood his sun of glory rose,
And sunk at length 'mid tempest to repose.
When on that field where last the eagle soar'd,
War's mightier master wielded Britain's sword,
And the dark soul a world could scarce subdue,
Bent to thy genius—Chief of Waterloo!

The visions fade in darkness, calm and deep
Sinks o'er the pilgrim's soul the hush of sleep.
Farewell! farewell! ere morning's sun shall smile,
Desolate mansion! on thy wind-worn pile,
Far to the South his parting steps shall bend,
Where lovelier lands and softer skies extend;
Yet in those climes full oft his heart shall seek
Those sable waters and that frozen peak;
'Mid fairer scenes shall rise on Fancy's view,
Th' eternal snows the heaven of cloudless blue;
And as in thought once more he seems to climb
O'er many a trackless Alp and cliff sublime,
Kind priests of Charity! ye oft shall share
The heartfelt breathings of his grateful prayer;
While Memory turns to bless, where'er he roam,
Love's sainted shrine, and Mercy's lonely home.

* Both Hannibal and Charlemagne, in all probability, took quite a different route, but a tradition still remains of their having passed by the Great St. Bernard.

† Dessaix, slain in his thirtieth year at the battle of Marengo, to the success of which he had chiefly contributed, is buried near the altar of the Hospice Church.

‡ A phrase of Buonaparte, in addressing Bourrienne before passing the Alps to Marengo.—Bourrienne, vol. ii.

§ Napoleon's invariable term for the Austrians in Italy.—Bourrienne, *passim*.

SEA TERMS.

Windward, from whence the wind blows; *leeward, to* which it blows; *starboard*, the *right* of the stern; *larboard*, the *left; starboard helm*, when you go to the left; but when to the right, instead of larboard helm, *helm a-port; luff you may*, go nearer to the wind; *thein (thus)*, you are near enough; *luff no near*, you are too near the wind; the *tiller*, the handle of the rudder; the *capstan*, the weigher of the anchor; the *buntlines*, the ropes which move the body of the sail, the *bunt* being the body; the *bowlines*, those which spread out the sails, and make them swell.

Ratlines, the rope ladders by which the sailors climb the shrouds; the *companion*, the cabin-head; *reefs*, the divisions by which the sails are contracted; *stunsails*, additional sails, spread for the purpose of catching all the wind possible; the *fore-mast, main-mast, mizen-mast; fore*, the head; *aft*, the stern; *being pooped* (the very sound of which tells one that it must be something very terrible), having the stern beaten in by the sea; *to belay a rope*, to fasten it.

The *sheets*, a term for various ropes; the *halyards*, ropes which extend the topsails; the *painter*, the rope which fastens the boat to the vessel; the *eight points of the compass*, south, south and by east, south-south east, south-east and by east, south-east, east south and by east, east south east, east and by south east. The knowledge of these points is termed "knowing how to box the compass.' —*Lewis's Journal.*

A TRAVELLER'S FIRST MORNING IN VENICE.

(*From Mr. Beckford's Travels, in* 1780.)

It was not five o'clock before I was aroused by a loud din of voices and splashing of water under my balcony. Looking out, I beheld the grand canal so entirely covered with fruits and vegetables, on rafts and in barges, that I could scarcely distinguish a wave. Loads of grapes, peaches, and melons arrived and disappeared in an instant, for every vessel was in motion; and the crowds of purchasers, hurrying from boat to boat, formed a very lively picture. Amongst the multitudes, I remarked a good many whose dress and carriage announced something above the common rank; and, upon inquiry, I found they were noble Venetians, just come from their casinos, and met to refresh themselves with fruit before they *retired to sleep for the day*.

Whilst I was observing them, the sun began to colour the balustrades of the palaces, and the pure, exhilarating air of the morning drawing me abroad, I procured a gondola, laid in my provision of bread and grapes, and was rowed under the Rialto, down the grand canal, to the marble steps of S. Maria della Salute, erected by the Senate, in performance of a vow to the Holy Virgin, who begged off a terrible pestilence in 1630. The great bronze portal opened whilst I was standing on the steps which lead to it, and discovered the interior of the dome, where I expatiated in solitude; no mortal appearing except one old priest, who trimmed the lamps,

Digitized by Google

and muttered a prayer before the high altar, still wrapped in shadows. The sunbeams began to strike against the windows of the cupola just as I left the church, and was wafted across the waves to the spacious platform in front of St. Giorgio Maggiore, one of the most celebrated works of Palladio. When my first transport was a little subsided, and I had examined the graceful design of each particular ornament, and united the just proportion and grand effect of the whole in my mind. I planted my umbrella on the margin of the sea, and viewed at my leisure the vast range of palaces, of porticos, of towers, opening on every side, and extending out of sight. The Doge's palace, and the tall columns at the entrance of the Piazza of St. Mark, form, together with the arcades of the public library, the lofty Campanile, and the cupolas of the ducal church, one of the most striking groups of buildings that art can boast of. To behold at one glance these stately fabrics, so illustrious in the records of former ages, before which, in the flourishing times of the republic, so many valiant chiefs and princes have landed, loaded with oriental spoils, was a spectacle I had long and ardently desired. I thought of the days of Frederic Barbarossa, when looking up the Piazza of St. Mark, along which he marched, in solemn procession, to cast himself at the feet of Alexander III. and pay a tardy homage to St. Peter's successor. Here were no longer those splendid fleets that attended his progress; one solitary galeass was all I beheld, anchored opposite the palace of the doge, and surrounded by crowds of gondolas, whose sable hues contrasted strongly with its vermilion oars and shining ornaments. A party-coloured multitude was continually shifting from one side of the piazza to the other; whilst senators and magistrates, in long black robes, were already arriving to fill their respective offices.

I contemplated the busy scene from my peaceful platform, where nothing stirred but aged devotees, creeping to their devotions: and, whilst I remained thus calm and tranquil, heard the distant buzz of the town. Fortunately, some length of waves rolled between me and its tumults, so that I ate my grapes and read Metastasio undisturbed by officiousness or curiosity. When the sun became too powerful, I entered the nave.

After I had admired the masterly structure of the roof and the lightness of its arches, my eyes naturally directed themselves to the pavement of white and ruddy marble, polished, and reflecting, like a mirror, the columns which rise from it. Over this I walked to a door that admitted me into the principal quadrangle of the convent, surrounded by a cloister, supported on Ionic pillars beautifully proportioned. A flight of stairs opens into the court, adorned with balustrades and pedestals, sculptured with elegance truly Grecian. This brought me to the refectory, where the *chef d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, representing the marriage of Cana in Galilee, was the first object that presented itself. I never beheld so gorgeous a group of wedding garments before; there is every variety of fold and plait that can possibly be imagined. The attitudes and countenances are more uniform, and the guests appear a very genteel, decent sort of people, well used to the mode of their times, and accustomed to miracles.

Having examined this fictitious repast, I cast a look on a long range of tables, covered with very excellent realities, which the monks were coming to devour with energy, if one might judge from their appearance. These sons of penitence and mortification possess one of the most spacious islands of the whole cluster; a princely habitation, with gardens and open porticos that engross every breath of air; and what adds not a little to the charms of their abode, is the facility of making excursions from it whenever they have a mind.

New Books.

LIFE OF DAVID CROCKETT.

[We commenced our present volume with noticing the publication of the *Sketches and Eccentricities of Colonel David Crockett*—a little volume of character and manners in the "far-off West," and shadowing forth that remnant of savage life, the Backwoodsman, in a few entertaining pages of lively anecdote and humour. Still, this was not the veritable life of Crockett; for, here is his autobiography in about a hundred pages, which may amuse the reader as much as a costly quarto pretending to be the life of one man, but loaded with anecdotes and opinions of others. We quote a stirring passage, narrating a few of the atrocities of the wars with the Creek Indians, Crockett having joined the militia to put a stop to the savages scalping the women and children, &c.]

We marched to the Ten Islands, on the Coosa River, where we established a fort; and our spy companies were sent out. They soon made prisoners of Bob Catala and his warriors, and, in a few days afterwards, we heard of some Indians in a town about eight miles off. So we mounted our horses, and put out for that town, under the direction of two friendly Creeks we had taken for pilots. We had also a Cherokee colonel, Dick Brown, and some of his men with us. When we got near the town we divided; one of our pilots going with each division. And so we passed on each side of the town, keeping near to it, until our lines met on the far side. We then closed up at both ends, so as to

Digitized by Google

surround it completely; and then we sent Captain Hammond's company of rangers to bring on the affray. He had advanced near the town, when the Indians saw him, and they raised the yell, and came running at him like so many red devils. The main army was now formed in a hollow square around the town, and they pursued Hammond till they came in reach of us. We then gave them a fire, and they returned it, and then ran back into their town. We began to close on the town by making our files closer and closer, and the Indians soon saw they were our property. So most of them wanted us to take them prisoners; and their squaws and all would run and take hold of any of us they could, and give themselves up. I saw seven squaws have hold of one man, which made me think of the Scriptures. So I hollered out the Scriptures was fulfilling; that there was seven women holding to one man's coat tail. But I believe it was a hunting-shirt all the time. We took them all prisoners that came out to us in this way; but I saw some warriors run into a house, until I counted forty-six of them. We pursued them until we got near the house, when we saw a squaw sitting in the door, and she placed her feet against the bow she had in her hand, and then took an arrow, and, raising her feet, she drew with all her might, and let fly at us, and she killed a man, whose name, I believe, was Moore. He was a lieutenant, and his death so enraged us all, that she was fired on, and had at least twenty balls blown through her. This was the first man I ever saw killed with a bow and arrow. We now shot them like dogs; and then set the house on fire, and burned it up with the forty-six warriors in it. I recollect seeing a boy who was shot down near the house. His arm and thigh was broken, and he was so near the burning house that the grease was stewing out of him. In this situation he was still trying to crawl along; but not a murmur escaped him, though he was only about twelve years old. So sullen is the Indian, when his dander is up, that he had sooner die than make a noise, or ask for quarters.

The number that we took prisoners, being added to the number we killed, amounted to 186; though I don't remember the exact number of either. We had five of our men killed. We then returned to our camp, at which our fort was erected, and known by the name of Fort Strother. No provisions had yet reached us, and we had now been for several days on half rations. However we went back to our Indian town on the next day, when many of the carcases of the Indians were still to be seen. They looked very awful, for the burning had not entirely consumed them, but given them a very terrible appearance, at least what remained of them. It was, somehow or other, found out that the house had a potato cellar under it, and an immediate examination was made, for we were all as hungry as wolves. We found a fine chance of potatoes in it, and hunger compelled us to eat them, though I had a little rather not, if I could have helped it, for the oil of the Indians we had burned up on the day before had run down on them, and they looked like they had been stewed with fat meat. We then again returned to the army, and remained there for several days almost starving, as all our beef was gone. We commenced eating the beef-hides, and continued to eat every scrap we could lay our hands on. At length an Indian came to our ground one night, and hollered, and said he wanted to see "Captain Jackson." He was conducted to the general's markee, into which he entered, and in a few minutes we received orders to prepare for marching.

* * * * *

As it gave rise to so much war and bloodshed, it may not be improper here to give a little description of Fort Mimms. The fort was built right in the middle of a large old field, and in it the people had been forted so long and so quietly, that they didn't apprehend any danger at all, and had, therefore, become quite careless. A small negro boy, whose business it was to bring up the calves at milking time, had been out for that purpose, and on coming back, he said he saw a great many Indians. At this the inhabitants took the alarm, and closed their gates and placed out their guards, which they continued for a few days. But finding that no attack was made, they concluded the little negro had lied; and again threw their gates open, and set all their hands out to work their fields. The same boy was out again on the same errand, when, returning in great haste and alarm, he informed them that he had seen the Indians as thick as trees in the woods. He was not believed, but was tucked up to receive a flogging for the supposed lie; and was actually getting badly licked at the very moment the Indians came in a troop, loaded with rails, with which they stop'd all the port-holes of the fort on one side except the bastion; and then they fell in to cutting down the picketing. Those inside the fort had only the bastion to shoot from, as all the other holes were spiked up; and they shot several of the Indians, while engaged in cutting. But as fast as one would fall, another would seize up the axe and chop away, until they succeeded in cutting down enough of the picketing to admit them to enter. They then began to rush through, and continued until they were all in. They immediately commenced scalping, without regard to age or sex; having forced the inhabitants up to one side of the fort, where they carried on

Digitized by Google

the work of death as a butcher would in a slaughter pen.

The scene was particularly described to me by a young man who was in the fort when it happened, and subsequently went on with us to Pensacola. He said that he saw his father, and mother, his four sisters, and the same number of brothers, all butchered in the most shocking manner, and that he made his escape by running over the heads of the crowd, who were against the fort wall, to the top of the fort, and then jumping off, and taking to the woods. He was closely pursued by several Indians, until he came to a small byo, across which there was a log. He knew the log was hollow on the under side, so he slip'd under the log and hid himself. He said he heard the Indians walk over him several times back and forward. He remained, nevertheless, still till night, when he came out, and finished his escape. The name of this young man has entirely escaped my recollection, though his tale greatly excited my feelings.

The Gatherer.

Calcutta, or the City of Palaces.—This metropolis and commercial emporium of the East (now containing *one million and a half* of inhabitants), so late as 1717 was a small straggling village, with a few clusters of huts, to the number of ten or twelve, the inhabitants of which were husbandmen, endeavouring to reclaim the surrounding forests and swamps, which extended even to where Chandpaul Ghaut now stands; it is not inaptly termed the "*City of Palaces*," and the vast amount of trade carried on will be seen in the chapter on Commerce. The city is divided into streets at right angles with each other, with large and handsome squares throughout, particularly in the European part of the metropolis, each square having in its centre an extensive tank or reservoir of the Ganges water, with green, sloping banks, planted with verdant shrubs. The residence of the Governor-General is of nearly equal magnitude to any palace in Europe. The architecture is of the Ionic order, with arcades all round on a rustic basement. The palace has four wings connected by circular passages, in order to secure a free admission of air from whatever quarter the wind may blow. The grand entrance is to the north, where there is an immense arch of steps, beneath which carriages drive up to set down; on the south side is a circular colonnade with a splendid dome. In the centre of the building are two magnificent state rooms, the lower paved with dark grey marble supported by numerous Doric columns, resembling Parian marble; the upper, or ball-room, is floored with exquisitely polished dark grained woods, supported by beautiful Ionic pillars. The vice-regal canopy and chairs of state are of light and beautiful construction. The apartments are lit by a profusion of cut glass lustres, suspended from a painted ceiling, with gold mouldings. The entrance gates are of a grand and imposing appearance, and the square round the palace is tastefully laid out. The other public buildings are on a noble scale, and even the private mansions are built in the fascinating style of Grecian architecture.—*Martin's British Colonies.*

Quilting.—This is an American merry-making, when a party of women assemble to sew patches into a quilt. At the end of the day's work, the bed-cover is suspended from the ceiling; the young men of the neighbourhood join the party; a fiddler seats himself on a flour barrel, and they dance and drink whiskey till a late hour.

American Sheriff.—In America, a sheriff is often obliged to be his own thieftaker and executioner. A sheriff related to Captain Alexander the pursuits he had made after horse-stealers; their desperate resistance with their knives before they would allow themselves to be taken; the satisfaction he had in flogging with a cowskin a fellow who weighed two hundred, who had long eluded him, and who had often "broken away from him, like a quarter-horse;" how he administered the thirty-nine scientifically, sinking the instrument into the skin, and jerking it towards him till the culprit roared like a buffalo, with pain; how he handled negroes, strapped them over a log, and punished them with a board full of gimlet-holes, so that every stroke raised blisters which it took a month to heal.

The Rattlesnake.—A man and his wife were passing through a forest of North America; the woman in stepping over a log was bitten in the foot by a rattlesnake—they were many miles from any assistance, but the husband killed the snake, cut it open, tied its entrails round his wife's foot, and she walked home and suffered little from the wound.—*Alexander's Transatlantic Sketches.*

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

VOL. XXIII. of the MIRROR, with a Steel-plate Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, nearly 100 Engravings, and 450 closely printed pages; is now publishing, price 5*s.* 6*d.* boards.

Also, Part 153, completing the volume, price 10*d.*

The SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER, containing the above Portrait, Memoir, and Title-page, Preface, Index, &c. to the Volume, price 2*d.* will be published on Saturday next, July 5.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London. Sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

Digitized by Google

GENERAL INDEX.

ANECDOTE GALLERY, 138—213—303—388—419
ANTIQUARIANA, 102—119—134—152—247—293—311—344—408
CITIES OF EUROPE, 321—353—401
CONTEMPORARY TRAVELLER, 231
CORRESPONDENCE, in Each Number.
DOMESTIC HINTS.
EMBELLISHED ARTICLES, in each Number.
FINE ARTS, 24—86—185—216—230—265—312—393—421
GATHERER, in each Number.
ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCOTT, 49
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ALL NATIONS, 7—23—36—54—71—82—140—165—191—217—244—292—359—371
NATURALIST, 13—37—69—89—104—137—147—239—246—271—277—293—327—344—358—375—390
NEW BOOKS, 9—136—156—173—180—184 to 198 (Supplement,) 236—297—348—365—372—409—430
NOTES OF A READER, 110—126—155—221—261—282—301—397—406—427
PUBLIC JOURNALS, 26—41—58—78—91—107—122—149—169—187—219—233—252 268—285—299—315—333—350—361—378—395—412
RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS, 29—45—125—142—166—275—335—420
SELECT BIOGRAPHY, 330—345
SKETCH BOOK, 133—227—342—425
SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY, 29—46—74—83—101—116—148—183—215—249—314—382—422

Abbey, the features of, 344
Actress, an aged one, 224
Adventure with a Pirate Ship, 149
Africa, curious customs in, 244
Age and Youth, 222
Alburkha Iron Steam Boat, 17
Alexander, Emperor of Russia, 388
Alligators, shooting, 299
Altar-Screen, St. Saviour's, Southwark, 226
Amaranth, order of the, 372
America, Chateaubriand's wanderings in, 379
Amulets in Africa, 245
Anecdotes, military, 388
naval, 303
optical, 340
Anglers, celebrated, 372
Animals, affection in, 204
anecdotes of, 147
Answer, a ready one, 144
Antony and Cleopatra, traits of, 415
Ants, fallacies respecting, 358
industry of, 70
Ape, Ungka, of Sumatra, 89
Apologues, 19
Apophthegms from the Ancients, 370
Apprentices, bequest to, 165
Arabian Nights, popularity of the, 264
Architecture and Peter Wilkins, 304
Artist, Negro, skill of, 236
Asylum, Lunatic, at Hanwell, 395
Architecture, Saxon, 25
Average, origin of, 192
Auction, fair, 371
Aurora, hymn to, 115
Australia, burning mountain of, 271
Bacon, lord, his summer-house, 192
Ballads of the Civil Wars, 175
Bankers, Roman, 283
Bat, skeleton of the, 184
Battery, magnetic, 233
Baya Bird, nests of, 296
Bayeux Tapestry described, 103—134
Bear Hunt, terrific, described, 365
Beards, value of, 304
Bedstead for Invalids, 101
Bees, notes on, 344
wild, in a chimney, 70
Bell-ringing bequest, 37
Beneficence, Arabian, anecdote of, 421
Bensley, the comedian, his wig, 224
Bequests, curious, 37—165
Bibles, bequest of, 165
Bible, lines to, 319
Society, report of the, 326

Google

Birds, destructiveness of, 70
nests of, 295
terminology of, 41
Biography, curious, 389
Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, 166
Blood Baths, account of, 149
Boar's Head, Eastcheap, 102
Boilers, crust on, 100
Books, to sell, 16.
New, noticed and quoted:
Arcana of Science and Art for 1834, 136
Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts, 185
Ayesha, or the Maid of Kars, 406
Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau, 78—91—126—199—264—301
Connexion of the Sciences. By Mrs. Somerville, 233
Crockett, Colonel, Sketches and Eccentricities of, 9
David Crockett, Life of, 430
Doctor, the, 235—264
Excursions in the Holy Land, Egypt, &c., 180
Gleanings in Natural History. By E. Jesse, 203—326—344—239
The Hand, its mechanism and vital endowments. By Sir Charles Bell, 183
History and Principles of Banking, 283
Journal of a West India Proprietor, 205—221—237
Lays and Legends of Various Countries, 409
Lives of the most Eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe, 212
Pilgrims of the Rhine, 110—156—194
Scenes and Recollections of Fly-fishing. By Stephen Oliver, 348—372
Sea Service, the, 173—195
Seven Temptations. By Mary Howitt, 197
Tutti Frutti. By the German Prince, Puckler Muskau, 365
Voyage round the World. By J. Holman, R. N., 297
Boothia, panorama of, 33
Borough, making one, 416
Boulevard, Italian, at Paris, 265
Bounds, beating, on Holy Thursday, 292
Brank, the, or Gossip's Bridle, 360
Bread and the origin of Baking, 73
bequest of, 37
and cheese bequest, 165
new, 16
Bremeba the Kharadjie, a tale of New South Wales, 227
Bridge, satin-wood, in Ceylon, 177
Brighton, old, 16
Bring me Roses, stanzas, 221
Britain, resources of, 63
British Artists' Society, exhibition of, 230
Brougham, lord, portrait of, 419
Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau, 78—91—126—199—264—301
Buckingham new palace, 186
Buonapartiana, or anecdotes of Napoleon, 138—419
Buonaparte and his brother Lucien, 139
and the Consulship, 138
and the Count of Hatzfeld, 420
and the Military School of Paris, 419
and his mother, 138
and the Queen of Prussia, 420
at St. Helena, reminiscences of, 26
and Talleyrand, 138
in 1790, 138
Burning Mountain of Australia, 271
Budhists, heavens and hells of, 352
Burns, skull of, 262
his widow, interment of, 261
Button's Letter-box, 217—291
Byrom's System of Short-hand, 370
Byron, lord, corpse of, 29
original poem by, 26
voyage of, 60
Calvary, Mount, 181
Campaigns of Chateaubriand, 380
Candlemas Day Customs, 71
Cart versus Card, 400
Cartwright, Dr., lines by, 167
Cash Payments, 112
Cashmere, floating gardens of, 104
shawls, manufacture of, 336
Castle, Dieppe, described, 385
Dunluce, described, 129
Dunnottar, described, 247
Cat, cleanliness of, 247
Celt, ancient, discovered, 293
Ceylon, satin-wood bridge in, 177
water in, 144
Champs de Mars et de Mai, customs of, 371
Chancellors, lord, 384
Chancellor, lord, and his mimic, 176
Character detected by phrenology, 29
Charitable Memory, 37
Charity, Owen Feltham on, 277
Charities, corporation, 4
Chatsworth House described, 66
Chateaubriand, memoirs of, 361—378
Chaucer, tomb of, 97
Cheese-mite, the, 15
Childermas Day, 64
China, population of, 320
Chinese Paper, to make, 77
religion of the, 383
Chœtodon, beaked, 185
Christianity, progress of, 325
Christmas Bequest, 37
Church, new, at Stratford, 81
Essendine, architecture of, 408
Missionary Society, report of, 325
Churches, City, 80
of Europe, 192
Circumstance, curious, 384
City Poet, ancient, 58

Digitized by Google

Clarke, Dr. Adam, memoirs of, 330—345
Clock Pedlars in America, 11
Clubs of London, 187
Cockatoo, sagacious, 39
Coffee, improvement in making, 240
Coins and Medals, history of, 382—422
Coke, Chief Justice, 215
Cologne described, 194
Columbus, tomb of, 417
Comet, Halley's, 233—302
Congo conjurors, 245
Conjeveram, great pagoda at, 113
Consumption, 176
Cooke, the actor, anecdotes of, 224
Corporation Charities, 4
Correggios, the two, in the National Gallery, 421
Corunna, Sir John Moore at, 207
Countryman, drunken, 144
Courtenay, house of, 358
Cowdray House described, 86
Cowper, the poet, anecdote of, 215
Criminals, execution of, in Sweden, 7
Crockett, Colonel, eccentricities of, 9—320
Crocodile, size of the, 184
Crom a boo explained, 115
Crossing the Line custom, 298
Crucifixion, ceremonies of, 182
Cumnor, inn at, 49
Cunningham, Rev. Mr., hymn by, 398
lines by, 405
Curls, ladies, 160
Curran, Mr. and countryman, 400
Curse of Kishogue, a sketch, 425
Custom House, new, at Liverpool, 161
"Cut it Short," 384
Damietta and Egypt, 406
Daymare described, 256
Dead as a door-nail, 256
Degrees, granting, 304
Devonshire, duke of, his mansion at Chatsworth, 66
Diamond, manufacture of the, 234
Diana, English one, 416
Dieppe Castle described, 385
Dog and Cat, attachment of, 147
memory in, 37
singular habit of, 147
Doles, ancient, 217
Dolphin catching, 206
Domesday Book, 112
described, 293
Donne, Dr., monument of, 311
Double Meaning, 32
Drama, ancient, 336
the Roman, 131
Dream of the Dead, 171
fulfilment of, 223
Dresden and its Vicinity, 321
Drinking Song, 199
Drummond, Lieutenant, his new light for lighthouses, 249
Drunkards, warning to, 16
Drunkenness, horror of, 96
Dryness, effect of on animals, 223
Duds-day Friday at Kilmarnock, 292
Dunluce Castle, history of, 129
Dunnottar Castle described, 247
Duval, Valentine Jameray, anecdote of, 389
Eagle, spread, origin of, 48
Earthquake, recent, in Peru, 242
Eboes, king of, song of, 237
Eels, generation of, 205
Effect, intense, 352
Elephants, white, 48
Elk-hunting in America, 10
Ellesmere, lord, anecdote of, 214
England and France, comparative wealth of 115
Epicurism, ancient, 383
Epigrams, from the French and Italian, 160
Erie Lake, battle of, 196
Ermine in Heraldry, 48
Erskine, lord, anecdote of, 214
Essendine Church, 408
Evening Prayer, the, 291
Events, seven notable, 256
Executions, 37
ancient, 176
Exmouth, lord, monument to, 145
Eye Water, natural, 416
Fairs, origin of, 256
Fairy Rings explained, 308
Fairies, Dorset scraps on, 162
Fairy's Burial, the, 364
Fairy Nymphalin, 110
Fame, literary, 195
Fan Palm, leaf of, 105
Fatal Marriage, a Sicilian fact, 268
Feet, ceremony of washing, 182
Fencing, terms used in, 191
Fetish and the Frigate, 350
Fezzan Ram, the, 137
Fine Arts, literature of the, 185
Fire-wood bequest, 37
Fisher's Call, the, 315
Fishes, affection and vast number of, 390
Flamingo, natural history of, 329
Fleet Ditch, Roman antiquities in, 180
Flutes, ancient, 153
Fly-fishing, scenes and recollections of, 348—372
Folly, lines on, 414
Fonts and Baptism, customs of, 217
Food, animal, fondness of the English people for, 264
Fools, feast of, 55
Irish, sketches of, 41—107
Footiana, or anecdotes of Foote, 111
Fox at Deptford, 239
Yarn, by Jacob Faithful, 220
Fragments, 272
Frame, human, decay of, 223
Franklin, Dr., letter of, 30—45
Frauenstein Great Plane-tree, legend of, 199
Frederic II. of Prussia, anecdote of, 388
Funerals, negro, 221
Welsh, 245
Future, lines on, 151
Garay, the Spanish mechanic, 356

Digitized by Google

Gawdy Days, origin of, 304
Gems, by Southey, 154
Genius, fate of, 16
George III., interview with, 94
German Student, the, a sketch, 133
Germany, Lays and Legends of, 409
Ghent, penitentiary at, 56
Gin-drinking, hint to suppress, 46
Good Friday customs, 182
Gossip's Bridle described, 360
Grape-shot, liquid, 389
Grave of Koerner, 1
Greek Fire, re-invention of, 175
Greensilver, origin of, 16
Greenwich, observatory time-ball at, 8
Gresham College described, 209
Grillon and false alarm, 389
Guilsborough School, foundation of, 369
Gustavus Adolphus, death of, 167
Haddington Whipmen Play, 371
Half-and-half, 128
Hand, the human, illustrated, 183
Handel, Commemoration of, in 1784, 288
Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, 395
Harcourt, lord chancellor, 214
Hardwicke, lady, and the purse for the great seal, 214
Hare, white, 80
Harp, Etruscan, 152
Harps, ancient, 120—153
Hat, the cardinal's, 48
Hat-wearing charter, 128
Hawking, hints on, 40
Haydon, Mr., his picture of the Reform Banquet, 312
Hens, pugnacious, 69
Hiastaotomtehom plant, 48
Hissing at Theatres, 3—53
Hogarthiana, or relics of Hogarth, 216
Holy Sepulchre, church of, 180
Holydays, national, 176
Home, pain of leaving, 112
Hope, sonnet to, 53
Horses, modes of harnessing in England and on the Continent, 301
Hospice of St. Bernard, a prize poem, 427
Hour-glasses, use of, 82
House and Window Tax Meeting, 58
Hymn to Aurora, 115
by Cunningham, 398
Iconoclasts, British, 52
Ides, antiquity of, 166
Ifley Church, west front of, 25
India, march in, 342
wealth of, 285
Indian Student, or Force of Nature, 130
Indulgence, prison, at Swansea, 371
Ink spots, to remove, 102
Insect, myrtle, 105
peach, 105
Inscription, curious, 48
Intemperance, anecdote of, 80
Invalids, bedstead for, 101
Irish Fools, sketches of, 41—107
Iron and gold, relative value of, 283
Jackdaw and the Rook, 13
January the Thirtieth, 54
Jews in Parliament, 96
Jovial System, the, 128
Judges' Circuits, 384
Salary, 384
Jumping Up and Jumping Down, 112
Junks, Chinese, 174
Jus Divinum, 54
Kean at Birmingham, 368
Kean, early days of, 253
his first appearance in London, 333
Keene, or Irish Lament, 93
Kenilworth, lines on, 5
Kisthna river, water of, 342
Kitty Clover, origin of, 368
Knights by wholesale, 112
Knighthood, curious order of, 372
"Knowledge is power," 155
Koerner, grave of, 1
hymn by, 18
Ladies' curls, 160
Ladies, strange mode of fattening, 384
Lament of a Moorish king, 22
Lander, Richard, memoir of, 337—354
murder of, 314
expedition to the Niger, 17
—46—215—314—354
Langenschwalbach, village of, 79—91
Languages and computations, curious, 218
Laughing gas, 52
Laughter, thoughts upon, 20—50
Launch, ancient, 174
Lawyers, anecdotes of, 214
Leaf from a log, 414
Legend of the Great Plane-tree of Frauenstein, 199
Leopards, capture of, 298
Libraries, ancient, 406
Life, reflections, on, 276
Lighthouses, mode of illuminating, 249
Lilies of the field, lines on, 319
Lindley, professor, on mildew, 391
Line, crossing the, 206
Literature and art of 1833, 128
cheap, 222
fortunes of, 176
Liverpool, new custom-house at, 161
Livery companies of London, 178
London, approach and first visit to, 299
city of, charters to, 178
population of, 240
spring in, 252
summer in, 412
Looking-glasses, machine for silvering, 101
Lord, the ruined, 199
Loss of Lucena, a ballad, 98
Love, Spencer on, 96
Louis XVI., portrait of, 378
Lutzen, battle of, 212
Lyre, Grecian, 152
Lyre-bird, the, described, 281
Madeira, coffee and tea at, 298
Maid, honour of, 102
Malesherbes and Chateaubriand, 378

Digitized by Google

Mallard night custom, 24
Malvern abbey-gate, 345
Mannikin and the three princesses, a legend, 410
March, characteristics of, 239
Masques, ancient, 125
Marvel, genuine one, 416
Mason spider, the, 14
May-day at Edinburgh, 292
May, natural history ramble in, 309
Melon water, described, 222
Mermaid, address to, 100
Meteora monastery described, 232
Mildew, varieties of, 391
Minister, a Chinese, 420
Minstrels, Tyrolese, 392
Mirabeau and the French revolution, 378
Mitford, Miss, her residence near Reading, 424
Mona Water, lines on, 334
Monasteries, Greek, described, 231
Money, ancient, in England, 24
interest of, 167
of no use, 192
Monuments, keeping up, 165
Moonlight, effects of, 368
Moore, Sir John, at Corunna, 207
Moorish king, lament of, 22
Moth, buff-tip, described, 293
Mould, vegetable, 107
Mrs. Duval and her lodger, 122
Mughs, the, food of, 320
Mummy, Egyptian, opening of, 74, 118
Murder, modification of, 144
Music, Abyssinian, 119
Egyptian, 119—120
Javanese, 359
Musical instruments, ancient, 119—152
Mutton, loin of, to carve, 400
Names, changing, 336
Nancy story, 237
Nassau, mineral waters of, 78—91
Natural history, stray facts in, 37—69
Naturalization, first in England, 96
Nature v. Physic, 336
Negro artist, 236
funerals, 221
thieves, 239
Nelson, Lord, anecdotes of, 303
Newdigate prize poem, 1834, 427
New South Wales, tale of, 227
Niger, expedition to, 18—46—215
Nightingale, fighting, 39
Nightmare described, 399
"No hand in it," a Bermuda yarn, 285
Norbury, Lord, and the Testament, 214
Northumberland, earls and dukes of, 5
Norwich cathedral described, 290
Nôtre Dame de Grace, 259
Nymphalin, the fairy, 110
Oak, the Sidney, 32—324
Olive, princess of Cumberland, lines by, 176
Onion-eaters, warning to, 352
Optical anecdote, 340
Orestes, Voltaire's tragedy of, 176
Oriole, golden-banded, nest of, 297
Ostentation, Owen Feltham on, 275
Otaheite, removal of the Pitcairn islanders to, 116
Owl, the screech, 69
Oxford, lord, and Pope, 400
Painter, a dumb one, 397
Painter's grave, 109
song, 125
Pacchierotti, the composer, anecdote of, 352
Pageants, old city, 58
Palaces, French, 336
Palm, procession of the, 181
Pampas of South America, ride in, 169
Panorama of the North Pole, 33
Paper, Chinese, 76
crape, 77
Yuca, 77
Passion, the ruling, 384
Pegu, description of, 343
Penitentiary at Ghent, 56
Penshurst, and Sir P. Sidney, 324
Percy, house of, 5
Periapts described, 218
Periodical literature, 35
Peru, recent earthquake in, 242
Peterborough, earl of, character of, 127
Phrenology, note on, 29
Piedra de la Madra; or, the Mother's Rock, 219
Pig-driving in Germany, 126
Pigeon, an odd one, 147
Pigeons, tame, interesting, 147
Pirate ship, adventure with, 149
Pitcairn islanders, account of, 83—116
Plays without a plot, 176
Poets, hint to, 16
Pole, the magnetic, 234
Pompeii, reflections on, 291
Pope's toe, kissing, 48
Profile on a butterfly's wing, 419
Prosperity, signs of, 256
Proverb, contradicted, 240
curious, 64
Puck, origin of, 384
Pultowa and Peter the Great, 389
Quack of the last century, 166
Queen, fattening, 287
Question settled, 272
Quilting, pastime of, 432
Raphael, palace of at Rome, 305
skull of, 307
Rats, cunning of, 39—327
Rats, Sir C. Price's, 236
Rattlesnake story, 432
Raven, a thieving, 204
Realms of air, lines on, 53
Reform Banquet, Haydon's picture of the, 312
Regent's Park improvements, 368
Remonstrance, the, 395
Retirement, happiness of, 195
Rhine, banks of the, 303
Rhinoceros bush, the, 377
in London in 1739, 280

Digitized by Google

Rhinoceros, double-horned, or Cape, natural history of, 375
natural history of the, 277—295
single-horned, described, 257
Richard III., cruelty of, 16
Richmond Park, improvements in, 368
Ride in the Pampas of South America, 169
Rio Verde song, 45
Roman drama, the, 131
Roses on graves, 165
Roses, varieties of, 107
Ross, Captain, in his polar dress, 33
Roundhead puns, 167
Ruthall, bishop, 47
S. motto, origin of, 127
Safe side agreement, 336
Sagittarius, arms of, 48
St. Andrew's night, a legend, 410
St. Helena, adventure at, 315
Bonaparte at, 26
St. Ives, mint of, 416
St. Petersburgh, imperial palace at, 393
St. Saviour's, altar-screen at, 226
St. Stephen's day, 32
Salamis, battle of, 175
Salt in Africa, 244
Sardanapalus, gems from, 263—282—288—302
Saw-flies, natural history of, 246
Saxon architecture, 24
Scene, ludicrous, 406
Schoolmistress abroad, the, 320
Schools in England, 48
Sea devil, the, 39
lines on, 53
night at, 206
sickness, 320
terms, explanation of, 429
Seals, early use of, 341—384
Second sight, the, 223
"Seeing's believing," 64
Sepulchre of our Saviour, 181
Servants, good, 37—165
Shakspeare's plays, origin of, 142—143—144
in miniature, 142
Shark story, 207
Sheriff, American, 432
Ships, origin of, 173
Shoemakers, amusement for, 335
Shrovetide customs, 73
Sicilian facts, 268
Sidney oak, the, 32, 324
Sierra Leone, auction at, 299
unhealthiness of, 298
Signet, ancient royal, 53
Sketch from the life, 99
Sleep, magnetic, 222
phenomena of, 222
Sleeping in church, 165
Sleep-walking, anecdote of, 287
Sleepers, the seven, 256
Smuggling, Chinese notions of, 83
Snails, torpidity of, 271
Snakes, tame, 38
Song, 125—270—300—365—397
Smoking nuisance, 96
Sonnet from the Italian, 162
Southey, Mr., gems by, 155
Sowinski, general, death of, 388
Spackenberg and Torrano, anecdote of, 389
Spain, population of, 336
Spider, large, 106
Spiritual voices, choir of, 197
Stage effect, 192
Stage, sudden deaths on the, 213
Stanzas, 100
State maxim, 6
Statue, curious, 96
Statues, celebrated ancient, 405
Steaks, alligator, 237
Steam-boats in 1543, 356
Steam-boat, iron, 17
Stenography, Byrom's system of, 370
Stolen Pennies, the, a legend, 412
Stones, creeping, 106
Story, Nancy, 237
strange one, 284
Story-tellers, Irish, 252
Stratford-le-bow, antiquity of, 212—324
Stratford new church, 81
Stray facts in natural history, 37—69—105
Suit, a long one, 384
Summer in London, 412
Sunrise, picture of, 282
Sunset, picture of, 302
Sun-stroke, the, or Buried Alive, 187
Superstition, relics of, 162
Swans, wild, 39
Swede-stone, description of, 167
Sweden, executions in, 7
Tables-d'hote, 96
Taffeties, glossy, origin of, 128
Tailor, ancient name for, 48
Tapestry, Bayeux, described, 103—134
Tartars and the owl, 48
Taste, acquired, 38
Tastes and antipathies, national, 179
Taylor, the water-poet, 214
Tea and coffee drinking, 118—148
window duties, 128
Temple, calves' heads in, 240
Terminology of birds, 41
Theatres, hissing at, 3
Thistlewood, anecdote of, 264
Thoughts upon laughter, 20—50
Then thou dost come, lines, 258
Thieves, negro, 239
Thumb-ring, an alderman's, 288
Time-ball at Greenwich, described, 8
Titania, sleeping, lines to, 98
Tithe child, 255
Titles, Irish, 80
Toads, poison of, 38
Tokens, antiquity of, 166
Tomb of Columbus described, 417
Tomb of William Rufus, 241
Tomb of the Three Kings of Cologne, 194
Tortoise, an aged one, 327
Toulouse, description of, 353
Tour of the virtues, a philosopher's tale, 156

Tragedy, real, 64
Traveller, a blind one, 297
Travelling acquaintance, 195
Travelling eccentricities, 78
Travelling suite, 80
Trichiosoma Lucorum, natural history of, 246
Tripod of Pythagoras, 154
Trumpet, ancient, 154
Turkeys, bequest of, 165
Turpin and Mrs. Fountain, 176
Twelfth-day customs, 23
Vaux, lord, curious dress of, 128
Venice, first morning in, 429
Virginia water, described, 221
Vittoria, battle of, described, 402
town of, described, 401
"Vivant rex et regina," origin of, 96
Vows, custom of offering, 174
Unreported meeting, account of, 58
Ulysses, palace of, 420
Warrior's hymn, 18
Washington and Chateaubriand, 379
Wasp and Frolic, battle of, 195
Water at Marlow 106
Watering places, German, 80—91
Waves of the sea, 32
Weights, great, removal of, 64
Wellington and Vittoria, 402
Wermerland, executions in, 7
Wesley, John, 127
Westminster abbey, musical festivals in, 302
Westminster abbey, commemoration of Handel in, 288
Westminster, antiquities of, 119
school-room, 273
Whaling song, 132
"What you will," a sketch, 3
White, Gilbert, notice of, 328
William Rufus, tomb of, 241
Wind, contrary one, 206
Windmills, sails of, 194
Window-light custom, 56
Winter palace at St. Petersburgh, 393
Winter store, bequest of, 165
Wit, poetic, 176
Wolsey, cardinal, in the bilboes, 128
Woodman, Gainsborough's, original of, 384
Worm, blind or slow, 38
Wyon, Mr., his paper on coins and medals, 382—
Yarn, a Bermuda, 285
Yarra, a ballad, 237
Year, beginning of in various nations, 23
customs, 36
Egyptian, 48
new, address, 50
new, gift, 36
Yeoman, English, portrait of, 235
York, duke of, monument to, 265
Zoological gardens, Surrey, Rhinoceros at, 257

Digitized by Google

INDEX TO THE ENGRAVINGS.

PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF SUSSEX. *(Frontispiece.)*

Alburkha, Iron Steam Boat, 17
Altar-Screen, St. Saviour's Church, 225
Bat, skeleton of, 184
Baya Birds' Nests, 296
Bayeux Tapestry, (two cuts), 104—136
Birds, terminology of, 41
Boulevard, Italian, Paris, 265
Button's Letter-box, 217
Cat's Tongue, magnified, 247
Chatsworth House, (three cuts), 65—72
Chaucer's Tomb, 97
Chœtodon Rostratus, 185
Cocoon of a Saw-fly, 246
Conjeveram, Great Pagoda, 113
Cowdray House, 88
Criminals, execution of, in Sweden, 8
Crocodile, head of, 184
Cumnor, the inn at, 49
Dieppe Castle, 385
Donne, Dr., effigy of, 312
Double Meaning, the, 32
Dresden, (two cuts), 321
Dunluce Castle, 129
Dunnottar Castle, 248
Essendine Church, 409
Exmouth, lord, monument to, 145
Fan Palm Leaf, 105
Fezzan Ram, 137
Flamingo, 329
Ghent Penitentiary, 57
Gossip's Bridle, (two cuts), 360
Gresham College, 209
Guilsborough School, 369
Hogarth's Card, 216
Ifley Church, 25
Javanese Music, 360
Koerner's Grave, 1
Lander, Richard, portrait of, 337
Liverpool New Custom House, 161
Lyre Bird, 281
Malvern Abbey Gate, 345
Meteora Monastery, 232
Mildew, (three cuts), 392—393
Mitford's, Miss, Cottage, 424
Musical Instruments, ancient, (three cuts), 120
(four cuts), 121
(three cuts), 152
(three cuts), 153
(five cuts), 154
Norwich Cathedral, (two cuts), 289
Oriole's Nest, 297
Plane-tree, great, of Frauenstein, 200
Raphael's Palace, 305
skull, 307
Rhinoceros, the, 257
Cape, 376
Bush, 377
Ross, Captain, in his Polar Dress, 33
St. Petersburgh Imperial Palace, 393
Satin-wood Bridge in Ceylon, 177
Sea Devil, the, 40
Stratford New Church, 73
Swede-stone, 168
Time Ball at Greenwich, (three cuts), 8—9
Tomb of Columbus,
of the Three Kings at Cologne, 193
William Rufus, 241
Toulouse, 353
Ungka Ape of Sumatra, 89
Vittoria, (two cuts), 401
Westminster School-room, 273

J. Limbird, Printer, 143, Strand.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google